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THE ALDINE EDITION  
OF THE BRITISH  
POETS



THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT HERRICK  
VOL. I

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM 1630 TO 1800

BY

JOHN H. COOPER, JR.







Reduced Engraving of the Original. Frontispiece to the Edition of 1758.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
ROBERT HERRICK

EDITED BY  
GEORGE SAINTSBURY

IN TWO VOLUMES



VOL. I

LONDON

GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK ST., COVENT GARDEN

NEW YORK: 112, FOURTH AVENUE

1893

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT,  
CHANCERY LANE.

## CORRIGENDA.

- Vol. I., p. 101, Note, *dele* "Note B."  
,, 154, Note 2, "Strut" or "strout" has another sense of "swell" "be distended," which is also possible here.  
,, 291, Note 3, *for* "trapped by" *read* "tracked for." The *locus classicus* for this odd superstition is Sir Thomas Browne's "Vulgar Errors," Book iii., chap. 4.

" 291, *for* 468 *read* 466



## PREFACE.

THE text of the "Hesperides" has been in this edition very carefully collated with the original; that of the poems in the Appendix is in the main Dr. Grosart's. To the edition of that scholar, as well as to the earlier one of Mr. Hazlitt, and the later of Mr. Pollard, I desire to make all due acknowledgment for the assistance received from them in preparing this issue. The earlier editions other than the original, and since the re-discovery of Herrick some century ago, require less recognition. The first of them was that (a selection only) of Dr. Nott (Bristol, 1810), some twelve or fifteen years after Nichols and Drake had drawn critical attention to the poet. There have been about a dozen, partial and complete, since. In settling the text itself I have adopted a course midway between complete modernization and exact reproduction, but nearer to the latter. I am inclined to think that modernization is the more excellent way in most cases. But there is an oddity about Herrick's spelling which, taken with his rather unusual attention to errata, makes me think that he designed his

own orthography or heterography with some care. It certainly at times sets off the quaintness of his phrasing in a remarkable way, and thus joins itself to his other noticeable tricks and mannerisms of diminutives and the like. Such a spelling, for instance, as "baptime" for "baptism" cannot be dropped silently without loss: while a whole army of rather disgusting notes would be needed, either to call attention to the alteration in each case or to supply the original reading. For a second instance, it would be a very bad compliment to the reader to warn him that "president" in 353 is either a mere misprint, or an intentional play on words for "precedent." I have, therefore, in the main followed the original, with certain additions and alterations (such as the regular instead of merely occasional insertion of the apostrophe for the genitive, and a few others of the same kind), where it seemed to me that such addition or alteration would facilitate the reading without diminishing the effect. But it has not seemed necessary to alter things like "then" for "than," which are constant, which can give modern readers no trouble, and which indicate a distinct habit of the time. As to the annotation here, it has been designedly kept down to its lowest terms. There is, I believe, an idea prevalent, rather with a certain class of critics than with the public, that an elaborate commentary, stuffed with parallel passages and other ostentations of



erudition, is a guarantee of scholarship on the part of the editor. From some experience I am inclined to feel considerable doubts on this point, but even if I felt none I should not be disposed to emulate the athletes of copious annotation. For I desire in all things to treat others as I would be treated myself, and nothing is to me such an intolerable nuisance as an edition of a classic where the eye and the mind are constantly called off the text in order to do reason to the comment.



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## INTRODUCTION.

FEW poets have had, so far as their poetical reputation is concerned, a more curious history than Robert Herrick. He had, at his death, out-lived his own generation, but this has sometimes been almost of itself a passport to immortality. Campbell, for instance, and some others found in the fact the securest assurance of continued popularity. But in Herrick's case things went differently. He published very late; and he did not publish at all till the taste for his style was waning. After he published that taste waned still more and more; and it was nearly a century and a half before it revived. Hence it happened that the "Hesperides" occupies, almost alone, the position of a collection of the truest poetry which never had, either in its own day or in any day at all near to its own, any popularity at all. Some two centuries and a quarter after his own birth Herrick met in Hazlitt a critic of the first class, and one who was well disposed to his own style of poetry, who could yet put him by as something newly discovered and hardly worth the discovering.\* Even a century

\* Herrick is not mentioned in the third or fourth voluminous British Poets (1733).

after the "discovery" his place can hardly be said to be fixed. Part of his work disgusts those who are most prepared to be delighted with other parts of it. Part of the rest finds, in persons quite prepared to appreciate the remainder, critics ill-equipped for its enjoyment. He is described in almost directly contradictory terms by his own admirers. His qualities and his defects by turns attract and repel the very same adherents. Even Mr. Swinburne finds him at times "monotonous" and "nauseating." He less than almost any writer known to me wrote for "Prince Posterity;" and it was left for Prince Posterity almost entirely to do him honour, yet to do it with the uncertain touch which comes from late and literary appreciation.

Herrick's life covered the whole period from the very beginning of the Elizabethan dramatists and sonneteers of the great school to the period when Dryden was already tiring of rhymed drama, when the secret of lyric proper was already all but lost, and when almost all contemporary practitioners of the styles in which he himself wrote, were dead. He was born in 1591, and he died in 1674. Only the most general facts of this long life are known; and the chief group of direct documents—the letters which he wrote as a young graduate from Cambridge, in the middle of the second decade of the seventeenth century, to a rich uncle and guardian in London—dates some sixty years before the end of it. His family,

if not exactly a famous, was a very interesting one. Its tree, in direct or collateral branches, includes—keeping to literary interests only—the great names of Dryden and Swift, and the small but still interesting name of Quarles. It furnished in his own time and of his close kinsmen that remarkable Heyricke (Herick, Erick, Eyrick, and others, are among the contemporary forms) who plays so great a part in the history of Manchester, where he was warden of the collegiate church during the Great Rebellion; while in far later times Anne Heyrick married Macaulay's uncle. The family, which traces itself to Henry III.'s time, was chiefly seated in Leicestershire. Here the poet's guardian-uncle obtained an estate at Beaumanor, which remained in the possession of his descendants till the last of them, Mr. Perry-Herrick, died less than twenty years ago.

The poet himself was the seventh child of Nicholas Herrick, goldsmith, of London, and his wife, Julian Stone. He was born in August, and in November of the following year his father died by falling out of window, an accident which brought about a suspicion (unfounded it would seem, but costly) of suicide. Nicholas left, however, a considerable property to his children; and his brother William, of the same trade as himself, and latterly a knight and man of great wealth, would appear to have been, if not a generous, by no means a rapacious guardian. It is guessed that Robert was

a Westminster boy, and it is certain, though not from official records, that he was a fellow commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge. He would seem to have gone up very late, for he was still an undergraduate in his twenty-third year; and it would appear that he had at one time (in 1607) been bound apprentice to his uncle. About 1616 he moved from St. John's to Trinity Hall, and thence took his B.A. degree, proceeding to his master's four years later. It would also appear that the greater part, if not the whole, of his patrimony was used up during this period.

The contents of these letters, fourteen in number, are extremely uniform and not particularly interesting. Although Herrick was of age, his inheritance (which is supposed to have been about £500, equal to five times that amount now) was subject to the disposal of his uncle, Sir William; and the letters are very little more than drafts on this uncle, usually for ten pounds at a time. Hence it has been inferred that Herrick had a sort of allowance of £40 per annum, which would at the same multiple of five correspond nearly enough to the usual allowance of a not wealthy undergraduate now. These drafts are amplified into letters by apologies, supplications, and the usual half pedantic, half respectful verbiage of the time. The signature, though not uniform, is usually "Robert Hearick." The general tone is undoubtedly one of discomfort and straitened cir-

cumstances, and some allusions towards the close to "ebbing fortunes" have been taken to mean that the inheritance was coming to an end, in which case the young gentleman must have spent (and indeed it is very likely that he did spend) considerably more than his forty pounds a year. But at the same time such things as these, entirely unillumined by any context or checking information, are apt to be extremely delusive: and they probably come to nothing more than this, that Herrick, not exactly for the first or last time in the case of a son of either *alma mater*, spent more money than was allowed him, and would not have been sorry to have even more than he spent.

It is presumed rather than known that he went to London and was there introduced to Ben Jonson, whose "son" he became. But nothing is really known of him till the year 1629, when his mother died and he took orders, two events which may have been connected, but were not certainly so. Others suppose him to have been ordained earlier, and to have been appointed chaplain to the Isle of Rhé expedition in 1627. He was in the later year mentioned presented, apparently by the Crown, to the living of Dean Prior, on the edge of Dartmoor. There he would seem to have lived for some eighteen years, till the Rebellion made its final conquest of the west, when he was ousted by a certain John Syms, the intruder paying him not a penny of the

miserable pittance which he was supposed to pay. Except that he returned to London our ignorance of his life still continues. But next year and the year after the book or books on which his reputation lives were printed ("Noble Numbers," 1647, "Hesperides," 1648), and in the latter of these years the two were published together. Yet again we know nothing of him till, fifteen years later, he was restored to Dean Prior in 1662. He appears to have been, as we should expect, good-natured, for his schismatical predecessor, John Symes, continued to preach, regardless of penalties which Herrick could have very easily set going against him. And then darkness descends once more on his life, till it ceased, and "Robert Herrick, Vicker," was buried at Dean Prior on October 15th, 1674.

Such are the brief facts of a life which it seems unnecessary to pad out by inferences or by the quotation of irrelevant documents. We know from inscriptions of poems and other matters that Herrick was acquainted with certain persons of distinction, and with not a few literary men from Jonson to Cotton, but we know nothing at all of the circumstances or results of his acquaintance with them. The gossips of the time say little or nothing about him personally. His book, as has been observed, was almost entirely disregarded by the public. Literary references to him are very rare in any days near his own. When interest was re-



vived, some good folk tried to unearth traditions in Dean Prior concerning a vicar who had been dead for more than the longest lifetime, and obtained such valuable details as that he had a pet pig which used to drink out of a tankard, and that he once threw his sermon at the congregation because they were not attending to it. To sum up what is really known, apart from idle gossip and verbiage, about Herrick, we have certain dates of birth, education, professional history and death, with the one group of letters referred to. To some this may be a melancholy thing; others may rejoice in it as giving us one of the instances where, without busying ourselves about irrelevant or distracting biographical details, we can concentrate our attention on the work and the man as revealed in the work; even this last being of the very smallest importance as compared with the work itself.

There are many features about Herrick's poems which single them out as peculiar to the most incurious observer. No other poet, perhaps, who lived so long, and who would seem to have continued the practice of poesy through so large a part of his life, survives as the author of a single volume only. It is true that the "Hesperides," 1648, and the "Noble Numbers," 1647, bear in the original different year-dates; but they were issued together as his "Works both Humane and Divine," and it may be doubted whether the difference of title page meant much

more than that the author felt the necessity of keeping the contents of the two divisions as far apart as possible. Independently of the contents of this volume, published a quarter of a century before its author's death, and much more than a quarter of a century after he must have begun the practice of verse, we have nothing of his from his own hand. There occur in miscellanies of the time a certain number of the poems which we know to be his, sometimes with variants slighter or less slight; and in the MS. collections which were so characteristic of the day, industrious search has discovered a few more variations and one or two pieces not reprinted in the "Hesperides." These replicas and variants have been only gradually cleared up. Mr. Hazlitt, who was the first to pay attention to them, has been corrected in more points than one by Dr. Grosart, and Dr. Grosart in more points than one by Mr. Pollard. My experience of such things, which is considerable, leads me to believe that I could probably succeed in making some small emendations even on this last editor, to be in my turn no doubt found guilty of much greater omissions or commissions by somebody else. But as I have remarked, and shall remark, these duplications or additions to the "Hesperides" are after all somewhat apocryphal, and possess very little interest for those who do not care for the mint and anise and cummin of literature. I shall in an appendix

pp. 26 -  
-9, "Re-  
to Julian."

give the variants which seem of real interest: but I shall in the main content myself with a summary here of the chief sources lying outside that edition, *princeps* and unique, of the "Hesperides" which, it cannot be too often insisted, contains the only true Herrickian canon.

The sources of the Apocrypha are threefold: printed books, MSS., and in one instance a monument. The text of the last, so far as it goes, admits of no cavilling, and something is said in the Appendix of the MSS. But the printed variants and additions are in a more tangled condition, for clearing up which credit is due to Mr. Pollard. "Oberon's Feast" was printed as early as 1635 with another fairy poem, probably not Herrick's, in a tiny book of which the Bodleian is said to possess the only copy. The "Apparition to his Mistress" (No. 576 here) appeared, of all odd places in the world, in the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's poems, there having been an apparent intention of Herrick's to publish his own poems, which were actually licensed in the same year. And he contributed to the "Lachrymae Musarum" of 1649 on the death of young Lord Hastings. But the bulk of his printed work outside the "Hesperides" is to be found in the miscellany called "Wit's Recreations" (several times reprinted in its own century and twice in this), which first appeared in 1640. This edition, however, contains nothing of Herrick's. A subsequent one of five years later has only

the "Description of a Woman" which is not in the "Hesperides," and may possibly be spurious. Nor was it till 1650, two years after the genuine volume was printed and three after the present date of the "Noble Numbers," that a fresh issue of "Wit's Recreations" contained between sixty and seventy of our poet's pieces, with numerous and curious variations testifying to an independent and, as I rather think, unauthoritative origin. It is nearly inconceivable that so soon after getting his own book out, Herrick should have himself revised parts of it for miscellany publication, not to mention that in nearly every case the text is in much worse condition. Draft copies surreptitiously obtained, or careless transmission by memory or copy, must therefore be supposed.

But this appendix to Herrick's poems has the merest interest of curiosity. It does not in the very slightest degree alter, by increase or by decrease, our estimate of his poetry, and, when we are reading it, all we need think or feel is that we are reading versions which, if they are genuine, the poet deliberately discarded for others. Herrick, the true Herrick, the whole true Herrick, and nothing but the true Herrick, is included between the covers of the rather handsome and very closely-packed volume which John Williams and Francis Eglesfield had printed, which they sold at the Crown and Marigold in St. Paul's Churchyard in the year 1648, and which, if in good condition and with

the eccentric frontispiece perfect, now fetches no inconsiderable sum of money.<sup>1</sup>

This single volume contains, counting "Humane" and Divine poems together, almost exactly fourteen hundred pieces, the longest of them not extending to very many pages, the great majority not consisting of more than a very few lines. The division of the poems into divine and human is common enough: but there is another division in the human poems themselves which must have very often suggested itself to readers, and which has since been carried out in the excellent and elegant edition of Mr. Pollard. This is the separation<sup>2</sup> of a certain class of epigrams which Herrick, either by accident or purposely, included among

<sup>1</sup> I owe the loan of the copy of this *editio princeps*, from which the text has been exactly collated, to the kindness of Mr. Andrew Lang.

<sup>2</sup> As Mr. Pollard has the priority in this separation, I have thought it better not to imitate it here. But in another and still greater desideratum, the numbering of the poems consecutively, I have not thought myself precluded from adoption because of his precursorship. The thing has been urgently needed always: for the enormous number of Herrick's poems makes the "turning up" of any particular one, unless the first line is given or remembered, an extremely and unnecessarily laborious task. I have, however, numbered the poems right through, not separating the "Hesperides" proper from the "Noble Numbers," which, as the general title page shows, were intended to be simply a subdivision. "Herrick: such and such a number," may thus become a recognized mode of reference.

his non-divine poems, and which are regarded with exceedingly scant affection even by his greatest admirers. The majority of these epigrams consists of brief, excessively foul-mouthed, and for the most part very defectively witty lampoons on persons who are asserted by tradition or guesswork to have been, sometimes at least, parishioners of Dean Prior. They do not as a rule sin very grossly in what is commonly and exclusively called indecency; they cannot for a moment be compared in this respect to the epigrammatic work of the two authors who would seem to have suggested them, Martial and Ben Jonson. They are even more destitute of the poisoned wit of the Roman satirist, and the bludgeonly strength which frequently characterizes Ben's performances in this kind. But most of all are they destitute of the literary merit which always distinguishes Martial, and which very commonly distinguishes Jonson. Herrick's epigrammatic work is incomparably the worst, in a literary point of view, that he has left; and it is, even among the mass of dull, coarse epigram which the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century has left us, exceptionally coarse and dull. It chiefly contents itself with alleging and upbraiding physical weaknesses and defects, common to or exceptional in humanity, in the plainest and foulest terms. It is not much, if at all, above the scribblings on the wall of the lowest kind of

schoolboy or popular wit. So astonishingly does it contrast with the main tenor of the work with which it is associated, that some ingenious paradoxers have wondered whether it was not introduced as an intentional foil to the too soft and luscious graces of the rest. It is not necessary to give an opinion on this point. Even elsewhere it is sufficiently evident that Herrick's taste was not impeccable; he nowhere shows much real wit; and the abusive epigram was a favourite form of his master Ben's. It is probably not needful to look further in order to account for the presence of these loathsome weeds in an otherwise charming, if somewhat "careless-ordered" garden.

On a second, a larger, and a much more respectable division of Herrick's verse, the "Divine Poems," or "Noble Numbers," somewhat diverse opinions and many not particularly necessary theories have been uttered. By the admirers of his best productions they have, with a few exceptions, been somewhat disdained; either on that falsest of all grounds, "I must take pleasure in the thing represented before I can take pleasure in the representation," or for other reasons. A collection of poems which contains the "Litany to the Holy Spirit," and "The White Island," to name no others, could not, as it seems to me, be spoken of with anything but respect by any true and catholic lover of poetry. But as a matter of fact we should have to mention much else.

What may be called the Divine Epigrams—though they may sometimes stand, for purely poetic worth, in not so very different a relation to the masterpieces as the epigrams of the other division do to the masterpieces there—have at any rate a vast advantage of subject, and an advantage, not so very much less, of form. Herrick had little or no wit: but he had a fair allowance of sententious aphoristic faculty. And many of these pious pieces, even if they attain not to the first two, are splendid verse: “To find God,” “The Thanksgiving,” “To his Conscience,” a score or two more might be instanced. However, the positive or comparative merit of these exercises seems to have employed the critics less than the temper which they may be supposed to express. Were they palinodes, expressions of repentance for earlier license, and attempts to consecrate the hitherto profaned fire? Some would fain think and have us think so. Were they merely professional exertions, not necessarily the outcome of a deliberate hypocrisy, but “duty work” of a piece with the Sunday sermon, official, not personal, dramatic, not authentic? Some would incline more or less strongly to this hypothesis. Or were they, without being either of these, poetical studies of a not necessarily feigned but somewhat unreal kind, resembling the studies which, beyond all doubt, make up the greater sum of amatory verse? Was Herrick a “Pagan” who simply saw in the religion of his time a suit-



able subject for verse, likely to be popular and not unlikely to be good, and who, though by no means singing with tongue in cheek, was least of all things singing from or with his heart? None of these theories has wanted defenders.

I have elsewhere expressed my inability to adopt any of these explanations, or even to think that any very elaborate explanation is necessary: and subsequent study of the matter has only confirmed me in this disinclination. I take Herrick to have been not in the least a "Pagan," but very much of a "natural man." Had he been born in the first three centuries or so I do not think he would have become a Christian; I think he would have been quite simply and sincerely contented with whatsoever religion he was educated in. But I think Christianity on more than one of its sides—especially on that side of emotional and almost sensual devotion in which the English agrees with the Roman branch of the Church (though it does not go quite so far), and also in those points of theology which concern the fatherhood of God, the mediatorship of Christ, and so forth—had a strong appeal to Herrick's kindly and fanciful, if not daringly intellectual, soul. I think that his devotion was as sincere, as kindly, though perhaps nearly as little high-flying or metaphysical as his more earthly passions. If (which is probable, but by no means certain) he had led a somewhat loose

life in his time, I think that the crime of sense never with him became a crime of malice, and that if his repentances in their turn were not the repentances of saints and martyrs they were genuine enough in their way.

This combination of genuineness with absence of depth is the key-note of all Herrick's work ; it at once imparts and interprets the peculiar character of the third, the largest, the most famous, and by far the most brilliant division of his poems. It is obvious enough, yet it seems to have escaped or puzzled some, and few have kept it quite so steadily before them as might have been desirable. It is a combination eminently suited to produce a man skilled at catching, and contented to catch, the thoughts, the impressions, the joys, the sorrows of the present minute. Whatever matters, trivial or otherwise, Herrick is meditating he is always *totus in illis*. They do not interfere with each other ; and I no more believe that the "Litany" is insincere because it occurs in the same volume with the "Vine," than I believe that Herrick was insincere in his praises of Julia because we find them side by side with raptures about Electra or Dianeme.

Indeed, his numerous actual or pretended loves are hardly more characteristic of, and hardly more beneficial to his verse than the still more numerous subjects of interest of a non-amatory character which he found to sing of. Except the scenery of Devonshire (which he re-

garded with a Philistinism greater than his century can excuse), and his early troubles for lack of money, whereof he sang not, most of the accidents of life seem to have found in Herrick a sympathetic spectator, sharer, chronicler. Not only his own "girls," but the loves and the weddings (not by any means forgetting the wedding-feasts) of other people, sack in Fleet Street, as well as the hock-cart in the country, funerals not much less than weddings or christenings—all such things attracted the musings and the muse of this singular parson, Nor were his interests limited to occasions of festivity or of sensual pleasure. He was not, as has been said (being a man very much of his age, and not troubled with any excessive originality), gratified with the "warty incivility"<sup>1</sup> of that fringe of Dartmoor towards the South Hams in which his benefited life was cast. He professed, and very likely felt, a vivid preference for the attractions of the town. Yet not Wordsworth himself, in his very different way, has shown himself more penetrated with appreciation of the joys and beauties of the country than Herrick. It may have been accident, or it may have been intention, that made the

<sup>1</sup> It is odd that divers editors should have been seduced by the specious but utterly inadmissible conjecture of "watry." Herrick is indeed speaking of a river; but throughout the poem it is the rugged and rocky bed and shores, not the water, that he is describing.

later poet, or the later poet's sister, meet the earlier full tilt on the subject of daffodils. But to any impartial judge it is to this day difficult to award the crown—time allowance being given according to the proper rules of such contests—between them. And the daffodils are not alone in having received from Herrick a poetical celebration that in its own way can not be surpassed. Primroses, violets, the very “meads” themselves, owe him to all time a royalty of honour for the magnificent countenance that he has bestowed on them. A contemporary and fellow “son” of his in Ben's family had anticipated him by saying the last word on “Red and White Roses” with a touch of quintessential elegance which even Herrick rarely reached; but Herrick has, on the other hand, the advantage of Carew in a wider range, in a more genuine and unforced inspiration, and in a certain *bonhomie* which is rare in poets. The moderns are, as a rule, wont to deny him the higher extravagances of passion, and the denial may be justified by a sufficient number of documents; but “The Mad Maid's Song,” “The Litany,” “The White Island,” and not a few others are there to show what he could have attained an he would, and what he did sometimes attain when he would. He had two gifts which are in the very rarest instances found together. The one was an original and unique gift of style; the other was a range—low, perhaps, if any one chooses to

insist on that point, but wide—of interest which supplied him with the subjects on which he exercised that style. I am not quite sure that there is any English poet who unites these two gifts in quite the same degree except one or two of the very greatest.

The range of Herrick's subjects is wont, I think, to be a little underrated. One or two English critics, followed by such few foreigners as have taken note of him at all, have treated him as a mere "folk-lorist" in verse, busied about old and decaying ceremonies. Hazlitt, in almost the most memorable of his memorable injustices, thought him best as a translator, and rather a lapidary than a poet. Not a few others, while not wholly denying his merits, treat him as an artificial amonist who is sometimes very coarse, and never thoroughly genuine. Now—as I have already endeavoured to make out, and as I hope many readers of this edition who take it as it comes, and are not, as Hazlitt rather strangely says, "dazzled by the notes" of Herrick's poetry, will perceive—he is these things, at least on the good side of them; but he is also something more. He is what may be called a common enjoyer, a person who, just as some other persons constantly select the evil, troublesome, and uncomfortable sides of life for their special attention, selects its joyous, pleasing, and gay sides for his special province. Secondly, he is one who is capable of manifold observation; who is not

limited to one or two sides of life any more than he is limited to one or two loves. He describes one of the latter in a delightful poem as

“Sappho next, a principal.”

The truth is that the girl or the thing which or who happened to be uppermost in his thoughts for the moment was always the “principal” to Herrick. It was sack or it was beer; it was Prue or it was Perilla; it was Sir Clipseby Crewe or no matter what neighbour, or parishioner, or friend; it was King Charles or King Oberon; it was witchcraft or religion; it was the vision of Julia’s petticoat or the vision of himself on his death-bed. He might be thinking of his own ill-fortune in being exiled to “this dull Devonshire,” or of his good fortune in possessing a competence, of his father, Ben Jonson, or his friend that singular courtier Endymion Porter, who affected in his life and after it the imagination of so many men of letters. He might be meditating unworthy vengeance on any churl or slut in his parish. But he took up all these subjects—so many and so various—with an equal and an almost indescribable zest and relish. Although a good deal in his style is strongly artificial, nothing is more rare in Herrick than the taint of the exercise, nothing more absolutely unknown in him than the mark of the collar. He writes, if not exactly

because he must, at any rate because he chooses and feels i' the vein. He has the quality which a superannuated school of criticism in another art used to call *gusto*. There is no subject attacked by him that he does not in this way or that touch and transform with the peculiar transfiguration of art, effected partly by his interest in the subject itself, and partly by the idiosyncrasy of his wonderful style.

This style has some of the most singular combinations of quality that can be found anywhere. It is prim and it is easy; it is intensely charged with classical reminiscence and even classical quotation, and it is as racy of the soil of England as any style of any English poet; it is extremely artificial, and it has a dewy freshness not easy to parallel elsewhere. Its most obvious and easily characterized characteristics are, as usual, far from being its best. Herrick's diminutives have attracted, and it is impossible that they should not attract, a great deal of attention. They strongly recall, and may not impossibly have been suggested by, the similar indulgences of the French Pléiade school, which (though *Zepheria* and a few other things are its chief actual analogues and descendants in Elizabethan English) certainly had some influence on our shores. But to me, at least, they seem to be caricatures by the author of his own genuine spirit—mistaken attempts to emphasize, for the sake of the vulgar, faculties which he could display in

a far better and more legitimate manner. "Rubelet," "Compartlement," "Shephardling," always make me think of Bacon's celebrated denunciation of carpet bedding two centuries before it came into fashion. You may oft-times see things as good in tarts. They are all the more unfortunate that what they do emphasize, at least to the taste of the present age, is rather the mechanical and artificial side of Herrick's genius than the natural and poetic.

Yet this latter side is of such rarity and charm as need no garish artificialities to set them off. It reminds us at once in likeness and difference of the most magnificent stanza of Herrick's younger contemporary Marvell:—

"My love is of a birth as rare  
As 'tis for object strange and high,  
For 'tis begotten of Despair  
Upon Impossibility."

Very different indeed was the actual parentage of Herrick's muse. It was begotten apparently of easy Confidence upon facile Possibility, and its objects were rarely high or strange. But yet it was of a birth as rare as might be found in a month's journey through libraries. It has in the most eminent degree that peculiar quality—a great constituent of style but not to be identified with it, and though never subsisting without it sometimes missing where style is—the quality which can be only called Phrase. There are some, though few, great



masters of style who have no very distinct phrase; there are not a few writers cunning in phrase who are too much its servants to be masters of style. But Herrick's phrase though intensely individual was well under his control, and seldom or never got the better of him. In generic character it was not very different from the other great phrases and styles, even from some phrases and styles not exactly great, of his day—the day of what may be called the second Elizabethan period, which comprehends in itself in sub-varieties the Jacobean and the Caroline. The writers of this stage, under the general influence of Jonson, aped, to an extent from which their predecessors were free, classical form in grammar, vocabulary, and order. Mr. Pollard has specified, more fully I think than any precedent editor, the exact and literal transcripts in English from Catullus, Martial, Ovid, Horace, Virgil, and the rest, which Herrick introduces into his verse. I am not sure that there is not something a little profane in thus betraying to the unlearned the coincidences and echoes which have always been an additional, perhaps a main, ingredient in the pleasure with which scholars read the "Hesperides." But the facts are indisputable enough, and the classicality thus introduced into English is one of the main differentia of the poet's species.

What is less easy to define is the native and individual quality with which he blends and

subdues this almost excessive classicality, so as to make it an English style of the simplest and the most original, hardly smelling at all of the lamp or the lexicon. Here we seem to come at once, as with others we come later and after preliminary analyses, to the ultimate quality of style. It is comparatively easy to say that the sententious perfection of his phrase, possessed in lesser degree by persons like Cotton and Sherburne, in equal or greater by persons like Crashaw and Carew, and exhibited in different material by others like Herbert and Vaughan, was endemic—that it was the mere trick of the time, easy then, unattainable afterwards or before. It is tolerably safe to go a little further, and to assign the influences which produced it to the sinking but still powerful tide of Elizabethan passion and ardour meeting and mixed with the rising tide of classical imitation. Whether such a confluence or conflict would be thought likely to produce such an effect, if we had not the effect before us, is a question which it is unnecessary to discuss. It must be sufficient to say here that there is some such idiosyncrasy in Herrick and (which is extremely interesting) that by the time his book appeared it was an idiosyncrasy which had somehow or other lost its relish for the public taste. For those of Herrick's generation who had sunk a little farther—the Cottons, the Davenants, and so forth—there was still a public. But for Herrick,

as far as we can tell, there was none. It is seldom safe to boast ourselves over our fathers, but we may here at least be thankful if not boastful.

On the separate divisions of his subjects it is probably not necessary to say much here. The "folk-lorist" section has been already glanced at, and is at this time of day rather in danger of over- than of under-valuation. It was certainly fortunate that at a critical time we had such a poet as this to record for us the fleeting accidents of an earlier, and as some irreconcilables still think a better, state of society. Another division, that of the fairy poems, seems to me, though charming, less charming than it has seemed to some others. Herrick simply continued Drayton with a less masculine though perhaps a more delicate conception of the fairy theory of their day. Bishop Corbet in his well-known lament has given a version of the same view which, if it is inferior in grace and in strictly poetical expression both to "Nymphidia" and to Herrick's pieces, seems to me to go more to the root of the matter. And in the true envisagement of fairy subjects Scott and Keats, those strangely different and complementary contemporaries, have said the last word. "La Belle Dame sans Merci" sums the matter up once for all on one side, as Scott's various pieces, connected or not with Thomas the Rhymer, do on the other. In what may be called his "various" moods—complimentary, satirical, commemorative and other—Herrick

does but example his time in his own inimitable and charming way. We would not lose these pieces, but we do not attach to them any special or extraordinary value. His sacred work has been already discussed, and this again could not be spared ; but with one or two famous and already noted exceptions it has been better done by others. The chief attraction of it is the fact of its having been done at all, and having been in these one or two instances done supremely, by the author of the other work which also stands to the name of Herrick, and especially to that of the author of the convivial and amatory poems.

The value of these last seems to me not merely exceptional, but even unique. It is, of course, to a certain extent the value of the whole period ; but it is specially presented and differentiated. Donne is a far "greater" poet than Herrick, and moves in a far higher sphere, both of poetry and passion. But he had not Herrick's mastery of expression, and he gave at least some countenance to the theory that his later life had become ashamed of its earlier scenes. Herrick is "smooth and round ;" there is nothing that jars with any part of his work in any other part of it. In the very long period which passed between the publication of the "Hesperides" and his death he may have fallen into a different vein of thought or sentiment from that which announces itself even in the "Noble Numbers," even in the apologetic

couplet which closes the "Hesperides" themselves. But we have absolutely no evidence of the fact. He is, if not exactly passionate—I should hold that he sometimes is, and that such pieces as the famous "Bid me to live," and "I dare not ask" have a thrill and a quiver inseparable from sincere passion—eminently simple, and all of a piece. It only remains to examine what this simplicity shows us.

It shows us, as I think, a nature curiously sound and healthy, with no bad blood in it, if with a slight deficiency of some of the nobler spirits which transcend the blood. It has been urged that Herrick has "too many kisses" in him, that he is too luscious. Such a point is impossible to argue, for it is a pure matter of taste. Catullus would not have agreed with these censors: nor do I. But what does seem to me worth noting is that Herrick is entirely free from the chief vice of most amatory poets. It may be the consequence of a defect in sentiment of him, of an insufficient power of feeling

" Le regret pensif et confus  
D'avoir été et n'être plus,"

which makes him so destitute of bitterness towards old loves. But of that vice we find nothing at all in him. To Herrick, as to too few poetical lovers, though perhaps to all good lovers, poetical or not, to love once is to love always, however slight and temporary be the bonds. You may add, however wide the range,

new loves to the list; but you must never strike out the old.

In the service of Bacchus, as distinguished from that of Venus, Herrick is meretricious rather than absolutely accomplished. His taste seems to me to have been wanting in quality. He anticipated, however, the taste of the next generation in detecting the excellence of Burgundy, and we are still, despite all that has been written on the subject, too uncertain as to what sack really was to appreciate his devotion in that direction. I should conjecture that just as Herrick shows a certain lack of discrimination in his love, so his taste in wine was something promiscuous, and disposed to admit whatsoever, without nastiness or bad after effects, would produce the requisite exaltation.

And these are things infinitely unimportant. The important thing is that we have in Herrick a poet who was able, by the kindness of the Upper Powers, to give a distinct and extraordinary form to his impressions, who was also able, again by the kindness of the Upper Powers, to secure for poetical representation a most unusual number of interesting subjects, and who combined the two gifts in a manner which if not unequalled is equalled by very few persons in poetical history. Indeed, it is not easy to find a poet who is in his own way so *complete* as Herrick. The sole blot of his verse, the dull and dirty epigram section, is rather an excres-

cence than a fault in grain ; his deficiencies, as they have been and may be called, are connected in a singular and intimate manner with his excellences, and his charm is of the very first and greatest. Much of it is quite unaccountable ; you may reduce it to its very lowest terms, and the irreducible personal element remains. Some of it only appeals, no doubt, to certain persons, though I cannot help thinking that this appeal is made to all the more fortunately and happily constituted of the sons of men. A little of Herrick calls for the broom and the dust-pan, but taking him altogether, he is one of the English poets who deserve most love from lovers of English poetry, who have most idiosyncrasy, and with it most charm.





# HESPERIDES.



TO THE MOST  
ILLVSTRIOVS,  
AND  
MOST HOPEFULL PRINCE,  
C H A R L E S,  
PRINCE OF WALES.<sup>1</sup>

WELL may my Book come forth like Publique  
Day,  
When such a *Light* as *You* are leads the way:  
Who are my Works *Creator*, and alone  
The *Flame* of it, and the *Expansion*.  
And look how all those heavenly Lamps acquire  
Light from the Sun, that *inexhausted Fire*:  
So all my *Morne*, and *Evening Stars* from You  
Have their *Existence*, and their *Influence* too.  
Full is my Book of Glories; but all These  
By You become *Immortall Substances*.

<sup>1</sup> Of course Charles II.

*For these Transgressions which thou here dost  
 see,  
 Condemne the Printer, Reader, and not me ;  
 Who gave them forth good Grain, though he mis-  
 took  
 The Seed ; so sow'd these Tares throughout my  
 Book.*<sup>1</sup>

## ERRATA.

PAGE 33. line 10. (97) read *Rods* [for 'rod']. p. 41.  
 l. 19. (111) r. *Gotiere* [for 'Goteire']. p. 65. l. 12. (157)  
 r. *only one* [for 'our']. p. 83. l. 28. (193) r. *soft* [for  
 'foft']. p. 88. l. 26. (201) r. *the flowrie* [for 'flowrie'  
 without 'the']. p. 91. l. 29. (204) r. *such fears* [for  
 'Flesh']. p. 136. l. 9. (294) r. *to thee the* [for 'the'  
 dropped]. p. 155. l. 10. (337) r. *washt or's to tell* [for  
 'Washt o're']. p. 166. l. 10. (372) r. *his Lachrimæ*  
 [for 'Laerime']. p. 181. l. 10. (413) r. *Ah woe is me,  
 woe, woe is me* [for 'Ah! woe woe woe woe woe is  
 me']. p. 183. l. 9. (417) r. *and thy brest* [for 'bed'].  
 p. 201. l. 22. (465) r. *let chast* [for 'yet']. p. 230. l. 21.  
 (544) r. *and having drunk* [for 'havink']. p. 260.  
 l. 26. (634) r. *to rise* [for 'to kisse']. p. 335. l. 17.  
 (885) r. *a wife as* [for 'or a wife'].

*In the Divine.*

Pag. 22. line 14. (1201) read *where so ere he sees* [for  
 'when he sees'].

<sup>1</sup> In some editions these lines have been given  
 without the errata list which follows, thereby losing  
 much of their aptness. It is inserted here accordingly,  
 though the corrections have all been made in the text.  
 Dr. Grosart, I think, deserves the credit of having first  
 supplied the original misreadings here erotted, which  
 Herriek left the reader to find out for himself.  
 I have added to the paging and lining, which is that  
 of the original, the present numbers of the poems.  
 For Corrigenda to this edition see vol. ii. *sub fin.*

## HESPERIDES.

### 1. THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK.

I SING of *Brooks*, of *Blossomes*, *Birds*, and  
*Bowers* :

Of *April*, *May*, of *June*, and *July-Flowers*.

I sing of *May-poles*, *Hock-carts*,<sup>1</sup> *Wassails*,  
*Wakes*,

Of *Bride-grooms*, *Brides*, and of their *Bridall-*  
*cakes*.

I write of *Youth*, of *Love*, and have Accessé  
By these, to sing of cleanly-*Wantonnesse*.

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.

### 2. TO HIS MUSE.

WHITHER, *Mad maiden*, wilt thou roame ?  
Farre safer 'twere to stay at home :  
Where thou mayst sit, and piping please  
The poore and private *Cottages*.

<sup>1</sup> Hock-carts, "Harvest-home carts." Herrick's own poem on the subject is the *locus classicus* for it.

Since *Coats*,<sup>1</sup> and *Hamlets*, best agree  
 With this thy meaner Minstralsie.  
 There with the Reed, thou mayst expresse  
 The Shepherds Fleecie happinesse :  
 And with thy *Eclogues* intermixe  
 Some smooth, and harmlesse *Beucolicks*.  
 There on a Hillock thou mayst sing  
 Unto a handsome Shephardling ;  
 Or to a Girle (that keeps the Neat)  
 With breath more sweet then 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 doe not goe  
 Or flie abroad to seeke for woe.  
 Contempts in Courts and Cities dwell ;  
 No *Critick* haunts the Poore man's Cell :  
 Where thou mayst hear thine own Lines read  
 By no one tongue, there, censurèd.  
 That man's unwise will search for Ill,  
 And may prevent it, sitting still.

### 3. TO HIS BOOKE.

WHILE thou didst keep thy *Candor* undefil'd,  
 Deerely 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.

<sup>1</sup> Coats = "cotes" or "cots."

4. ANOTHER.<sup>1</sup>

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 staine a cheeke for it.

## 5. ANOTHER.

Who with thy leaves shall wipe (at need)  
 The place, where swelling *Piles* do breed:  
 May every Ill, that bites, or smarts,  
 Perplexe him in his hinder-parts.

## 6. TO THE SOURE READER.

If thou dislik'st the Piece thou light'st on first;  
 Thinke 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.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is the first of Herrick's many adaptations of the classics. But Herrick has behaved more handsomely to his virgin than Martial to his Lucretia in the lines (xi. 16, 9-10):—

“Erubuit, posuitque meum Lucretia librum;  
 Sed coram Bruto: Brute, recede, leget.”

<sup>2</sup> I do not know whether line 6 is a joke upon, or a half unconscious reminiscence of “occupet extremum scabies.”

## 7. TO HIS BOOKE.

COME thou not neere those men, who are like  
*Bread*  
 O're-leven'd; or like *Cheese* o're-renetted.

## 8. WHEN HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ.

IN sober mornings, doe not thou reherse  
 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 guilds the roofoe with  
     mirth;  
 When up the *Thyrse*<sup>1</sup> is rais'd, and when the  
     sound  
 Of sacred *Orgies*<sup>2</sup> flies, A round, A round;<sup>3</sup>  
 Whenthe *Rose* raignes, and locks with ointments  
     shine,  
 Let rigid *Cato* read these Lines of mine.

## 9. UPON JULIAS RECOVERY.

DROOP, droop no more, or hang the head,  
 Ye *Roses* almost witherèd;  
 Now 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,

<sup>1</sup> "A javelin twind with Ivy."—H.

<sup>2</sup> "Songs to Bacchus."—H.

<sup>3</sup> According to some, "round" here means "dance"; but it may be the toast-master's cry = "A health!"



Or sworn to that sweet Sister-hood :  
 For Health on *Julia's* cheek hath shed  
 Clarret, and Creame comminglèd.  
 And those her lips doe now appeare  
 As beames of *Corrall*, but more cleare.

## 10. 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.*

## 11. THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES TO JULIA.

I DREAMT the Roses one time went  
 To meet and sit in Parliament :  
 The place for these, and for the rest  
 Of flowers, was thy spotlesse breast :  
 Over the which a State was drawne  
 Of Tiffanie, or Cob-web Lawne ;  
 Then in that *Parly*, all those powers  
 Voted the Rose, the Queen of flowers.  
 But so, as that her self should be  
 The maide of Honour unto thee.

## 12. NO BASHFULNESSE IN BEGGING.

To get thine ends, lay bashfulnesse aside ;  
*Who feares to aske, doth teach to be deny'd.*

## 13. THE FROZEN HEART.

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

## 14. TO PERILLA.

AH, my *Perilla* ! do'st thou grieve to see  
 Me, day by day, to steale away from thee ?  
 Age calms me hence, and my gray haire bid  
 come,  
 And haste away to mine eternal home ;  
 'Twill not be long (*Perilla*) after this,  
 That I must give thee the *supremest* kisse :  
 Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring  
 Part of the creame<sup>1</sup> 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 teare :  
 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.

<sup>1</sup> Cream has probably no very definite sense, or, if any, means "the purest water."

## 15. A SONG TO THE MASKERS.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 As Goddess *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.

## 16. TO PERENNA.

WHEN I thy Parts runne o're, I can't espie  
 In any one, the least indecencie:  
 But every Line and Limb diffusèd 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.

## 17. TREASON.

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

## 18. TWO THINGS ODIOS.

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

## 19. TO HIS MISTRESSES.

HELPE 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 enflesh my thighs, 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.

## 20. 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 pierce<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> In orig. "peirce."

21. 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*.

22. 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 *Filitings*:  
 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*.

23. 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.

24. SOFT MUSICK.

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

25. THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT  
 KINGS AND SUBIECTS.

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

26. 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?

## 27. 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 legg's sinceritie:<sup>1</sup>  
 And ravish'd thus, It came to passe,  
 The Nagge (like to the *Prophets Asse*,)  
 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.

## 28. EXPENCES EXHAUST.

LIVE with a thrifty, not a needy Fate;  
*Small shots paid often, waste a vast estate.*

## 29. LOVE WHAT IT IS.

LOVE is a circle that doth restlesse move  
 In the same sweet eternity of love.

## 30. PRESENCE AND ABSENCE.

WHEN what is lov'd is Present, love doth  
 spring;  
 But being absent, Love lies languishing.

<sup>1</sup> Sincerity = "pureness," "whiteness."

## 31. NO SPOUSE BUT A SISTER.

A BACHELOUR I will  
 Live as I have liv'd still,  
 And never take a wife  
 To crucifie my life:  
 But this I'll tell ye too,  
 What now I meane to doe;  
 A Sister (in the stead  
 Of Wife) about I'll lead;  
 Which I will keep embrac'd,  
 And kisse, but yet be chaste.

32. THE POMANDER<sup>1</sup> BRACELET.

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

## 33. THE SHOOE TYING.

*ANTHEA* bade me tye her shooe;  
 I did; and kist the Instep too:  
 And would have kist unto her knee,  
 Had not her Blush rebukèd me.

## 34. THE CARKANET.

INSTEAD of Orient Pearls, of Jet,  
 I sent my Love a Karkanet:

<sup>1</sup> Pomander, *pomme d'ambre*, a sort of vinaigrette, ball-shaped, containing ambergris or other scent.



About her spotlesse neck she knit  
 The lace, to honour me, or it :  
 Then think how wrapt was I to see  
 My Jet t'enthral such Ivorie.

### 35. HIS SAILING FROM JULIA.

WHEN that day comes, whose evening sayes  
 I'm gone  
 Unto that watrie Desolation :  
 Devoutly to thy *Closet-gods* then pray,  
 That my wing'd Ship may meet no *Remora*.<sup>1</sup>  
 Those Deities which circum-walk the Seas,  
 And look upon our dreadfull passages,  
 Will from all dangers, re-deliver me,  
 For one *drink offering*, pourèd out by thee.  
*Mercie* and *Truth* live with thee ! and forbear  
 (In my short absence) to unsluce a teare :  
 But yet for Love's-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.

### 36. HOW THE WALL-FLOWER 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 :

<sup>1</sup> *Remora*.—The fish which was supposed to arrest ships by fixing its sucker on them.

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 unty'd,  
 So she fell, and bruis'd, 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*.

### 37. 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.

### 38. 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<sup>1</sup> in your  
 eyes:  
 By *Love's Religion*, I must here confesse it,  
 The most I love, when I the least expresse it.

<sup>1</sup> Babies.—The reflection of the gazer's face in the pupil of the eye. It has been suggested that the baby is only a translation of "pupil" (*pupilla*, little girl), but this does not seem very probable. The phrase, generally in the amorous sense, "looking babies in the eyes," *i.e.*, gazing closely and passionately, is very common in Elizabethan English.

*Small griefs find tongues*: Full Casques are  
 ever found  
 To give, (if any, yet) but little sound.  
*Deep waters noyse-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.

## 39. 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.

## 40. 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 cruelty.  
 Patient I was: Love pitifull grew then,  
 And stroak'd the stripes, and I was whole  
 agen.

Thus like a Bee, *Love-gentle* stil doth bring  
 Hony to salve, where he before did sting.

#### 41. 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*.  
 Me thought, her long small legs & thighs  
 I with my *Tendrils* did surprize;  
 Her Belly, Buttocks, and her Waste  
 By my soft *Nerv'lits* were embrac'd:  
 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* ravisht by his tree.  
 My curles about her neck did craule,  
 And armes and hands they did enthrall:  
 So that she could not freely stir,  
 (All parts there made one prisoner).  
 But when I crept with leaves to hide  
 Those parts, which maids keep unespy'd,  
 Such fleeting pleasures there I took,  
 That with the fancie I awook;  
 And found (Ah me!) this flesh of mine  
 More like a *Stock*, then like a *Vine*.

## 42. TO LOVE.

I'M free from thee; and thou no more shalt  
 heare  
 My puling Pipe to beat against thine eare:  
 Farewell my shackles, (though of pearle they  
 be)  
 Such precious thraldome ne'r shall fetter me.  
 He loves his bonds, who when the first are  
 broke,  
 Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

## 43. 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 kisseth me;  
 Thus, and thus it now appears  
 That our love out-lasts our yeeres.

44. LOVE'S PLAY AT PUSH-PIN.<sup>1</sup>

LOVE and my selfe (beleeve me) on a day  
 At childish Push-pin (for our sport) did play:  
 I put, he pusht, and heedless of my skin,  
 Love prickt my finger with a golden pin:  
 Since which, it festers so, that I can prove

<sup>1</sup> Push-pin, a child's game.

'Twas but a trick to poyson me with love :  
 Little the wound was ; greater was the smart ;  
 The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

## 45. THE ROSARIE.

ONE ask'd me where the roses grew ?  
 I bade him not goe seek ;  
 But forthwith bade my *Julia* shew  
 A bud in either cheek.

## 46. 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*,<sup>1</sup> and put it in,  
 Where the *Stelletto* pierc'd the skin :  
 Which being done, the fretfull paine  
 Asswag'd, and he was well again.

47. THE PARCÆ, OR, THREE DAINY  
 DESTINIES.

## THE ARMILET.

THREE lovely Sisters working were  
 (As they were closely set)  
 Of soft and dainty Maiden-haire,  
 A curious *Armelet*.

<sup>1</sup> Tent = a plug.

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 'twas spun:  
 And I reply'd thereto,  
 I care not now how soone 'tis done,  
 Or cut, if cut by you.

## 48. SORROWES SUCCEED.

WHEN one is past, another care we have,  
*Thus Woe succeeds a Woe; as Wave a Wave.*

## 49. CHERRY-PIT.

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.

## 50. TO ROBIN RED-BREST.

LAI D out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be  
 With leaves and mosse-work for to cover  
 me:  
 And while the Wood-nimphs 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.*

## 51. 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 confesse ;  
 I ne'r invented such  
 Ennobled numbers for the Presse,  
 Then where I loath'd so much.

## 52. TO HIS PATERNALL COUNTRY.

O EARTH ! Earth ! Earth ! heare thou my voice,  
 and be  
 Loving, and gentle for to cover me :  
 Banish'd from thee I live ; ne'r to return,  
 Unlesse thou giv'st my small Remains an  
 Urne.

## 53. 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.



## 54. 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* ;<sup>1</sup>  
 While other Gums their sweets perspire,  
 By your owne jewels set on fire.

## 55. 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* :<sup>2</sup>  
 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.

## 56. THE VISION TO ELECTRA.

I DREAM'D we both were in a bed  
 Of Roses, almost smotherèd :  
 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 :

<sup>1</sup> Nectarell.—Herrickian for “Nectareal.”

<sup>2</sup> Gospel-tree.—Where the Gospel was read in perambulations of the parish.

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.

## 57. DREAMES.

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

## 58. AMBITION.

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

## 59. HIS REQUEST TO JULIA.

*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.

## 60. MONEY GETS THE MASTERIE.

FIGHT thou with shafts of silver, and o'rcome,  
 When no force else can get the masterdome.

61. THE SCAR-FIRE.<sup>1</sup>

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.

## 62. 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.

63. CHEERFULNESSE IN CHARITIE : OR,  
THE SWEET SACRIFICE.

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

<sup>1</sup> Scar-fire.—Scar, a beacon, as in Scarborough, it is said by some.

## 64. 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.*

## 65. SWEETNESSE IN SACRIFICE.

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

## 66. STEAME 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.

## 67. 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.

## 68. AGAINE.

WHEN I 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 stricken mute,  
 Die and be turn'd into a Lute.

## 69. ALL THINGS DECAY AND DIE.

*All things decay with Time*: The Forrest sees  
 The growth, and down-fall of her aged trees;  
 That Timber tall, which three-score *lustres*  
 stood  
 The proud *Dictator* of the State-like wood:  
 I meane (the Sovereigne of all Plants) the  
 Oke  
 Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's  
 stroke.

70. THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOURE SWEET  
MONTHS.

FIRST, *April*, she with mellow shows  
 Opens the way for early flowers;  
 Then after her comes smiling *May*,  
 In a more rich and sweet aray;  
 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.

## 71. 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.

72. UPON HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MISTRESSE  
ELIZAB: HERRICK.<sup>1</sup>

FIRST, for Effusions due unto the dead,  
 My solemne Vowes have here accomplishèd :  
 Next, how I love thee, that my griebe must tell,  
 | Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Deare farewell.

C-  
Fidelia

## 73. OF LOVE. A SONET.

How Love came in, I do not know,  
 Whether by th' eye, or eare, or no ;  
 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.

<sup>1</sup> Wife of his brother Thomas.

74. TO ANTHEA.<sup>1</sup>

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 Ile speak, when we meet both in bed.

75. 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<sup>2</sup> of Pearl.

<sup>1</sup> One of the endless imitations of Catullus.

<sup>2</sup> Quarrelets = "squared pieces."

## 76. CONFORMITIE.

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

77. TO THE KING, UPON HIS COMMING  
 WITH HIS ARMY INTO THE WEST.<sup>1</sup>

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't, 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<sup>2</sup> *Omens* ; so that where,  
 Your Standard's up, we fix a Conquest there.

## 78. UPON ROSES.

UNDER a Lawne, then skyes more cleare,  
 Some ruffled Roses nestling were :  
 And snugging 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 ;

<sup>1</sup> His coming.—In pursuit of Essex, August, 1644.

<sup>2</sup> White = lucky.



And all, because they were possest  
 But of the heat of *Julia's* breast :  
 Which as a warme, and moistned spring,  
 Gave them their ever flourishing.

79. TO THE KING AND QUEENE, UPON THEIR  
 UNHAPPY DISTANCES.<sup>1</sup>

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 'twill  
     come, when  
 These eyes of mine shall see you mix agen.  
 Thus speaks the *Oke*, here; C. and M. shall  
     meet,  
 Treading on *Amber*, with their silver-feet :  
 Nor wil't be long, ere this accomplish'd be ;  
 The words found true, C. M. remember me.

80. 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.

81. THE CHEAT OF CUPID: OR,  
 THE UNGENTLE GUEST.<sup>2</sup>

ONE silent night of late,  
 When every creature rested,

<sup>1</sup> Probably earlier than 77, and not referring to any quarrels, but merely to the severance of the pair by the war.

<sup>2</sup> From the Pseudo-Anacreon 31.

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;<sup>1</sup>  
And all with showrs 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 showrs.

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

<sup>1</sup> Swerved = "strayed."

Then laughing loud, he flew  
 Away, and thus said flying,  
 Adieu, mine Host, Adieu,  
 Ile leave thy heart a dying.

82. TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS  
 RELIGIOUS FATHER.

THAT for seven *Lusters* I did never come  
 To doe the *Rites* to thy Religious Tombe ;  
 That neither haire was cut, or true teares shed  
 By me, o'r thee, (*as justments<sup>1</sup> to the dead*)  
 Forgive, forgive me ; since I did not know  
 Whether thy bones had here their Rest, or no.  
 But now 'tis known, Behold ; behold, I bring  
 Unto thy Ghost th' Effused Offering :  
 And look, what Smallage,<sup>2</sup> Night-shade, Cy-  
 presse, Yew,  
 Unto the shades have been, or now are due,  
 Here I devote ; And something more then so  
 I come to pay a Debt of Birth I owe.  
 Thou gav'st me life (but Mortall) ; For that  
 one  
 Favour, Ile make full satisfaction ;  
 For my life mortall, Rise from out thy Herse,  
 And take a life immortall from my Verse.

83. DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dresse  
 Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse :  
 A Lawne about the shoulders thrown  
 Into a fine distraction :

<sup>1</sup> Justments = "rites." Lat. *justa*.

<sup>2</sup> Smallage, an herb, wild celery.

An erring Lace, which here and there  
 Enthralls the Crimson Stomacher :  
 A Cuffe neglectfull, and thereby  
 Ribbands to flow confusedly :  
 A winning wave (deserving Note)  
 In the tempestuous petticoate :  
 A carelesse shooe-string, in whose tye  
 I see a wilde civility:  
 Doe more bewitch me, then when Art  
 Is too precise in every part.

## 84. TO HIS MUSE.

WERE I to give thee *Baptime*, 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 cleane, so chaste, as none may  
       feare  
*Cato* the *Censor*, sho'd he scan each here.

## 85. UPON LOVE.

LOVE scorch'd my finger, but did spare  
       The burning of my heart ;  
 To signifie, in Love my share  
       Sho'd be a little part.

Little I love ; but if that he  
       Wo'd but that heat recall :  
 That joynt to ashes sho'd be burnt,  
       Ere I wo'd love at all.

86. 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<sup>1</sup> incivility.  
 Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streams,  
 And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames ;  
 To my content, I never sho'd behold,  
 Were thy streames silver, or thy rocks all gold.  
 Rockie thou art ; and rockie we discover  
 Thy men ; and rockie are thy wayes all over.  
 O men, O manners ; There and ever knowne  
 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-sojourne when  
 Rockes turn to Rivers, Rivers turn to Men.

87. KISSING USURIE.

*BIANCHIA*, Let  
 Me pay the debt  
 I owe thee for a kisse  
 Thou lend'st to me ;  
 And I to thee  
 Will render ten for this :

If thou wilt say,  
 Ten will not pay  
 For that so rich a one ;  
 Ile cleare the summe,  
 If it will come  
 Unto a Million.

<sup>1</sup> Some read "watry ;" a correction not only needless but wrong.

By this, I guesse,  
 Of happinesse  
 Who has a little measure ;  
 He must of right,  
 To th'utmost mite,  
 Make payment for his pleasure.<sup>1</sup>

## 88. 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 Carkanet is bound,  
 Made of the *Rubie, Pearle, and Diamond* :  
 A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb :  
 About thy wrist, the rich *Dardanium*.<sup>2</sup>  
 Between thy Breasts (then Doune of Swans  
     more white)  
 There plays the *Saphire* with the *Chrysolite*.  
 No part besides must of thy selfe be known,  
 But by the *Topaze, Opal, Calcedon*.

## 89. 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

<sup>1</sup> Stanza 3 has been inverted without authority by some editors.

<sup>2</sup> "A bracelet from Dardanus, so called."—H.

Not so much call'd a tree,  
As the eternall monument of me.

## 90. 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.

## 91. ZEAL REQUIRED IN LOVE.

I'LE doe my best to win, when'ere I woove :  
*That man loves not, who is not zealous too.*

## 92. THE BAG OF THE BEE.

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.

## 93. LOVE KILL'D BY LACK.

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

## 94. TO HIS MISTRESSE.

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

Promise, and keep your vows,  
 Or vow ye never :  
 Love's doctrine disallows  
 Troth-breakers ever.

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

## 95. 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'rthelesse  
 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.



## 96. TO CRITICKS.

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

## 97. 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 kisse the rods, that punish sin.*  
 Touch not the Tyrant; Let the Gods alone  
 To strike him dead, that but usurps a Throne.

98. 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 than the stones i'th' street by farre :  
 Goe 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, nor slip or fall.

## 99. 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 flie, and beare away his head.

## 100. 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 <sup>1</sup> be spent,  
*Nature with little is content.*

101. BARLY-BREAK : <sup>2</sup> 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.

## 102. THE DEFINITION OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY, no other thing is, then a Beame  
 Flasht out between the Middle and Extreame.

<sup>1</sup> Cess.—In the sense of “revenue.”

<sup>2</sup> Barley-break, constantly referred to in the Elizabethan poets, was a kind of Prisoner's Base, with a forfeit of kissing.

## 103. TO DIANEME.

DEARE, though to part it be a Hell,  
 Yet *Dianeme*, 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 pittie by Love's-Chronicle)  
 O *Dianeme*, 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:  
 And thus devis'd, doe thou but this,  
 Bequeath to me one parting kisse:  
 So sup'rabundant joy shall be  
 The Executioner of me.

## 104. TO ANTHEA 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, turnes then to perfect  
 day.

## 105. 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.

106. A COUNTRY-LIFE: TO HIS BROTHER,  
 M. THO: HERRICK.<sup>1</sup>

THRICE, and above, blest (my soule's halfe) art  
 thou,

In thy both Last, and Better Vow:  
 Could'st leave the City, for exchange, to see  
 The Countrie's 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  
 Wayes lesse to live, then to live well:  
 And both are knowne to thee, who now can'st  
 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.

<sup>1</sup> Husband of the sister-in-law, Elizabeth, referred to before.

And can'st 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,<sup>1</sup> then Land)

To keep cheap Nature even, and upright;

To coole, not cocker Appetite.

Thus thou canst tearcely<sup>2</sup> live to satisfie

The belly chiefly; not the eye:

Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,

Lesse with a neat,<sup>3</sup> 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 chaste:

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 chaste 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 Bows,

With fields enameled with flowers,

<sup>1</sup> Brasse.—This has become slang, but in Herrick  
no doubt = simply *æs*.

<sup>2</sup> Tearcely = "simply."

<sup>3</sup> Neat = "elegant."

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 endear,  
     As not to rise when *Chanticleere*  
 Warnes the last Watch ; but with the Dawne  
     dost rise  
     To work, but first to sacrifice ;  
 Making thy peace with heav'n, for some late  
     fault,  
     With Holy-meale, and spirting-salt.<sup>1</sup>  
 Which done, thy painfull Thumb<sup>2</sup> 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,

<sup>1</sup> Spirting-salt.—Horace's *farre pio et saliente mica*.  
 The piece is full of Horatian reminiscences.

<sup>2</sup> Thumb.—After turning over the Scriptures for a  
*Sors Virgiliana*.

*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 eares so deafe, but thou canst  
heare,

(Far more with wonder, then with feare)

Fame tell of States, of Countries, Courts, and

Kings ;

And beleeve there be such things :

When of these truths, thy happyer knowledge  
lyes,

More in thine eares, then in thine eyes.

And when thou hear'st 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 fearlesse ; and thy face ne'r  
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.<sup>1</sup>*

And like a surly *Oke* with storms perplex ;

Growes still the stronger, strongly vext.

Be so, bold spirit ; Stand Center-like, un-  
mov'd ;

<sup>1</sup> A Simonidean or Pythagorean sentiment.

And be not onely thought, but prov'd  
 To be what I report thee; and inure  
     Thy selfe, if want comes to endure:  
 And so thou dost: for thy desires are  
     Confin'd to live with private *Larr*:<sup>1</sup>  
 Not curious whether Appetite be fed,  
     Or with the first, or second bread.  
 Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious  
     cates:  
     Hunger makes coorse meats, delicates.  
 Can'st, and unurg'd, forsake that Larded fare,  
     Which Art, not Nature, makes so rare;  
 To taste boyl'd Nettles, Colworts, Beets, and  
     eate  
     These, and sowre 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<sup>2</sup>  
     So much for want, as exereise:  
 To numb the sence of Dearth, which sho'd  
     sinne haste it,  
     Thou might'st but onely see't, not taste it.  
 Yet can thy humble rooffe maintaine a Quire  
     Of singing Crickets by thy fire:  
 And the brisk Mouse may feast her selfe with  
     crums,  
     Till that the green-cy'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  
     (Counsell concurring with the end)  
 As well as spare: still conning o'r this 'Theame,

<sup>1</sup> *Larr*.—Used by Herrick in his usual Pagan-Christian manner as = "household god" generally.

<sup>2</sup> Size = "ration," "allowance," cf. "sizing," "sizar."



To shun the first, and last extreame.  
 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 selfe ; 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 seldome*<sup>1</sup> *use commends 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.

## 107. DIVINATION BY A DAFFADILL.

WHEN a Daffadill I see,  
 Hanging down his head t'wards me ;  
 Guesse I may, what I must be :  
 First, I shall decline my head ;  
 Secondly, I shall be dead ;  
 Lastly, safely buryed.

108. TO THE PAINTER, TO DRAW HIM A  
 PICTURE.

COME, skilfull *Lupo*, now, and take  
 Thy *Bice*,<sup>2</sup> thy *Vmber*, *Pink*, and *Lake* ;

<sup>1</sup> Seldom—adjectivally.<sup>2</sup> Bice.—A greenish blue.

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<sup>1</sup> 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, poyson thee.

## 109. UPON CUFFE. EPIG.

*CUFFE* comes to church much; but he keeps  
 his bed  
 Those Sundayes onely, whenas Briefs<sup>2</sup> are  
 read.  
 This makes *Cuffe* dull; and troubles him the  
 most,  
 Because he cannot sleep i'th' Church, free-cost.

## 110. UPON FONE A SCHOOL-MASTER. EPIG.

*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.

<sup>1</sup> Burling iron.—A pair of nippers to take out knots in finishing cloth.

<sup>2</sup> Briefs.—Referred to in the rubrics of the Communion Service, and generally used to authorize a collection.

## 111. A LYRICK TO MIRTH.

WHILE the milder Fates consent,  
 Let's enjoy our merriment:  
 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*; chaunt 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*<sup>1</sup> and *Gotiere*<sup>2</sup>  
 Never sing, or play more here.

112. TO THE EARLE OF WESTMERLAND.<sup>3</sup>

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 Westmer-*  
*land.*)

<sup>1</sup> Wilson, Dr. John (1594-1673), a charming musician and poet, whose best piece is, "Greedy lover, pause awhile."

<sup>2</sup> Gotiere is said to be Jacques Gouter, a French musician of Charles I.'s court.

<sup>3</sup> Earl of Westmoreland, Mildmay Fane, a poetical peer.

## 113. AGAINST LOVE.

WHEN ere my heart, Love's warmth, but enter-  
tains,  
O Frost! O Snow! O Haile! forbid 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; [than  
Or let me 'gender with eternall frost.

## 114. 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.

115. THE FROZEN ZONE: OR, JULIA  
DISDAINFULL.

WHITHER? Say, whither shall I fly,  
To slack these flames wherein I frie?  
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 then 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.

## 116. AN EPITAPH 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.

117. TO THE PATRON OF POETS, M. END :  
 PORTER.<sup>1</sup>

LET there be Patrons ; Patrons like to thee,  
 Brave *Porter* ! Poets ne'r will wanting be :  
*Fabius*, and *Cotta*, *Lentulus*, all live  
 In thee, thou Man of Men ! who here do'st  
     give  
 Not onely subject-matter for our wit,  
 But likewise Oyle of Maintenance to it :  
 For which, before thy Threshold, we'll lay  
     downe  
 Our Thyirse, for Scepter ; and our Baies for  
     Crown.  
 For to say truth, all Garlands are thy due ;  
 The *Laurell*, *Mirtle*, *Oke*, and *Ivie* too.

<sup>1</sup> Endymion Porter appears to have been godfather to the hero of Lord Beaconsfield's novel. He was a courtier, a patron of wits, and a wit himself.

118. THE SADNESSE OF THINGS FOR SAPHO'S  
SICKNESSE.

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.

119. LEANDERS OBSEQUIES.

WHEN as *Leander* young was drown'd,  
No heart by love receiv'd a wound ;  
But on a Rock himselfe sate by,  
There weeping sup'rabundantly.  
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, cruell 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.

120. HOPE HEARTENS.

NONE goes to warfare, but with this intent ;  
The gaines must dead the feare of detriment.

## 121. FOUERE THINGS MAKE US HAPPY HERE.

HEALTH is the first good lent to men ;  
 A gentle disposition then :  
 Next, to be rich by no by-wayes ;  
 Lastly, with friends t'enjoy our dayes.<sup>1</sup>

122. HIS PARTING FROM MRS. DOROTHY  
KENEDAY.

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 teare.  
 Me thought 'twas strange, that thou so hard  
 sho'dst prove,  
 Whose heart, whose hand, whose ev'ry part  
 spake love.  
 Prethee (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.

## 123. THE TEARE SENT TO HER FROM STANES.

1. GLIDE, gentle streams, and beare  
 Along with you my teare

<sup>1</sup> From the Greek.

To that coy Girle ;  
 Who smiles, yet slayes  
 Me with delays ;  
 And strings my tears as Pearle.

2. See ! see, she's yonder set,  
 Making a Carkanet  
     Of Maiden-flowers !  
     There, there present  
     This Orient,  
 And Pendant Pearle of ours.
3. 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.
4. Nor will I seek supply  
 Of them, the spring's once drie ;  
     But Ile devise,  
     (Among the rest)  
     A way that's best  
 How I may save mine eyes.
5. Yet say ; sho'd she condemne  
 Me to surrender them ;  
     Then say ; my part  
     Must be to weep  
     Out them, to keep  
 A poore, yet loving heart.
6. 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.



124. UPON ONE LILLIE, WHO MARRIED WITH  
A MAID CALL'D ROSE.

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

125. AN EPITAPH UPON A CHILD.

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

126. UPON SCOBBLE. EPIG.

SCOBBLE for Whoredome whips his wife; and  
cries,  
He'll slit her nose; But blubb'ring, she re-  
plies,  
Good Sir, make no more cuts i'th' outward  
skin,  
One slit's enough to let Adultry in.

127. THE HOURE-GLASSE.

THAT Houre-glasse, which there ye see  
With Water fill'd, (Sirs, credit me)  
The humour was, (as I have read)  
But Lovers tears inchristalled.

Which, as they drop by drop doe passe  
 From th' upper to the under-glasse,  
 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.

128. HIS FARE-WELL TO SACK.

FAREWELL thou Thing, time-past so knowne, so  
 deare  
 To me, as blood to life and spirit : Neare,  
 Nay, thou more neare then kindred, friend,  
 man, wife,  
 Male to the female, soule to body : Life  
 To quick [our] action, or the warme soft side  
 Of the resigning, yet resisting Bride.  
 The kisse of Virgins ; First-fruits of the bed ;  
 Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the Maiden-  
 head :  
 These, and a thousand sweets, co'd never be  
 So neare, or deare, as thou wast once to me.  
 O thou the drink of Gods, and Angels ! Wine  
 That scatter'st Spirit and Lust ; whose purest  
 shine,  
 More radiant then the Summers Sun-beams  
 shows ;  
 Each way illustrious, brave ; and like to those  
 Comets we see by night ; whose shagg'd<sup>1</sup> por-  
 tents  
 Fore-tell the comming of some dire events :  
 Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires,  
 Throwing about his wild, and active fires.  
 'Tis thou, above Nectar, O Divinest soule !  
 (Eternall in thy self) that canst controule

<sup>1</sup> Shagg'd, = " hairy."

That, which subverts whole nature, grief and  
care ;

Vexation of the mind, and damn'd Despaire.

'Tis thou, alone, who with thy Mistick Fan,  
Work'st more then Wisdome, Art, or Nature  
can,

To rouze the sacred madnesse ; and awake  
The frost-bound-blood, and spirits ; and to  
make

Them frantick with thy raptures, flashing  
through

The soule, like lightning, and as active too.

'Tis not *Apollo* can, or those thrice three  
*Castalian* sisters, sing, if wanting thee.

*Horace*, *Anacreon* both had lost their fame,  
Hadst thou not fill'd them with thy fire and  
flame.

*Phæbean* 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 *bayes*.

But why ? why longer doe I gaze upon

Thee with the eye of admiration ?

Since I must leave thee ; and enforc'd, must say  
To all thy witching beauties, Goe, Away.

But if thy whimpring 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 Sovereigne,

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.

129. 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.

130. UPON MRS. ELIZ : WHEELER, UNDER  
     THE NAME OF AMARILLIS.

SWEET *Amarillis*, by a Spring's  
 Soft and soule-melting murmurings,  
 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 he, 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.

## 131. 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.

## 132. 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.

## 133. THE EYE.

MAKE me a heaven ; and make me there  
Many a lesse and greater speare.

Make me the straight, and oblique lines ;  
The Motions, Latians,<sup>1</sup> and the Signes.

<sup>1</sup> Latians.—Attractions or changes of the stars.

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 ?

134. 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 Volumne of himselfe, and Name.  
 If, Reader, then thou wilt draw neere,  
 And doe an honour to thy teare ;  
 Weep then for him, for whom laments  
 Not one, but many Monuments.

135. UPON GRYLL.

*GRYLL* eates, but ne're sayes 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.

136. THE SUSPITION UPON HIS OVER-MUCH  
FAMILIARITY WITH A GENTLEWOMAN.

AND must we part, because some say,  
Loud is our love, and loose our play,  
And more then well becomes the day?  
Alas for pittie! 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 formes have no one eye,  
Or eare of burning jealousye  
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 haire.  
Come, you are faire; and sho'd be seen  
While you are in your sprightfull green:  
And what though you had been embrac't  
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.

137. SINGLE LIFE MOST SECURE.

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

138. THE CURSE. A SONG.

GOE, perjurd 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, forme and  
     trust  
 Of Womans beauty ? and with hand more rude  
 Rifle the Flowers which the Virgins strew'd :  
 Know, I have pray'd to Furie, that some wind  
 May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

139. THE WOUNDED CUPID. SONG.<sup>1</sup>

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, replied he,  
 A winged Snake has bitten me,  
 Which Country people call a Bee.

<sup>1</sup> Another Anacreontic (40).



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 tel me then, how great's the smart  
 Of those, thou woundest with thy Dart !

## 140. TO DEWES. A SONG.

I BURN, I burn ; and beg of you  
 To quench, or coole me with your Dew.  
 I frie in fire, and so consume,  
 Although the Pile 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 coole me with a Teare :  
 Alas ! I call ; but ah ! I see  
 Ye coole, and comfort all, but me.

## 141. SOME COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

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

## 142. 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 *Spartanesse*.  
 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 forbad me, with a wand  
 Of Mirtle she had in her hand :  
 And chiding me, said, Hence, Remove,  
*Herrick*, thou art too coarse to love.

143. 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.

144. 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.

145. UPON A WIFE THAT DYED MAD WITH  
JEALOUSIE.

IN this little Vault she lyes,  
Here, with all her jealousies :  
Quiet yet ; but if ye make  
Any noise, they both will wake,  
And such spirits raise, 'twill then  
Trouble Death to lay agen.

146. UPON THE BISHOP OF LINCOLNE'S<sup>1</sup>  
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, guild 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

<sup>1</sup> Williams, the Lord Keeper.

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 grieffe by you was gall'd, the  
     more ;  
 Yet I bring Balme and Oile to heal your sore.

## 147. DISSWASIONS FROM IDLENESS.

CYNTHIUS pluck ye by the eare,  
 That ye may good doctrine heare.  
 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 fooles 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.*

## 148. UPON STRUT.

STRUT, once a Fore-man of a shop we knew ;  
 But turn'd a Ladies Usher now, ('tis true :)  
 Tell me, has *Strut* got ere a title more ?  
 No ; he's but Fore-man, as he was before.

149. AN EPITHALAMIE TO SIR THOMAS SOUTHWELL<sup>1</sup> AND HIS LADIE.

## I.

Now, now's the time; so oft by truth  
 Promis'd sho'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 lingring 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  
 Bridall-Rites goe on so slowly?

Deare, is it this you dread,  
 The losse of Maiden-head?  
 Beleeve me; you will most  
 Esteeme it when 'tis lost:  
 Then it no longer keep,  
 Lest Issue lye asleep.

Then away; come, *Hymen* guide  
 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

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thos. Southwell apparently died in 1642, and his widow Mary very soon after. He was of Angleton, near Brighton.

The soft and am'rous soule ;  
 But yet, Loves fire will wast  
 Such bashfulness at last.  
 Then away ; come, *Hymen* guide  
 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  
 To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

## V.

On, on devoutly, make no stay ;  
 While *Domiduca*<sup>1</sup> leads the way :  
 And *Genius* who attends  
 The bed for luckie ends :  
 With *Juno* goes the houres,  
 And Graces strewing flowers.  
 And the boyes with sweet tune sing,  
*Hymen*, O *Hymen* bring  
 Home the Turtles ; *Hymen* guide  
 To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

## VI.

Behold ! how *Hymens* Taper-light  
 Shews you how much is spent of night.  
 See, see the Bride-grooms Torch  
 Halfe wasted in the porch.

<sup>1</sup> Domiduca.—A name of Juno, as the “bringer home.” Most of the imagery and personification throughout the poem is Latin.

And now those Tapers five,  
 That shew the womb shall thrive :  
 Their silv'rie flames advance,  
 To tell all prosp'rous chance  
 Still shall crown the happy life  
 Of the good man and the wife.

## VII.

Move forward then your Rosie feet,  
 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.

## VIII.

And now the yellow Vaile, at last,  
 Over her fragrant cheek is cast.  
 Now seems she to expresse  
 A bashfull willingnesse :  
 Shewing a heart consenting ;  
 As with a will repenting.  
 Then gently lead her on  
 With wise suspicion :  
 For that, Matrons say, a measure  
 Of that Passion sweetens Pleasure.

## IX.

You, you that be of her neerest kin,  
 Now o're the threshold force her in.  
 But to avert the worst ;  
 Let her, her fillets first  
 Knit to the posts : this point  
 Remembring, to anoint

The sides : for 'tis a charme  
 Strong against future harme :  
 And the evil deads, the which  
 There was hidden by the Witch.

## X.

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 woee with teares.  
 Tel them, now they must adven-ter,  
 Since that Love and Night bid enter.

## XI.

No Fatal Owle the Bedsted keeps,  
 With direful notes to fright your sleeps :  
 No Furies, here about,  
 To put the Tapers out,  
 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'l be her Valentine.  
 Nor name those wanton reaks<sup>1</sup>  
 Y've had at Barly-breaks.

<sup>1</sup> = "freaks," "pranks."



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.

## XIV.

And now, Behold ! the Bed or Couch  
That ne'r knew Brides, or Bride-grooms touch,

Feels in it selfe a fire ;

And tickled with Desire,

Pants with a Downie brest,

As with a heart possest :

Shrugging as it did move,

Ev'n with the soule of love.

And (oh !) had it but a tongue,  
Doves, 'two'd say, yee bill too long.

## XV.

O enter then ! but see ye shun

A sleep, untill the act be done.

Let kisses, in their close,

Breathe as the Damask Rose :

Or sweet, as is that gumme

Doth from *Panchaia* come.

Teach Nature now to know,

Lips can make Cherries grow

Sooner, then she, ever yet,

In her wisdome co'd beget.

## XVI.

On your minutes, hours, dayes, months, years,  
Drop the fat blessing of the sphears.

That good, which Heav'n can give  
To make you bravely live ;  
Fall, like a spangling dew,  
By day, and night on you.  
May Fortunes Lilly-hand  
Open at your command ;

With all luckie Birds to side  
With the Bride-groom, and the Bride.

## XVII.

Let bounteous Fate your spindles full  
Fill, and winde up with whitest wooll.

Let them not cut the thred  
Of life, untill 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.

## 150. TEARES ARE TONGUES.

WHEN *Julia* chid, I stood as mute the while,  
As is the fish, or tonguelesse Crocodile.  
Aire coynd to words, my *Julia* co'd not heare ;  
But she co'd see each eye to stamp<sup>1</sup> a teare :  
By which, mine angry Mistresse might descry,  
Teares 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.

<sup>1</sup> Stamp = coin.

151. UPON A YOUNG MOTHER OF MANY  
CHILDREN.

LET all chaste Matrons, when they chance to  
see

My num'rous issue : Praise, and pittie me.  
Praise me, for having such a fruitfull wombe :  
Pity me too, who found so soone a Tomb.

152. TO ELECTRA.

ILE come to thee in all those shapes  
As *Jove* did, when he made his rapes :  
Onely, Ile not appeare to thee,  
As he did once to *Semele*.  
Thunder and Lightning Ile lay by,  
To talk with thee familiarly.  
Which done, then quickly we'll undresse  
To one and th'others nakednesse.  
And ravisht, plunge into the bed,  
(Bodies and souls comminglèd)  
And kissing, so as none may heare,  
We'll weary all the Fables there.

153. 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.

## 154. HIS PROTESTATION TO PERILLA.

NOONE-DAY and Midnight shall at once be  
     seene :  
 Trees, at one time, shall be both sere and  
     greene :  
 Fire and water shall together lye  
 In one-self-sweet-conspiring sympathie :  
 Summer and Winter shall at one time show  
 Ripe eares of corne, and up to th'eaes 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.

## 155. LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS.

IF I kisse *Anthea's* brest,  
 There I smell the Phenix nest :  
 If her lip, the most sincere  
 Altar of Incense, I smell there.  
 Hands, and thighs, and legs, are all  
 Richly Aromaticall.  
 Goddess *Isis* cann't transfer  
 Musks and Ambers more from her :  
 Nor can *Juno* sweeter be,  
 When she lyes with *Jove*, then she.

## 156. 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.

## 157. ON HIMSELFE.

LOVE-SICK I am, and must endure  
 A desp'rate 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.

## 158. 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 feeles when Packs do pinch him; and the  
     where.

## 159. THE CRUELL 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  
 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 coyresse 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 pittie let a teare be shed ;  
 And (with your Mantle o're me cast)  
 Give my cold lips a kisse at last :  
 If twice you kisse, you need not feare,  
 That I shall stir, or live more here.  
 Next, hollow out a Tombe to cover  
 Me ; me, the most despisèd Lover :  
 And write thereon, *This, Reader, know,*  
*Love kill'd this man.* No more but so.

## 160. 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 wantons with the Love-sick aire :  
 Whenas that *Rubie*, which you weare,  
 Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,  
 Will last to be a precious Stone,  
 When all your world of Beautie's gone.

## 161. TO THE KING,

## TO CURE THE EVILL.

To find that Tree of Life, whose Fruits did  
 feed,  
 And Leaves did heale, all sicke 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, *Bêthesda*, 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,  
 Adored *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*.

## 162. 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.

Happy you, who can have seas  
 For to quench ye, or some ease  
 From your kinder Mistresses.

I have one, and she alone,  
 Of a thousand thousand known,  
 Dead to all compassion.

Such an one, as will repeat  
 Both the cause, and make the heat  
 More by Provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I despaire  
 Of my cure, doe you beware  
 Of those Girles, which cruell are.

163. UPON JOLLIES WIFE.

FIRST, *Jollies* wife is lame; then next, loose-  
 hipt:  
 Squint ey'd, hook-nos'd; and lastly, Kidney-  
 lipt.

164. TO A GENTLEWOMAN OBJECTING TO  
 HIM HIS GRAY HAIREs.

AM I despis'd, because you say,  
 And I dare sweare, that I am gray?  
 Know, Lady, you have but your day:  
 And time will come when you shall weare  
 Such frost and snow upon your haire;  
 And when (though long, it comes to passe)  
 You question with your Looking-glasse;  
 And in that sincere *Christall* seek,  
 But find no Rose-bud in your cheek:  
 Nor any bed to give the shew  
 Where such a rare Carnation grew.



Ah! then too late, close in your chamber  
 keeping,  
     It will be told  
     That you are old ;  
 By those true teares y'are weeping.

## 165. TO CEDARS.

IF 'mongst my many Poems, I can see  
 One, onely, worthy to be washt by thee :<sup>1</sup>  
 I live for ever ; let the rest all lye  
 In dennes of Darkness, or condemn'd to die.

## 166. 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.

## 167. HOW PRIMROSES CAME GREEN.

VIRGINS, time-past, known were these,  
 Troubled with Green-sicknesses,  
 Turn'd to flowers : Stil' the hieu,  
 Sickly Girles, they beare of you.

<sup>1</sup> By thee, *i.e.*, in cedar-oil, which preserves.

168. To Jos: Lo: BISHOP OF EXETER.<sup>1</sup>

WHOM sho'd I feare to write to, if I can  
 Stand before you, my learn'd *Diocesan*?  
 And never shew blood-guiltinesse, 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.  
 If then, (my Lord) to sanctifie my Muse  
 One onely Poem out of all you'l chuse;  
 And mark it for a Rapture nobly writ,  
 'Tis Good Confirm'd; for you have Bishop't it.

169. UPON A BLACK TWIST, ROUNDING THE  
 ARME OF THE COUNTESSE OF CARLILE.<sup>2</sup>

I SAW about her spotlesse wrist,  
 Of blackest silk, a curious twist;  
 Which, circumvolving gently, there  
 Enthrall'd her Arme, as Prisoner.  
 Dark was the Jayle; but as if light  
 Had met t'engender with the night;  
 Or so, as Darknesse made a stay  
 To shew at once, both night and day.  
 I fancie more! but if there be  
 Such Freedome in Captivity;  
 I beg of Love, that ever I  
 May in like Chains of Darknesse lie.

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Hall, satirist and divine.

<sup>2</sup> It is uncertain whether this Lady Carlisle was Lucy Percy, wife of the first earl, of the family of Hay, or Margaret Russell, wife of the second.

## 170. ON HIMSELFE.

I FEARE no Earthly Powers ;  
 But care for crowns of flowers :  
 And love to have my Beard  
 With Wine and Oile besmear'd.  
 This day Ile drowne all sorrow ;  
 Who knowes to live to morrow ?

## 171. 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.

## 172. 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.

### 173. TO THE DETRACTER.

WHERE others love, and praise my Verses ;  
 still  
 Thy long-black-Thumb-nail marks 'em out  
 for ill :  
 A fellow take it, or some Whit-flaw <sup>1</sup> come  
 For to unslate, or to untile that thumb !  
 But cry thee Mercy : Exercise thy nailes  
 To scratch or claw, so that thy tongue not  
 railes :  
 Some numbers prurient are, and some of these  
 Are wanton with their itch ; scratch, and 'twill  
 please.

<sup>1</sup> Whit-flaw = whitlow.

## 174. UPON THE SAME.

I ASK'T thee oft, what Poets thou hast read,  
 And lik'st the best? Still thou reply'st, The  
 dead.

I shall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd be;  
 Then sure thou't like, or thou wilt envie me.

## 175. JULIA'S PETTICOAT.

THY Azure Robe, I did behold,  
 As ayrie as the leaves of gold:  
 Which erring here, and wandring there,  
 Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where:  
 Sometimes 'two'd pant, and sigh, and heave,  
 As if to stir it scarce had leave:  
 But having got it; thereupon,  
 'Two'd make a brave expansion.  
 And pounc't with Stars, it shew'd to me  
 Like a *Celestiall Canopie*.  
 Sometimes 'two'd blaze, and then abate,  
 Like to a flame growne moderate:  
 Sometimes away 'two'd wildly fling;  
 Then to thy thighs so closely cling,  
 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 seene of it my fill;  
 But ah! I co'd not: sho'd it move  
 To Life Eternal, I co'd love.

## 176. TO MUSICK.

BEGIN to charme, and as thou stroak'st mine  
 eares  
 With thy enchantment, melt me into tears.  
 Then let thy active hand scud o're thy Lyre:  
 And make my spirits frantick with the fire.  
 That done, sink down into a silv'rie straine;  
 And make me smooth as Balme, and Oile  
 againe.

## 177. 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.*

## 178. CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

GET up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne  
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.  
 See how *Aurora* throwes her faire  
 Fresh-quilted colours through the aire:  
 Get up, sweet Slug-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,  
 Nay! not so much as out of bed?  
 When all the Birds have Mattens sey'd,  
 And sung their thankfull Hymnes: 'tis  
 sin,  
 Nay, profanation to keep in,

Whenas a thousand Virgins on this day,  
Spring, sooner then the Lark, to fetch in  
    May.

Rise ; and put on your Foliage, and be seene  
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and  
    greene ;

And sweet as *Flora*. Take no care  
For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire :  
Feare not ; the leaves will strew  
Gemms in abundance upon you :

Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,  
Against you come, some *Orient Pearls* unwept :  
Come, and receive them while the light  
Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night :  
And *Titan* on the Eastern hill  
Retires himselfe, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in  
    praying :

Few Beads are best, when once we goe a  
    Maying.

Come, my *Corinna*, come ; and comming,  
    marke

How each field turns a street ; each street a  
    Parke

Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see  
    how

Devotion gives each House a Bough,  
Or Branch : Each Porch, each doore, ere  
    this,

An Arke a Tabernacle is

Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove ;  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street,  
And open fields, and we not see't ?  
Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obey  
The Proclamation made for May :

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;  
But my *Corinna*, come, let's 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 w'are not a  
Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime ;

And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die

Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short ; and our dayes run

As fast away as do's the Sunne :

And as a vapour, or a drop of raine

Once lost, can ne'er be found againe :

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 endlesse night.

Then while time serves, and we are but  
decaying ;

Come, my *Corinna*, come, let's goe a Maying.



## 179. ON JULIA'S BREATH.

BREATHE, *Julia*, breathe, and I'll protest,  
 Nay more, I'll deeply swear,  
 That all the Spices of the East  
 Are circumfused there.

## 180. UPON A CHILD. AN EPITAPH.

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 pittying my sad Parents Teares,  
 You'll spil a tear or two, with theirs :  
 And with some flowrs my grave bestrew,  
 Love and they'll thank you for't. Adieu.

181. A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HORACE AND  
 LYDIA, TRANSLATED ANNO 1627, AND  
 SET BY MR. RO : RAMSEY.<sup>1</sup>

*Hor.* 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.

*Lyd.* 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*.

<sup>1</sup> Ramsey was organist of Trinity College, Cambridge.

*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 commutuell 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.

182. THE CAPTIV'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 theeving thought :  
 But taking those rare lips of yours  
 For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers :  
 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, 'fore 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.

## 183. 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<sup>1</sup> there tells  
 you  
*Prig* mony wants, either to buy, or brew.

## 184. UPON BATT.

*BATT* he gets children, not for love to reare 'em ;  
 But out of hope his wife might die to beare 'em.

<sup>1</sup> Cheveril, kid-skin.



186. TO HIS DYING BROTHER, MASTER  
WILLIAM HERRICK.<sup>1</sup>

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, kist, 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 endlesse leaves take  
here

Without a sad looke, or a solemne teare?  
He knowes not Love, that hath not this truth  
proved,

*Love is most loth 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 Ile keep none  
To warme my Breast, when thou my Pulse art  
gone.

No, here Ile 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.

187. THE OLIVE BRANCH.

SADLY I walk't within the field,  
To see what comfort it wo'd yeeld:

<sup>1</sup> Herrick is said to have had *two* brothers named William.

And as I went my private way,  
 An Olive-branch before me lay :  
 And seeing it, I made a stay.  
 And took it up, and view'd it ; then  
 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.

188. 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.

189. 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 ?

190. 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 creame of light,  
     Like to a Dew,  
     Fell downe on you,  
 And made ye white.

## 191. TO PANSIES.

AH, cruell 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'l afford me some:  
 You can ease my heart, and doe  
 What Love co'd ne'r be brought unto.

## 192. ON GELLI-FLOWERS BEGOTTEN.

WHAT was't that fell but now  
     From that warme kisse of ours?  
 Look, look, by Love I vow  
     They were two *Gelli-flowers*.

Let's kisse, and kisse agen;  
     For if so be our closes  
 Make *Gelli-flowers*, then  
     I'm sure they'l fashion *Roses*.

## 193. THE LILY 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 shal flow;  
 And that white cloud divide  
 Into a doubtful Twi-light; then,  
 Then will your hidden Pride  
 Raise greater fires in men.

## 194. 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.

## 195. 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 haire ;  
 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 thighes ;  
 False in breast, teeth, haire, and eyes :  
 False in head, and false enough ;  
 Onely true in shreds and stuffe.

## 196. SUPREME FORTUNE FALLS SOONEST.

WHILE leanest Beasts in Pastures feed,  
*The fattest Oxe the first must bleed.*

## 197. THE WELCOME TO SACK.

So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder  
 smiles

Meet after long divorcement by the Iles :  
 When Love (the child of likeness) urgeth on  
 Their Christal 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. Soule of my life, and fame !  
 Eternall Lamp of Love ! whose radiant flame  
 Out-glares the Heav'ns *Osiris* ;<sup>1</sup> 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 :

<sup>1</sup> "The Sun."—H.

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 em-  
 braces,

Poore pittied 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

He expiate with Sulphur, Haire, and Salt:

And with the Christal 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,

Too temp'rate in embracing? Tell me, has  
 desire

To thee-ward dy'd i'th'embers, and no fire

Left in this rak't-up Ash-heap, as a mark

To testifie the glowing of a spark?

Have I divorc't thee onely to combine

In hot Adult'ry with another Wine?

True, I confesse I left thee, and appeale

'Twas done by me, more to confirme my zeale,

And double my affection on thee; as doe those,

Whose love growes more enflam'd, by being

Foes.

But to forsake thee ever, co'd there be

A thought of such like possibilitie?

When thou thy selfe dar'st say, thy Iles shall  
lack

Grapes, before *Herrick* leaves *Canarie Sack*.

Thou mak'st me ayrie, active to be born,

Like *Iphyclus*,<sup>1</sup> upon the tops of *Corn*.

Thou mak'st me nimble, as the wingèd howers,

To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,

And ride the Sun-beams. Can there be a thing

Under the heavenly *Isis*,<sup>2</sup> that can bring

More love unto my life, or can present

My *Genius* with a fuller blandishment?

Illustrious Idoll! co'd th' *Ægyptians* seek

Help from the *Garlick*, *Onyon*, and the *Leek*,

And pay no vowes to thee? who wast their best

God, and far more transcendent then the rest?

Had *Cassius*,<sup>3</sup> that weak Water-drinker, known

Thee in thy Vine, or had but tasted one

Small Chalice of thy frantick liquor; He

As the wise *Cato* had approv'd of thee.

Had not *Joves* son,<sup>4</sup> that brave *Tyrinthian* Swain,

(Invited to the *Thesbian* banquet) ta'ne

Full goblets of thy gen'rous blood; his spright

Ne'er had kept heat for fifty Maids that night.

Come, come and kisse me; Love and lust com-

mends

Thee, and thy beauties; kisse, we will be

friends

Too strong for Fate to break us: Look upon

Me, with that full pride of complexion,

As *Queenes*, meet *Queenes*; or come thou unto me,

<sup>1</sup> Virgil's *Camilla* did this, but is it recorded of *Iphyclus*, or rather *Iphiclus*, the speedy Argonaut?

<sup>2</sup> "The moon."—H.

<sup>3</sup> Of course the murderer of *Cæsar*. There is no historical authority, I believe, for making him a teetotaller, but it accords well with the *Plutarchian* and *Shakespearian* view of his unfestive character.

<sup>4</sup> "Hercules."—H.

As *Cleopatra* came to *Anthonie* ;  
 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 veines, like to a hasty flood.  
 Fill each part full of fire, active to doe  
 What thy commanding soule shall put it to.  
 And till I turne 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 Circumstants shall but live to see  
 The time that I prevaricate from thee.  
 Call me *The sonne of Beere*, and then confine  
 Me to the Tap, the Tost, the Turfe ; Let Wine  
 Ne'r shine upon me ; May my Numbers all  
 Run to a sudden Death, and Funerall.  
 And last, when thee (deare Spouse) I disavow,  
 Ne'r may Prophetique *Daphne* crown my Brow.<sup>1</sup>

198. IMPOSSIBILITIES TO HIS FRIEND.

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 Peare, or Plum :  
 If you can see the water grow  
 To cakes of Ice, or flakes of Snow :  
 If you can see, that drop of raine  
 Lost in the wild sea, once againe :  
 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.

<sup>1</sup> As to MS. variants of this poem and others, see Introduction, note B, and Appendix of Variants.

## 199. UPON LUGGS. EPIG.

*LUGGS* by the Condemnation of the Bench,  
Was lately whipt for lying with a Wench.  
Thus Paines and Pleasures turne by turne suc-  
ceed :

*He smarts at last, who do's not first take heed.*

## 200. UPON GUBBS. EPIG.

*GUBBS* calls his children *Kitlings* : and wo'd  
bound

(Some say) for joy, to see those *Kitlings*  
drown'd.

201. TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO TRUST TO GOOD  
VERSES.

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 besmeares  
My uncontrolled brow,  
And my retorted haire.

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

A Goblet next Ile drink  
 To *Ovid*; and suppose,  
 Made he the pledge, he'd think  
 The world had all *one Nose*.<sup>1</sup>

Then this immensive 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 ravisht 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 smal return  
 Of ashes, scarce suffice  
 To fill a little Urne.

<sup>1</sup> A confused reminiscence (with a play on *Naso*) of the *Catullian* perfume, so sweet, that the user would pray to the gods—

“Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.”

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.

202. FAIRE DAYES : OR, DAWNES DECEITFULL.

FAIRE was the Dawne ; and but e'ne now the  
 Skies

Shew'd like to Creame, enspir'd<sup>1</sup> with Straw-  
 berries :

But on a sudden, all was chang'd and gone  
 That smil'd in that first sweet complexion.

Then Thunder-claps and Lightning did con-  
 spire

To teare the world, or set it all on fire.

What trust to things below, whenas we see,  
 As Men, the Heavens have their Hypocrisie ?

203. LIPS TONGUELESSE,

FOR my part I never care  
 For those lips, that tongue-ty'd are :  
 Tell-tales I wo'd have them be  
 Of my Mistresse, and of me.  
 Let them prattle how that I  
 Sometimes freeze, and sometimes frie :

<sup>1</sup> The use of this word, beautiful enough, is easier appreciated than prosaically explained. The common phrase of "breathing colour in the cheeks" may have suggested it.



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 seldome sleep ;  
 How by Willowes we doe weep :  
 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.

## 204. TO THE FEVER, NOT TO TROUBLE JULIA.

TH'AST dar'd too farre ; but Furie now for-  
 beare  
 To give the least disturbance to her haire :  
 But lesse presume to lay a Plait upon  
 Her skins most smooth, and cleare expansion.  
 'Tis like a Lawnie-Firmament as yet  
 Quite dispossesst of either fray, or fret.  
 Come thou not neere that Filme so finely  
 spread,  
 Where no one piece is yet unlevelled.  
 This if thou dost, woe to thee Furie, woe,  
 Ile 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 shalt be  
 More shak't thy selfe, then she is scorch't by  
 thee.

## 205. TO VIOLETS.

1. WELCOME, Maids of Honour,  
     You doe bring  
     In the Spring;  
     And wait upon her.
2. She has Virgins many,  
     Fresh and faire;  
     Yet you are  
     More sweet then any.
3. Y'are the Maiden Posies,  
     And so grac't,  
     To be plac't,  
     'Fore Damask Roses.
4. Yet though thus respected,  
     By and by  
     Ye doe lie,  
     Poore Girles, neglected.

## 206. 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.

## 207. TO CARNATIONS. A SONG.

1. 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:

2. Within my *Lucia's* cheek,  
 (Whose Livery ye weare)  
 Play ye at *Hide* or *Seek*,  
 I'm sure to find ye there.

208. TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF  
 TIME.<sup>1</sup>

1. 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.
2. The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
 The higher he's a getting ;  
 The sooner will his Race be run,  
 And neerer he's to Setting.
3. 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.
4. Then be not coy, but use your time ;  
 And while ye may, goe marry :  
 For having lost but once your prime,  
 You may for ever tarry.

209. SAFETY TO LOOK TO ONES SELFE.

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

<sup>1</sup> This famous piece, Herrick's best known, though by no means his best, is based on a text of Ausonius, ecclxi. 49, "Collige virgo rosas," etc.

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

210. 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 enspire,  
 (With luscious Numbers) my melodious Lyre.  
 Draw I co'd once (although not stocks or stones,  
*Amphion-like*) men made of flesh and bones,  
 Whether I wo'd ; but (ah !) I know not how,  
 I feele in me, this transmutation now.  
 Griefe, (my deare friend) has first my Harp  
                   unstrung ;  
 Wither'd my hand, and palsie-struck my  
                   tongue.

211. HIS POETRIE HIS PILLAR.

1. ONELY a little more  
           I have to write,  
           Then Ile give o're,  
           And bid the world Good-night.
2. 'Tis but a flying minute,  
           That I must stay,  
           Or linger in it ;  
           And then I must away.
3. O time that cut'st down all !  
           And scarce leav'st here  
           Memoriall  
           Of any men that were.

4. How many lye forgot  
     In Vaults beneath?  
     And piece-meale rot  
     Without a fame in death?
5. Behold this living stone,  
     I reare for me,  
     Ne'r to be thrown  
     Downe, envious Time by thee.
6. Pillars let some set up,  
     (If so they please)  
     Here is my hope,  
     And my *Pyramides*.

212. SAFETY ON THE SHORE.

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

213. A PASTORALL UPON THE BIRTH OF  
 PRINCE CHARLES, PRESENTED TO THE  
 KING, AND SET BY MR. NIC: LANIERE.<sup>1</sup>

*The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, and  
 Amarillis.*

*Amin.* GOOD day, *Mirtillo.* *Mirt.* And to  
 you no lesse:  
 And all faire Signs lead on our Shepardesse.

<sup>1</sup> This must have been written in 1630, Charles's birth-year. Lanier (1568-1646) was an Italian-English artist both in music and design.

*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, Lambes, 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. *Mir.* 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 eare to one report  
 The Country has. *Amint.* From whence?  
*Amar.* From whence? *Mir.* The Court.  
 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 be more  
 singular,

At Noone of Day, was seene a Silver Star,  
 Bright as the Wise-men's Torch, which guided  
 them

To God's sweet Babe, when borne at *Beth-*  
*lehem*;

While Golden Angels (some have told to me)  
 Sung out his Birth with Heav'nly Minstralsie.

*Amint.* O rare! But is't a trespasse if we  
 three

Sho'd wend along his Baby-ship to see?

*Mir.* 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.

*Amint.* And I will beare along with you  
Leaves dropping downe the honyed dew,  
With 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.

*Chor.* Come 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 trea-  
sures,

We'll blesse the Babe, Then back to Countrie  
pleasures.

#### 214. TO THE LARK.

Good speed, for I this day

Betimes my Mattens say:

Because I doe

Begin to woove:

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.

## 215. 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 dreadfull 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.

## 216. A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESSE.

1. You are a *Tulip* seen to day,  
 But (Dearest) of so short a stay ;  
 That where you grew, scarce man can say.
2. You are a lovely *July-flower*,  
 Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,  
 Will force you hence, (and in an houre.)



3. You are a sparkling *Rose* i'th'bud,  
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood  
Can shew where you or grew, or stood.
4. You are a full-spread faire-set Vine,  
And can with Tendrills love intwine,  
Yet dry'd, ere you distill your Wine.
5. You are like Balme inclosed (well)  
In *Amber*, or some *Chrystall* shell,  
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.
6. You are a dainty *Violet*,  
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set  
Within the Virgins Coronet.
7. You are the *Queen* all flowers among,  
But die you must (faire Maid) ere long,  
As He, the maker of this Song.

217. 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 fretfull bryar will tell,  
He who plucks the sweets shall prove  
Many thorns to be in Love.

218. LYRICK FOR LEGACIES.

GOLD I've none, for use or show,  
Neither Silver to bestow  
At my death; but thus much know,  
That each Lyrick 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.

219. A DIRGE UPON THE DEATH OF THE  
 RIGHT VALIANT LORD, BERNARD STUART.<sup>1</sup>

1. HENCE, hence, profane ; soft silence let us  
     have ;  
 While we this *Trentall*<sup>2</sup> sing about thy  
 Grave.

Had Wolves or Tigers seen but thee,  
 They wo'd have shew'd civility ;  
 And, in compassion of thy yeeres,  
 Washt those thy purple wounds with tears.  
 But since th'art slaine ; and in thy fall,  
 The drooping Kingdome 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.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Bernard Stuart was fourth son of the third Duke of Lennox, and was created by Charles I. Earl of Lichfield. He commanded the King's Guards, and was killed at Rowton Heath, the last important battle of the First Civil War, September 24th, 1645.

<sup>2</sup> *Trentall*.—Properly a set of thirty masses for a departed soul—hence a dirge generally.

2. Live, live thou dost, and shalt ; for why ?  
*Soules doe 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.

*Cho.* And times to come shall, weeping, read  
 thy glory,  
 Lesse in these Marble stones, then in  
 thy story.

220. TO PERENNA, A MISTRESSE.

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

221. GREAT BOAST, SMALL ROST.

OF Flanks and Chines of Beefe doth *Gorrell*  
 boast  
 He has at home ; but who tasts 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.

222. UPON A BLEARE-EY'D WOMAN.

WITHER'D with yeeres, and bed-rid *Mumma*  
 lyes ;  
 Dry-rosted all, but raw yet in her eyes.

223. THE FAIRIE TEMPLE: OR, OBERON'S  
CHAPPELL. DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN  
MERRIFIELD, COUNSELLOR AT LAW.<sup>1</sup>

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 th'ast seene more fine  
Then this, the Fairies once, now Thine.

224. THE TEMPLE.

AWAY enchac't 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*,<sup>2</sup> 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't by these,  
His golden god, *Cantharides*.  
So that where ere ye look, ye see,  
No *Capitoll*, no *Cornish* free,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. John Merrifield has been probably identified with a Serjeant Merrifield, who died in 1666.

<sup>2</sup> Niche.

Or Freeze, from this fine Fripperie.  
 Now this the Fairies wo'd have known,  
 Theirs is a mixt Religion.  
 And some have heard the Elves it call  
 Part Pagan, part Papisticall.  
 If unto me all Tongues were granted,  
 I co'd not speak the Saints here painted.  
 Saint *Tit*,<sup>1</sup> Saint *Nit*, Saint *Is*, Saint *Itis*,  
 Who 'gainst *Mabs-state* plac'd 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 Squirrils haire,  
 (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,

<sup>1</sup> These several saints need hardly be identified, though Dr. Grosart's ingenuity has ferreted out some, chiefly Cornish, originals. Indeed, there is one nearer to St. Is than he knew, St. Issy, the patroness of Mevagissy, and of St. Issy, near Wadebridge.

With (much-good-do't him) reverence.  
 The Altar is not here foure-square,  
 Nor in a forme Triangular;  
 Not made of glasse, or wood, or stone,  
 But of a little Transverce bone;  
 Which boyes, and Bruckel'd<sup>1</sup> children call  
 (Playing for Points and Pins) Cockall.<sup>2</sup>  
 Whose Linnen-Drapery is a thin  
 Subtile and ductile Codlin's skin;  
 Which o're the board is smoothly spred,  
 With little Seale-work Damaskèd.  
 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<sup>3</sup> board doth stand  
 Something for *Shew-bread*, and at hand  
 (Just in the middle of the Altar)  
 Upon an end, *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,  
 They have their Book of Homilies:  
 And other Scriptures, that designe  
 A short, but righteous discipline.  
 The Bason stands the board upon  
 To take the Free-Oblation:  
 A little Pin-dust; which they hold

<sup>1</sup> "Dirty."

<sup>2</sup> "Knuckle-bone."

<sup>3</sup> "Fetise," "neat."

More precious, then we prize our gold :  
 Which charity they give to many  
 Poore of the Parish, (if there's any).  
 Upon the ends of these neat Railes  
 (Hatcht, with the Silver-light of snails,)  
 The Elves, in formall manner, fix  
 Two pure, and holy *Candlesticks* :  
 In either which a small tall bent  
 Burns for the Altars ornament.  
 For sanctity, they have, to these,  
 Their curious *Copes* and *Surplices*  
 Of cleanest *Cobweb*, hanging by  
 In their *Religious Vesterie*.  
 They have their *Ash-pans*, & their *Brooms*  
 To purge the Chappel and the rooms :  
 Their many *mumbling Masse-priests* here,  
 And many a dapper *Chorister*.  
 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*.  
 They have their *Cups* and *Chalices* ;  
 Their *Pardons* and *Indulgences* :  
 Their *Beads* of Nits,<sup>1</sup> *Bels*, *Books*, & *Wax*  
*Candles* (forsooth) and other knacks :  
 Their *Holy Oyle*, their *Fasting-Spittle* ;  
 Their *sacred Salt* here, (not a little.)  
 Dry *chips*, old *shoes*, *rags*, *grease*, & *bones* ;  
 Beside their *Fumigations*,  
 To drive the Devill from the Cod-piece  
 Of the Fryar, (of work an odde-piece.)

<sup>1</sup> "Nuts."

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 dayes,  
 The *Lady of the Lobster*<sup>1</sup> is,  
 Whose foot-pae he doth stroak and kisse;  
 And, humbly, chives of Saffron brings,  
 For his most cheerfull 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.

225. 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:

<sup>1</sup> "The Lady of the Lobster" seems to have puzzled commentators; yet I thought the part in the lobster's body which is so called a well-known thing enough. It suits the rest of the oddities which Herriek likes, after Drayton's example, to bring together in his fairy poems.



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.

226. THE PLAUDITE, OR END OF LIFE.

IF after rude and boystrous seas,  
 My wearyed Pinnacle 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 agèd 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.

227. 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 payes the halfe, who do's confesse the Debt.*

## 228. TO MUSIQUE, TO BECALME HIS FEVER.

1. CHARM me asleep, and melt me so  
 With thy Delicious Numbers;  
 That being ravisht, hence I goe  
 Away in easie 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.
  
2. 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 paines asleep;  
 And give me such reposes,  
 That I, poore I,  
 May think, thereby,  
 I live and die  
 'Mongst Roses.
  
3. Fall on me like a silent dew,  
 Or like those Maiden showsrs,  
 Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew  
 A Baptime 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.

229. 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*.

## 230. 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.

## 231. UPON JULIA'S BREASTS.

DISPLAY thy breasts, my *Julia*, there let me  
Behold that circummortall<sup>1</sup> purity:  
Betweene whose glories, there my lips Ile lay,  
Ravisht, in that faire *Via Lactea*.

## 232. BEST TO BE MERRY.

FOOLES are they, who never know  
How the times away doe goe:

<sup>1</sup> Either a rather incorrect equivalent to "super-human," or else "mortal to all around," "fatally dazzling."

But for us, who wisely see  
 Where the bounds of black Death be :  
 Let's live merrily, and thus  
 Gratifie the *Genius*.

## 233. 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 feares  
 Numberlesse, as are your haire.  
 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.

## 234. NO LOCK AGAINST LETCHERIE.

BARRE close as you can, and bolt fast too your  
     doore,  
 To keep out the Letcher, and keepe in the  
     whore :  
 Yet, quickly you'll see by the turne of a pin,  
 The Whore to come out, or the Letcher come in.

## 235. NEGLECT.

*ART quickens Nature ; Care will make a face :  
Neglected beauty perisheth apace.*

## 236. UPON HIMSELFE.

MOP-EY'D<sup>1</sup> I am, as some have said,  
Because I've liv'd so long a maid :  
But grant that I sho'd wedded be,  
Sho'd I a jot the better see ?  
No, I sho'd think, that Marriage might,  
Rather than mend, put out the light.

## 237. UPON A PHYSITIAN.

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.<sup>2</sup>

## 238. UPON SUDDS A LAUNDRESSE.

SUDDS Lauanders Bands in pisse ; and starches  
them  
Both with her Husband's, and her own tough  
fleame.

<sup>1</sup> Mop-ey'd = "dim-sighted." The point of the poem turns on a fancy noticed by Bacon and others, that complete abstinence and over-indulgence both dimmed the sight.

<sup>2</sup> An imperfect line. *no - cure is taken as a discipline*

## 239. TO THE ROSE. SONG.

1. GOE, happy Rose, and enterwove  
With other Flowers, bind my Love.  
Tell her too, she must not be,  
Longer flow'ing, longer free,  
That so oft has fetter'd me.
2. 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.
3. 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.

## 240. UPON GUESSE. EPIG.

*GUESSE* cuts his shooes, and limping, goes  
about  
To have men think he's troubled with the  
Gout:  
But 'tis no Gout (beleeve it) but harde Beere,  
Whose acrimonious humour bites him here.

## 241. TO HIS BOOKE.

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

## 242. UPON A PAINTED GENTLEWOMAN.

MEN say y'are faire; and faire ye are, 'tis  
 true;  
 But (Hark!) we praise the Painter now, not  
 you.

## 243. UPON A CROOKED MAID.

CROOKED you are, but that dislikes not me;  
 So you be straight, where Virgins straight sho'd  
 be.

## 244. DRAW GLOVES.

AT Draw-Gloves we'l 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.

245. TO MUSICK, 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 civill Wildernesse of sleep:  
 That done, then let him, dispossesst of paine,  
 Like to a slumbring Bride, awake againe.

246. TO THE HIGH AND NOBLE PRINCE,  
GEORGE, DUKE, MARQUESSE, AND EARLE  
OF BUCKINGHAM.

NEVER my Book's perfection did appeare,  
Til I had got 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-Wreathe* to Hir,  
Who doth both love and feare you *Honour'd Sir*.

247. 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 Ile vaunt,  
For now I see,  
Thou onely hast the power,  
To find,  
And bind  
A heart that's free,  
And slave it in an houre.

248. THE COMMING OF GOOD LUCK.

So Good-luck came, and on my rooffe 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, tickel'd by degrees.



249. 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 silyly, steale a taste.

If so, we live; if not, with mournfull humme,

Tole forth my death; next, to my buryall come.

250. ON LOVE.

LOVE bade me aske 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.

251. THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST HOME:  
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, MILDMAY,  
EARLE 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 eares of corne, 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*,<sup>1</sup> there a sheet,  
 As spotlesse 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, heare, how the Rout  
 Of Rurall Younglings raise the shout ;  
 Pressing before, some coming after,  
 Those with a shout, and these with laughter.  
 Some blesse the Cart ; some kisse the sheaves ;  
 Some prank them up with Oaken leaves :  
 Some crosse the Fill-horse ;<sup>2</sup> some with great  
 Devotion, stroak the home-borne wheat :  
 While other Rusticks, lesse attent  
 To Prayers, then to Merrymment,  
 Run after with their breeches rent.  
 Well, on, brave boyes, to your Lord's 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 sev'rall dishes standing by,  
 As here a Custard, there a Pie,  
 And here all-tempting Frumentie.  
 And for to make the merry cheere,  
 If smirking Wine be wanting here,  
 There's that, which drowns all care, stout Beere ;  
 Which freely drink to your Lords 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,

<sup>1</sup> A cloth.<sup>2</sup> The shaft-horse.

Drink, frolick, boyes, till all be blythe.  
 Feed, and grow fat; and as ye eat,  
 Be mindfull, 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'r hang'd up now.)  
 And, you must know, your Lords word's true,  
 Feed him ye must, whose food fils you.  
 And that this pleasure is like raine,  
 Not sent ye for to drowne your paine,  
 But for to make it spring againe.

## 252. THE PERFUME.

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.

## 253. UPON HER VOICE.

LET but thy voice engender with the string,  
 And Angels will be borne, while thou dost sing.

## 254. 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 sobs, and sorrowes more  
 Then the sand, that makes the shore:

Freezing cold, and fire 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 :  
 How high she's priz'd, and worth but small ;  
 Little thou'lt love, or not at all.

## 255. TO MUSICK. A SONG.

MUSICK, thou *Queen of Heaven*, Care-charming  
 spel,  
 That strik'st 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.

## 256. TO THE WESTERN WIND.

1. SWEET Western Wind, whose luck it is,  
 (Made rivall with the aire)  
 To give *Perenna's* lip a kisse,  
 And fan her wanton haire.
2. Bring me but one, Ile promise thee,  
 Instead of common showers,  
 Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me,  
 And all beset with flowers.

## 257. UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SPARROW.

## AN ELEGIE.

WHY doe not all fresh maids appeare  
 To work Love's Sampler onely 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-sprede  
 The body of the under-dead?

*Phill*,<sup>1</sup> 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 endlesse 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 doome,

Not *Virgil's* Gnat had such a Tomb.

## 258. TO PRIMROSES FILL'D WITH MORNING

## DEW.

1. WHY doe ye weep, sweet Babes? can Tears

Speak griefe in you,

Who were but borne

Just as the modest Morne

Teem'd her refreshing dew?

<sup>1</sup> Philip, the common name for a sparrow, as in Skelton, Shakespeare, and others.

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 Teares, before ye have a  
 Tongue.

2. Speak, whim'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 kisse  
 From that Sweet-heart, to this ?  
 No, no, this sorrow shown  
 By your teares shed,  
 Wo' have this Lecture read,  
 That things of greatest, so of meanest  
 worth,  
 Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares  
 brought forth.

### 259. 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 vanquisht quite,  
 A blush their cheeks bespred ;  
 Since which (beleeve the rest)  
 The *Roses* first came red.

260. COMFORT TO A LADY UPON THE DEATH  
 OF HER HUSBAND.

DRY your sweet cheek, long drown'd with  
 sorrows raine ;  
 Since Clouds disperst, Suns 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.

261. 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.

## 262. UPON GROYNES. EPIG.

GROYNES, for his fleshly *Burglary* of late,  
 Stood in the *Holy-Forum Candidate* ;<sup>1</sup>  
 The word is *Roman* ; but in English knowne :  
 Penance, and standing so, are both but one.

## 263. TO THE WILLOW-TREE.

1. 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.
2. When once the Lovers Rose is dead,  
 Or laid aside forlorne ;  
 Then Willow-garlands, 'bout the head,  
 Bedew'd with teares, are worne.
3. When with Neglect, (the Lovers bane)  
 Poore Maids rewarded be,  
 For their love lost ; their onely gaine  
 Is but a Wreathe from thee.
4. And underneath thy cooling shade,  
 (When weary of the light)  
 The love-spent Youth, and love-sick Maid,  
 Come to weep out the night.

264. MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME  
 OF THE LOST SHEPARDESSE.<sup>2</sup>

AMONG the *Mirtles*, as I walkt,  
 Love and my sighs thus intertalkt :

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, "in a white sheet."

<sup>2</sup> Sometimes ascribed to Carew.



Tell me, said I, in deep distresse,  
 Where I may find my Shepardesse.  
 Thou foole, 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 ennamel'd *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.  
 At which I stopt ; Said Love, these be  
 The true resemblances of thee ;  
 For as these flowers, thy joyes must die,  
 And in the turning of an eye ;  
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,  
 Like those short sweets ere knit together.

## 265. TO THE KING.

IF when these Lyricks (CESAR) You shall heare,  
 And that *Apollo* shall so touch Your eare,  
 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*.

## 266. TO THE QUEENE.

*GODDESSE of Youth, 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 leafe drops Love.  
 Many a sweet-fac't *Wood-Nymph* here is scene,  
 Of which chast *Order You* are now the *Queene* :  
 Witnessse their *Homage*, when they come and  
     strew  
 Your Walks with Flowers, and give their  
     Crowns to you.  
 Your Leavie-Throne (with *Lilly-work*) pos-  
     sesse ;  
 And be both *Princesse* here, and *Poetresse*.<sup>1</sup>

267. THE POETS GOOD WISHES FOR THE MOST  
 HOPEFULL AND HANDSOME PRINCE, THE  
 DUKE OF YORKE.

MAY his pretty Duke-ship grow  
 Life t' a *Rose of Jericho* :  
 Sweeter far, then ever yet  
 Shows or Sun-shines co'd beget.  
 May the Graces, and the Howers  
 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 *Soveraigne* of their Spring :  
 And entitle none to be  
 Prince of *Hellicon*, but He.  
 May his soft foot, where it treads,  
 Gardens thence produce and Meads :  
 And those Meddowes full be set  
 With the *Rose*, and *Violet*.  
 May his ample Name be knowne  
 To the last succession :  
 And his actions high be told  
 Through the world, but writ in gold.

<sup>1</sup> The *r* as in Latin forms *poetria* and *poetris*.

268. TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM  
ANY THING.

1. BID me to live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant<sup>1</sup> to be :  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee.
2. A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free,  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart Ile give to thee.
3. Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,  
To honour thy Decree :  
Or bid it languish quite away,  
And't shall doe so for thee.
4. Bid me to weep, and I will weep,  
While I have eyes to see :  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.
5. Bid me despaire, and Ile despaire,  
Under that *Cypresse* tree :  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en Death, to die for thee.
6. Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me :  
And hast command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.

<sup>1</sup> Protestant is so clearly the right word for sound in this splendid piece, that it matters very little what it means. It may mean "he who protests faith in thee."

## 269. PREVISION, OR PROVISION.

*THAT Prince takes soone enough the Victors  
 roome,  
 Who first provides, not to be overcome.*

## 270. OBEDIENCE IN SUBJECTS.

*THE Gods to Kings the Judgement give to sway :  
 The Subjects onely glory to obey.*

## 271. MORE POTENT, LESSE PECCANT.

*HE that may sin, sins least ; Leave to trans-  
 gresse  
 Enfeebles much the seeds of wickednesse.*

272. UPON A MAID THAT DYED THE DAY SHE  
 WAS MARRIED.

*THAT Morne which saw me made a Bride,  
 The Ev'ning witnest 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*.*

273. 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-glasse be  
 showne,  
 And *Pink* may paint the Devill's by his owne.

## 274. UPON BROCK. EPIG.

To cleanse his eyes, *Tom Brock* makes much  
 adoe,  
 But not his mouth (the fouler of the two.)  
 A clammy Reume makes loathsome both his  
 eyes:  
 His mouth, worse furr'd with oathes and  
 blasphemies.

## 275. TO MEDDOWES.

1. YE have been fresh and green,  
 Ye have been fill'd with flowers:  
 And ye the Walks have been  
 Where Maids have spent their houres.
2. You have beheld, how they  
 With *Wicker Arks*<sup>1</sup> did come  
 To kisse, and beare away  
 The richer Couslips home.
3. Y'ave heard them sweetly sing,  
 And seen them in a Round:  
 Each Virgin, like a Spring,  
 With Hony-succles crown'd.
4. But now, we see, none here,  
 Whose silv'rie feet did tread,  
 And with dishevell'd Haire,  
 Adorn'd this smoother Mead.

<sup>1</sup> Baskets.

5. Like Unthrifts, having spent  
 Your stock, and needy grown,  
 Y'are left here to lament  
 Your poore estates, alone.

## 276. CROSSES.

THOUGH good things answer many good intents;  
*Crosses doe still bring forth the best events.*

## 277. MISERIES.

THOUGH hourelly comforts from the Gods we  
 see,  
*No life is yet life-proofe from miserie.*

## 278. LAUGH AND LIE DOWN.

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

## 279. TO HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS.

RISE, Houshold-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*.

280. TO THE NIGHTINGALE, AND ROBIN  
RED-BREAST.

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.

281. TO THE YEW AND CYPRESSE TO GRACE  
HIS FUNERALL.

1.                    BOTH you two have  
                      Relation to the grave :  
                                  And where  
The *Fun'rall-Trump* sounds, you are there.
2.                    I shall be made  
                      Ere long a fleeting shade :  
                                  Pray come,  
And doe some honour to my Tomb.
3.                    Do not deny  
                      My last request ; for I  
                                  Will be  
Thankfull to you, or friends, for me.

282. 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 Ile take you.

## 283. 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.

284. A NUPTIAL SONG, OR EPITHALAMIE, ON  
 SIR CLIPSEBY CREW AND HIS LADY.<sup>1</sup>

1. 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 Goddesses, in a cloud of Tiffanie  
                     To move, or rather the  
 Emergent *Venus* from the Sea ?
2. '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* ; Spice-  
 ing the Chaf't-Aire with fumes of Paradise.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Clipsby Crew, son of Chief-Justice Crew, married, 1625, Jane Pulteney, of Misterton, Leicestershire. There is an important MS. version of this piece, for variants in which see Appendix.



Then come on, come on, and yeeld  
 A savour like unto a blessed field,  
   When the bedabled Morne.  
 Washes the golden eares of corne.

3. 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.

4. *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.

5. Glide by the banks of Virgins then, and passe  
 The Shewers of Roses, lucky four-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.

6. And beautious 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  
slow-  
ly go, yet, howsoever, go.

7. And now y'are enter'd ; see the Codled <sup>1</sup> Cook  
Runs from his *Torrid Zone*, to prie, and look,  
And blesse 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  
Somegin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

8. 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,

<sup>1</sup> "Scorched."

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.

9. 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 fra-  
grant Bride :

Which Love fore-fend ; but  
spoken

Be't to your praise, no peace was  
broken.

10. Strip her of Spring-time, tender-whimp-  
ring-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.

11. And to enchant yee more, see every where  
 About the Roofe 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'l tire,  
 Were she an Element of fire.
12. And to your more bewitching, see, the proud  
 Plumpe Bed beare up, 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  
 Drowne  
 The night, with you, in floods of  
 Downe.
13. The bed is ready, and the maze of Love  
 Lookes for the treaders; every where is  
 wove  
 Wit and new misteric; read, and  
 Put in practise, to understand  
 And know each wile,  
 Each hieroglyphick of a kisse 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.

14. 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.
15. 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 *Danae* 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.
16. All now is husht in silence; *Midwife-moone*,  
With all her *Owle-ey'd* issue begs a boon  
Which you must grant; that's en-  
trance; with  
Which extract, all we can call pith  
And quintiscence  
Of Planetary bodies; so commence  
All faire *Constellations*



If to love I should entend,  
 Let my haire then stand an end :  
 And that terrour likewise prove,  
 Fatall to me in my love.  
 But if horroure cannot slake  
 Flames, which wo'd an entrance make ;  
 Then the next thing I desire,  
 Is to love, and live i' th' fire.

## 288. REVERENCE TO RICHES.

LIKE to the Income must be our expence ;  
*Mans Fortune must be had in reverence.*

## 289. DEVOTION MAKES THE DEITY.

*Who formes a Godhead out of Gold or Stone,  
 Makes not a God ; but he that prayes to one.*

## 290. 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 dispossesst  
 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.  
 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.

## 291. THE EYES.

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

## 292. 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 women, though they be  
But seldome from suspition free :  
No fault in womankind, at all,  
If they but slip, and never fall.

## 293. UPON SHARK. EPIG.

*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.



## 294. OBERONS FEAST.

(p. 214)

*SHAPCOT!*<sup>1</sup> *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;*  
*Wee'l 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 minstraley.  
 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 hornes 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

<sup>1</sup> Shapcot, Thomas, a Devonshire lawyer. See Appendix of Variants.

Of sugred Rush, and eates the sagge <sup>1</sup>  
 And well bestrutted <sup>2</sup> 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 Earewig, 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 fatned in a piece of cloth :  
 With withered cherries ; Mandrakes eares ;  
 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.*

295. 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.

296. UPON HER BLUSH.

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

<sup>1</sup> "Swinging backwards and forwards."

<sup>2</sup> "With legs wide apart."

## 297. MERITS MAKE THE MAN.

OUR Honours, and our Commendations be  
Due to the Merits, not Authoritie.

## 298. TO VIRGINS.

HEARE, ye Virgins, and Ile teach,  
What the times of old did preach.  
*Rosamond* was in a Bower  
Kept, as *Danae* in a Tower :  
But yet Love (who subtile 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.

## 299. VERTUE.

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

## 300. THE BELL-MAN.

FROM noise of Scare-fires rest ye free,  
From Murders *Benedicitie*.  
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 a'clock, and almost two,  
 My Masters all, *Good day to you.*

## 301. BASHFULNESSE.

OF all our parts, the eyes expresse  
 The sweetest kind of bashfulnesse.

302. TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN,  
 MASTER EDWARD NORGATE,<sup>1</sup> CLARK OF  
 THE SIGNET TO HIS MAJESTY. EPIG.

FOR one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts ;  
 For one to whom espous'd are all the Arts ;  
 Long have I sought for : but co'd never see  
 Them all concenter'd in one man, but Thee.  
 Thus, thou, that man art, whom the Fates  
     conspir'd  
 To make but one (and that's thy selfe)  
     admir'd.

303. UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN HER  
 SICKNESSE.

*PRUE*, my dearest Maid, is sick,  
 Almost to be Lunatick :  
*Æsculapius* ! come and bring  
 Means for her recovering ;  
 And a gallant Cock shall be  
 Offer'd up by Her, to Thee.

<sup>1</sup> Norgate used to be called unknown, but Mr. Pollard found out a good deal about him. He was apparently musical, became Windsor herald, and seems to have been dead before 1652.

## 304. 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 Musically:  
 For which favour, there shall be  
 Swans devoted unto thee.

## 305. 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.

## 306. 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 poore, and knowing Flesh is deare,  
 He keeps not one, but many Lents i' th'yeare.

## 307. ON HIMSELFE.

HERE down my wearyed limbs Ile 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 thankt for it)  
 Where if I can a lodger be  
 A little while from Trampers<sup>1</sup> free ;  
 At my up-rising next, I shall,  
 If not requite, yet thank ye all.  
 Meanewhile, the *Holy-Rood* hence fright  
 The fouler Fiend, and evill Spright,  
 From scaring you or yours this night.

## 308. CASUALTIES.

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

## 309. BRIBES AND GIFTS GET ALL.

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

## 310. THE END.

IF well thou hast begun, goe on fore-right ;  
*It is the End that crownes us, not the Fight.*

<sup>1</sup> "Trampers," "tramps."

311. UPON A CHILD THAT DYED.

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,  
 Lately made of flesh and blood :  
 Who, as soone, fell fast asleep,  
 As her little eyes did peep.  
 Give her strewings ; but not stir  
 The earth, that lightly covers her.

312. UPON SNEAPE. EPIG.

*SNEAPE* has a face so brittle, that it breaks  
 Forth into blushes, whensoere he speaks.

313. 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 soone 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.

314. THE ENTERTAINMENT: OR, PORCH-VERSE,  
 AT THE MARRIAGE OF MR. HEN. NORTHLY,  
 AND THE MOST WITTY MRS. LETTICE YARD.<sup>1</sup>

WEELCOME ! but yet no entrance, till we blesse  
 First you, then you, and both for white successe.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Northleigh and his bride were both parishioners of Herrick's.

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 Bridegroom, 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 signes 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.

### 315. THE GOOD-NIGHT OR BLESSING.

BLESSINGS, in abundance come,  
To the Bride, and to her Groome ;  
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  
Curld and comely, and so trimme,  
Maides (in time) may ravish him.  
Thus a dew of Graces fall  
On ye both ; Goodnight to all.

### 316. 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.

## 317. TO DAFFADILLS.

1. FAIRE Daffadills, we weep to see  
 You haste away so soone:  
 As yet the early-rising Sun  
 Has not attain'd his Noone.  
     Stay, stay,  
     Until the hasting day  
         Has run  
     But to the Even-song;  
 And, having pray'd together, we  
     Will go with you along.
2. 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.

## 318. TO A MAID.

You say, you love me; that I thus must prove;  
 If that you lye, then I will sweare you love.

319. 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 gardens-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 *Flosculet*,  
(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.

320. A NEW YEARES GIFT SENT TO SIR  
SIMEON STEWARD.

No news of Navies burnt at Seas ;  
No noise of late spawn'd *Tittyries* :<sup>1</sup>  
No closset 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 Nosthrills of the King,  
We send to you ; but here a jolly  
Verse crown'd with *Yvie*, and with *Holly* :  
That tels of Winters Tales and Mirth,  
That Milk-Maids make about the hearth,  
Of Christmas sports, the *Wassell-boule*,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hazlitt, quoting Virgil's Tityrus, suggested that this puzzling word = "bucolics"; Dr. Grosart that it = "titularies," newly ennobled persons. I think Mr. Pollard is happier in referring it to the "Tityre Tus," the Mohocks of Charles I.'s reign.

That tost up, after *Fox-i'th'hole* :  
Of *Blind-man-buffe*, and of the care  
That young men have to shooe the *Mare* :  
Of Twelf-tide Cakes, of Pease, and Beanes  
Wherewith ye make those merry Sceanes,  
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 Plenteous 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 Citie-health go round,  
Quite through the young maids and the men,  
To the ninth number, if not tenne ;  
Until the firèd Chesnuts leape  
For joy, to see the fruits ye reape,  
From the plumpe Challice, and the Cup,  
That tempts till it be tossèd 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* twirles 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 adresse ;  
Till sleep takes place of wearinesse.  
And thus, throughout, with Christmas playes  
Frolick the full twelve Holy-dayes.

## 321. MATTENS, OR MORNING PRAYER.

WHEN with the Virgin morning thou do'st  
 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.

## 322. EVENSONG.

BEGINNE with *Jove*; then is the worke halfe  
 done;  
 And runnes most smoothly, when tis well be-  
 gunne.  
*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 claime to the *Evensong*.

## 323. THE BRACELET TO JULIA.

WHY I tye about thy wrist  
*Julia*, this my silken twist;  
 For what other reason is't,  
 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<sup>1</sup> the thread, and thou art free:

<sup>1</sup> "Snap."

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.

## 324. 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 sayling there at ease,  
 Feares not the fierce sedition of the Seas :  
 That's counter-proofe 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 keeps 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*.

## 325. A SHORT HYMNE TO IARR.

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

## 326. 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 *Tunnie-fish* shall be  
Offer'd up, with thanks to thee.

## 327. 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.

## 328. HIS EMBALMING TO JULIA.

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

## 329. GOLD, BEFORE GOODNESSE.

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

## 330. THE KISSE. A DIALOGUE.

1. AMONG 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 charmes 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 flyes, it gently sings,

*Chor.* Love, honie yeelds; but never stings.

## 331. THE ADMONITION.

SEEST thou those *Diamonds* which she weares  
In that rich Carkanet;

Or those on her dishevel'd haire,  
 Faire Pearles in order set?  
 Beleeve young man all those were teares  
 By wretched Wooers sent,  
 In mournfull *Hyacinths* and *Rue*,  
 That figure discontent;  
 Which when not warmèd by her view,  
 By cold neglect, each one,  
 Congeal'd to Pearle and stone;  
 Which precious spoiles upon her,  
 She weares as trophees of her honour.  
 Ah then consider! What all this implies;  
 She that will weare thy teares, wo'd weare  
 thine eyes.

332. TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN SIR  
 WILLIAM SOAME.<sup>1</sup> EPIG.

I CAN but name thee, and methinks I call  
 All that have been, or are canonicall  
 For love and bountie, to come neare, and see,  
 Their many vertues volum'd up in thee;  
 In thee Brave Man! Whose incorrupted fame,  
 Casts forth a light like to a Virgin flame:  
 And as it shines, it throwes a scent about,  
 As when a Rain-bow in perfumes goes out.  
 So vanish hence, but leave a name, as sweet,  
 As *Benjamin*,<sup>2</sup> and *Storax*, when they meet.

333. ON HIMSELFE.

ASKE me, why I do not sing  
 To the tension of the string,

<sup>1</sup> A Royalist alderman, and representative of London in Parliament.

<sup>2</sup> Very common for benzoin, which, like storax, is a gum.



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.

## 334. TO LARR.

No more shall I, since I am driven hence,  
 Devote to thee my graines of Frankinsence :  
 No more shall I from mantle-trees<sup>1</sup> 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.

## 335. 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.

## 336. CLEMENCY.

FOR punishment in warre, it will suffice,  
 If the chiefe author of the faction dyes ;  
 Let but few smart, but strike a feare through  
     all :  
 Where the fault springs, there let the judge-  
     ment fall.

<sup>1</sup> Mantle-pieces.

337. HIS AGE, DEDICATED TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKES,<sup>1</sup> UNDER THE NAME OF POSTHUMUS.

1. 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 cruell *Proserpine*.
2. 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, scornes what's left behind:  
Let's live, my *Wickes*, then, while we may,  
And here enjoy our Holiday.
3. W'ave 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 vanisht, man  
Like to a Lilly-lost, nere can,  
Nere can repullulate, or bring  
His dayes to see a second Spring.
4. But on we must, and thither tend,  
Where *Anchus* and rich *Tullus* blend  
Their sacred seed:

<sup>1</sup> Wickes, or Weekes, was a worthy and loyal divine, Dean of St. Buryan's. See Appendix of Variants for an important MS. version of this poem.

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.

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

                    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.

6. We are not poore ; although we have  
 No roofs of Cedar, nor our brave  
                     *Baiæ*, nor keep  
 Account of such a flock of sheep ;  
                     Nor *Bullocks* fed  
 To lard the shambles : *Barbels* <sup>1</sup> bred  
 To kisse our hands, nor do we wish  
 For *Pollio's Lampries* in our dish.

7. If we can meet, and so conferre,  
 Both by a shining Salt-seller ;  
                     And have our Roofe,  
 Although not archt, yet weather-prooffe,  
                     And seeling free,  
 From that cheape *Candle baudery* : <sup>2</sup>  
 We'le eate our Beane with that full mirth  
 As we were Lords of all the earth.

<sup>1</sup> Barbels refer, of course, not to the coarse English river fish, but to the *Mullus barbatus* of Roman times.

<sup>2</sup> Candle baudery.—I have, with Mr. Pollard, no doubt that this simply means the smoke-marks of cheap flaring candles.

8. 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 keepes  
 The Pinnacle up; which though she erres  
 I'th' Seas, she saves her passengers.
9. Say, we must part (sweet mercy blesse,  
 Us both i'th' Sea, Camp, Wildernesse)  
   Can we so farre  
 Stray, to become lesse circular,<sup>1</sup>  
   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.
10. Live in thy peace; as for my selfe,  
 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:
11. And with a teare compare these last  
 Lame, and bad times, with those are past,  
   While *Baucis* by,  
 My old leane wife, shall kisse it dry:  
   And so we'l sit  
 By'th'fire, foretelling snow and slit,<sup>2</sup>  
 And weather by our aches, grown  
 Now old enough to be our own

<sup>1</sup> "Complete," "perfect."

<sup>2</sup> "Sleet."

12. True Calenders, as Pusses eare  
 Washt o're, to tell what change is neare :  
     Then to asswage  
 The gripings of the chine by age ;  
     I'le call my young  
*Iülus* to sing such a song  
 I made upon my *Julia's* brest ;  
 And of her blush at such a feast.
13. 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 agèd Sire ;
14. When the faire *Hellen*, from her eyes,  
 Shot forth her loving Sorceries :  
     At which I'le reare  
 Mine aged limbs above my chaire :  
     And hearing it,  
 Flutter and crow, as in a fit  
 Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,  
*No lust theres like to Poetry.*
15. 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 *Iülus* hairs ;  
 Doting, Ile weep and say (In Truth)  
*Baucis*, these were my sins of youth.
16. 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.

17. Then the next health to friends of mine <sup>1</sup>  
 (Loving the brave *Burgundian wine*)  
 High sons of Pith,  
 Whose fortunes I have frolickt with :  
 Such as co'd well  
 Bear up the Magick bough, and spel :  
 And dancing 'bout the Mystick *Thyrse*,  
 Give up the just applause to verse :
18. To those, and then agen to thee  
 We'l drink, my *Wickes*, untill we be  
 Plump as the cherry,  
 Though not so fresh, yet full as merry  
 As the cricket ;  
 The untam'd Heifer, or the Pricket, <sup>2</sup>  
 Untill our tongues shall tell our ears,  
 W'are younger by a score of years.
19. Thus, till we see the fire lesse shine  
 From th' embers then the kitlings eyne,  
 We'l still sit up,  
 Sphering about the wassail cup,  
 To all those times,  
 Which gave me honour for my Rhimes :  
 The cole once spent, we'l then to bed,  
 Farre more then night bewearied.

<sup>1</sup> We hear who these were from the MS. variant. They were "Hind, Goderiske, Smith, and Nansagge."

<sup>2</sup> Pricket.—A two-year-old deer.

338. A SHORT HYMNE TO VENUS.

*GODDESSE*, I do love a Girle  
*Rubie*-lipt, and tooth[e]d *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.

339. 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.

340. THE HAND AND TONGUE.

Two parts of us successively command ;  
 The tongue in peace ; but then in warre the  
 hand.

341. UPON A DELAYING LADY.

1. COME come away,  
 Or let me go ;  
 Must I here stay  
 Because y'are slow ;  
 And will continue so ?  
 Troth, Lady, no,
2. 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.

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

342. TO THE LADY MARY VILLARS, GOVERNESSE  
TO THE PRINCESSE HENRETTA.<sup>1</sup>

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 accesse  
To kisse your hand, most Dainty Governesse.

343. 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 :

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Villiers, Buckingham's niece.



Lips she has, all Rubie red,  
 Cheeks like Creame Enclaritèd :  
 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.

## 344. TO FLOWERS.

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

## 345. 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.

## 346. THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE.

LET Kings Command, and doe the best they  
 may,  
 'The saucie Subjects still will beare the sway.

## 347. 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 Love's-sirrop ; that I may,  
In your Temple, when I pray,  
Kisse the Altar, and confess  
Ther's in love, no bitterness.

## 348. ON JULIA'S PICTURE.

How am I ravisht ! when I do but see  
The Painters art in thy *Sciography* ? <sup>1</sup>  
If so, how much more shall I dote thereon,  
When once he gives it incarnation ?

## 349. HER BED.

SEE'ST thou that Cloud as silver cleare,  
Plump, soft, & swelling everywhere ?  
'Tis *Julia's* Bed, and she sleeps there.

## 350. HER LEGS.

FAIN would I kiss my *Julia's* dainty Leg,  
Which is as white and hair-less as an egge.

## 351. 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.

<sup>1</sup> Silhouette, or outline in black and white.

## 352. REWARDS.

STILL to our gains our chief respect is had ;  
 Reward it is, that makes us good or bad.

## 353. NOTHING NEW.

NOTHING is New : we walk where others went :  
 Ther's no vice now, but has his president.

## 354. THE RAINBOW.

LOOK, how the *Rainbow* doth appeare  
 But in one onely *Hemisphere* :  
 So likewise after our disseace,  
 No more is seen the Arch of Peace.  
 That Cov'nant's here ; The under-bow,  
 That nothing shoots, but war and woe.

355. THE MEDDOW VERSE OR ANIVERSARY TO  
 MISTRIS BRIDGET LOWMAN.

COME with the Spring-time forth Fair Maid,  
 and be  
 This year again, the *medows Deity*.  
 Yet ere ye enter, give us leave to set  
 Upon your Head this flowry Coronet :  
 To make this neat distinction from the rest ;  
 You are the Prime, and Princesse of the Feast :  
 To which, with silver feet lead you the way,  
 While sweet-breath Nimphs, attend on you this  
 Day.

This is your houre; and best you may com-  
 mand,  
 Since you are Lady of this Fairie land.  
 Full mirth wait on you; and such mirth as  
 shall  
 Cherrish the cheek, but make none blush at all.

356. THE PARTING VERSE, THE FEAST THERE  
 ENDED.

Loth to depart, but yet at last, each one  
 Back must now go to's 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'l 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.

357. UPON JUDITH. EPIG.

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

## 358. LONG AND LAZIE.

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

## 359. UPON RALPH. EPIG.

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

360. 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*,<sup>1</sup>  
you!

You, who are High born, and a Lord no lesse  
Free by your fate, then Fortune's mighti-  
nesse,

Who hug our Poems (Honour'd 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, amble every  
where ;

And these brave Measures go a stately trot ;  
Love those, like these ; regard, reward them  
not.

<sup>1</sup> The fourth Earl, Lord Chamberlain and Chan-  
cellor of Oxford.

But you, my Lord, are One, whose hand along  
 Goes with your mouth, or do's outrun your  
     tongue ;  
 Paying before you praise ; and cockring wit,  
 Give both the Gold and Garland unto it.

## 361. AN HYMNE TO JUNO.

STATELY Goddess, 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  
 Offerd up by us, to thee.

## 362. UPON MEASE. EPIG.

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

363. 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.

## 364. UPON PASKE A DRAPER.

PASKE, though his debt be due upon the day  
 Demands no money by a craving way ;  
 For why sayes he, all debts and their arreares,  
 Have reference to the shoulders, not the eares.

## 365. CHOP-CHERRY.

1. THOU gav'st me leave to kisse ;  
 Thou gav'st me leave to woee ;  
 Thou mad'st me thinke by this,  
 And that, thou lov'dst me too.
2. But I shall ne'r forget,  
 How for to make thee merry ;  
 Thou mad'st me chop, but yet,  
 Another snapt the Cherry.

366. 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 glorifi'd by thee.  
 Loe, I, the Lyrick Prophet, who have set  
 On many a head the Delphick Coronet,  
 Come unto thee for Laurell, 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.

## 367. 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  
 Lyrics.

## 368. UPON WRINKLES.

WRINKLES no more are, or no lesse,  
 Then beauty turn'd to sowernesse.

## 369. 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 or rent or whole,  
*Prigg* bears away the body and the sole.

## 370. 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.

## 371. PRAY AND PROSPER.

FIRST offer Incense, then thy field and meads  
 Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads.



The spangling Dew dreg'd o're the grasse  
shall be

Turn'd all to Mell,<sup>1</sup> 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.

372. HIS LACHRIMÆ OR MIRTH, TURN'D TO  
MOURNING.

1. CALL me no more,  
As heretofore,

The musick of a Feast;

Since now (alas)

The mirth, that was

In me, is dead or ceast.

2. Before I went

To banishment

Into the loathed West;

I co'd rehearse

A Lyrick verse,

And speak it with the best.

3. But time (Ai me)

Has laid, I see,

My Organ fast asleep;

And turn'd my voice

Into the noise

Of those that sit and weep.

<sup>1</sup> "Honey."

## 373. UPON SHIFT.

*SHIFT* now has cast his clothes : got all things  
 new ;  
 Save but his hat, and that he cannot mew.<sup>1</sup>

## 374. UPON CUTS.

IF wounds in clothes, *Cuts* calls his 'rags, 'tis  
 cleere,  
 His linings are the matter running there.

## 375. GAIN AND GETTINGS.

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

376. TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY MISTRIS,  
 ANNE SOAME, NOW LADY ABDIE.<sup>2</sup>

So smell those odours that do rise  
 From out the wealthy spiceries :  
 So smels the flowre of *blooming Clove* ;  
 Or *Roses* smother'd in the stove :  
 So smells the Aire of spicèd Wine ;  
 Or *Essences* of *Jessimine* :  
 So smells the Breath about the hives,  
 When well the work of hony thrives ;  
 And all the *busie Factours* come  
 Laden with wax and hony home :

<sup>1</sup> "Moult," "change," of birds, specially hawks.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of Sir T. Abdy, of Felix Hall, Essex.

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* chaf'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* ;<sup>1</sup>  
 The smell of mornings milk, and cream ;  
 Butter of *Cowslips* mixt with them ;  
 Of rosted warden,<sup>2</sup> or bak'd peare,  
 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.

377, UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MISTRIS  
 ELIZABETH HERRICK.<sup>3</sup>

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

<sup>1</sup> "Raspberries."

<sup>2</sup> This often-mentioned fruit is rather loosely spoken of by the usual commentator, who regards it as = any keeping ("ward") pear. There is still a "Spanish Warden," but Dr. Hogg, our chief English authority, thinks that the original, named from the Cistercian abbey of Warden in Bedfordshire, was the present "Black Worcester," a very large pear, 4 in. × 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ , one of the best stewers and bakers.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth Herrick was the poet's niece.

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*.

378. A PANEGERICK TO SIR LEWIS  
 PEMBERTON.<sup>1</sup>

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 Clines  
 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<sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Lewis Pemberton, of Rushden, in Northants.

<sup>2</sup> Button'd-staff = a knobbed staff.

No commer to thy Roofe his *Guest-rite* wants ;  
 Or staying there, is scourg'd with taunts  
 Of some rough Groom, who (yirkt with Corns)  
 sayes, Sir,

Y'ave dipt too long i'th' Vinegar ;  
 And with our Broth and bread, and bits ; Sir,  
 friend,

Y'ave farèd 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 unrude  
 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 either's 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 Fames-pledge, *thy Sonne*.

Thus, like a *Roman Tribune*, thou thy gate  
 Early setts ope to feast, and late :

Keeping no *currish Waiter* to affright,

With blasting eye, the appetite,  
 Which fain would waste upon thy Cates, but  
 that

The *Trencher-creature* marketh what  
 Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by  
     Some private pinch tels 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 checkèd by the Butler's 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, equall 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*,<sup>1</sup> *Reeve*, *Ruffe*,  
     *Raile*,  
     The *Cock*, the *Curlew*, and the *quaille* ;  
 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 *immortall 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 Sceane is laid

<sup>1</sup> Not so much a "plover" (Dr. Grosart) as a curlew. They were thought great delicacies (cf. Sir Epicure Mammon), but, like many good things, have gone out of fashion. "Ruffs and reeves" are still sought after ; the reeve is the female of the ruff.

Here, for to make the face affraid ;  
 But temp'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 wisdom, and that method, as  
     No One that's there his guilty glasse  
 Drinks of distemper, or ha's cause to cry  
     Repentance to his liberty.  
 No, thou know'st order, Ethicks, and ha's read  
     All Oeconomicks, know'st to lead  
 A House-dance neatly, and can'st truly show,  
     How farre 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 prooffe,  
     What *Genii* support thy rooffe,  
*Goodnes* and *Greatnes* ; not the oaken Piles ;  
     For these, and marbles have their whiles  
 To last, but not their ever : Vertues 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 chinke  
 Or yawning rupture can the same devoure,  
     But fixt it stands, by her own power,  
 And well-laid bottome, on the iron and rock,  
     Which tryes, and counter-stands the  
     shock,

And *Ramme* of time, and by vexation growes  
 The stronger: *Vertue dies*<sup>1</sup> 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  
 Or fret thy Seeling, or to build  
 A *Sweating-Closset*, to annoint the silke-  
 soft-skin, or bath in *Asses' milke*:  
 No *Orphan's* pittance, left him, serv'd to set  
 The pillars up of *lasting Jet*,  
 For which their cryes might beate against thine  
 eares,

Or in the damp *Jet* read their Teares.  
 No *Planke* from *Hallowed Altar*, do's appeale  
 To yond' *Star-chamber*, or do's seale  
 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 swcare, 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*.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Grosart here quotes Montaigne (Florio, p. 233), and Mr. Pollard (even more appositely for the special word "sweat,") Hesiod:

τῆς ἀρετῆς ἰδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάρουθεν ἔθηκαν.

But it is a commonplace.



379. TO HIS VALENTINE, ON S. VALENTINES  
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.

380. UPON DOLL. EPIG.

*DOLL* she so soone began the wanton trade ;  
She ne'r remembers that she was a maide.

381. UPON SKREW. EPIG.

*SKREW* lives by shifts ; yet swears by no small  
oathes ;  
For all his shifts, he cannot shift his clothes.

382. UPON LINNIT. EPIG.

*LINNIT* playes rarely on the Lute, we know ;  
And sweetly sings, but yet his breath sayes no.

383. UPON M. BEN JOHNSON. EPIG.

AFTER the rare Arch-Poet JOHNSON dy'd,  
The Sock grew loathsome, and the Buskin's  
pride,  
Together with the Stage's glory stood  
Each like a poore and pitied widowhood.

The Cirque prophan'd was; and all postures  
rackt:

For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.  
Then temper<sup>1</sup> 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-prooffe  
Did crack the Play-house sides, or cleave her  
roofe.

*Artlesse the Sceane 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.

## 384. ANOTHER.

THOU had'st the wreath before, now take the  
Tree;

That henceforth none be *Laurel crown'd but Thee*.

385. TO HIS NEPHEW,<sup>1</sup> TO BE PROSPEROUS  
IN HIS ART OF PAINTING.

ON, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get  
The Palme from *Urbino*, *Titian*, *Tintarret*,  
*Brugel* and *Coxu*, and the workes 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*.

<sup>1</sup> "Proportion," "adjustment."

<sup>2</sup> The nephew is entirely unknown.

## 386. UPON GLASSE. EPIG.

GLASSE, out of deepe, and out of desp'rate want,  
 Turn'd, from a Papist here, a Predicant.<sup>1</sup>  
 A Vicarige at last *Tom Glasse* got here,  
 Just upon five and thirty pounds a yeare.  
 Adde to that thirty five, but five pounds more,  
 He'l turn a Papist, rancker then before.

## 387. A VOW TO MARS.

STORE of courage to me grant,  
 Now I'm turn'd a combatant:  
 Helpe 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.

## 388. 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 comming Winters cold.  
 But thou *kind Prew* did'st with my fates abide,  
 As well the Winter's, as the Summer's Tide:  
 For which thy love, live with thy master here,  
 Not one, but all the seasons of the yeare.

<sup>1</sup> *Predikant*, preacher.

## 389. A CANTICLE TO APOLLO.

1. PLAY, *Phœbus* on thy Lute ;  
And we will sit all mute :  
By listning to thy Lire,  
That sets all eares on fire.
2. Hark, harke, the God do's play !  
And as he leads the way  
Through heaven, the very Spheres,  
As men, turne all to eares.

## 390. A JUST MAN.

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

## 391. UPON A HOARSE SINGER.

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

## 392. 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.

393. TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND SIR EDWARD  
FISH,<sup>1</sup> KNIGHT BARONET.

SINCE for thy full deserts (with all the rest  
Of these chaste spirits, that are here possess  
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.  
Keepe it forever; grounded with the good,  
Who hold fast here an endlesse lively-hood.

394. LARR'S PORTION, AND THE POETS PART.

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

395. 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.

396. LIBERTY.

THOSE ills that mortall men endure  
So long are capable of cure,

<sup>1</sup> Fish of Chertsey.

As they of freedome may be sure :  
 But that deni'd ; a grieve, though small,  
 Shakes the whole Roofe, or ruines all.

## 397. LOTS TO BE LIKED.

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

## 398. GRIEFES.

*JOVE* may afford us thousands of reliefs ;  
 Since man expos'd is to a world of griefs.

## 399. UPON EELES. EPIG.

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

## 400. THE DREAME.

By Dream I saw, one of the three  
 Sisters of Fate, appeare to me.  
 Close to my Bed's 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.

## 401. UPON RASPE. EPIG.

*RASPE* plays at Nine-holes; and 'tis known he  
 gets  
 Many a Teaster by his game, and bets:  
 But of his gettings there's but little sign;  
 When one hole wastes more then he gets by  
 Nine.

402. UPON CENTER A SPECTACLE-MAKER  
 WITH A FLAT NOSE.

*CENTER* is known weak sighted, and he sells  
 To others store of helpfull spectacles.  
 Why weres he none? Because we may suppose,  
 Where *Leaven* wants, there *Levill* lies the nose.

403. CLOTHES DO BUT CHEAT AND COUSEN  
 US.

AWAY with silks, away with Lawn,  
 Ile have no Sceans, 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*.

## 404. TO DIANEME.

SHEW me thy feet; shew me thy legs, thy  
 thighes;  
 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 *Assention* of thy Lawn, see All.

## 405. 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*.

406. TO HIS BOOKE.<sup>1</sup>

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*.  
 Nor thinke these Ages that do hoarcely sing  
 The *farting Tanner*, and *familiar King*;  
 The *dancing Frier*, tatter'd in the bush;  
 Those monstrous lies of little *Robin Rush*:  
*Tom Chipperfeild*, and pritty-lisping *Ned*,  
 That doted on a Maide of *Gingerbred*:  
 The *flying Pilcher*, and the *frisking Dace*,  
 With all the rabble of *Tim-Trundells* race.  
 (Bred from the dung-hils, and adulterous  
 rhimes,)  
 Shall live, and thou not superlast all times?  
 No, no, thy Stars have destin'd Thee to see

<sup>1</sup> In this list of *futras à la douzaine*, as Rabelais calls it, *i.e.* chap-books and the like, some things, such as "The King and the Tanner," "Friar Rush," etc., are well known, others are not, and some Herrick probably invented.



The whole world die, and turn to dust with thee.

*He's greedie of his life, who will not fall,  
Whenas a publick ruine bears down All.*

## 407. 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.

## 408. UPON HIMSELF.

I DISLIK T 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.

## 409. ANOTHER.

LOVE he that will ; it best likes me,  
To have my neck from Loves yoke free.

## 410. UPON SKINNS. EPIG.

SKINNS he dined well to day ; how do you  
think ?  
His Nails they were his meat, his Reume the  
drink.

## 411. UPON PIEVISH. EPIG.

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

## 412. UPON JOLLY AND JILLY. EPIG.

*JOLLY* and *Jilly*, bite and scratch all day,  
But yet get children (as the neighbours say.)  
The reason is, though all the day they fight,  
They cling and close, some minutes of the  
night.

## 413. THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

1. Good morrow to the Day so fair;  
Good morning Sir to you:  
Good morrow to mine own torn hair  
Bedabbled with the dew.
2. Good morning to this Prim-rose too;  
Good morrow to each maid;  
That will with flowers the *Tomb* bestrew,  
Wherein my Love is laid.
3. Ah! woe is mee, woe, woe is me,  
Alack and welladay!  
For pittty, Sir, find out that Bee,  
Which bore my Love away.
4. I'll seek him in your *Bonnet* brave;  
I'll seek him in your eyes;  
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave  
I'th'bed of strawburies.

Impromptu " <sup>my</sup> having forgotten  
who wrote "The Mad Maiden Song":  
this deplor'd forgetting is prethence  
of Memorie' fatigful Dissolution.

T. M. C.



5. Ile seek him there; I know, ere this,  
 The cold, cold Earth doth shake him;  
 But I will go, or send a kisse  
 By you, Sir, to awake him.
6. Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,  
 He knowes well who do love him,  
 And who with green-turfes reare his head,  
 And who do rudely move him.
7. He's soft and tender (Pray take heed)  
 With bands of Cow-slips bind him;  
 And bring him home; but 'tis decreed,  
 That I shall never find him.

## 414. TO SPRINGS AND FOUNTAINS.

I HEARD ye co'd coole heat; and came  
 With hope you would allay the same:  
 Thrice I have washt, but feel no cold,  
 Nor find that true, which was foretold.  
 Methinks like mine, your pulses beat;  
 And labour with unequall heat:  
 Cure, cure your selves, for I discrie,  
 Ye boil with Love, as well as I.

## 415. UPON JULIA'S UNLACING HER SELF.

TELL, if thou canst (and truly) whence doth  
 come  
 This *Camphire*, *Storax*, *Spiknard*, *Galbanum*:  
 These *Musks*, these *Ambers*, and those other  
 smells  
 (Sweet as the *Vestrie* of the *Oracles*.)  
 Ile tell thee; while my *Julia* did unlace  
 Her silken bodies, but a breathing space:

The passive Aire such odour, then assum'd,  
 As when to *Jove* Great *Juno* goes perfum'd.  
 Whose pure-Immortall body doth transmit  
 A scent, that fills both Heaven and Earth  
 with it.

## 416. TO BACCHUS, A CANTICLE.

WHITHER dost thou worry<sup>1</sup> 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, injoy not *One*.

## 417. THE LAWNE.

Wo'd I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and  
 thin?  
 It sho'd be onely in my *Julia's* skin:  
 Which so betrayes her blood, as we discover  
 The blush of cherries, when a Lawn's cast over.

## 418. THE FRANKINCENSE.

WHEN my off'ring next I make,  
 Be thy hand the hallowed Cake:  
 And thy brest the Altar, whence  
 Love may smell the *Frankincense*.

<sup>1</sup> "Hurry" rather than "worry," on the pattern  
 of "Quo me Bacche rapis tui" (Horace, iii. 25).

## 419. UPON PATRICK A FOOTMAN. EPIG.

Now *Patrick* with his footmanship has done,  
His eyes and ears strive which sho'd fastest  
run.

## 420. UPON BRIDGET. EPIG.

OF foure teeth onely *Bridget* was possest ;  
Two she spat out, a cough forc't out the rest.

## 421. 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 sence, or do you prove  
What *Crucifixions* are in Love ?  
I know ye do ; and that's the why,  
You sigh for Love, as well as I.

## 422. A PASTORALL SUNG TO THE KING :

Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo,  
*Shepherds.*

*Mon.* BAD are the times. *Sil.* And wors then  
they are we.

*Mon.* Troth, bad are both ; worse fruit, and  
ill the tree :

The feast of Shepherds fail. *Sil.* None crowns  
the cup

Of *Wassaile* now, or sets the *quintell*<sup>1</sup> up :

And He, who us'd to leade the Country-round,  
Youthfull *Mirtillo*, Here he comes, Grief-  
drownd.

*Ambo.* Lets cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him  
weeping ripe.

*Mirt.* Ah ! *Amarillis*, farewell mirth and  
pipe ;

Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play,  
To these smooth Lawns, my mirthfull Roun-  
delay.

Dear *Amarillis* ! *Mon.* Hark ! *Sil.* mark :  
*Mir.* this earth grew sweet

Where, *Amarillis*, Thou didst set thy feet.

*Ambo.* Poor pittied youth ! *Mir.* And here  
the breth of kine

And sheep, grew more sweet, by that breth of  
Thine.

This flock of wooll, 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.

*Mirt.* 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 medow 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 :

<sup>1</sup> Quintain.



And when at night, she folded had her sheep,  
*Daysies* wo'd 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:

*Mirt.* Where she and I shall never meet  
 together.

*Mont.* Fore-fend it *Pan*, and *Palès* 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 weepe;  
 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 kisse  
 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 lets go steepe

Our eyes in sleepe;

And meet to weepe

To morrow.

423. THE POET LOVES A MISTRESSE, BUT NOT  
TO MARRY.

1. I do not love to wed, '  
Though I do like to woove ;  
And for a maidenhead  
Ile beg, and buy it too.
2. Ile praise, and Ile approve  
Those maids that never vary ;  
And fervently Ile love ;  
But yet I would not marry.
3. Ile hug, Ile kisse, Ile play,  
And Cock-like Hens Ile tread :  
And sport it any way ;  
But in the Bridall Bed :
4. For why ? that man is poore,  
Who hath but one of many ;  
But crown'd he is with store,  
That single may have any.
5. Why then, say, what is he  
(To freedome so unknown)  
Who having two or three,  
Will be content with one ?

424. 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<sup>1</sup> now is poore,  
And knowes not where i'th world to borrow  
more.

<sup>1</sup> Spendthrift.

## 425. UPON SHEWBREAD. EPIG.

LAST night thou didst invite me home to eate ;  
 And shew'st me there much Plate, but little  
 meate.<sup>1</sup>

Prithee, when next thou do'st invite, barre  
 State,  
 And give me meate, or give me else thy Plate.

## 426. 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 die 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.

## 427. 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 :

<sup>1</sup> *Beaucoup d'argenterie et de l'agneau*, as a great French man of letters said of a prominent English statesman's hospitality.

But only you,  
 My sometimes known  
 Companion,  
 (My dearest *Crew*,)  
 That me unkindly slew.

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 *Clypeby* ever.

## 428. UPON ROOTS. EPIG.

*Roots* had no money; yet he went o'th score  
 For a wrought Purse; can any tell wherefore?  
 Say, What sho'd *Roots* do with a Purse in  
 print,  
 That h'ad nor Gold nor Silver to put in't?

## 429. UPON CRAW.

*CRAW* cracks in sirrop; and do's stinking say,  
 Who can hold that (my friends) that will  
 away?

## 430. OBSERVATION.

WHO to the North, or South, doth set  
His Bed, Male children shall beget.

## 431. EMPIRES.

EMPIRES of Kings, are now, and ever were,  
(As *Salust* saith) co-incident to feare.

## 432. FELICITY, QUICK OF FLIGHT.

EVERY time seemes short to be,  
That's measur'd by felicity :  
But one halfe houre, that's made up here  
With grieffe ; seemes longer then a yeare.

## 433. PUTREFACTION.

PUTREFACTION is the end  
Of all that Nature doth entend.

## 434. PASSION.

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

## 435. JACK AND JILL.

SINCE *Jack* and *Jill* both wicked be ;  
It seems a wonder unto me,  
That they no better do agree.

## 436. 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.

## 437. THE CROWD AND COMPANY.

IN holy meetings, there a man may be  
 One of the crowd, not of the companie.

## 438. SHORT AND LONG BOTH LIKES.

THIS Lady's short, that Mistresse she is tall;  
 But long or short, I'm well content with all.

## 439. POLLICIE IN PRINCES.

THAT Princes may possesse a surer seat,  
 'Tis fit they make no One with them too great.

## 440. UPON ROOK. EPIG.

*Rook* he sells feathers, yet he still doth crie  
 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.

## 441. 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 grac't)  
 Within a Lillie-center plact?  
 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, nay all the rest,  
 Is each neate Niplet of her breast.

## 442. TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOONE.

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

## 443. TO THE LITTLE SPINNERS.

YEE pretty Huswives, wo'd ye know  
 The worke that I wo'd put ye to?  
 This, this it sho'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.

444. OBERON'S PALACE.<sup>1</sup>

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'l 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 eare's; He's sharpe as thorn;  
 And fretfull, carries Hay in's horne,<sup>2</sup>  
 And lightning in his eyes; and flings  
 Among the *Elves*, (if mov'd) the stings  
 Of peltish<sup>3</sup> wasps; well know his Guard

<sup>1</sup> This piece is an obvious continuation of "Oberon's Feast." See Appendix of Variants.

<sup>2</sup> *Fœnum in cornu*, the classical sign of a dangerous beast.

<sup>3</sup> Peltish = "pettish."



*Kings though th'are hated, will be fear'd.*  
 Wine lead[s] him on. Thus to a Grove  
 (Sometimes devoted unto Love)  
*Tinseld* with *Twilight*, He, and They  
 Led by the shine of Snails, a way  
 Beat with their num'rous feet, which by  
 Many a neat perplexity,  
 Many a turn, and man' a crosse-  
 Track they redeem <sup>1</sup> a bank of mosse  
 Spungie and swelling, and farre more  
 Soft then the finest Lemster Ore.  
 Mildly disparkling, like those fiers,  
 Which break from the Injeweld tyres  
 Of curious Brides; or like those mites  
 Of Candi'd dew in Moony nights.  
 Upon this *Convex*, all the flowers,  
 (Nature begets by th' Sun, and showers,)  
 Are to a wilde digestion brought,  
 As if Love's *Sampler* here was wrought:  
 Or *Citherea's Ceston*, which  
 All with temptation doth bewitch.  
 Sweet Aires move here; and more divine  
 Made by the breath of great ey'd-kine,  
 Who as they lowe, empearl with milk  
 The four-leav'd grasse, or mosse, like silk.  
 The breath of *Munkies* met to mix  
 With *Musk-flies*, are th' *Aromaticks*  
 Which cense this Arch; and here and there,  
 And farther off, and every where,  
 Throughout that *Brave Mosaick* yard  
 Those Picks <sup>2</sup> or Diamonds in the Card:  
 With peeps of Harts, of Club and Spade,  
 Are here most neatly inter-laid.  
 Many a Counter, many a Die,  
 Half rotten, and without an eye,

<sup>1</sup> Set off, or regain?

<sup>2</sup> *Piques* = spades (in cards).

Lies here abouts ; and for to pave  
 The excellency of this Cave,  
 Squirrils and childrens teeth late shed,  
 Are neatly here exchequerèd.  
 With brownest *Toadstones*, and the gum  
 That shines upon the blewer Plum.  
 The nails faln 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 shie Virgin, seems to deck  
 The holy Entrance ; where within  
 The roome is hung with the blew skin  
 Of shifted Snake : enfreez'd <sup>1</sup> 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 snailes  
 Soft Candle-light ; the Kitling's eyne ;  
 Corrupted wood ; serve here for shine.  
 No glaring light of bold-fac't 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 Errours 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, lyes her Elvish-majestie :

<sup>1</sup> With a frieze of.

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,<sup>1</sup>  
 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 fained-lost-Virginities ;  
 The which the *Elves* make to excite  
 A more unconquer'd appetite.  
 The King's undrest ; and now upon  
 The Gnat's-watch-word the *Elves* are gone.  
 And now the bed, and *Mab* possess  
 Of this great-little-kingly-Guest ;  
 We'll nobly think, what's to be done,  
 He'll do no doubt ; *This flax is spun*.

<sup>1</sup> "Enwind."

445. 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 Poet's Endlesse-Kalendar:  
Whose *velome*, and whose *volumne* is the Skie,  
And the pure Starres the praising Poetrie.  
Farewell.

446. 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.

447. TO OENONE.

1. 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?
2. For shame or pitty now encline  
To play a loving part;  
Either to send me kindly thine,  
Or give me back my heart.

3. 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.

## 448. HIS WEAKNESSE IN WOES.

I CANNOT suffer ; and in this, my part  
 Of Patience wants. *Grief breaks the stoutest  
 Heart.*

## 449. FAME MAKES US FORWARD.

To Print our Poems, the propulsive cause  
 Is Fame, (the breath of popular applause.)

## 450. 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 martyrdome of love.  
 Here is the Legend of those Saints  
 That di'd for love ; and their complaints :  
 Their wounded hearts ; and names we find  
 Encarv'd upon the Leaves and Rind.  
 Give way, give way to me, who come  
 Scorch't with the selfe-same martyrdome :  
 And have deserv'd as much (Love knowes)  
 As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those,  
 Whose deeds, and death 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 S. *Phillis* ; pitie me :  
 By deare S. *Iphis* ; and the rest,  
 Of all those other Saints now blest ;  
 Me, me, forsaken, here admit  
 Among your Mirtles to be writ :  
 That my poore name may have the glory  
 To live remembred in your story.

## 451. AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN.

HERE a solemne Fast we keepe,  
 While all beauty lyes asleep  
 Husht be all things ; (no noyse here)  
 But the toning of a teare :  
 Or a sigh of such as bring  
 Cowslips for her covering.

452. TO THE RIGHT GRATIOUS PRINCE, LOD-  
WICK, DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.<sup>1</sup>

OF all those three-brave-brothers, faln i' th'  
 Warre,  
 (Not without glory) Noble Sir, you are,

<sup>1</sup> There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Pollard is right in pointing out that this cannot be Ludovic, second Duke of Lennox, who died 1623, as former editors have said. For the three brothers, of whom Lord Bernard Stuart (cf. *ante*) was the last, "fell in Mars his field" twenty years later. It must have been Duke James, who died in 1655, and Herrick must have made a slip of the Christian name.

Despite of all concussions left the Stem  
 To shoot forth Generations like to them.  
 Which may be done, if (Sir) you can beget  
 Men in their substance, not in counterfeit.  
 Such Essences as those Three Brothers; known  
 Eternall by their own production.  
 Of whom, from Fam's white Trumpet, This Ile  
     Tell,  
 Worthy their everlasting Chronicle :  
 Never since first *Bellona* us'd a Shield,  
*Such Three brave Brothers fell in Mars his*  
     *Field.*  
 These were those Three *Horatii* Rome did  
     boast,  
*Rom's* were these *Three Horatii* we have lost.  
 One *Cordelion*<sup>1</sup> had that Age long since;  
 This, Three; which Three, you make up *Foure*  
     *Brave Prince.*

## 453. TO JEALOUSIE.

1. 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.
2. Farre from me Ile remove  
     All thoughts of irksome Love :  
         And turn to snow,  
         Or Christall grow ;  
         To keep still free  
 (O ! Soul-tormenting Jealousie,) from Thee.

<sup>1</sup> It is just possible that *Cœur-de-Lion* may not be recognized here.

## 454. TO LIVE FREELY.

LET'S live in hast; use pleasures while we  
 may :  
 Co'd life return, 'twod never lose a day.

## 455. UPON SPUNGE. EPIG.

*SPUNGE* 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 Hidleberge* holds more.

## 456. 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  
 Shall fuller grow,  
 More Ile bestow :  
 Mean time be it  
 E'en but a bit,  
 Or else a crum,  
 The scrip<sup>1</sup> hath some.

<sup>1</sup> The beggar's wallet.



## 457. UPON HIMSELF.

COME, leave this loathèd Country-life, and  
 then  
 Grow up to be a Roman *Citizen*.  
 Those mites of Time, which yet remain un-  
 spent,  
 Waste thou in that most Civill Government.  
 Get their comportment, and the gliding tongue  
 Of those mild Men, thou art to live among :  
 Then being seated in that smother *Sphere*,  
 Decree thy everlasting *Topick*<sup>1</sup> there.  
 And to the Farm-house nere return at all,  
 Though Granges do not love thee, Cities shall.

## 458. TO ENJOY THE TIME.

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

## 459. UPON LOVE.

1. LOVE, I have broke  
 Thy yoke ;  
 The neck is free :  
 But when I'm next  
 Love-vest,  
 Then shackell me.

<sup>1</sup> I do not see how "topick" can mean "place," as some editors would have it. "Tropic" = "place of sojourn, of goings out and comings in," might do ; but though topick be derived from *τόπος*, it can hardly be used for it.

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

460. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILDMAY,  
 EARLE OF WESTMORLAND.<sup>1</sup>

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 hurl'd,  
 Like *Sybel's* 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.<sup>2</sup>)  
 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 prize  
 You.

*Vertue conceal'd* (with Horace you'l confesse,)  
*Differs not much from drowzie slothfullnesse.*

<sup>1</sup> The "Otia Sacra" of Lord Westmoreland are a little overpraised here, but are not bad.

<sup>2</sup> An unidentified gem of the ancients.

## 461. THE PLUNDER.

I AM of all bereft ;  
 Save but some few Beanes left,  
 Whereof (at last) to make,  
 For me, and mine a Cake :  
 Which eaten, they and I  
 Will say our grace, and die.

## 462. LITTLENESSE NO CAUSE OF LEANNESSE.

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 than his.

463. 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'l thinke y'are  
 old.

## 464. UPON HUNCKS. EPIG.

*HUNCKS* ha's no 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.

465. THE JIMMALL<sup>1</sup> RING, OR TRUE-LOVE-KNOT.

THOU sent'st to me a True-love-knot; but I  
Return'd a Ring of Jimmalls, to imply  
Thy Love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

466. THE PARTING VERSE, OR CHARGE TO  
HIS SUPPOSED WIFE WHEN HE TRAVELLED.<sup>2</sup>

Go hence, and with this parting kisse,  
Which joyns two souls, remember this;  
Though thou beest young, kind, soft, and faire,  
And may'st draw thousands with a haire:  
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  
Steeer Thee to me; and thinke (me gone)  
In having all, that thou hast none.  
Nor so immured wo'd I have  
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave;  
But walke abroad, yet wisely well  
Stand for my comming, Sentinell.  
And think (as thou do'st walke the street)  
Me, or my shadow thou do'st 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

<sup>1</sup> A double, treble, or linked ring.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix of Variants.

Are the expressions of that itch,  
 And salt, which frets thy Suters ; fly  
 Both, lest thou lose thy liberty :  
 For that once lost, thou't 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 enstile 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 pleasure's end.  
 I am not jealous of thy Faith,  
 Or will be ; for the Axiome saith,  
 He that doth still suspect, do's haste  
 A gentle mind to be unchaste.  
 No, live thee to thy selfe, and keep  
 Thy thoughts as cold, as is thy sleep :  
 And let thy dreames 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 *Syracusan 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  
 To 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,  
 Returning, if 't be mine or no :  
 Keepe it till then ; and now my Spouse,  
 For my wisht safety pay thy voves,  
 And prayers to *Venus* ; if it please  
 The *great-blew-ruler* of the seas ;  
 Not many full-fac't-moons shall waine,  
 Lean-horn'd, before I come again  
 As one triumphant ; when I find  
 In thee, all faith of Woman-kind.  
 Nor wo'd I have thee thinke, that Thou  
 Had'st power thy selfe to keep this vow ;  
 But having scapt temptation's shelve,  
 Know vertue taught thee, not thy selfe.

467. TO HIS KINSMAN, SIR THO. SOAME.

SEEING thee *Soame*, I see a Goodly man,  
 And in that Good, a great *Patrician*.  
 Next to which Two ; among the City-Powers,  
 And Thrones, thy selfe one of Those Sena-  
 tours :  
 Not wearing Purple only for the show ;  
 (As many Conscripts of the Citie do)  
 But for True Service, worthy of that Gowne,  
 The *Golden* chain too, and the *Civick* Crown.

## 468. TO BLOSSOMS.

1. FAIRE pledges of a fruitfull Tree,  
     Why do yee fall so fast?  
     Your date is not so past;  
 But you may stay yet here a while,  
     To blush and gently smile;  
     And go at last.
2. What, were yee borne to be  
     An houre or half's delight;  
     And so to bid goodnight?  
 'Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth  
     Merely to shew your worth,  
     And lose you quite.
3. But you are lovely Leaves, where we  
     May read how soon things have  
     Their end, though ne'r so brave:  
 And after they have shown their pride,  
     Like you a while: They glide  
     Into the Grave.

## 469. MANS DYING-PLACE UNCERTAIN.

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

## 470. NOTHING FREE-COST.

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

## 471. FEW FORTUNATE.

MANY we are, and yet but few possesse  
Those Fields of everlasting happnesse.

## 472. 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.

## 473. TO THE LADYES.

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

## 474. 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.



## 475. UPON A CHEAP LAUNDRESSE. EPIG.

*FEACIE* (some say) doth wash her clothes i'th'  
 Lie  
 That sharply trickles from her either eye.  
 The *Laundresses*, They envie her good-luck,  
 Who can with so small charges *drive the buck*.  
 What needs she fire and ashes to consume,  
 Who can scoure Linnens with her own salt  
*reeume?*

## 476. UPON HIS DEPARTURE HENCE.

THUS I  
 Passe by  
 And die:  
 As One,  
 Unknown,  
 And gon:  
 I'm made  
 A shade,  
 And laid  
 I'th grave:  
 There have  
 My Cave.  
 Where tell  
 I dwell,  
*Farewell.*

## 477. THE WASSAILE.

1. GIVE way, give way ye Gates, and win  
 An easie blessing to your Bin,  
 And Basket, by our entring in.

2. May both with manchet stand repleat ;  
Your Larders too so hung with meat,  
That though a thousand, thousand eat ;
3. 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.
4. Next, may your Dairies Prosper so,  
As that your Pans no Ebbe may know ;  
But if they do, the more to flow,
5. Like to a solemne sober Stream  
Bankt all with Lillies and the Cream  
Of sweetest *Cow-slips* filling Them.
6. Then, may your Plants be prest with Fruit,  
Nor Bee, or Hive you have be mute ;  
But sweetly sounding like a Lute.
7. Next may your Duck and teeming Hen  
Both to the Cock's-tread, say *Amen* ;  
And for their two eggs render ten.
8. Last, may your Harrows, Shares and  
Ploughes,  
Your Stacks, your Stocks, your sweetest  
Mowes,  
All prosper by our Virgin-vowes.
9. Alas! we blesse, but see none here,  
That brings us either Ale or Beere ;  
*In a drie-house all things are neere.*
10. Lets leave a longer Time to wait,  
Where Rust and Cobwebs, bind the gate ;  
And all live here with *needy Fate.*

11. Where chimneys do for ever weepe,  
For want of warmth, and stomachs keepe  
With noise, the servants eyes from sleep.
12. It is in vain to sing, or stay  
Our free-feet here ; but we'l away :  
Yet to the Lares this we'l say.
13. The time will come, when you'l be sad  
And reckon this for fortune bad,  
T'ave lost the good ye might have had.

## 478. UPON A LADY FAIRE BUT FRUITLESSE.

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

## 479. HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST.

THESE Springs were Maidens once that lov'd,  
But lost to that, they most approv'd :  
My Story tels, 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.

## 480. TO ROSEMARY, AND BAIES.

MY wooing's ended : now my weddings neere :  
When Gloves are giving, *Guilded be you there.*

## 481. UPON SKURFFE.

SKURFFE by his Nine-bones sweares, and well  
he may,  
All know a Fellow eate the Tenth away.

## 482. UPON A SCARRE IN A VIRGINS FACE.

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

## 483. 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.

484. TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. THO.  
FALCONBIRGE.<sup>1</sup>

STAND with thy Graces forth, Brave man, and  
rise  
High with thine own *Auspitious Destinies* :  
Nor leave the search, and prooffe, till Thou canst  
find  
These, or those ends, to which Thou wast  
design'd.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pollard found a Thomas Falconbridge, Receiver-General at Westminster in 1644.

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 feare*  
*The cleaving Bolt of Jove the Thunderer.*

485. 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 Beames  
 Have their reflected light,  
     Daunc't by the Streames.

486. 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*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A gum, not *laudanum*.

## 487. LOSSE FROM THE LEAST.

GREAT men by small meanes oft are overthrownd :  
*He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.*

## 488. REWARD AND PUNISHMENTS.

ALL things are open to these two events,  
 Or to Rewards, or else to Punishments.

## 489. SHAME, NO STATIST.

SHAME is a bad attendant to a State :  
*He rents his Crown, That feares the Peoples hate.*

## 490. TO SIR CLI[P]SEBIE CREW.

SINCE to th' Country first I came,  
 I have lost my former flame :  
 And, methinks, I not inherit,  
 As I did, my ravisht 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.

## 491. UPON HIMSELFE.

1. I co'd never love indeed ;  
Never see mine own heart bleed :  
Never crucifie my life ;  
Or for Widow, Maid, or Wife.
2. I co'd never seeke to please  
One, or many Mistresses :  
Never like their lips, to sweare  
*Oyle of Roses* still smelt there.
3. I co'd never breake my sleepe,  
Fold mine Armes, sob, sigh, or weep :  
Never beg, or humbly woove  
With oathes, and lyes, (as others do.)
4. 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).
5. 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.

## 492. FRESH CHEESE AND CREAM.

Wo'd yee have fresh Cheese and Cream ?  
*Iulia's* Breast can give you them :  
And if more ; Each *Nipple* cries,  
To your *Cream*, her[e]'s *Strawberries*.

493. AN ECLOGUE, OR PASTORALL BETWEEN  
ENDIMION PORTER AND LYCIDAS HER-  
RICK, SET AND SUNG.

*End.* AH! *Lycidas*, come tell me why  
Thy whilome merry Oate  
By thee doth so neglected lye;  
And never purls a note?

2. 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.

3. *Lyc.* In this regard, that thou do'st play  
Upon another Plain:  
And for a Rurall Roundelay,  
Strik'st now a Courtly strain.

4. Thou leav'st our Hills, our Dales, our  
Bowers,  
Our finer fleeced sheep:  
(Unkind to us) to spend thine houres,  
Where Shepheards sho'd not  
keep.

5. I meane the Court: Let *Latmos* be  
My lov'd *Endymion's* Court;

*End.* But I the Courtly State wo'd see:

*Lyc.* Then see it in report.

6. 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*.



7. Breake, if thou lov'st us, this delay ;  
*End.* Dear *Lycidas*, e're long,  
 I vow by *Pan*, to come away  
 And Pipe unto thy Song.
8. Then *Jessimine*, with *Florabell* ;  
 And dainty *Amarillis*,  
 With handsome-handed *Drosomell*  
 Shall pranke thy Hooke with  
 Lillies.
9. *Lyc.* Then *Tityrus*, and *Coridon*,  
 And *Thyrsis*, they shall follow  
 With all the rest ; while thou alone  
 Shalt lead, like young *Apollo*.
10. And till thou com'st, thy *Lycidas*,  
 In every *Geniall* 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.

494. TO A BED OF TULIPS.

1. BRIGHT Tulips, we do know,  
 You had your comming hither ;  
 And Fading-time do's show,  
 That Ye must quickly wither.
2. Your *Sister-hoods* may stay,  
 And smile here for your houre ;  
 But dye ye must away :  
 Even as the meanest Flower.

3. Come Virgins then, and see  
 Your frailties; and bemone ye;  
 For lost like these, 'twill be,  
 As Time had never known ye.

## 495. A CAUTION.

THAT Love last long; let it thy first care be  
 To find a Wife, that is most fit for Thee.  
 Be She too wealthy, or too poore; be sure,  
*Love in extreames, can never long endure.*

496. TO THE WATER NYMPHS, DRINKING AT  
THE FOUNTAIN.

1. REACH, with your whiter hands, to me,  
 Some Christall of the Spring;  
 And I, about the Cup shall see  
 Fresh Lillies flourishing.
2. Or else sweet Nymphs do you but this;  
 To'th' Glasse your lips encline;  
 And I shall see by that one kisse,  
 The Water turn'd to Wine.

497. TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR  
RICHARD STONE.<sup>1</sup>

To this *white Temple* of my *Heroes*, here,  
 Beset with stately Figures (every where)  
 Of such rare *Saint-ships*, who did here consume  
 Their lives in sweets, and left in death perfume.  
 Come, thou *Brave man!* And bring with Thee  
 a Stone

<sup>1</sup> His first cousin on the mother's side.

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*.

498. 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 *Virgil's Gnat*, to whom the Spring  
All Flowers sent to'is burying ;  
Not *Marshal's Bee*, which in a Bead  
Of *Amber* quick was burièd ;  
Nor that fine Worme that do's interre  
Her selfe i'th' *silken Sepulchre* ;  
Nor my rare *Phil*,<sup>1</sup> that lately was  
With Lillies Tomb'd up in a Glasse ;  
More honour had, then this same *Flie* ;  
Dead, and closed up in Yvorie.

499. UPON JACK AND JILL. EPIG.

WHEN *Jill* complaines to *Jack* for want of  
meate ;  
*Jack* kisses *Jill*, and bids her freely eate :  
*Jill* sayes, of what ? sayes *Jack*, on that sweet  
kisse,  
Which full of Nectar and Ambrosia is,

<sup>1</sup> Sparrow.—H.

The food of Poets ; so I thought sayes *Jill*,  
That makes them looke so lanke, so Ghost-like  
still.

Let Poets feed on aire, or what they will ;  
Let me feed full, till that I fart, sayes *Jill*.

## 500. 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.

## 501. TO MISTRESSE DOROTHY PARSONS.

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

## 502. 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.

## 503. 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?

## 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.

## 505. 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.

## 506. PRECEPTS.

Good Precepts we must firmly hold  
 By daily *Learning* we wax old.

507. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDWARD  
 EARLE OF DORSET.<sup>1</sup>

IF I dare write to You, my Lord, who are,  
 Of your own selfe, a *Publick Theater*,

<sup>1</sup> Edward Sackville, the fourth earl, who fought the famous duel with his friend Bruce.

And sitting, see the wiles, wayes, 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 bottomlesse.  
 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.*

## 508. UPON HIMSELF.

TH'ART hence removing, (like a Shepherds  
 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.

509. HOPE WELL AND HAVE WELL: OR, FAIRE  
 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.

## 510. UPON LOVE.

1. 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.
  
2. Ai me ! how shal my griefe be stil'd ?  
     Or where else shall we find  
 One like to me, who must be kill'd  
     For being too-too-kind ?

511. 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.

## 512. 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 faire and cleane you are, although  
     there be  
*A mighty strife 'twixt Forme and Chastitie.*

## 513. KISSING AND BUSSING.

KISSING and bussing<sup>1</sup> differ both in this;  
 We busse our Wantons, but our Wives we  
 kisse.

## 514. CROSSE AND PILE.

FAIRE and foule dayes trip Crosse and Pile;<sup>2</sup>  
 The faire  
 Far lesse in number, then our foule dayes are.

515. 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 paines 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.

## 516. HIS WINDING-SHEET.

COME thou, who art the Wine, and wit  
 Of all I've writ:

<sup>1</sup> "Buss" and "kiss" are usually taken as synonyms, but Herrick seems to have taken the former in the sense of a looser and more passionate salute.

<sup>2</sup> "Come as heads and tails."



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 chaste 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 wrongèd 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.  
 Here needs no Court for our Request,  
     Where all are best;  
 All wise; all equall; and all just  
     Alike i'th' dust.  
 Nor need we here to feare the frowne  
     Of Court, or Crown.  
*Where Fortune bears no sway o're things,*  
     *There all are Kings.*  
 In this securer place we'l keep,  
     As lull'd asleep;  
 Or for a little time we'l 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,<sup>1</sup>  
     And then meet here.

## 517. 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.

## 518. CHANGE GIVES CONTENT.

WHAT now we like, anon we disapprove :  
*The new successor drives away old Love.*

519. UPON MAGOT A FREQUENTER OF  
ORDINARIES.

MAGOT frequents those houses of good-cheere,  
 Talkes most, eates most, of all the Feeders  
     there.  
 He raves through leane, he rages through the  
     fat ;

<sup>1</sup> The Annus Magnus, the period when everything comes round again to the *status quo ante*.

(What gets the master of the Meal by that?)  
 He who with talking can devoure so much,  
 How wo'd he eate, were not his hindrance  
 such?

## 520. ON HIMSELFE.

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.  
 Howsoever, cares, adue ;  
 Ile have nought to say to you :  
 But Ile spend my comming houres,  
 Drinking wine, & crown'd with flowres.

## 521. FORTUNE FAVOURS.

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

522. TO PHILLIS TO LOVE, AND LIVE WITH  
HIM.

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see  
 The pleasures Ile prepare for thee :  
 What sweets the Country can afford  
 Shall blesse thy Bed, and blesse 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 dreames.

Thy clothing next, shall be a Gowne  
 Made of the Fleeces' purest Downe.  
 The tongues of Kids shall be thy meate;  
 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.  
 Ile give thee Chaines and Carkanets  
 Of *Primroses* and *Violets*.  
 A Bag and Bottle thou shalt have;  
 That richly wrought, and This as brave;  
 So that as either shall expresse  
 The Wearer's no meane Shepheardesse.  
 At Sheering-times, and yearely Wakes,  
 When *Themilis* his pastime makes,  
 There thou shalt be; and be the wit,  
 Nay more, the Feast, and grace of it.  
 On Holy-dayes, when Virgins meet  
 To dance the Heyes<sup>1</sup> with nimble feet;  
 Thou shalt come forth, and then appeare  
 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 Shephar[d]ling)  
 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, Ile twice kisse thee.  
 To thee a Sheep-hook I will send,

<sup>1</sup> The heyes or hays, a country dance.

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 neer the glitt'ring Hearth.  
 Thou sha't have Ribbands, Roses, Rings,  
 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 shal be,  
 If thou wilt love, and live with me.

523. TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE  
 SUSANNA HERRICK.

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 grieffe of heart, methinks, I thus doe cry,  
 Wo'd thou hadst ne'r been born, or might'st  
 not die.

524. UPON MISTRESSE SUSANNA SOUTHWELL  
 HER CHEEKS.

RARE are thy cheeks *Susanna*, which do show  
 Ripe Cherries smiling, while that others blow.

## 525. UPON HER EYES.

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

## 526. UPON HER FEET.

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

527. TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN  
 MYNTS.<sup>1</sup>

FOR civill, cleane, and circumcised wit,  
 And for the comely carriage of it ;  
 Thou art The Man, the onely Man best known,  
 Markt for the *True-wit* of a Million :  
 From whom we'l reckon. Wit came in, but  
 since  
 The *Calculation* of thy Birth, *Brave Mince*.

## 528. UPON HIS GRAY HAIREES.

FLY me not, though I be gray,  
 Lady, this I know you'l say ;

<sup>1</sup> This many-named knight—Mince, Mynts, Mennis, Minnes, Minns, etc.—was Pepys's friend, a good sailor, a popular man, and a very dirty poet, most uncivil, unclean, and uncircumcised.

Better look the Roses red,  
 When with white commingled.  
 Black your haire are ; mine are white ;  
 This begets the more delight,  
 When things meet most opposite :  
 As in Pictures we descry,  
*Venus* standing *Vulcan* by.

## 529. ACCUSATION.

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

## 530. PRIDE ALLOWABLE IN POETS.

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

## 531. A VOW TO MINERVA.

GODDESSE, 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-fac't Owle shall be  
 Offer'd up with Vows to Thee.

## 532. ON JONE.

*JONE* wo'd go tel her haire ; and well she might,  
 Having but seven in all ; three black, foure  
 white.

## 533. UPON LETCHER. EPIG.

*LETCHER* was Carted first about the streets,  
 For false Position in his neighbours sheets :  
 Next, hang'd for Theeving : Now the people say,  
 His Carting was the *Prologue* to this Play.

## 534. UPON DUNDRIGE.

*DUNDRIGE* his Issue hath ; but is not styl'd  
 For all his Issue, Father of one Child.

## 535. TO ELECTRA.

1. 'Tis Ev'ning, 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.

2. For pittty 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.

3. 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*.



536. DISCORD NOT DISADVANTAGEOUS.

FORTUNE no higher Project can devise,  
Then to sow Discord 'mongst the Enemies.

537. ILL GOVERNMENT.

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

538. TO MARYGOLDS.

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

539. TO DIANEME.

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

540. TO JULIA, THE FLAMINICA DIALIS,<sup>1</sup>  
OR, QUEEN-PRIEST.

THOU know'st, my *Julia*, that it is thy turne  
This Mornings Incense to prepare, and burne.

<sup>1</sup> The Flaminica Dialis was the wife of the high priest of Jupiter.

The Chaplet, and *Inarculum*<sup>1</sup> 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 chiefe 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, unlesse preserv'd by thy Perfume.  
 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.*

## 541. 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.

## 542. 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.

<sup>1</sup> "A twig of a pomgranat, which the queen-priest did use to wear on her head at sacrificing."—H.

543. LARGE BOUNDS DOE BUT BURY US.

ALL things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance;  
 The greatest mans Inheritance.  
 Whereere the luckie Lot doth fall,  
 Serves but for place of Buriall.

544. UPON URSLEY.

*URSLEY*, she thinks those Velvet Patches grace  
 The Candid Temples of her comely face:  
 But he will say, whoe'r those Circlets seeth,  
 They be but signs of *Ursleys* hollow teeth.

545. AN ODE TO SIR CLIPSEBIE CREW.

1. HERE we securely live, and eate  
     The Creame of meat;  
     And keep eternal fires,  
 By which we sit, and doe Divine  
     As Wine  
     And Rage inspires.
2. If full we charme; then call upon  
     *Anacreon*  
     To grace the frantick Thyse:  
 And having drunk, we raise a shout  
     Throughout  
     To praise his Verse.
3. Then cause we *Horace* to be read,  
     Which sung, or sey'd,  
     A Goblet, to the brim,  
 Of Lyrick Wine, both swell'd and crown'd,  
     A Round  
     We quaffe to him.

4. Thus, thus, we live, and spend the houres  
 In Wine and Flowers':  
 And make the frolick yeere,  
 The Month, the Week, the instant Day  
 To stay  
 The longer here.
5. 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.
6. Take Horse, and come ; or be so kind,  
 To send your mind  
 (Though but in Numbers few)  
 And I shall think I have the heart,  
 Or part  
 Of *Clipseby Crew*.

546. TO HIS WORTHY KINSMAN, MR.  
 STEPHEN SOAME.

NOR is my Number full, till I inscribe  
 Thee sprightly *Soame*, one of my righteous  
 Tribe :

A Tribe of one Lip-Leven, and of One  
 Civil Behaviour, and Religion.  
 A Stock of Saints ; where ev'ry one doth weare  
 A stole of white, (and Canonizèd here)  
 Among which Holies, be Thou ever known,  
 Brave Kinsman, markt out with the whiter  
 stone :

Which seals Thy Glorie ; since I doe prefer  
 Thee here in my eternall Calender.

## 547. TO HIS TOMB-MAKER.

Go I must ; when I am gone,  
 Write but this upon my Stone ;  
 Chaste I liv'd, without a wife,  
 That's the Story of my life.  
 Strewings need none, every flower  
 Is in this word, Batchelour.

## 548. GREAT SPIRITS SUPERVIVE.

OUR mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-cloths  
 lye :  
*Great Spirits never with their bodies dye.*

## 549. NONE FREE FROM FAULT.

OUT of the world he must, who once comes in :  
*No man exempted is from Death, or sinne.*

## 550. 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.

## 551. PITIE TO THE PROSTRATE.

'Tis worse then barbarous cruelty to show  
 No part of pitie on a conquer'd foe.

## 552. WAY IN A CROWD.

ONCE on a Lord-Mayor's day, in Cheapside,  
 when  
*Skulls* co'd not well passe through that scum  
 of men  
 For quick dispatch, *Skulls* made no longer  
 stay,  
 Then but to breath, and every one gave  
 way:  
 For as he breath'd, the People swore from  
 thence  
 A Fart flew out, or a *Sir-reverence*.

## 553. 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 rejoyce, because no Rent  
 We pay for our poore Tenement:  
 Wherein we rest, and never feare  
 The Landlord, or the Usurer.  
 The Quarter-day do's ne'r affright  
 Our Peacefull slumbers in the night.  
 We eat our own, and batten more,  
 Because we feed on no mans score:  
 But pitie those, whose flanks grow great,  
 Swel'd with the Lard of others meat.  
 We blesse our Fortunes, when we see  
 Our own belovèd privacie:  
 And like our living, where w'are known  
 To very few, or else to none.

## 554. THE CREDIT OF THE CONQUERER.

HE who commends the vanquisht, speaks the  
 Power,  
 And glorifies the worthy Conquerer.

## 555. ON HIMSELFE.

SOME parts may perish ; dye thou canst not  
 all:  
 The most of Thee shall scape the funerall.

## 556. UPON ONE-EY'D BROOMSTED. EPIG.

*BROOMSTED* a lamenesse got by cold and Beere ;  
 And to the *Bath* went, to be cured there :  
 His feet were helpt, and left his Crutch be-  
 hind :  
 But home return'd, as he went forth, halfe  
 blind.

## 557. THE FAIRIES.

IF ye will with *Mab* find grace,  
 Set each Platter in his place :  
 Rake the Fier up, and get  
 Water in, ere Sun be set.  
 Wash your Pailles, and clense your Dairies ;  
 Sluts are loathsome to the Fairies :  
 Sweep your house : Who doth not so,  
*Mab* will pinch her by the toe.

558. TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, M. JOHN  
WEARE, COUNCELLOUR.

DID I or love, or could I others draw  
 To the indulgence of the rugged Law :  
 The first foundation of that zeale sho'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 at-  
     tended  
 With wealth, but for those ends she was en-  
     tended :  
 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 Founders 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 drye 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 Ile say  
 (Like to a sound that's vanishing away)  
 Sooner the in-side of thy hand shall grow  
 Hisped,<sup>1</sup> and haire, ere thy Palm shall know  
 A *Postern-bribe* tooke, or a *Forked-Fee* <sup>2</sup>  
 To fetter Justice, when She might be free.  
*Eggs Ile not shave* : But yet, brave man, if I

<sup>1</sup> " Bristly."

<sup>2</sup> A fee from both sides.



Was destined forth to golden Sovereignty :  
 A Prince I'de be, that I might Thee preferre  
 To be my Counsell both, and Chancellor.

## 559. THE WATCH.

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 Man's Pulse stopt, *All Passions sleep in  
 Peace.*

560. LINES HAVE THEIR LININGS, AND BOOKES  
THEIR BUCKRAM.

As in our clothes, so likewise he who lookes,  
 Shall find much farcing<sup>1</sup> Buckram in our  
 Books.

## 561. 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 Pinnacle doth shew  
 The top, and the top-gallant too.  
 Then, when I see thy Tresses bound

<sup>1</sup> "Stuffing," "padding."

Into an Ovall, square, or round ;  
 And knit 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 airie silks to flow,  
 Alluring me, and tempting so :  
 I must confesse, mine eye and heart  
 Dotes less on Nature, then on Art.

## 562. UPON SYBILLA.

WITH paste of Almonds, *Syb* her hands doth  
 scour ;  
 Then gives it to the children to devoure.  
 In Cream she bathes her thighs (more soft then  
 silk)  
 Then to the poore she freely gives the milke.

563. UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE  
BRIDGET HERRICK.

SWEET *Bridget* blusht, & 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.

## 564. UPON LOVE.

1. I PLAID with Love, as with the fire  
 The wanton Satyre did ;  
 Nor did I know, or co'd descry  
 What under there was hid.

2. That Satyre he but burnt his lips ;  
 (But min[e]'s the greater smart)  
 For kissing Loves dissembling chips,  
 The fire scortcht my heart.

565. UPON A COMELY, AND CURIOUS MAIDE.

IF men can say that beauty dyes ;  
 Marbles will swear that here it lyes.  
 If Reader then thou canst forbear,  
 In publique loss to shed a Teare :  
 The Dew of griefe upon this stone  
 Will tell thee *Pitie* thou hast none.

566. 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.

567. UPON IRENE.

ANGRY if *Irene* be  
 But a Minute's life with me :  
 Such a fire I espie  
 Walking in and out her eye,  
 As at once I freeze, and frie.

568. UPON ELECTRA'S TEARES.

UPON her cheekes she wept, and from those  
 showers  
 Sprang up a sweet *Nativity* of Flowres.

## 569. UPON TOOLY.

THE Eggs of Pheasants wrie-nosed *Tooly* sells;  
 But ne'r so much as licks the speckled shells:  
 Only, if one prove addled, that he eates  
 With superstition, (as the Cream of ineates.)  
 The Cock and Hen he feeds; but not a bone  
 He ever pickt (as yet) of any one.

## 570. 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<sup>r</sup> entertain that Deity.  
 Give me words wherewith to wooe,  
 Suppling and successefull too:  
 Winning postures; and withall,  
 Manners each way musicall:  
 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*.

## 571. TO SILVIA.

No more my *Silvia*, do I mean to pray  
 For those good dayes that ne'r will come away.  
 I want believe: O gentle *Silvia*, be  
 The patient Saint, and send up vowes for me.

## 572. UPON BLANCH. EPIG.

I HAVE seen many Maidens to have haire;  
 Both for their comely need, and some to spare:  
 But *Blanch* has not so much upon her head,  
 As to bind up her chaps when she is dead.

## 573. UPON UMBER. EPIG.

*UMBER* was painting of a Lyon fierce,  
 And working it, by chance from *Umber's* Erse  
 Flew out a crack, so mighty, that the Fart,  
 (As *Umber* sweares) did make his Lyon start.

## 574. 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*.

## 575. TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

WILT thou my true Friend be?  
 Then love not mine, but me.

576. THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESSE  
 CALLING HIM TO ELIZIUM. DESUNT NON-  
 NULLA ———<sup>1</sup>

COME then, and like two Doves with silv'rie  
 wings,  
 Let our soules flie to' the' shades, where ever  
 springs

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix of Variants.

Sit smiling in the Meads ; where Balme and  
Oile,

Roses and Cassia crown the untill'd soyle.  
Where no disease raignes, 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 eternall May,  
Purfling the Margents,<sup>1</sup> 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 learnèd Round  
Commixt they meet, with endlesse Roses crown'd.  
And here we'l sit on Primrose-banks, and see  
Love's *Chorus* led by *Cupid* ; and we'l be  
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 Ile bring

<sup>1</sup> Margents = "margins," not as Mr. Pollard, doubtless by accident, has it, "bowers." "Margent" occurs in "A Midsummer Night's Drean" and elsewhere, but the *locus classicus* for it is Swift's

"Bettesworth, who knows nor text nor margent,  
Calls Singleton his brother-serjeant."

This poem has the interest of having been printed, with variants, in 1640, in an edition of Shakespeare.

Thee to the Stand, where honour'd *Homer* reads  
His *Odisees*, and his high *Iliades*.

About whose Throne the crowd of Poets throng  
To hear the incantation of his tongue :

To *Linus*, then to *Pindar* ; and that done,  
He 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 Frantick-  
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<sup>1</sup>

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 trowning *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*,

And Snake *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 Plaies,  
*Beumont* and *Fletcher*, Swans, to whom all eares  
Listen, while they (like Syrens in their Spheres)  
Sing their *Evadne* ;<sup>2</sup> and still more for thee  
There yet remaines to know, then thou can'st  
see

<sup>1</sup> "Surround," "embrace."

<sup>2</sup> *Evadne* in "The Maid's Tragedy."

By glim'ring of a fancie : Doe but come,  
 And there Ile shew thee that capacious roome  
 In which thy Father *Johnson* now is plac't,  
 As in a Globe of Radiant fire, and grac't  
 To be in that Orbe crown'd (that doth include  
 Those Prophets of the former Magnitude)  
 And he one chiefe ; But harke, I heare 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 <sup>1</sup> here, Away.

## 577. LIFE IS THE BODIES LIGHT.

LIFE is the Bodie's light ; which once declining,  
 Those crimson clouds i'th'cheeks & lips leave  
 shining.  
 Those counter-changed *Tabbies* <sup>2</sup> in the ayre,  
 (The Sun once set) all of one colour are.  
 So, when Death comes, *Fresh tinctures* lose their  
 place,  
 And dismall Darknesse then doth smutch the  
 face.

## 578. UPON URLES. EPIG.

URLES 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 Almes at all.

<sup>1</sup> "Ends."

<sup>2</sup> "Tabinets," "shot silks."



## 579. UPON FRANCK.

*FRANCK* ne'r wore silk she swears; but I  
 reply,  
 She now weares silk to hide her blood-shot  
 eye.

## 580. 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.*

## 581. THE PRIMROSE.

ASKE me why I send you here  
 This sweet *Infanta* of the yeere?  
 Aske 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.

2. Ask me why this flower do's show  
 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.

## 582. THE TYTHE. TO THE BRIDE.

IF nine times you your Bride-groome kisse;  
 The tenth you know the Parson's 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.

## 583. A FROLICK.

BRING me my Rose-buds, Drawer come;  
 So, while I thus sit crown'd;  
 Ile drink the aged *Cecubum*,  
 Untill the rooffe turne round.

## 584. CHANGE COMMON TO ALL.

ALL things subjected are to Fate;  
 Whom this Morne sees most fortunate,  
 The Ev'ning sees in poore estate.

## 585. TO JULIA.

THE Saints-bell calls; and, *Julia*, I must read  
 The Proper Lessons for the Saints now dead:  
 To grace which Service, *Julia*, there shall be  
 One *Holy Collect*, said or sung for Thee.  
 Dead when thou art, Deare *Julia*, thou shalt  
 have  
 A *Tentrall*<sup>1</sup> sung by Virgins o're thy Grave:  
 Meanetime we two will sing the Dirge of these;  
 Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

<sup>1</sup> "Trental," dirge as before.

## 586. NO LUCK IN LOVE.

1. I DOE love I know not what ;  
Sometimes this, & sometimes that :  
All conditions I aime at.
2. But, as lucklesse, I have yet  
Many shrewd disasters met,  
To gaine her whom I wo'd get.
3. Therefore now Ile love no more,  
As I've doted heretofore :  
He who must be, shall be poore.

## 587. 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 self-same priz'd complexion.

Then please alike the Pewter and the Plate ;

The chosen *Rubie*, and the *Reprobate*.

## 588. 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 'twil sever

Him and his affections ever.

589. UPON A FREE MAID, WITH A FOULE  
BREATH.

You say you'l kiss me, and I thanke you for it:  
But stinking breath, I do as hell abhorre it.

590. UPON COONE. EPIG.

WHAT is the reason *Coone* so dully smels?  
His Nose is over-cool'd with Isicles.

591. 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 decreeing, that thy clothes' expence  
Keepes 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 unsober *syllable*.  
These I co'd praise thee for beyond another,  
Wert thou a *Winckfield* onely, not a Brother.

592. THE HEAD-AKE.

MY head doth ake,  
O *Sappho!* take  
Thy fillit,  
And bind the paine;  
Or bring some bane  
To kill it.

2. But lesse that part,  
 Then my poore heart,  
     Now is sick :  
 One kisse from thee  
 Will counsell be,  
     And Physick.

## 593. 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.

## 594. 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.

## 595. UPON SPALT.

OF Pushes *Spalt* has such a knottie race,  
 He needs a Tucker for to burle <sup>1</sup> his face.

## 596. OF HORNE A COMB-MAKER.

*HORNE* sells to others teeth ; but has not one  
 To grace his own Gums, or of Box, or bone.

<sup>1</sup> "To remove the knots from cloth." "Tucker"  
 = "fuller."

## 597. UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES.

1. O! TIMES most bad,  
Without the scope  
Of hope  
Of better to be had!
2. Where shall I goe,  
Or whither run  
To shun  
This publique overthrow?
3. No places are  
(This I am sure)  
Secure  
In this our wasting Warre.
4. Some storms w'ave past;  
Yet we must all  
Down fall,  
And perish at the last.

## 598. CRUELTY BASE IN COMMANDERS.

NOTHING can be more loathsome, then to see  
*Power* conjoyn'd with Nature's *Crueltie*.

## 599. UPON A SOWRE-BREATH LADY. EPIG.

FIE, (quoth my Lady) what a stink is here,  
When 'twas her breath that was the *Carrionere*.

## 600. UPON LUCIA.

I ASKT my *Lucia* but a kisse ;  
 And she with scorne deny'd me this :  
 Say then, how ill sho'd I have sped,  
 Had I then askt her Maidenhead ?

## 601. LITTLE AND LOUD.

LITTLE you are ; for Womans sake be proud ;  
 For my sake next, (though little) *be not loud.*

## 602. SHIP-WRACK.

HE, who has suffer'd Ship-wrack, feares to  
     saile  
 Upon the Seas, though with a gentle gale.

## 603. PAINES WITHOUT PROFIT.

A LONG-life's-day I've taken paines  
 For very little, or no gaines :  
 The Ev'ning's come ; here now Ile stop,  
 And work no more ; but shut up Shop.

## 604. 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.

## 605. HIS PRAYER TO BEN JOHNSON.

WHEN I a Verse shall make,  
 Know I have praid thee,  
 For old *Religion's* sake,  
 Saint *Ben* to aide me.

2. Make the way smooth for me,  
 When I, thy *Herrick*,  
 Honouring thee, on my knee  
 Offer my *Lyrick*.

3. Candles Ile give to thee,  
 And a new Altar ;  
 And thou Saint *Ben*, shalt be  
 Writ in my *Psalter*.

## 606. POVERTY AND RICHES.

GIVE *Want* her welcome if she comes ; we  
 find,  
*Riches* to be but burthens to the mind.

## 607. AGAIN.

WHO with a little cannot be content,  
 Endures an everlasting punishment.

## 608. THE COVETOUS STILL CAPTIVES.

LET'S live with that smal pittance that we  
 have ;  
*Who covets more, is evermore a slave.*



## 609. LAWES.

WHEN Lawes full power have to sway, we see  
Little or no part there of Tyrannie.

## 610. OF LOVE.

ILE 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.

## 611. UPON COCK.

COCK calls his Wife his Hen : when *Cock* goes  
too't,  
Cock treads his Hen, but treads her under-  
foot.

## 612. TO HIS MUSE.

Go woee young *Charles* no more to looke,  
Then but to read this in my Booke :  
How *Herrick* beggs, that if 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*.

## 613. 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 Raig ;  
 If smooth and unperplext the Seasons were,  
 As when the *Sweet Maria*<sup>1</sup> lived 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.*

## 614. TO VULCAN.

THY sooty *Godhead*, I desire  
 Still to be ready with thy fire :  
 That sho'd my Booke despised be,  
 Acceptance it might find of thee.

## 615. 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 evill action.*

## 616. PURPOSES.

No wrath of Men, or rage of Seas  
 Can shake a just man's purposes :

<sup>1</sup> Henrietta Maria, or "Queen Mary," as the word was at Naseby, when the Lord helped the bigger battalions.

No threats of Tyrants, or the Grim  
 Visage of them can alter him ;  
 But what he doth at first entend,  
 That he holds firmly to the end.

617. TO THE MAIDS TO WALKE ABROAD.

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 cruell truths of *Philomell*,  
 Or *Phillis*, 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 woee ;  
 And sigh, and kiss, as Lovers do :  
 And talke 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'l draw lots, who shall buy  
 And guild the Baies and Rosemary :  
 What Posies for our Wedding Rings ;  
 What gloves we'l give, and Ribanings :  
 And smiling at our selves, decree,

Who then the joyning *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 spicèd wine.  
Thus, having talkt, we'l next commend  
A kiss to each ; and *so we'l end*.

## 618. HIS OWN EPITAPH.

As wearied *Pilgrims*, once possest  
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.

## APPENDIX OF VARIANTS.

106.

THIS poem on the "Country Life" is the first (in the order of the "Hesperides" publication) of which a MS. copy exists with considerable variations. This copy is at Oxford, in the Ashmole MSS., No. 38, and has been laboriously collated with Herrick's acknowledged text by Dr. Grosart. The variants, which are extremely numerous, are for the most part quite uninteresting, and of the kind which might represent either a rough draft uncorrected by the author, or a careless copy, or a word-of-mouth recitation. Those which deserve a place here are as follows:

1. In place of ll. 28-30 the MS. reads:

"This first is Nature's end; this doth impart  
Least thanks to nature, most to Art."

2. After l. 92 six lines appear in the MS. which are not in the "Hesperides":

"Nor know thy happy and unenvied state  
Owes more to virtue than to fate  
Or fortune too; for what the first secures  
That as herself or Heaven endures.  
The last two fail, and by experience make  
Known not [what?] they give, again they take."

Dr. Grosart and Mr. Pollard pass "not,"

but it seems to me nonsense, while "what" makes sense.

3. After l. 116 the MS. inserts :

"Canst drink in earthen cups which ne'er contain  
Cold hemlock or the lizard's bane."

128, 197.

The "Farewell to Sack" and the "Welcome to Sack" both exist in MS., with considerable variations. The MS. version of the "Farewell" is identical with that printed in "Wit's Recreations," and being much shorter (only two-thirds the length of the "Hesperides" version) shows that these "Wit's Recreations" copies, if not exactly spurious, were certainly unauthentic. In one passage, however, the unauthentic version is the fuller, and instead of

"Prithee not smile,  
Or smile more inly, lest thy looks beguile,"

has the far diffuser and less forcible

"Prithee draw in  
Thy gazing fires, lest at their sight the sin  
Of fierce Idolatry shoot unto me, and  
Iturn apostate to the strict command  
O fnature—bid me now farewell, or smile  
More ugly, lest thy tempting looks beguile."

Here it is almost impossible to doubt that "ugly" is a mere blundering clerical error for "inly."

The MSS. variations of the "Welcome" are supplied by two British Museum sources, Harl. 6,931 and Add. MSS. 19,268. Here again the majority of the variants are of no literary interest; and, as almost always, the literary value of the authorized version is far superior to that

of the others. But these latter contain some interesting couplets and verses, such as :

“Oh then, not longer let my sweet defer  
Her buxom smiles from me her worshipper.  
Why have those amber looks the which,” etc.

And these :

“Sack is my life, my leaven ; salt to all  
My dearest dainties ; nay, 'tis the principal  
Fire unto all my functions, gives me blood,  
An active spirit, full marrow ; and, what is good,  
Sack makes me sprightly, airy to be borne  
Like Iphycus,” etc.

## 283.

In this important poem the MS. variations, preserved in Harl. 6,917 and Add. MSS. 25,303, are of real value. Mere verbal changes are not great or interesting, but the MSS. contain seven entire stanzas which are not in the “Hesperides,” and which are evidently genuine as first drafts. Of these now to be given the first occurs between stanzas 2 and 3 of the printed text, the second between stanzas 4 and 5, the third between stanzas 5 and 6, the fourth and fifth between stanzas 6 and 7, the sixth and seventh between stanzas 13 and 15. Stanza 14 in the canonical order appears six places earlier in the MSS., before what is now stanza 8.

- (1.) “Lead on fair paranympths, the while her eyes,  
Guilty of somewhat, ripe the strawberries  
And cherries in her cheeks ; there's cream  
Already spilt, her rays must gleam  
Gently thereon,  
And so beget lust and temptation  
To surfeit and to hunger.

Help on her pace ; and though she lag, yet steer  
 Her homewards : well she knows  
 Her heart's at home howe'er she goes."

- (2.) " See how he waves his hand, and through his eyes  
 Shoots forth his jealous soul for to surprise  
 And ravish you his Bride : do you  
 Not now perceive the soul of C. C.,  
 Your maiden knight,  
 With kisses to inspire  
 You with his just and holy ire."
- (3.) " Why then go forward, sweet auspicious Bride,  
 And come upon your Bridegroom like a Tide,  
 Bearing down him before you : high  
 Swell, mix, and loose your souls : imply <sup>1</sup>  
 Like streams which flow  
 Encurled together and no difference show  
 In their [—] silver waters ; run  
 Into yourselves like wool together spun,  
 Or blend so as the sight  
 Of two makes one Hermaphrodite."
- (4.) " How long, soft Bride, shall your dear [—] <sup>2</sup>  
 make  
 Love to grow welcome with the mystic cake ?  
 How long, oh pardon, shall the house  
 And the smooth handmaids pay their vows  
 With oil and wine  
 For your approach, yet see their altars pine ?  
 How long (shall) the page to please  
 You stand for to surrender up the keys  
 Of the glad house ? Come, come,  
 Or Love will freeze to death at home."
- (5.) " Welcome at last unto the Threshold, Time  
 Throned on a saffron evening seems to chime  
 All in ; kiss, and so enter. If  
 A prayer must be said, be brief,  
 The easy gods  
 For such neglect have only myrtle rods  
 To stroke, not strike : fear you

<sup>1</sup> "Entwine," "enfold each other."

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Pollard fills this gap with "Clipseyby"; Dr. Grosart with "bridesmaids."



Not more, mild nymph, than they would have  
     you do,  
 But dread that you do more offend  
 In that you do begin than end."

- (6.) "What though your laden Altar now has won  
 The credit from the table of the Sun  
     For earth and sea : this cost  
     On you is altogether lost,  
         Because you feed,  
 Not on the flesh of beasts, but on the seed  
     Of contemplation : your,  
 Your eyes are they wherewith you draw the pure  
     Elixir to the mind,  
     Which sees the body fed, yet pined."

- (7.) "And now ye have wept enough, depart : your  
     stars  
 Begin to pink,<sup>1</sup> as weary that the wars  
     Know so long treaties : beat the Drum  
     Aloft, and, like two armies, come  
         And gild the field :  
 Fight bravely for the flame of mankind, yield  
     Not to this or that assault,  
 For that would prove more heresy than fault  
     In combatants to fly  
     'Fore this or that hath got the victory."

The beginning of stanza 5 is gorgeous, and not a few other things are great; but perhaps Herrick acted wisely in cutting down the poem.

## 294.

There are MSS. versions of this at Oxford in the Ashmole MS. 38, already cited, and at the British Museum in Add. MSS. 22,603. In these the conceits are varied a good deal, and amplified *ad libitum*. Thus we have :

"The humming dor, the dying swan,  
 And each a choice musician."

Between too "coarse" and "sagg" the MSS. read :

<sup>1</sup> "Wink."

“ but he not spares  
To feed upon the candied hairs  
Of a dried canker,”

And after “ brown as his tooth ” :

“ and with the fat  
And well-boiled inchpin <sup>1</sup> of a bat,  
A bloated earwig with the pith  
Of sugared rush aglads him with ;  
But most of all the glowworm's fire  
As most betickling his desire  
To know his Queen, mixed with the far  
Fetched binding jelly of a star.  
The silkworm's seed” . . . .

But these *mignardises* are susceptible of endless variation, and perhaps only the “ far ” and “ star ” couplet is noteworthy. The age, it should be remembered, thought that shooting stars fell to the earth in a kind of jelly, and Dryden talks of their dissolving “ in a jelly of love.”

## 338.

Mr. Pollard found a longer, and in some respects a really interesting, MS. version of this Herrickian paraphrase and extension of the famous Horatian ode in the British Museum, Egerton MS. 2,725. In this, after stanza 6, occur two, which have wholly vanished in the authorized version :

“ We have no vineyards which do bear  
Their lustful clusters all the year ;  
Nor odoriferous  
Orchards like to Alcinous ;  
Nor gall the seas,  
Our witty appetites to please  
With mullet, turbot, gilthead, bought  
At a high rate and further brought.

<sup>1</sup> “ Sweetbread.”

“ Nor can we glory of a great  
 And stuffed magazine of wheat.  
                   We have no bath  
 Of oil, but only rich in faith,  
                   O'er which the hand  
 Of fortune can take no command.  
 For what she gives not, she not takes,  
 But of her own a spoil she makes.”

In the other stanzas the variants are numerous, but petty, save in the antepenultimate, which runs :

“ Then the next health to friends of mine  
 In oysters and Burgundian wine ;  
 Hind, Goderiske, Smith,  
 And Nansagge, sons of clune<sup>1</sup> and pith,  
                   Such who know well  
 To board the magic bowl and spell  
 All mighty blood, and can do more  
 Than Jove and Chaos them before.”

Mr. Pollard, I believe, was the first to collate this MS., and discover the names, unknown before, and unknown otherwise still, of these friends of Herrick.

## 414.

There exists in the British Museum, Harl. 917, a MS. version of this exquisite piece, Herrick's "furthest" in a certain direction. The variants are not very numerous, but interesting, as showing the care with which the poet revised his work. Thus we see from it that he hesitated between "all dabbled" and "bedabbled," that at one time he had thought of putting "cowslip" for "primrose," and "balsam" for "cowslip," and in the second

<sup>1</sup> "Haunch."

line had written "morrow" for "morning." But, as usual, we can never be quite sure whether these things are authentic even as rough copies, or merely the result of mouth-to-mouth and pen-to-pen transmission.

## 445.

Herrick's fairy poems seem to have been favourites with the extract-bookmakers, for we have three MS. versions of this—one at Oxford, in the often cited Ashmole 38, and two at the British Museum, Add. MSS. 22,603 and 25,303. The chief thing noteworthy is a solid passage of twenty-three lines, interposed in the centre of the line

"And farther off and everywhere."

This passage runs thus :

"And farther off some sort of pear,  
 Apple, or plum, is neatly laid  
 As if it was a tribute paid  
 By the round urchin : some mixt wheat  
 The which the ant did taste, not eat,  
 Deaf nuts, soft Jew's ears, and some thin  
 Chippings the mice filched from the bin  
 Of the gray farmer ; and to these  
 The scarps of lentils, chitted <sup>1</sup> peas,  
 Dried honeycombs, brown acorn cups  
 Out of the which he sometimes sups  
 His herby broth, and there close by  
 Are puckered bullace, cankers and dry  
 Kernels and withered haws ; the rest  
 Are trinkets fallen from the kite's nest,  
 As buttered bread the which the wild  
 Bird snatched away from the crying child,

<sup>1</sup> "Sprouting."

Blue pins, tags, fescues,<sup>1</sup> beads, and things  
 Of higher price, as half jet rings,  
 Ribbons, and then some silken shreaks<sup>2</sup>  
 The virgins lost at barley breaks,  
 Many a purse-string, many a thread  
 Of gold and silver therein spread."

This, which Herrick seems to have cancelled  
 bodily, is followed by a shorter passage, part  
 of which appears and part does not in the  
 "Hesperides," and which may perhaps be best  
 exhibited in mosaic, thus :

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . . and as we guess  
 Some bits of thimbles seem to dress  
 The brave cheap work . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 With Castors' doucets,<sup>3</sup> which poor they  
 Bite off themselves to scape away.  
 Brown . . . ferrets' eyes . . .

6/ 468.

The Ashmole MS., so frequently mentioned,  
 and No. 22,603 of the Add. MSS. in the British  
 Museum, contain versions of this piece. The  
 title (evidently showing the copyist's ignorance),  
 "Mr. Herrick's charge to his Wife," led Mr.  
 Collier into error. The variants are very nu-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pollard prints "fesenes," and Dr. Grosart  
 "sepcus." But the word must be "fescues," the  
 little pointing sticks used in teaching.

<sup>2</sup> I do not know whether this refers to the sharp  
 noise with which silk tears, or is simply playful for  
 the cries of the girls themselves. There is always  
 a double meaning in allusions to this game.

<sup>3</sup> It was a common belief that beavers, trapped by x  
 their testicles, would get off in this way.

xv. "carrigeando"

merous, but, with one exception, inconsiderable in moment. Nor, as I have more than once urged, can we even draw conclusions as to Herrick's having deliberately mended metre or phrase; because, as the very title just cited shows, the copy is not his own work. There is, however, one insertion coming after

“ For that once lost ”

“ thou needs must fall  
To one, then prostitute to all.  
Nor so immured would I have  
Thee live as dead or in thy grave,  
But walk abroad yet wisely well,  
Keep, gainst my coming sentinel,  
And think each man thou seest doth doom  
Thy thoughts to say, I back am come.”

Mr. Pollard also justly notes as “ rather pretty ” the couplet :

“ Let them call thee wondrous fair,  
Crown of women, yet despair.”

578.

The version of this piece, printed with Shakespeare's poems in 1640, has several variants; but, as usual, I think there is little interest in noting substitutions of “ storax ” for “ spikenard,” and so forth, some of which (like “ joy ” for “ ivy ”) are the most obvious blunders of the copyist or the printer. “ Shakespeare and Beaumont ” (*sic*), however, for “ Beaumont and Fletcher,” has some interest; and there are one or two couplets or lines omitted in the final version which may be worth chronicling. Thus, instead of l. 20, the 1640 version gives three lines :

“So soon as each his dangling locks hath crowned  
With rosy chaplets, lilies, pansies red,  
Soft saffron circles to perfume the head.”

Ten lines lower Homer is said to read :

“Unto the Prince of Shades whom once his pen  
Entituled the Grecian Prince of men.

And Jonson is spoken of as graced

“To be of that high hierarchy where none  
But brave souls take illumination  
Immediately from Heaven.”<sup>1</sup>

731. (See vol. ii.)

In the Rawlinson MS., Poet. 65, fol. 32, somebody has copied this poem, stringing on to it the famous old catch, “A boat! a boat!” which rhymes “ferry” and “sherry”; and on to that a poem to Charon (apparently in dialogue, but with no names), which seems to be a sort of imitation, or paraphrase, or reminiscence of Herrick here, and of the “New Charon” (see Appendix, vol. ii.). It is in a very unfinished state, and of little or no interest.

<sup>1</sup> The spelling of these variants has been modernized, because that of the different MSS. is neither authoritative nor uniform.







CHISWICK PRESS: C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO.,  
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.







*The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick.* Edited by F. W. Moorman. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.

Fairly good texts of Herrick were not lacking, but it is a delight to the scholar and to the lover of poetry to have the "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers" added to the beautifully printed critical editions of the Clarendon Press, which already included Spenser and Milton and other great names. The editor chosen is particularly suited for the task by his work on the "Biographical and Critical Study of Robert Herrick," published in 1910. It has been known that copies of the *editio princeps* of 1648 showed certain variations, due probably to corrections made by Herrick himself, while the sheets were printing. The first requisite, therefore, was to select for reproduction a copy of this edition which showed the author's later hand. And Mr. Moorman was wise in determining his choice partly on the presence of the word "watry" or "warty" in the second line of the poem to the "Dean-Bourn." Mr. Saintsbury, in preparing his text for the Aldine Edition, had rejected the former as a "conjecture." As a matter of fact, the word actually occurs in some copies of the original, but is cleverly regarded by Mr. Moorman as a printer's error which Herrick saw and corrected as the book was passing through the press. The reading "warty" is thus one of the tests of the better state of the text.

But this was only the beginning. All students of Herrick knew that a number of his poems existed in MSS. and in song books of the age, and exhibited striking variations of form. But only the minute scholar had any notion of the multitude of these variants. All these Mr. Moorman has collated with what appears to be painful exactitude

stronger. One case of this kind is particularly interesting as to warrant special observation. It concerns the well-known problem which in the "Hesperides" appears thus:

*To a Gentlewoman objecting to him his gray haire.*

Am I despis'd, because you say,  
And I dare sweare, that I am gray?  
Know, Lady, you have but your day:  
And time will come when you shall weare  
Such frost and snow upon your haire:  
And when (though long it comes to passe)  
You question with your Looking-glasse;  
And in that sincere *Christall* seek,  
But find no Rose-bud in your cheek:  
Nor any bed to give the shew  
Where such a rare Carnation grew.  
Ah! then too late, close in your chamber keep-  
ing,

It will be told  
That you are old;  
By those true teares y'are weeping.

In Playford's "Ayes and Dialogues" (1653) this poem is printed with fewer lines and under a different title, thus:

*To his Mistress, objecting his age.*

Am I despis'd because you say,  
And I believe, that I am gray?  
Know, Lady, you have but your day:  
And night will come when men will swear  
Time has spilt snow upon your hair.  
Then when in your Glass you seek,  
But find no Rose-bud in your cheek;  
No, nor the bed to give the shew,  
Where such a rare Carnation grew,  
And such a smiling Tulp too.  
Ah! then too late, close in your chamber keep-  
ing,

It will be told  
That you are old  
By those true tears y'are weeping.

Mr. Moorman wonders how the poet brought himself to alter such a couplet as—  
And night will come when men will swear  
Time has spilt snow upon your hair.

It seems to us probable that the verse

in a Critical Appendix, leaving the body of the text in conformity with the *editio princeps*. He concludes from his examination that the more important of the variations indicate earlier versions of the poems, and that Herrick worked over his lines with loving care for many years before submitting them finally to the public. In some cases a poem passed through a number of stages, the chronology of which Mr. Moorman has tracked with notable acumen. We have, therefore, in this critical edition the opportunity of watching a seventeenth-century poet actually at work with file in hand—a rare opportunity, since this labor, if we may judge from results, was lamentably neglected by most of the writers of the age.

It is noteworthy that generally Herrick's self-criticism was in the direction of brevity and precision; in certain poems he even rejected whole stanzas as relentlessly as Gray was to do in another century. But not always. He occasionally added, and, in Mr. Moorman's opinion, he did not escape, now ~~and then~~, substituting a weaker line for a stronger. One case of this kind is so interesting as to warrant special observation. It concerns the well-known problem which in the "Hesperides" appears thus:

To a Gentlewoman objecting to him his gray  
haires.

Am I despis'd, because you say,  
And I dare sweare, that I am gray?  
Know, Lady, you have but your day:  
And time will come when you shall weare  
Such frost and snow upon your haire:  
And when (though long it comes to passe)  
You question with your Looking-glasse;  
And in that sincere *Christall* seek,  
I see Rose-bud in your cheek:

script of Herrick's, but rather shows revision from the poet's own hand after the publication of 1648. And certain particulars of the punctuation would seem to indicate that the later (1653) version was printed in accordance with alterations marked by the author in a copy of the 1648 edition. However, this is pure conjecture; and in general we find ourselves in entire agreement with Mr. Moorman's critical views. We cannot deal with other textual questions almost as interesting as this, but must close with calling attention to the small group of poems added from various sources other than the *editio princeps*. We ought to be glad to have these, though none of them shows Herrick in his better vein, and one of them, "Mr. Robert Herricke his farwell unto Poetrie," seems to us of dubious authenticity. The volume as a whole, both for its beautiful typography and for its scholarly editing, is a worthy addition to the series to which it belongs.



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