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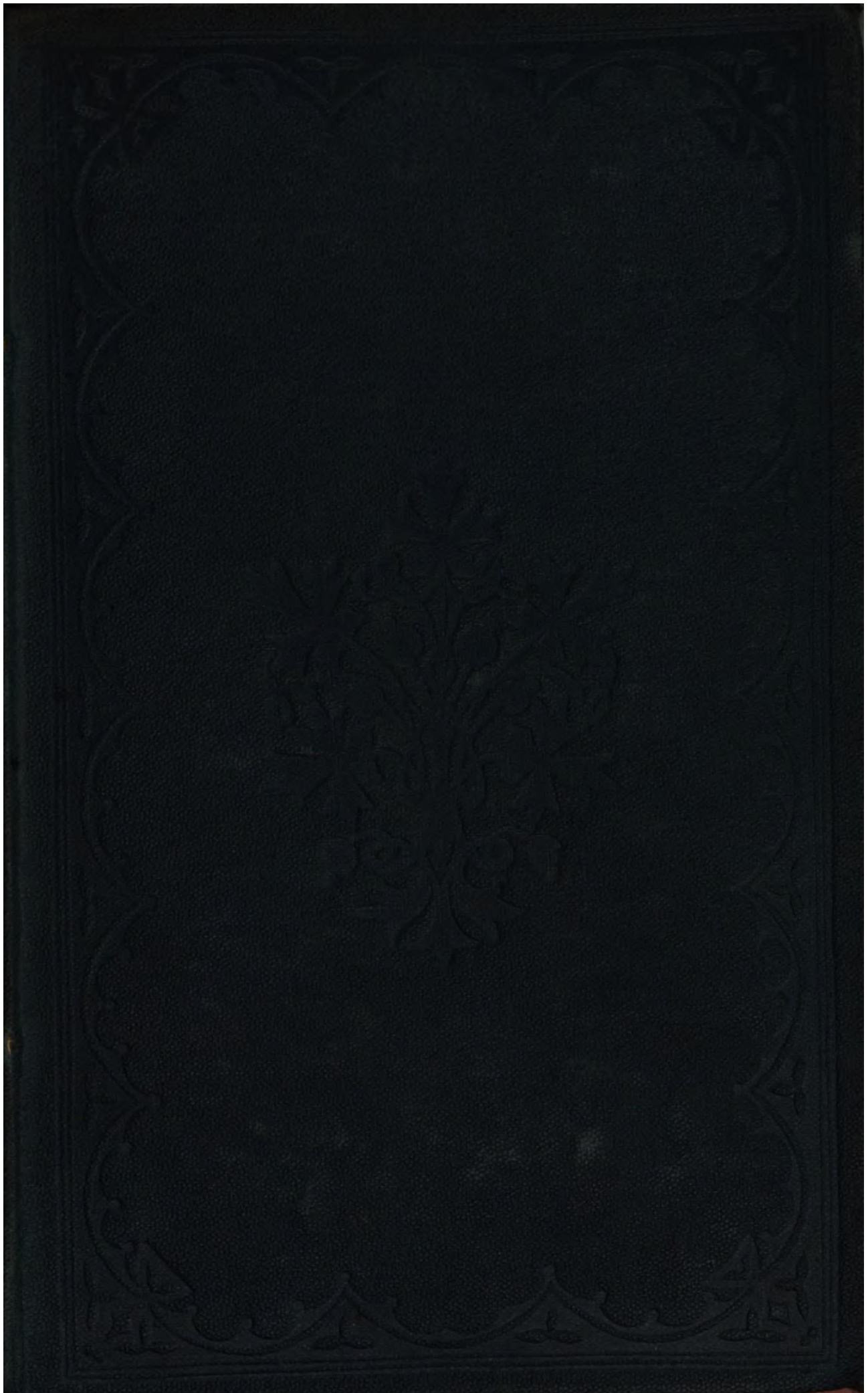
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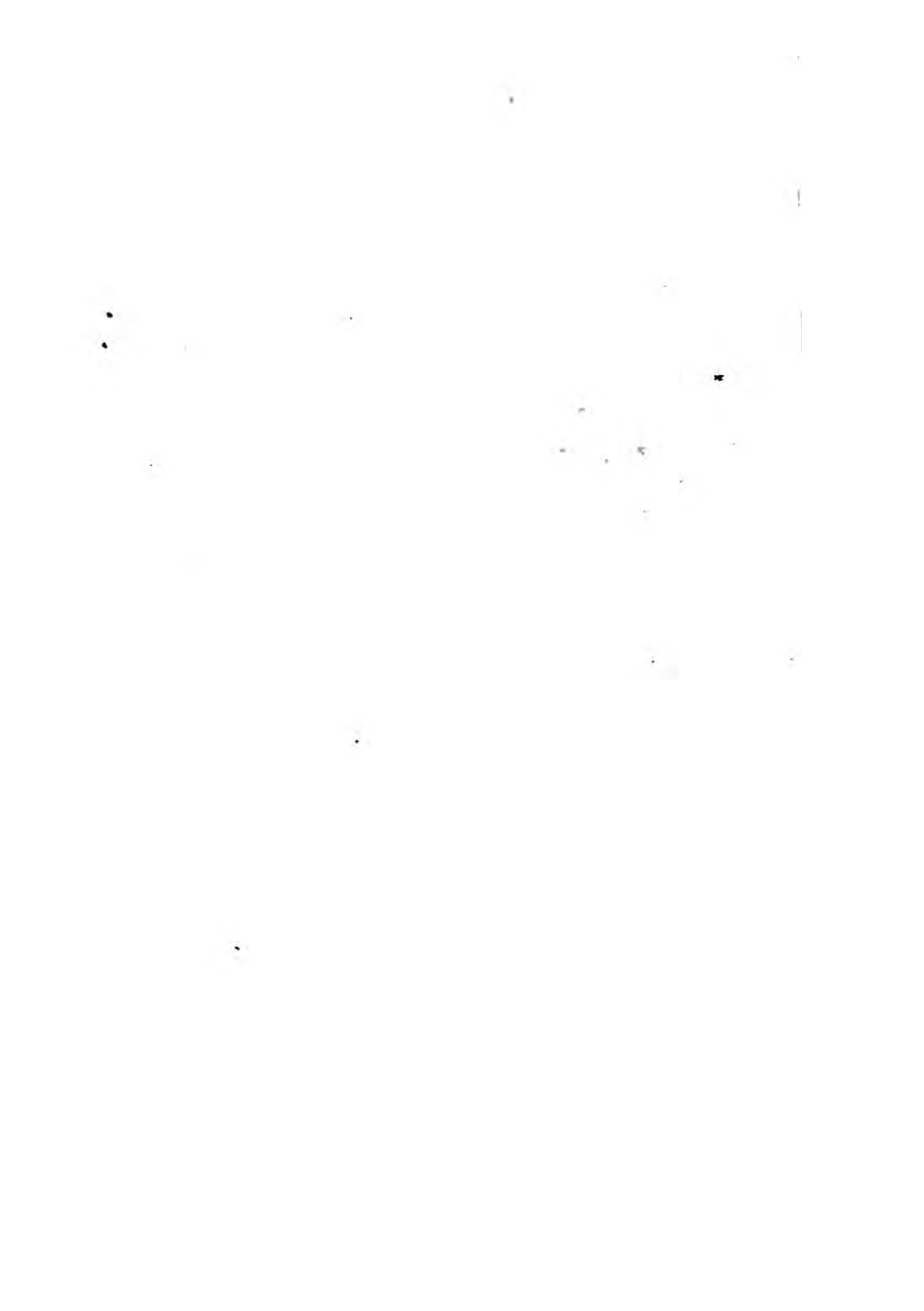




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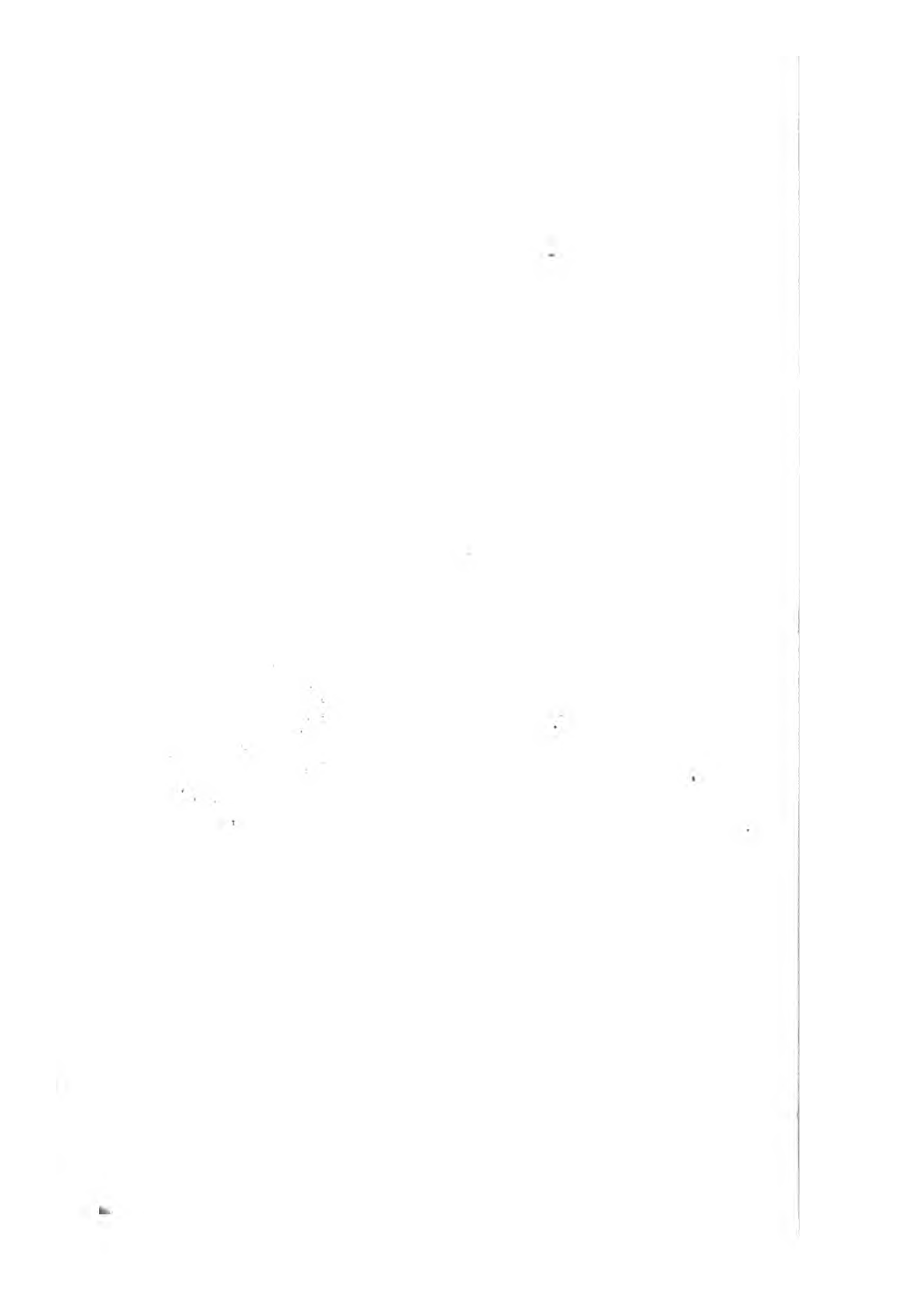






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HESPERIDES

THE POEMS AND OTHER REMAINS
OF ROBERT HERRICK NOW
FIRST COLLECTED.

EDITED BY
W. CAREW HAZLITT.



VOLUME THE SECOND.

LONDON
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH
SOHO SQUARE
1869

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7

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HESPERIDES.

THE BRACELET OF PEARLE: TO SILVIA.



BRAKE thy bracelet 'gainst my will;
And, wretched, I did see
Thee discomposed then, and still
Art discontent with me.

One jemme was lost; and I will get
A richer pearle for thee,
Then ever, dearest Silvia, yet
Was drunk to Antonie.

Or, for revenge, I'll tell thee what
Thou for the breach shalt do;
First, crack the strings, and after that,
Cleave thou my heart in two.

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

NOTHING hard, or harsh can prove
Unto those that truly love.

MEANE THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

BY the weak'st means things mighty are o're-
thrown,
He's lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.

UPON TRIGG. EPIG.

TRIGG having turn'd his sute, he struts in state,
And tells the world, he's now regenerate.

UPON SMEATON.

HOW co'd Luke Smeaton weare a shoe, or boot,
Who two and thirty cornes had on a foot.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'TIS said, as Cupid danc't among
The Gods, he down the nectar flung ;
Which, on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red.

KINGS.

MEN are not born kings, but are men renown'd ;
Chose first, confirm'd next, & at last are
crown'd.

FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

PREPOST'ROUS is that order, when we run
To ask our wages, e're our work be done.

TEARES, AND LAUGHTER.

KNEW'ST thou, one moneth wo'd take thy life
away,
Thou'dst weep ; but laugh, sho'd it not last a day.

GLORY.

GLORY no other thing is, Tullie sayes,
Then a mans frequent fame, spoke out with
praise.

POSSESSIONS.

THOSE possessions short-liv'd are,
Into the which we come by warre.

LAXARE FIBULAM.

TO loose the button, is no lesse,
Then to cast off all bashfulnesse.

HIS RETURNE TO LONDON.

FROM the dull confines of the drooping west,
To see the day spring from the pregnant east,
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie
To thee, blest place of my nativitie!
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitfull Genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.
O place! O people! manners! fram'd to please
All nations, customes, kindreds, languages!
I am a free-born Roman; suffer then,
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is: though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since cal'd back; henceforward let me be,
O native countrey, repossess by thee!
For, rather then I'll to the west return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
Give thou my sacred reliques buriall.

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.

'TIS not ev'ry day, that I
 Fitted am to prophesie :
 No, but when the spirit fills
 The fantastick pannicles :
 Full of fier ; then I write
 As the Godhead doth indite.
 Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
 Like the Sybells, through the world.
 Look how next the holy fier
 Either slakes, or doth retire ;
 So the fancie cooles, till when
 That brave spirit comes agen.

POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

TO mortall men great loads allotted be,
But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

A BEUCOLICK, OR DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS.

1 COME, blithefull neatherds, let us lay
 A wager, who the best shall play,
 Of thee, or I, the roundelay,
 That fits the businesse of the day.

Chor. And Lallage the judge shall be,
 To give the prize to thee, or me.

2 Content, begin, and I will bet
 A heifer smooth, and black as jet,
 In every part alike compleat,
 And wanton as a kid as yet.

Chor. And Lallage, with cow-like eyes,
 Shall be disposeresse of the prize.

1 Against thy heifer, I will here
Lay to thy stake a lustie steere,
With gilded hornes, and burnisht cleere.

Chor. Why then begin, and let us heare
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
That gently purles from eithers oat.

2 The stakes are laid : let's now apply
Each one to make his melody :

Lal. The equall umpire shall be I,
Who'l hear, and so judge righteously.

Chor. Much time is spent in prate ; begin,
And sooner play, the sooner win. [*He playes.*

1 That's sweetly touch't, I must confesse :
Thou art a man of worthinesse :
But hark how I can now expresse
My love unto my neatherdesse. [*He sings.*

Chor. A suger'd note ! and sound as sweet
As kine, when they at milking meet.

1 Now for to win thy heifer faire,
I'le strike thee such a nimble ayre,
That thou shalt say, thy selfe, 'tis rare ;
And title me without compare.

Chor. Lay by a while your pipes, and rest,
Since both have here deserved best.

2 To get thy steerling, once again,
I'le play thee such another strain ;
That thou shalt swear, my pipe do's raigne
Over thine oat, as soveraigne. [*He sings.*

Chor. And Lallage shall tell by this,
Whose now the prize and wager is.

1 Give me the prize : 2. The day is mine :

1 Not so ; my pipe has silenc't thine :

And hadst thou wager'd twenty kine,
They were mine own. *Lal.* In love combine.

Chor. And lay we down our pipes together,
As wearie, not o'recome by either.

TRUE SAFETY.

'TIS not the walls, or purple, that defends
A prince from foes ; but 'tis his fort of friends.

A PROGNOSTICK.

AS many lawes and lawyers do expresse
Nought but a kingdoms ill-affectednesse :
Ev'n so, those streets and houses do but show
Store of diseases, where physitians flow.

UPON JULIA'S SWEAT.

WO'D ye oyle of blossomes get ?
Take it from my Julia's sweat :
Oyl of lillies, and of spike,
From her moysture take the like :
Let her breath, or let her blow,
All rich spices thence will flow.

PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

YOU see this gentle streame, that glides,
Shov'd on, by quick succeeding tides :
Trie if this sober streame you can
Follow to th' wilder ocean :
And see, if there it keeps unspent
In that congesting element.
Next, from that world of waters, then
By poares and cavernes back agen
Induc't that inadultrate same
Streame to the spring from whence it came.

This with a wonder when ye do,
 As easie, and els easier too:
 Then may ye recollect the graines
 Of my particular remaines ;
 After a thousand lusters hurld,
 By ruffling winds, about the world.

FAME.

'TIS still observ'd, that *Fame ne're sings*
The order, but the sum of things.

BY USE COMES EASINESSE.

OFt bend the bow, and thou with ease shalt do,
 What others can't with all their strength put to.

TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

COMMAND the rooffe, great Genius, and from
 thence
 Into this house powre downe thy influence,
 That through each room a golden pipe may run
 Of living water by thy benizon.
 Fulfill the larders, and with strengthning bread
 Be evermore these bynns replenished.
 Next, like a bishop consecrate my ground,
 That luckie fairies here may dance their round :
 And after that, lay downe some silver pence,
 The masters charge and care to recompence.
 Charme then the chambers ; make the beds for ease,
 More then for peevish pining sicknesses.
 Fix the foundation fast, and let the rooffe
 Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-prooffe.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

THOUGH clock,
 To tell how night drawes hence, I've none,

A cock,
 I have, to sing how day drawes on.
 I have
 A maid, my Prew, by good luck sent,
 To save
 That little, Fates me gave or lent.
 A hen
 I keep, which creaking day by day,
 Tells when
 She goes her long white egg to lay.
 A goose
 I have, which, with a jealous eare,
 Lets loose
 Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare.
 A lamb
 I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,
 Whose dam
 An orphan left him (lately dead.)
 A cat
 I keep, that playes about my house,
 Grown fat,
 With eating many a miching mouse.
 To these
 A trasy* I do keep, whereby
 I please
 The more my rurall privacie :
 Which are
 But toyes, to give my heart some ease :
 Where care
 None is, slight things do lightly please.

GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSELL.

IN all thy need, be thou possest
 Still with a well-prepared brest :
 Nor let the shackles make thee sad ;

* His spaniel.

Thou canst but have, what others had.
 And this for comfort thou must know,
 Times that are ill wo'nt still be so.
 Clouds will not ever powre down raine ;
A sullen day will cleere againe.
 First, peales of thunder we must heare,
 Then lutes and harpes shall stroke the eare.

MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

WHEN all birds els do of their musick faile,
 Money's the still-sweet-singing nightingale.

UP TAILES ALL.

BEGIN with a kisse,
 Go on too with this :
 And thus, thus, thus let us smother
 Our lips for a while,
 But let's not beguile
 Our hope of one for the other.
 This play, be assur'd,
 Long enough has endur'd,
 Since more and more is exacted ;
 For love he doth call
 For his uptailes all ;
 And that's the part to be acted.

UPON FRANCK.

FRANCK wo'd go scoure her teeth ; and setting
 to't,
 Twice two fell out, all rotten at the root.

UPON LUCIA DABLED IN THE DEAW.

MY Lucia in the deaw did go,
 And prettily bedabled so,
 Her cloaths held up, she shew'd withall

Her decent legs, cleane, long and small.
 I follow'd after to descrie
 Part of the nak't sincerity;
 But still the envious scene between
 Deni'd the mask I wo'd have seen.

CHARON AND PHYLOMEL, A DIALOGUE SUNG.

- Ph.* CHARON! O gentle Charon! let me wooe
 thee,
 By tears and pitie now to come unto mee.
- Ch.* What voice so sweet and charming do I heare?
 Say what thou art. *Ph.* I prithee first draw
 neare.
- Ch.* A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see,
 Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O Charon, pittie me!
 I am a bird, and though no name I tell,
 My warbling note will say I'm Phylomel.
- Ch.* What's that to me, I waft nor fish or fowles,
 Nor beasts, fond thing, but only humane soules.
- Ph.* Alas for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching note,
 That made me thus hoist saile, and bring my
 boat:
 But Ile returne; what mischief brought thee
 hither?
- Ph.* A deale of love, and much, much grieffe to-
 gether.
- Ch.* What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's now
 beneath
 Who fed my life, I'le follow her in death.
- Ch.* And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love I pray
 thee,
- Ch.* Talk not of love, all pray, but few soules pay me.
- Ph.* Ile give thee vows & tears. *Ch.* Can tears pay
 skores
 For mending sails, for patching boat and oares?
- Ph.* I'le beg a penny, or Ile sing so long,
 Till thou shalt say, I've paid thee with a song.

Ch. Why then begin, and all the while we make
 Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian lake,
 Thou & I'll sing to make these dull shades
 merry,
 Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown my
 ferry.

UPON PAUL. EPIGR.

PAULS hands do give, what give they, bread or
 meat,
 Or money? no, but onely deaw and sweat.
 As stones and salt gloves use to give, even so
 Pauls hands do give, nought else for ought we know.

UPON SIBB. EPIGR.

SIBB when she saw her face how hard it was,
 For anger spat on thee her looking-glasse:
 But weep not, Christall; for the shame was meant
 Not unto thee, but that thou didst present.

A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF
 JELLIE SENT TO A LADY.

A LITTLE saint best fits a little shrine,
 A little prop best fits a little vine,
 As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soyle,
 A little trade best fits a little toyle:
 As my small jarre best fits my little oyle.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
 A little garland fits a little head:
 As my small stuffe best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
 A little chappell fits a little quire,
 As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little streame best fits a little boat ;
 A little lead best fits a little float ;
 As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little bellie,
 As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,
 This little pipkin fits this little jellie.

UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

THREE happie roses, so much grac't, to have
 Within the bosome of my love your grave.
 Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne,
 Your grave her bosome is, the lawne the stone.

MAIDS NAY'S ARE NOTHING.

MAIDS nay's are nothing, they are shie
 But to desire what they denie.

THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

THE gods require the thighes
 Of beeves for sacrifice ;
 Which rosted, we the steam
 Must sacrifice to them :
 Who though they do not eat,
 Yet love the smell of meat.

LOVERS HOW THEY COME AND PART.

A GYGES ring they beare about them still,
 To be, and not seen when and where they will.
 They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes fall,
 They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.
 So silently they one to th' other come,
 As colours steale into the peare or plum,
 And aire-like, leave no preSSION to be seen
 Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

TO WOMEN, TO HIDE THEIR TEETH, IF THEY BE
ROTTEN OR RUSTY.

CLOSE keep your lips, if that you meane
To be accounted inside cleane :
For if you cleave them, we shall see
There in your teeth much leprosic.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

O JUPITER, sho'd I speake ill
Of woman-kind, first die I will ;
Since that I know, 'mong all the rest
Of creatures, woman is the best.

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

TO gather flowers Sappha went,
And homeward she did bring
Within her lawnie continent,
The treasure of the spring.
She smiling blusht, and blushing smil'd,
And sweetly blushing thus,
She lookt as she'd been got with child
By young Favonius.
Her apron gave (as she did passe)
An odor more divine,
More pleasing too, then ever was
The lap of Proserpine.

THE CANDOR OF JULIA'S TEETH.

WHITE as Zenobias teeth, the which the girles
Of Rome did weare for their most precious
pearles.

UPON HER WEEPING.

SHE wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so,
She seem'd to quench loves fires that there did
glow.

ANOTHER UPON HER WEeping.

SHE by the river sate, and sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

DELAY.

BREAK off delay, since we but read of one
That ever prosper'd by cunctation.

TO SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOUR OF EXETER.

STAND forth, brave man, since Fate has made
thee here
The Hector over aged Exeter ;
Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,
Like a poore lady lost in widdowhood :
But feares not now to see her safety sold
(As other townes and cities were) for gold,
By those ignoble births, which shame the stem
That gave progermination unto them :
Whose restlesse ghosts shall heare their children sing,
Our sires betrayd their countrey and their king.
True, if this citie seven times rounded was
With rock, and seven times circumflankt with brasse,
Yet if thou wert not, Berkley, loyall prooffe,
The senators down tumbling with the rooffe,
Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,
Leaving no shew, where stood the Capitoll.
But thou art just and itchlesse, and dost please
Thy genius with two strength'ning buttresses,
Faith, and affection : which will never slip
To weaken this thy great dictator-ship.

TO ELECTRA. LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE.

LOVE love begets, then never be
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee.
Tygers and beares (I've heard some say)

For profer'd love will love repay :
 None are so harsh, but if they find
 Softnesse in others, will be kind ;
 Affection will affection move,
 Then you must like, because I love.

REGRESSION SPOILES RESOLUTION.

HAST thou attempted greatnesse ? then go on,
 Back-turning slackens resolution.

CONTENTION.

DISCREET and prudent we that discord call,
 That either profits, or not hurts at all.

CONSULTATION.

CONSULT ere thou begin'st, that done, go on
 With all wise speed for execution.

LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

WHATSOEVER thing I see,
 Rich or poore although it be ;
 'Tis a mistresse unto mee.

Be my girle, or faire or browne,
 Do's she smile, or do's she frowne :
 Still I write a sweet-heart downe.

Be she rough, or smooth of skin ;
 When I touch, I then begin
 For to let affection in.

Be she bald, or do's she weare
 Locks incurl'd of other haire ;
 I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,
 So my fancie be content,
 She's to me most excellent.

ANOTHER UPON HER WEEPING.

SHE by the river sate, and sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

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The senators down tumbling with the rooffe,

Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,
Leaving no shew, where stood the Capitoll.

But thou art in, and e, and dost please

Thy genius, and thy faith, and thy buttr

To " all never

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THE LOO

ets, then

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es (I've

For profest love will love requay ;
 None are so hardy, but if they find
 Softness in others, will be kind ;
 Affection will affection move,
 Then you must like, because I love.

REASON REVIVES REASON.

HAST thou attempted greatness ? then go on,
 Letting thy foolish resolution.

CONSTRUCTION.

DON'T thou protest we that discord call,
 In our profs, or our hearts at all.

CONSTRUCTION.

CONSULT us thou beginst, that done, go on
 With us we speak for execution.

LOVE MAKES US FORTUNE.

WHATEVER thing I see,
 Better prove although it be ;
 To knowe and see.

Be it gold, or silver, or iron,
 Be it wine, or ale, or honey ;
 All things are sweet, but honey.

Be it youth, or beauty of skin ;
 The least I have begin
 To be known in.

Let us be the more

Let other be ;

Let us be the more

Let us be the more

Let us be the more

Let us be the more

Be she fat, or be she leane,
 Be she sluttish, be she cleane,
 I'm a man for ev'ry sceane.

OUR OWN SINNES UNSEEN.

OTHER mens sins wee ever beare in mind ;
None sees the furdell of his faults behind.

NO PAINES, NO GAINES.

IF little labour, little are our gaines :
 Mans fortunes are according to his paines.

UPON SLOUCH.

SLOUCH he packs up, and goes to sev'rall faires,
 And weekly markets for to sell his wares :
 Meane time that he from place to place do's rome,
 His wife her owne ware sells as fast at home.

VERTUE BEST UNITED.

BY so much, vertue is the lesse,
 By how much, neere to singlennesse.

THE EYE.

A WANTON and lascivious eye
 Betrayes the hearts adulterie.

TO PRINCE CHARLES UPON HIS COMING TO EXETER.

WHAT Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see
 A renovation of the west by thee.
 That preternaturall fever, which did threat
 Death to our countrey, now hath lost his heat :
 And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more
 Th' unequall pulse to beat, as heretofore.
 Something there yet remaines for thee to do ;
 Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.

Go on with Sylla's fortune ; let thy fate
 Make thee like him, this, that way fortunate,
 Apollos image side with thee to blesse
 Thy warre, discreetly made, with white successe.
 Meane time thy prophets watch by watch shall pray ;
 While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the
 day.

That done, our smooth-pac't poems all shall be
 Sung in the high doxologie of thee.
 Then maids shall strew thee, and thy curles from
 them
 Receive, with songs, a flowrie diadem.

A SONG.

BURNE, or drowne me, choose ye whether,
 So I may but die together :
 Thus to slay me by degrees,
 Is the height of cruelties.
 What needs twenty stabs, when one
 Strikes me dead as any stone ?
 O shew mercy then, and be
 Kind at once to murder mee.

PRINCES AND FAVOURITES.

PRINCES and fav'rites are most deere, while they
 By giving and receiving hold the play :
 But the relation then of both growes poor,
 When these can aske, and kings can give no more.

EXAMPLES, OR LIKE PRINCE, LIKE PEOPLE.

EXAMPLES lead us, and wee likely see,
 Such as the prince is, will his people be.

POTENTATES.

LOVE and the graces evermore do wait
 Upon the man that is a potentate.

THE WAKE.

COME, Anthea, let us two
 Go to feast, as others do.
 Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,
 Are the junketts still at wakes :
 Unto which the tribes resort,
 Where the businesse is the sport :
 Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
 Marian too in pagentrie :
 And a mimick to devise
 Many grinning properties.
 Players there will be, and those
 Base in action as in clothes :
 Yet with strutting they will please
 The incurious villages.
 Neer the dying of the day,
 There will be a cudgell-play,
 Where a coxcomb will be broke,
 Ere a good word can be spoke :
 But the anger ends all here,
 Drencht in ale, or drown'd in beere.
 Happy rusticks, best content
 With the cheapest merriment :
 And possesse no other feare,
 Then to want the wake next yeare.

THE PETER-PENNY.

FRESH stowings allow
 To my sepulcher now,
 To make my lodging the sweeter ;
 A staffe or a wand
 Put then in my hand,
 With a pennie to pay S. Peter.
 Who has not a crosse,
 Must sit with the losse,
 And no whit further must venture ;

Since the porter he
Will paid have his fee,
Or els not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift,
Can't send for a gift
A pig to the priest for a roster,
Shall heare his clarke say,
By yea and by nay,
No pennie, no pater noster.

TO DOCTOR ALABLASTER.

NOR art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd
(Amongst mine honour'd) thee (almost) the
last :

In great processions many lead the way
To him, who is the triumph of the day,
As these have done to thee, who art the one,
One onely glory of a million,
In whom the spirit of the gods do's dwell,
Firing thy soule, by which thou dost foretell
When this or that vast dinastie must fall
Downe to a fillit more imperiall.
When this or that horne shall be broke, and when
Others shall spring up in their place agen :
When times and seasons and all yeares must lie
Drown'd in the sea of wild eternitie :
When the black dooms-day bookes (as yet unseal'd)
Shall by the mighty angell be reveal'd :
And when the trumpet which thou late hast found
Shall call to judgment ; tell us when the sound
Of this or that great Aprill day shall be,
And next the Gospell wee will credit thee.
Meane time like earth-wormes we will craule below,
And wonder at those things that thou dost know.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MRS. M. S.

HERE lies a virgin, and as sweet
As ere was wrapt in winding sheet.

Her name if next you wo'd have knowne,
 The marble speaks it Mary Stone :
 Who dying in her blooming yeares,
 This stone, for names sake, melts to teares.
 If, fragrant virgins, you'l but keep
 A fast, while jets and marbles weep,
 And praying, strew some roses on her,
 You'l do my neice abundant honour.

FELICITIE KNOWES NO FENCE.

OF both our fortunes good and bad we find
 Prosperitie more searching of the mind :
 Felicitie flies o're the wall and fence,
 While misery keeps in with patience.

DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

TIME is the bound of things, where e're we go,
Fate gives a meeting. Death's the end of woe.

A CONJURATION, TO ELECTRA.

BY those soft tods of wooll
 With which the aire is full :
 By all those tinctures there,
 That paint the hemisphere :
 By dewes and drisling raine,
 That swell the golden graine :
 By all those sweets that be
 I'th flowrie nunnerie :
 By silent nights, and the
 Three formes of Heccate :
 By all aspects that blesse
 The sober sorceresse,
 While juice she straines, and pith
 To make her philters with :
 By time, that hastens on
 Things to perfection :
 And by your self, the best
 Conjurement of the rest :
 O my Electra ! be
 In love with none, but me.

COURAGE COOL'D.

I CANNOT love, as I have lov'd before :
 For I'm grown old &, with mine age, grown
 poore :
Love must be fed by wealth : this blood of mine
 Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

THE SPELL.

HOLY water come and bring ;
 Cast in salt, for seasoning :
 Set the brush for sprinkling :
 Sacred spittle bring ye hither ;
 Meale and it now mix together ;
 And a little oyle to either :
 Give the tapers here their light,
 Ring the saints-bell, to affright
 Far from hence the evill sp'rite.

HIS WISH TO PRIVACIE.

GIVE me a cell
 To dwell,
 Where no foot hath
 A path:
 There will I spend,
 And end
 My wearied yeares
 In teares.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

A MASTER of a house (as I have read)
 Must be the first man up, and last in bed :
 With the sun rising he must walk his grounds ;
 See this, view that, and all the other bounds :
 Shut every gate; mend every hedge that's torne,
 Either with old, or plant therein new thorne :
 Tread ore his gleab, but with such care, that where
 He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there.

A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

I SING thy praise, Iacchus,
 Who with thy Thyrsse dost thwack us :
 And yet thou so dost back us
 With boldness that we feare
 No Brutus entring here ;
 Nor Cato the severe.
 What though the lictors threat us,
 We know they dare not beate us ;
 So long as thou dost heat us.
 When we thy orgies sing,
 Each cobbler is a king ;
 Nor dreads he any thing :
 And though he doe not rave,
 Yet he'l the courage have
 To call my lord maior knave ;
 Besides too, in a brave,
 Although he has no riches,
 But walks with dangling breeches,
 And skirts that want their stiches,
 And shewes his naked flitches ;
 Yet he'le be thought or seen,
 So good as George-a-Green ;
 And calls his blouze, his queene ;
 And speaks in language keene :
 O Bacchus ! let us be
 From cares and troubles free ;
 And thou shalt heare how we
 Will chant new hymnes to thee.

UPON PUSSE AND HER PRENTICE. EPIG.

PUSSE and her prentice both at draw-gloves
 play ;
 That done, they kisse, and so draw out the day :
 At night they draw to supper ; then well fed,
 They draw their clothes off both, so draw to bed.

BLAME THE REWARD OF PRINCES.

AMONG disasters that discention brings,
This not the least is, which belongs to kings.
If wars goe well; each for a part layes claime:
If ill, then kings, not souldiers beare the blame.

CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

KINGS must not only cherish up the good,
But must be niggards of the meanest bloud.

ANGER.

WRONGS, if neglected, vanish in short time;
But heard with anger, we confesse the crime.

A PSALME OR HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

GLORY be to the Graces!
That doe in publike places,
Drive thence what ere encumbers,
The listning to my numbers.

Honour be to the Graces!
Who doe with sweet embraces,
Shew they are well contented
With what I have invented.

Worship be to the Graces!
Who do from sowre faces,
And lungs that wo'd infect me,
For evermore protect me.

AN HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

HONOUR to you who sit!
Neere to the well of wit;
And drink your fill of it.

Glory and worship be!
To you, sweet maids (thrice three)
Who still inspire me.

And teach me how to sing
 Unto the lyrick string
 My measures ravishing.
 Then while I sing your praise,
 My priest-hood crown with bayes
 Green, to the end of dayes.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

WHEN as in silks my Julia goes,
 Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flowes
 That liquefaction of her clothes.
 Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
 That brave vibration each way free ;
 O how that glittering taketh me !

MODERATION.

IN things a moderation keepe,
Kings ought to sheare, not skin their sheepe.

TO ANTHEA.

LET'S call for Hymen if agreed thou art ;
Delays in love but crucifie the heart.
 Loves thornie tapers yet neglected lye :
 Speak thou the word, they'l kindle by and by.
 The nimble howers wooe us on to wed,
 And Genius waits to have us both to bed.
 Behold, for us the naked Graces stay
 With maunds of roses for to strew the way :
 Besides, the most religious prophet stands
 Ready to joyne, as well our hearts as hands.
 Juno yet smiles ; but if she chance to chide,
 Ill luck 'twill bode to th' bridegroome and the bride.
 Tell me, Anthea, dost thou fondly dread
 The loss of that we call a maydenhead ?
 Come, Ile instruct thee. Know, the vestall fier
 Is not by mariage quencht, but flames the higher.

UPON PREW HIS MAID.

IN this little urne is laid
 Prewdence Baldwin (once my maid)
 From whose happy spark here let
 Spring the purple violet.

THE INVITATION.

TO sup with thee thou didst me home invite ;
 And mad'st a promise that mine appetite
 Sho'd meet and tire, on such lautitious meat,
 The like not Heliogabalus did eat :
 And richer wine wo'dst give to me, thy guest,
 Then Roman Sylla powr'd out at his feast.
 I came ; tis true, and lookt for fowle of price,
 The bastard phenix ; bird of paradise ;
 And for no less then aromatick wine
 Of maydens-blush, commixt with jessimine.
 Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet ;
 Which wanting lar, and smoke, hung weeping wet ;
 At last, i'th'noone of winter, did appeare
 A ragd-soust-neats-foot with sick vineger :
 And in a burnisht flagonet stood by
 Beere small as comfort, dead as charity.
 At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food,
 How cold it was, and how it child my blood ;
 I curst the master ; and I damn'd the souce ;
 And swore I'de got the ague of the house.
 Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
 I'le bring a fever ; since thou keep'st no fire.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMASSE.

COME, bring with a noise,
 My merrie merrie boyes,
 The Christmas log to the firing ;
 While my good dame, she
 Bids ye all be free ;
 And drink to your hearts desiring.

With the last yeeres brand
 Light the new block, and
 For good successe in his spending,
 On your psalties play,
 That sweet luck may
 Come while the log is a teending.

Drink now the strong beere,
 Cut the white loafe here,
 The while the meat is a shredding ;
 For the rare mince-pie
 And the plums stand by
 To fill the paste that's a kneading.

CHRISTMASSE-EVE, ANOTHER CEREMONIE.

COME guard this night the Christmas-pie,
 That the thiefe, though ne'r so slie,
 With his flesh-hooks, don't come nie
 To catch it.

From him, who all alone sits there,
 Having his eyes still in his eare,
 And a deale of nightly feare
 To watch it.

ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS.

WASH your hands, or else the fire
 Will not teend to your desire ;
 Unwasht hands, ye maidens, know,
 Dead the fire, though ye blow.

ANOTHER.

WASSAILE the trees, that they may beare
 You many a plum, and many a peare :
 For more or lesse fruits they will bring,
 As you doe give them wassailing.

POWER AND PEACE.

TIS never, or but seldome knowne,
Power and peace to keep one throne.

TO HIS DEARE VALENTINE, MISTRESSE
MARGARET FALCONBRIGE.

NOW is your turne, my dearest, to be set
A jem in this eternall coronet :
'Twas rich before ; but since your name is downe,
It sparkles now like Ariadne's crowne.
Blaze by this sphere for ever : or this doe,
Let me and it shine evermore by you.

TO OENONE.

SWEET Oenone, doe but say
Love thou dost, though Love sayes nay.
Speak me faire ; for lovers be
Gently kill'd by flatterie.

VERSES.

WHO will not honour noble numbers, when
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men ?

HAPPINESSE.

THAT happines do's still the longest thrive,
Where joyes and griefs have turns alternative.

THINGS OF CHOICE, LONG A COMMING.

WE pray 'gainst warre, yet we enjoy no peace ;
Desire deferr'd is, that it may encrease.

POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

HERE I my selfe might likewise die,
And utterly forgotten lye,
But that eternall poetrie

Repullulation gives me here
 Unto the thirtieth thousand yeere,
 When all now dead shall re-appeare.

UPON BICE.

BICE laughs, when no man speaks; and doth
 protest
 It is his own breech there that breaks the jest.

UPON TRENCHERMAN.

TOM shifts the trenchers; yet he never can
 Endure that luke-warme name of serving-man:
 Serve or not serve, let Tom doe what he can,
 He is a serving, who's a trencher-man.

KISSES.

GIVE me the food that satisfies a guest:
 Kisses are but dry banquets to a feast.

ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS he went (as poets tell)
 To fetch Euridice from hell;
 And had her; but it was upon
 This short but strict condition:
 Backward he should not looke while he
 Led her through hells obscuritie:
 But ah! it hapned as he made
 His passage through that dreadfull shade:
 Revolve he did his loving eye;
 (For gentle feare, or jelousie)
 And looking back, that look did sever
 Him and Euridice for ever.

UPON COMELY A GOOD SPEAKER BUT AN ILL
SINGER. EPIG.

COMELY acts well; and when he speaks his part,
He doth it with the sweetest tones of art :
But when he sings a psalme, ther's none can be
More curst for singing out of tune then he.

ANY WAY FOR WEALTH.

E'ENE all religious courses to be rich
Hath been reherst, by Joell Michelditch :
But now perceiving that it still do's please
The sterner Fates, to cross his purposes ;
He tacks about, and now he doth profess
Rich he will be by all unrighteousness :
Thus if our ship fails of her anchor hold,
We'l love the divell, so he lands the gold.

UPON AN OLD WOMAN.

OLD Widow Prouse to do her neighbours evill
Wo'd give (some say) her soule unto the
 devill.
Well, when sh'as kild that pig, goose, cock or hen,
What wo'd she give to get that soule agen ?

UPON PEARCH. EPIG.

THOU writes in prose, how sweet all virgins be;
But ther's not one, doth praise the smell of
 thee.

To SAPHO.

SAPHO, I will chuse to go
Where the northern winds do blow
Endlesse ice, and endlesse snow :
Rather then I once wo'd see,
But a winters face in thee,
To benumme my hopes and me.

TO HIS FAITHFULL FRIEND, MASTER JOHN CROFTS,
CUP-BEARER TO THE KING.

FOR all thy many courtesies to me,
Nothing I have, my Crofts, to send to thee
For the requitall; save this only one
Halfe of my just remuneration.
For since I've travail'd all this realm throughout
To seeke, and find some few immortals out
To circumsangle this my spacious sphere,
(As lamps for everlasting shining here :)
And having fixt thee in mine orbe a starre,
Amongst the rest, both bright and singular;
The present age will tell the world thou art
If not to th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part.
As for the rest, being too great a summe
Here to be paid; Ile pay't i'th'world to come.

THE BRIDE-CAKE.

THIS day, my Julia, thou must make
For mistresse bride, the wedding cake :
Knead but the dow, and it will be
To paste of almonds turn'd by thee:
Or kisse it thou, but once, or twice,
And for the bride-cake ther'l be spice.

TO BE MERRY.

LETS now take our time;
While w'are in our prime;
And old, old age is a farre off:
For the evill evill dayes
Will come on apace;
Before we can be aware of.

BURIALL.

MAN may want land to live in; but for all,
Nature finds out some place for buriall.

LENITIE.

'TIS the chyrgions praise, and height of art,
Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part.

PENITENCE.

WHO after his transgression doth repent,
Is halfe, or altogether innocent.

GRIEFE.

CONSIDER sorrowes, how they are aright :
Griefe, if't be great, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light.

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

SO look the mornings when the sun
Paints them with fresh vermillion :
So cherries blush, and kathern peares,
And apricocks, in youthfull yeares :
So corrolls looke more lovely red,
And rubies lately polished :
So purest diaper doth shine,
Stain'd by the beames of clarret wine :
As Julia looks when she doth dress
Her either cheeke with bashfullness.

THE MEANE.

IMPARITIE doth ever discord bring :
The mean the musique makes in every thing.

HASTE HURTFULL.

HASTE is unhappy : what we rashly do
Is both unluckie ; I, and foolish too.
Where war with rashnesse is attempted, there
The soldiers leave the field with equall feare.

PURGATORY.

READERS, wee entreat ye pray
 For the soule of Lucia ;
 That in little time she be
 From her purgatory free :
 In th' intrim she desires
 That your teares may coole her fires.

THE CLOUD.

SEEST thou that cloud that rides in state
 Part ruby-like, part candidate ?
 It is no other then the bed
 Where Venus sleeps, halfe smothered.

UPON LOACH.

SEAL'D up with night-gum, Loach each morn-
 ing lyes,
 Till his wife licking, so unglews his eyes.
 No question then, but such a lick is sweet,
 When a warm tongue do's with such ambers meet.

THE AMBER BEAD.

I SAW a flie within a beade
 Of amber cleanly buried :
 The urne was little, but the room
 More rich then Cleopatra's tombe.

TO MY DEAREST SISTER M. MERCIE HERRICK.

WHEN ere I go, or what so ere befalls
 Me in mine age, or forraign funerals,
 This blessing I will leave thee, ere I go,
 Prosper thy basket, and therein thy dow.
 Feed on the paste of filberts, or else knead
 And bake the floure of amber for thy bread.

Balm may thy trees drop, and thy springs runne
 oyle,
 And everlasting harvest crown thy soile !
 'These I but wish for ; but thy selfe shall see,
 The blessing fall in mellow times on thee.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

I MMORTALL clothing I put on,
 So soone as Julia I am gon
 To mine eternall mansion.

Thou, thou art here, to humane sight
 Cloth'd all with incorrupted light ;
 But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set
 In thy refulgent thronelet,
 That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit ?

SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

D O'S Fortune rend thee ? Beare with thy hard
 fate :

Vertuous instructions ne'r are delicate.

Say, do's she frown ? still countermand her threats :

Vertue best loves those children that she beates.

TO THE PASSENGER.

I F I lye unburied, sir,
 These my reliques, pray, interre :
 'Tis religious part to see
 Stones, or turfes to cover me.
 One word more I had to say ;
 But it skills not ; go your way ;
 He that wants a buriall roome
For a stone, ha's heaven his tombe.

UPON NODES.

WHERE ever Nodes do's in the summer come,
 He prayes his harvest may be well brought
 home.

What store of corn has carefull Nodes, thinke you,
 Whose field his foot is, and whose barn his shooe ?

TO THE KING,

UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER.

THIS day is yours, great CHARLES! and in this
 war

Your fate, and ours, alike victorious are.

In her white stole ; now victory do's rest

Enspher'd with palm on your triumphant crest.

Fortune is now your captive ; other kings

Hold but her hands ; you hold both hands and wings.

TO JULIA, IN HER DAWN, OR DAY-BREAKE.

BY the next kindling of the day
 My Julia thou shalt see,
 Ere Ave-Mary thou canst say
 Ile come and visit thee.

Yet ere thou counsel'st with thy glasse,
 Appeare thou to mine eyes
 As smooth, and nak't, as she that was
 The prime of paradice.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
 A lawn, that thou mayst looke
 As purest pearles, or pebles do
 When peeping through a brooke.

As lillies shrin'd in christall, so
 Do thou to me appeare ;
 Or damask roses when they grow
 To sweet acquaintance there.

COUNSELL.

'T WAS Cesars saying : *Kings no lesse conquerors
are*
By their wise counsell, then they be by warre.

BAD PRINCES PILL THEIR PEOPLE.

L IKE those infernall deities which eate
The best of all the sacrificed meate ;
And leave their servants, but the smoak & sweat :
So many kings, and primates too there are,
Who claim the fat, and fleshie for their share,
And leave their subjects but the starved ware.

MOST WORDS, LESSE WORKES.

I N desp'rate cases, all, or most are known
Commanders, few for execution.

TO DIANEME.

I CO'D but see thee yesterday
Stung by a fretfull bee ;
And I the javelin suckt away,
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and bryars & stings,
I have in my poore brest ;
Yet ne'r can see that salve which brings
My passions any rest.

As Love shall helpe me, I admire
How thou canst sit and smile,
To see me bleed, and not desire
To stench the blood the while.

If thou compos'd of gentle mould
Art so unkind to me ;
What dismall stories will be told
Of those that cruell be ?

UPON TAP.

TAP (better known then trusted) as we heare,
 Sold his old mothers spectacles for beere :
 And not unlikely ; rather too then fail,
 He'l sell her eyes, and nose, for beere and ale.

HIS LOSSE.

ALL has been plundered from me, but my wit ;
 Fortune her selfe can lay no claim to it.

DRAW, AND DRINKE.

MILK stil your fountains, and your springs, for
 why ?
 The more th'are drawn, the lesse they wil grow dry.

UPON PUNCHIN. EPIG.

GIVE me a reason why men call
 Punchin a dry plant-animall.
 Because as plants by water grow,
 Punchin by beere and ale spreads so.

TO OENONE.

THOU sayest Loves dart
 Hath prickt thy heart ;
 And thou do'st languish too :
 If one poore prick,
 Can make thee sick,
 Say, what wo'd many do ?

UPON BLINKS. EPIG.

TOM BLINKS, his nose is full of wheales, and
 these
 Tom calls not pimples, but pimpleides:
 Sometimes, in mirth, he says each whelk's a sparke
 (When drunke with beere) to light him home, i'th'
 dark.

UPON ADAM PEAPES. EPIG.

PEAPES he do's strut, and pick his teeth, as if
 His jawes had tir'd on some large chine of
 beefe.

But nothing so : the dinner Adam had,
 Was cheese full ripe with teares, with bread as sad.

TO ELECTRA.

SHALL I go to Love and tell,
 Thou art all turn'd isicle ?
 Shall I say her altars be
 Disadorn'd, and scorn'd by thee ?
 O beware ! in time submit ;
 Love has yet no wrathfull fit :
 If her patience turns to ire,
 Love is then consuming fire.

TO MISTRESSE AMIE POTTER.

A I me ! I love, give him your hand to kisse
 Who both your wooer and your poet is.
 Nature has pre-compos'd us both to love ;
 Your part's to grant ; my scean must be to move.
 Deare, can you like, and liking love your poet ?
 If you say, I, blush-guiltinesse will shew it.
 Mine eyes must woee you, though I sigh the while,
True love is tonguelesse as a crocodile.
 And you may find in love these differing parts ;
Woovers have tongues of ice, but burning hearts.

UPON A MAIDE.

HERE she lyes, in bed of spice,
 Faire as Eve in paradice :
 For her beauty it was such
 Poets co'd not praise too much.

Virgins, come, and in a ring
Her supreamest requiem sing;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE is a circle, and an endlesse sphere;
From good to good, revolving here & there.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY'S no other but a lovely grace
Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

UPON LOVE.

SOME salve to every sore, we may apply;
Only for my wound there's no remedy.
Yet if my Julia kisse me, there will be
A soveraign balme found out to cure me.

UPON HANCH, A SCHOOLMASTER. EPIG.

HANCH, since he lately did interre his wife,
He weepes and sighs, as weary of his life.
Say, is't for reall grieffe he mourns? not so;
Teares have their springs from joy, as well as woe.

UPON PEASON. EPIG.

LONG locks of late our zelot Peason weares,
Not for to hide his high and mighty eares;
No, but because he wo'd not have it seen,
That stubble stands, where once large eares have
been.

TO HIS BOOKE.

MAKE haste away, and let one be
A friendly patron unto thee:

Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lye
 Torn for the use of pasterie :
 Or see thy injur'd leaves serve well,
 To make loose gownes for mackarell :
 Or see the grocers in a trice,
 Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

READINESSE.

THE readinesse of doing, doth expresse
 No other, but the doer's willingnesse.

WRITING.

WHEN words we want, Love teacheth to
 endite;
 And what we blush to speake, she bids us write.

SOCIETY.

TWO things do make society to stand ;
 The first commerce is, & the next command.

UPON A MAID.

GONE she is a long, long way,
 But she has decreed a day
 Back to come, and make no stay :
 So we keepe, till her returne
 Here, her ashes, or her urne.

SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS.

FOR all our workes, a recompence is sure :
'Tis sweet to thinke on what was hard t' endure.

THE DELAYING BRIDE.

WHY so slowly do you move
 To the centre of your love ?
 On your niceness though we wait,

Yet the houres say 'tis late :
Coynesse takes us to a measure ;
But o'racted deads the pleasure.
 Go to bed, and care not when
 Cheerfull day shall spring agen.
 One brave captain did command,
 By his word, the sun to stand :
 One short charme if you but say
 Will enforce the moon to stay,
 Till you warn her hence, away,
 T'ave your blushes seen by day.

TO M. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT COMPOSER
 OF HIS LYRICKS.

TOUCH but thy lire, my Harrie, and I heare
 From thee some raptures of the rare gotire.
 Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
 I heare in thee the Laniere to sing ;
 Or curious Wilson : tell me, canst thou be
 Less then Apollo, that usurp'st such three ?
 Three, unto whom the whole world give applause ;
 Yet their three praises, praise but one ; that's Lawes.

AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

MAIDENS tell me I am old ;
 Let me in my glasse behold
 Whether smooth or not I be,
 Or if haire remaines to me.
 Well, or be't or be't not so,
 This for certainty I know ;
 Ill it fits old men to play,
 When that Death bids come away.

THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.

THOU hast made many houses for the dead ;
 When my lot calls me to be buried,
 For love or pittie, prethee let there be
 I'th' church-yard made one tenement for me.

TO ANTHEA.

ANTHEA, I am going hence
 With some small stock of innocence :
 But yet those blessed gates I see
 Withstanding entrance unto me.
 To pray for me doe thou begin,
 The porter then will let me in.

NEED.

WHO begs to die for feare of humane need,
 Wisheth his body, not his soule, good speed.

TO JULIA.

I AM zeallesse ; prethee pray
 For my well-fare, Julia,
 For I thinke the gods require
 Male perfumes, but female fire.

ON JULIA'S LIPS.

SWEET are my Julia's lips, and cleane
 As if or'e washt in hippocrene.

TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT, no other thing is, poets say,
 Then the last part of night, and first of day.

TO HIS FRIEND, MASTER J. JINCKS.

LOVE, love me now, because I place
 Thee here among my righteous race :
 The bastard slips may droop and die
 Wanting both root, and earth ; but thy
 Immortall selfe shall boldly trust
 To live for ever, with my just.

'Twas but a dream ; but had I been
 There really alone ;
 My desp'rate feares, in love, had seen
 Mine execution.

NO DIFFERENCE I' TH' DARK.

NIGHT makes no difference 'twixt the priest and
 clark ;
 Jone as my lady is as good i'th' dark.

THE BODY.

THE body is the soules poore house, or home,
 Whose ribs the laths are, & whose flesh the
 loame.

TO SAPHO.

THOU saist thou lov'st me, Sapho ; I say no ;
 But would to love I could beleeve 'twas so !
 Pardon my feares, sweet Sapho ; I desire
 That thou be righteous found ; and I the lyer.

OUT OF TIME, OUT OF TUNE.

WE blame, nay, we despise her paines
 That wets her garden when it raines :
 But when the drought has dri'd the knot,
 Then let her use the wating pot.
 We pray for showers, at our need,
 To drench, but not to drown our seed.

TO HIS BOOKE.

TAKE mine advise, and go not neere
 Those faces, sower as vineger.
 For these, and nobler numbers can
 Ne'r please the supercillious man.

TO HIS HONOUR'D FRIEND, SIR THOMAS HEALE.

STAND by the magick of my powerfull rhymes
 'Gainst all the indignation of the times.
 Age shall not wrong thee ; or one jot abate
 Of thy both great, and everlasting fate.
 While others perish, here's thy life decreed
 Because begot of my immortall seed.

THE SACRIFICE, BY WAY OF DISCOURSE BETWIXT
 HIMSELFE AND JULIA.

Herr. **C**OME and let's in solemn wise
 Both addresse to sacrifice :
 Old Religion first commands
 That we wash our hearts, and hands.
 Is the beast exempt from staine,
 Altar cleane, no fire prophane ?
 Are the garlands, is the nard
 Ready here ?

Jul. All well prepar'd,
 With the wine that must be shed,
 Twixt the hornes, upon the head
 Of the holy beast we bring
 For our trespasse-offering.

Herr. All is well ; now next to these
 Put we on pure surplices ;
 And with chaplets crown'd, we'l rost
 With perfumes the holocaust :
 And, while we the gods invoke,
 Reade acceptance by the smoake.

TO APOLLO.

THOU mighty lord and master of the lyre,
 Unshorn Apollo, come, and re-inspire
 My fingers so, the lyrick-strings to move,
 That I may play, and sing a hymne to Love.

ON LOVE.

LOVE is a kind of warre : hence those who feare ;
 No cowards must his royall ensignes beare.

ANOTHER.

WHERE love begins, there dead thy first desire :
A sparke neglected makes a mighty fire.

AN HYMNE TO CUPID.

THOU, thou that bear'st the sway
 With whom the sea-nymphs play ;
 And Venus, every way :
 When I embrace thy knee ;
 And make short pray'rs to thee :
 In love, then prosper me.
 This day I goe to woove ;
 Instruct me how to doe
 This worke thou put'st me too.
 From shame my face keepe free,
 From scorne I begge of thee,
 Love to deliver me :
 So shall I sing thy praise ;
 And to thee altars raise,
 Unto the end of daies.

TO ELECTRA.

LET not thy tomb-stone er'e be laid by me :
 Nor let my herse be wept upon by thee :
 But let that instant when thou dy'st be known,
 The minute of mine expiration.
 One knell be rung for both ; and let one grave
 To hold us two, an endlesse honour have.

HOW HIS SOULE CAME ENSNARED

MY soule would one day goe and seeke
 For roses, and in Julia's cheeke

A richness of those sweets she found,
 As in an other Rosamond.
 But gathering roses as she was ;
 Not knowing what would come to passe,
 It chanst a ringlet of her haire,
 Caught my poore soule, as in a snare :
 Which ever since has been in thrall ;
 Yet freedome, shee enjoyes withall.

FACTIONS.

THE factions of the great ones call,
 To side with them, the commons all.

KISSES LOATHSOME.

I ABHOR the slimie kisse,
 Which to me most loathsome is.
 Those lips please me which are plac't
 Close, but not too strictly lac't :
 Yeilding I wo'd have them ; yet
 Not a wimbling tongue admit :
 What sho'd poking-sticks make there,
 When the ruffe is set elsewhere ?

UPON REAPE.

REAPES eyes so rawe are, that, it seemes, the
 flyes
 Mistake the flesh, and flye-blow both his eyes ;
 So that an angler, for a daies expence,
 May baite his hooke, with maggots taken thence.

UPON TEAGE.

TEAGE has told lyes so long, that when Teage
 tells
 Truth, yet Teages truths are untruths, nothing else.

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE, BUNDLED UP IN A
GOLDEN NET.

TELL me, what needs those rich deceits,
These golden toyles, and trammel-nets,
To take thine haire when they are knowne
Already tame, and all thine owne ?
'Tis I am wild, and more then haire
Deserve these mashes and those snares.
Set free thy tresses, let them flow
As aires doe breathe, or winds doe blow :
And let such curious net-works be
Lesse set for them, then spred for me.

UPON TRUGGIN.

TRUGGIN a footman was ; but now, growne
lame,
Truggin now lives but to belye his name.

THE SHOWRE OF BLOSSOMES.

LOVE in a showre of blossomes came
Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same :
The blooms that fell were white and red ;
But with such sweets commingled,
As whether, this, I cannot tell
My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell :
But true it was, as I rowl'd there,
Without a thought of hurt, or feare ;
Love turn'd himselfe into a bee,
And with his javelin wounded me :
From which mishap this use I make,
Where most sweets are, there lyes a snake :
Kisses and favours are sweet things ;
But those have thorns, and these have stings.

UPON SPENKE.

SPENKE has a strong breath, yet short prayers
 saith :
 Not out of want of breath, but want of faith.

A DEFENCE FOR WOMEN.

NAUGHT are all women : I say no,
 Since for one bad, one good I know :
 For Clytemnestra most unkind,
 Loving Alcestis there we find :
 For one Medea that was bad,
 A good Penelope was had :
 For wanton Lais, then we have
 Chaste Lucrece, or a wife as grave :
 And thus through woman-kind we see
 A good and bad. Sirs, credit me.

UPON LULLS.

LULLS swears he is all heart ; but you'l suppose
 By his probossis that he is all nose.

SLAVERY.

'TIS liberty to serve one lord ; but he
 Who many serves, serves base servility.

CHARMES.

BRING the holy crust of bread,
 Lay it underneath the head ;
 'Tis a certain charm to keep
 Hags away, while children sleep.

ANOTHER.

LET the superstitious wife
 Neer the child's heart lay a knife :

Point be up, and haft be downe ;
 While she gossips in the towne,
 This 'mongst other mystick charms
 Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

ANOTHER TO BRING IN THE WITCH.

TO house the hag, you must doe this ;
 Commix with meale a little pisse
 Of him bewicht : then forthwith make
 A little wafer or a cake ;
 And this rawly bak't will bring
 The old hag in. No surer thing.

ANOTHER CHARME FOR STABLES.

HANG up hooks, and sheers to scare
 Hence the hag, that rides the mare,
 Till they be all over wet,
 With the mire, and the sweat :
 This observ'd, the manes shall be
 Of your horses, all knot-free.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE EVE.

DOWN with the rosemary and bayes,
 Down with the misleto ;
 Instead of holly, now up-raise
 The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway ;
 Let box now domineere ;
 Untill the dancing Easter-day,
 Or Easters eve appeare.

Then youthfull box which now hath grace,
 Your houses to renew ;
 Grown old, surrender must his place,
 Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
 And many flowers beside;
 Both of a fresh, and fragrant kinne
 To honour Whitsontide.

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
 With cooler oken boughs;
 Come in for comely ornaments,
 To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift; each thing his turne do's hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE DAY.

KINDLE the Christmas brand and then
 Till sunne-set, let it burne;
 Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
 Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend
 The Christmas log next yeare;
 And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend,
 Can do no mischief, there.

UPON CANDLEMASSE DAY.

END now the white-loafe, & the pye,
 And let all sports with Christmas dye.

SURFEITS.

BAD are all surfeits: but physitians call
 That surfeit tooke by bread, the worst of all.

UPON NIS.

NIS, he makes verses; but the lines he writes,
 Serve but for matter to make paper-kites.

TO BIANCHA, TO BLESSE HIM.

WO'D I wooe, and wo'd I winne,
 Wo'd I well my worke begin ?
 Wo'd I evermore be crown'd
 With the end that I propound ?
 Wo'd I frustrate, or prevent
 All aspects malevolent ?
 Thwart all wizzards, and with these
 Dead all black contingencies :
 Place my words, and all works else
 In most happy parallels ?
 All will prosper, if so be
 I be kist, or blest by thee.

JULIA'S CHURCHING, OR PURIFICATION.

PUT on thy holy fillitings, and so
 To th' temple with the sober midwife go.
 Attended thus, in a most solemn wise,
 By those who serve the child-bed misteries.
 Burn first thine incense ; next, when as thou see'st
 The candid stole thrown ore the pious priest ;
 With reverend curtsies come, and to him bring
 Thy free, and not decurted offering.
 All rites well ended, with faire auspice come,
 As to the breaking of a bride-cake, home :
 Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee
 Provide a second epithalamie.
*She who keeps chastly to her husband's side
 Is not for one, but every night his bride :
 And stealing still with love and feare to bed,
 Brings him not one, but many a maiden-heaa.*

TO HIS BOOK.

BEFORE the press scarce one co'd see
 A little-peeping-part of thee :
 But since th'art printed, thou dost call

To shew thy nakedness to all.
 My care for thee is now the less,
 Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness :
 Go with thy faults and fates ; yet stay
 And take this sentence, then away ;
 Whom one belov'd will not suffice,
 She'l runne to all adulteries.

TEARES.

TEARES most prevaile ; with teares too thou
 mayst move
 Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

TO HIS FRIEND TO AVOID CONTENTION OF WORDS.

WORDS beget anger ; anger brings forth blowes :
 Blowes make of dearest friends immortall foes.
 For which prevention, sociate, let there be
 Betwixt us two no more logomachie.
 Farre better 'twere for either to be mute,
 Then for to murder friendship, by dispute.

TRUTH.

TRUTH is best found out by the time, and eyes ;
Falsehood winnes credit by uncertainties.

UPON PRICKLES. EPIG.

PRICKLES is waspish, and puts forth his sting,
 For bread, drinke, butter, cheese ; for every
 thing
 That Prickles buyes, puts Prickles out of frame ;
 How well his nature's fitted to his name !

THE EYES BEFORE THE EARES.

WE credit most our sight ; one eye doth please
 Our trust farre more then ten eare-witnesses.

WANT.

WANT is a softer wax, that takes thereon,
This, that, and every base impression.

TO A FRIEND.

LOOKE in my book, and herein see,
Life endlesse sign'd to thee and me.
We o're the tombes, and Fates shall flye;
While other generations dye.

UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE MUSITIAN.

SHO'D I not put on blacks, when each one here
Comes with his cypresse, and devotes a teare?
Sho'd I not grieve, my Lawes, when every lute,
Violl, and voice, is, by thy losse, struck mute?
Thy loss, brave man! whose numbers have been
hurl'd,
And no less prais'd, then spread throughout the
world.
Some have thee call'd Amphion; some of us
Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus:
Some this, some that, but all in this agree,
Musique had both her birth and death with thee.

A SONG UPON SILVIA.

FROM me my Silvia ranne away,
And running therewithall,
A primrose banke did cross her way,
And gave my love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say,
What I by chance did see;
But such the drap'ry did betray
That fully ravisht me.

THE HONY-COMBE.

IF thou hast found an honie-combe,
 Eate thou not all, but taste on some :
 For if thou eat'st it to excess ;
 That sweetness turnes to loathsomness.
 Taste it to temper ; then 'twill be
 Marrow, and manna unto thee.

Vpon BEN. JOHNSON.

HERE lyes Johnson with the rest
 Of the poets ; but the best.
 Reader, wo'dst thou more have known ?
 Aske his story, not this stone.
 That will speake what this can't tell
 Of his glory. So farewell.

AN ODE FOR HIM.

AH Ben !
 Say how, or when
 Shall we thy guests
 Meet at those lyrick feasts,
 Made at the Sun,
 The Dog, the triple Tunne ?
 Where we such clusters had,
 As made us nobly wild, not mad ;
 And yet each verse of thine
 Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My Ben !
 Or come agen :
 Or send to us,
 Thy wits great over-plus ;
 But teach us yet
 Wisely to husband it ;
 Lest we that tallent spend :
 And having once brought to an end
 That precious stock ; the store
 Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

UPON A VIRGIN.

SPEND, harmless shade, thy nightly houres,
 Selecting here, both herbs, and flowers ;
 Of which make garlands here, and there,
 To dress thy silent sepulchre.
 Nor do thou feare the want of these,
 In everlasting properties.
 Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,
 Farre faster then the first can wither.

BLAME.

IN battailes what disasters fall,
 The king he beares the blame of all.

A REQUEST TO THE GRACES.

PONDER my words, if so that any be
 Known guilty here of incivility :
 Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude,
 With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd.
 Teach it to blush, to curtsie, lisp, and shew
 Demure, but yet, full of temptation too.
Numbers ne'r tickle, or but lightly please,
Unlesse they have some wanton carriages.
 This if ye do, each piece will here be good,
 And gracefull made, by your neate sisterhood.

UPON HIMSELFE.

I LATELY fri'd, but now behold
 I freeze as fast, and shake for cold.
 And in good faith I'd thought it strange
 T'ave found in me this sudden change ;
 But that I understood by dreames,
 These only were but love's extreames ;
 Who fires with hope the lover's heart,
 And starves with cold the self-same part.

MULTITUDE.

WE trust not to the multitude in warre,
But to the stout ; and those that skilfull are.

FEARE.

MAN must do well out of a good intent ;
Not for the servile feare of punishment.

TO M. KELLAM.

WHAT! can my Kellam drink his sack
In goblets to the brim,
And see his Robin Herrick lack,
Yet send no boules to him ?
For love or pitie to his muse,
That she may flow in verse,
Contemne to recommend a cruse,
But send to her a tearce.

HAPPINESSE TO HOSPITALITIE, OR A HEARTY TO
GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING.

FIRST, may the hand of bounty bring
Into the daily offering
Of full provision ; such a store,
Till that the cooke cries, Bring no more.
Upon your hogsheads never fall
A drought of wine, ale, beere, at all ;
But, like full clouds, may they from thence
Diffuse their mighty influence.
Next, let the lord, and ladie here
Enjoy a christning yeare by yeare ;
And this good blessing back them still,
T'ave boyes, and gyrles too, as they will.
Then from the porch may many a bride
Unto the holy temple ride :

And thence return, short prayers seyde,
 A wife most richly married.
 Last, may the bride and bridegroome be
 Untoucht by cold sterility ;
 But in their springing blood so play,
 As that in lusters few they may,
 By laughing too, and lying downe,
 People a city or a towne.

CUNCTATION IN CORRECTION.

THE lictors bundl'd up their rods : beside,
 Knit them with knots, with much adoe unty'd
 That if, unknitting, men wo'd yet repent,
 They might escape the lash of punishment.

PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS.

MEN are suspicious ; prone to discontent :
Subjects still loath the present government.

REST REFRESHES.

LAY by the good a while ; a resting field
 Will, after ease, a richer harvest yeild :
 Trees this year beare ; next, they their wealth with-
 hold :
Continuall reaping makes a land wax old.

REVENGE.

MANS disposition is for to requite
 An injurie, before a benefite :
*Thanksgiving is a burden, and a paine ;
 Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gaine.*

THE FIRST MARRS OR MAKES.

IN all our high designments, 'twill appeare,
The first event breeds confidence or feare.

BEGINNING, DIFFICULT.

HARD are the two first staires unto a crowne;
Which got, the third bids him a king come downe.

FAITH FOUR-SQUARE.

FAITH is a thing that's four-square; let it fall
This way or that, it not declines at all.

THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH.

PRAISE they that will times past, I joy to see
My selfe now live: this age best pleaseth mee.

CLOATHES, ARE CONSPIRATORS.

THOUGH from without no foes at all we feare;
We shall be wounded by the cloathes we weare.

CRUELTY.

TIS but a dog-like madnesse in bad kings,
For to delight in wounds and murderings.
As some plants prosper best by cuts and blowes;
So kings by killing doe encrease their foes.

FAIRE AFTER FOULE.

TEARES quickly drie: griefes will in time decay:
A cleare will come after a cloudy day.

HUNGER.

ASKE me what hunger is, and Ile reply,
'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and drie.

BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE.

IN this misfortune kings doe most excell,
To heare the worst from men, when they doe well.

THE END.

CONQUER we shall, but we must first contend;
'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end.

THE BONDMAN.

BIND me but to thee with thine haire,
 And quickly I shall be
 Made by that fetter or that snare
 A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,
 Then bore me through the eare;
 And by the law I ought to stay
 For ever with thee here.

CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

GIVE house-roume to the best; *'Tis never known*
Vertue and pleasure, both to dwell in one.

TO SILVIA.

PARDON my trespasse, Silvia, I confesse,
 My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfastnesse:
 None is discreet at all times; no, *not Jove*
Himselfe, at one time, can be wise and love.

FAIRE SHEWES DECEIVE.

SMOOTH was the sea, and seem'd to call
 To prettie girles to play withall:
 Who padling there, the sea soone frown'd,
 And on a sudden both were drown'd.
 What credit can we give to seas,
 Who, kissing, kill such saints as these?

HIS WISH.

FAT be my hinde; unlearned be my wife;
 Peacefull my night; my day devoid of strife :
 To these a comely off-spring I desire,
 Singing about my everlasting fire.

UPON JULIA'S WASHING HER SELF IN THE RIVER.

HOW fierce was I, when I did see
 My Julia wash her self in thee!
 So lillies thorough christall look :
 So purest pebbles in the brook :
 As in the river Julia did,
 Halfe with a lawne of water hid,
 Into thy streames my self I threw,
 And strugling there, I kist thee too ;
 And more had done, it is confest,
 Had not thy waves forbad the rest.

A MEANE IN OUR MEANES.

THOUGH frankinsense the deities require,
We must not give all to the hallowed fire.
 Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,
 As for our selves to leave some frankinsence.

UPON CLUNN.

A ROWLE of parchment Clunn about him beares,
 Charg'd with the armes of all his ancestors :
 And seems halfe ravisht, when he looks upon
 That bar, this bend ; that fess, this cheveron ;
 This manch, that moone ; this martlet, and that
 mound ;
 This counterchange of perle and diamond.
 What joy can Clun have in that coat, or this,
 When as his owne still out at elboes is ?

UPON CUPID.

LOVE, like a beggar, came to me
 With hose and doublet torne :
 His shirt bedangling from his knee,
 With hat and shooes out-worne.

He askt an almes ; I gave him bread,
 And meat too, for his need:
 Of which, when he had fully fed,
 He wisht me all good speed.

Away he went, but as he turn'd,
 In faith I know not how,
 He toucht me so, as that I burn,
 And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames, and fires obscure
 Then crept into my heart ;
 And though I saw no bow, I'm sure,
 His finger was the dart.

VPON BLISSE.

BLISSE, last night drunk, did kisse his mother's
 knee:
 Where he will kisse, next drunk, conjecture ye.

VPON BURR.

BURR is a smell-feast, and a man alone,
 That, where meat is, will be a hanger on.

VPON MEGG.

MEGG yesterday was troubled with a pose,
 Which, this night hardned, sodders up her
 nose.

AN HYMNE TO LOVE.

I WILL confesse
 With cheerfulness,
 Love is a thing so likes me,
 That let her lay
 On me all day,
 Ile kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,
 Now blubb'ring, cry,
 It, ah! too late repents me,
 That I did fall
 To love at all,
 Since love so much contents me.

No, no, Ile be
 In fetters free ;
 While others they sit wringing
 Their hands for paine;
 Ile entertaine
 The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers and wine,
 And cakes divine,
 To strike me I will tempt thee :
 Which done ; no more
 Ile come before
 Thee and thine altars emptie.

TO HIS HONOURED AND MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND
 MR. CHARLES COTTON.

FOR brave comportment, wit without offence,
 Words fully flowing, yet of influence,
 Thou art that man of men, the man alone,
 Worthy the publique admiration :
 Who with thine owne eyes read'st what we doe
 write,
 And giv'st our numbers euphonie, and weight.

Tel'st when a verse springs high, how understood
 To be, or not borne of the royall-blood.
 What state above, what symmetrie below,
 Lines have, or sho'd have, thou the best canst show.
 For which, my Charles, it is my pride to be,
 Not so much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee.
 Long may I live so, and my wreath of bayes,
 Be lesse anothers laurell, then thy praise.

WOMEN USELESSE.

WHAT need we marry women, when
 Without their use we may have men?
 And such as will in short time be,
 For murder fit, or mutinie;
 As Cadmus once a new way found,
 By throwing teeth into the ground;
 From which poore seed, and rudely sown,
 Sprung up a war-like nation.
 So let us yron, silver, gold,
 Brasse, leade, or tinne, throw into th' mould;
 And we shall see in little space
 Rise up of men, a fighting race.
 If this can be, say then, what need
 Have we of women or their seed?

LOVE IS A SIRRUP.

LOVE is a *sirrup*; and who er'e we see
 Sick and surcharg'd with this sacietie:
 Shall by this pleasing trespassse quickly prove,
Ther's loathsomnesse e'en in the sweets of love.

LEVEN.

LOVE is a leven, and a loving kisse
 The leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

REPLETION.

PHYSITIANS say repletion springs
More from the sweet than sower things.

ON HIMSELFE.

WEEPE for the dead, for they have lost this
light :
And weepe for me, lost in an endlesse night.
Or mourne, or make a marble verse for me,
Who writ for many. *Benedicite.*

NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

NO man such rare parts hath, that he can swim,
If favour or occasion helpe not him.

ON HIMSELFE.

LOST to the world ; lost to my selfe ; alone
Here now I rest under this marble stone :
In depth of silence, heard, and seene of none.

TO M. LEONARD WILLAN HIS PECULIAR FRIEND.

I WILL be short, and having quickly hurl'd
This line about, live thou throughout the world ;
Who art a man for all sceanes ; unto whom,
What's hard to others, nothing's troublesome.
Can'st write the comick, tragick straine, and fall
From these to penne the pleasing pastorall :
Who fi'st at all heights : prose and verse run'st
through ;
Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespasse too :
For which I might extoll thee, but speake lesse,
Because thy selfe art comming to the presse :
And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow,
Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND M. JOHN HALL, STUDENT
OF GRAYES-INNE.

TELL me, young man, or did the Muses bring
Thee lesse to taste, then to drink up their
spring ;
That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be
A poet, or a poet-like but thee ?
What was thy birth, thy starre that makes thee
knowne,
At twice ten yeares, a prime and publike one ?
Tell us thy nation, kindred, or the whence
Thou had'st, and hast thy mighty influence,
That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,
And no lesse prais'd, then of the maides admir'd.
Put on thy laurell then ; and in that trimme
Be thou Apollo, or the type of him :
Or let the unshorne god lend thee his lyre,
And next to him, be master of the quire.

TO JULIA.

OFFER thy gift ; but first the law commands
Thee, Julia, first to sanctifie thy hands :
Doe that, my Julia which the rites require,
Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER M. ELIZABETH
FINCH.

HANSOME you are, and proper you will be
Despight of all your infortunitie :
Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse
In that your owne prefixed comelinessse :
Spend on that stock : and when your life must fall,
Leave others beauty, to set up withall.

UPON RALPH.

RALPH pares his nayles, his warts, his cornes,
 and Ralph,
 In sev'rall tills and boxes, keepes 'em safe ;
 Instead of harts-horne, if he speakes the troth,
 To make a lustie-gellie for his broth.

TO HIS BOOKE.

I F hap it must, that I must see thee lye
 Absyrtus-like, all torne confusedly :
 With solemne tears, and with much grief of heart,
 Ile recollect thee, weeping, part by part ;
 And having washt thee, close thee in a chest
 With spice ; that done, Ile leave thee to thy rest.

TO THE KING,

UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMPTON-COURT.

SET AND SUNG.

WELCOME, Great Cesar, welcome now you are,
 As dearest peace, after destructive warre :
 Welcome as slumbers ; or as beds of ease
 After our long, and peevish sicknesses.
 O Pompe of Glory ! Welcome now, and come
 To re-possess once more your long'd-for home.
 A thousand altars smoake ; a thousand thighes
 Of beeves here ready stand for sacrifice.
 Enter and prosper ; while our eyes doe waite
 For an ascendent throughly auspicate :
 Under which signe we may the former stone
 Lay of our safeties new foundation :
 That done ; O Cesar ! live, and be to us,
 Our fate, our fortune, and our genius ;
 To whose free knees we may our temples tye
 As to a still protecting deitie :
 That sho'd you stirre, we and our altars too
 May, Great Augustus, goe along with you.
Chor. Long live the king ; and to accomplish this,
 We'l from our owne, adde far more years to his.

ULTIMUS HEROUM : OR,
TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE, HENRY, MARQUESSE OF DORCHESTER.

AND as time past when Cato the severe
Entred the circumspacious theater ;
In reverence of his person, every one
Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone :
E'ne so my numbers will astonisht be
If but lookt on ; struck dead, if scan'd by thee.

TO HIS MUSE, ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

TELL that brave man, fain thou wo'dst have
access
To kiss his hands, but that for fearfullness ;
Or else because th'art like a modest bride,
Ready to blush to death, sho'd he but chide.

UPON VINEGER.

VINEGER is no other I define,
Then the dead corps, or carkase of the wine.

UPON MUDGE.

MUDGE every morning to the postern comes,
His teeth all out, to rince and wash his
gummes.

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND M. JO. HARMAR,
PHISITIAN TO THE COLLEDGE OF WESTMINSTER.

WHEN first I find those numbers thou do'st
write,
To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite :
Next, when I see thee towring in the skie,
In an expansion no less large, then high ;
Then, in that compass, sayling here and there,
And with circumgyration every where ;

Following with love and active heate thy game,
 And then at last to truss the epigram ;
 I must confess, distinction none I see
 Between Domitians Martiall then, and thee.
 But this I know, should Jupiter agen
 Descend from heaven, to re-converse with men ;
 The Romane language full, and superfine,
 If Jove wo'd speake, he wo'd accept of thine.

UPON HIS SPANIELL TRACIE.

NOW thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,
 For shape and service, spaniell like to thee.
 This shall my love doe, give thy sad death one
 Teare, that deserves of me a million.

THE DELUGE.

DROWNING, drowning, I espie
 Coming from my Julia's eye :
 'Tis some solace in our smart,
 To have friends to beare a part :
 I have none ; but must be sure
 Th' inundation to endure.
 Shall not times hereafter tell
 This for no meane miracle ;
 When the waters by their fall
 Threatn'd ruine unto all ?
 Yet the deluge here was known,
 Of a world to drowne but one.

UPON LUPES.

LUPES for the outside of his suite has paide ;
 But for his heart, he cannot have it made :
 The reason is, his credit cannot get
 The inward carbage for his cloathes as yet.

RAGGS.

WHAT are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents,
 But the base dregs and lees of vestiments ?

STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVERAIGNTY.

LET kings and rulers learne this line from me ;
Where power is weake, unsafe is majestie.

UPON TUBBS.

FOR thirty yeares, Tubbs has been proud and
 poor ;
 'Tis now his habit, which he can't give ore.

CRUTCHES.

THOU seest me, Lucia, this year droope,
 Three zodiaks fill'd more I shall stoope ;
 Let crutches then provided be
 To shore up my debilitie,
 Then while thou laugh'st ; Ile, sighing, crie,
 A ruine underpropt am I :
 Do'n will I then my beadsman's gown,
 And when so feeble I am grown,
 As my weake shoulders cannot beare
 The burden of a grashopper :
 Yet with the bench of aged sires,
 When I and they keep tearmy fires ;
 With my weake voice I'll sing, or say
 Some odes I made of Lucia :
 Then will I heave my wither'd hand
 To Jove the mighty for to stand
 Thy faithfull friend, and to poure downe
 Upon thee many a benizon.

TO JULIA.

HOLY waters hither bring
 For the sacred sprinkling :
 Baptize me and thee, and so
 Let us to the altar go.
 And, ere we our rites commence,
 Wash our hands in innocence.
 Then I'll be the Rex Sacrorum,
 Thou the Queen of Peace and Quorum.

UPON CASE.

CASE is a lawyer, that near pleads alone,
 But when he hears the like confusion,
 As when the disagreeing Commons throw
 About their House, their clamorous I, or No :
 Then Case, as loud as any Serjant there,
 Cries out, My lord, my lord, the case is clear :
 But when all's husht, Case then a fish more mute,
 Bestirs his hand, but starves in hand the suite.

TO PERENNA.

I A dirge will pen for thee ;
 Thou a trentall make for me :
 That the monks and fryers together,
 Here may sing the rest of either :
 Next, I'm sure, the nuns will have
 Candlemas to grace the grave.

TO HIS SISTER IN LAW, M. SUSANNA HERRICK.

THE person crowns the place; your lot doth fall
 Last, yet to be with these a principall.
 How ere it fortun'd ; know for truth, I meant
 You a fore-leader in this testament.

UPON THE LADY CREW.

THIS stone can tell the storie of my life,
 What was my birth, to whom I was a wife :
 In teeming years, how soon my sun was set,
 Where now I rest, these may be known by jet.
 For other things, my many children be
 The best and truest chronicles of me.

ON TOMASIN PARSONS.

GROW up in beauty, as thou do'st begin,
 And be of all admired, Tomasin.

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

DOWN with the rosemary, and so
 Down with the baies, & misletoe :
 Down with the holly, ivie, all,
 Wherewith ye drest the Christmas hall :
 That so the superstitious find
 No one least branch there left behind :
 For look, how many leaves there be
 Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
 So many goblins you shall see.

SUSPICION MAKES SECURE.

HE that will live of all cares dispossesst,
 Must shun the bad, I, and suspect the best.

UPON SPOKES.

SPOKES, when he sees a rosted pig, he swears
 Nothing he loves on't but the chaps and ears :
 But carve to him the fat flanks ; and he shall
 Rid these, and those, and part by part eat all.

TO HIS KINSMAN, M. THO : HERRICK, WHO
 DESIRED TO BE IN HIS BOOK.

WELCOME to this my colledge, and though late
 Th'ast got a place here, standing candidate ;
 It matters not, since thou art chosen one
 Here of my great and good foundation.

A BUCOLICK BETWIXT TWO : LACON AND THYRSIS.

Lacon. FOR a kiss or two, confesse,
 What doth cause this pensiveness,
 Thou most lovely neat-herdesse ?
 Why so lonely on the hill ?
 Why thy pipe by thee so still,
 That ere while was heard so shrill ?

Tell me, do thy kine now fail
 To fulfill the milkin-paile?
 Say, what is't that thou do'st aile?

Thyr. None of these; but out, alas!
 A mischance is come to pass,
 And I'll tell thee what it was:
 See mine eyes are weeping ripe,

Lacon. Tell, and I'll lay down my pipe.

Thyr. I have lost my lovely steere,
 That to me was far more deer
 Than these kine, which I milke here.
 Broad of fore-head, large of eye,
 Party colour'd like a pie;
 Smooth in each limb as a die;
 Clear of hoof, and clear of horn;
 Sharply pointed as a thorn:
 With a neck by yoke unworn.
 From the which hung down by strings,
 Balls of cowslips, daisie rings,
 Enterplac't with ribbanings.
 Faultless every way for shape;
 Not a straw co'd him escape;
 Ever gamesome as an ape:
 But yet harmless as a sheep.
 Pardon, Lacon, if I weep;
Tears will spring, where woes are deep.
 Now, ai me! ai me! Last night
 Came a mad dog, and did bite,
 I, and kil'd my dear delight.

Lacon. Alack, for grief!

Thyr. But I'll be brief.
 Hence I must, for time doth call
 Me, and my sad play-mates all,
 To his ev'ning funerall.
 Live long, Lacon, so adew!

Lacon. Mournfull maid, farewell to you;
Earth afford ye flowers to strew.

UPON SAPHO.

LOOK upon Sapho's lip, and you will swear;
There is a love-like leaven rising there.

UPON FAUNUS.

WE read how Faunus, he the shepherds god,
His wife to death whipt with a mirtle rod.
The rod, perhaps, was better'd by the name;
But had it been of birch, the death's the same.

THE QUINTELL.

UP with the quintill, that the rout,
May fart for joy, as well as shout:
Either's welcome, stinke or civit,
If we take it, as they give it.

A BACHANALIAN VERSE.

DRINKE up
Your cup,
But not spill wine;
For if you
Do,
'Tis an ill signe;
That we
Foresee,
You are cloy'd here,
If so, no
Hoe,
But avoid here.

CARE A GOOD KEEPER.

CARE keeps the conquest; 'tis no lesse renowne,
To keepe a citie, then to winne a towne.

RULES FOR OUR REACH.

MEN must have bounds how farre to walke; for we
Are made farre worse, by lawless liberty.

TO BIANCHA.

AH Biancha! now I see,
 It is noone and past with me :
 In a while it will strike one ;
 Then, Biancha, I am gone.
 Some effusions let me have,
 Offer'd on my holy grave ;
 Then, Biancha, let me rest
 With my face towards the east.

TO THE HANDSOME MISTRESSE GRACE POTTER.

AS is your name, so is your comely face,
 Toucht every where with such diffused grace,
 As that in all that admirable round,
 'There is not one least solecisme found ;
 And as that part, so every portion else,
 Keeps line for line with beauties parallels.

ANACREONTIKE.

I MUST
 Not trust
 Here to any ;
 Bereav'd,
 Deceiv'd
 By so many :
 As one
 Undone
 By my losses;
 Comply
 Will I
 With my crosses.
 Yet still
 I will
 Not be grieving ;
 Since thence
 And hence
 Comes relieving.

But this
Sweet is
In our mourning ;
Times bad
And sad
Are a turning :
And he
Whom we
See dejected ;
Next day
Wee may
See erected.

MORE MODEST, MORE MANLY.

'**T**IS still observ'd, those men most valiant are,
That are most modest ere they come to warre.

NOT TO COVET MUCH WHERE LITTLE IS THE CHARGE.

WHY sho'd we covet much, when as we know,
W'ave more to beare our charge, then way
to go ?

ANACREONTICK VERSE.

BRISK methinks I am, and fine,
When I drinke my capring wine :
Then to love I do encline,
When I drinke my wanton wine :
And I wish all maidens mine,
When I drinke my sprightly wine :
Well I sup, and well I dine,
When I drinke my frolick wine :
But I languish, lowre, and pine,
When I want my fragrant wine.

UPON PENNIE.

BROWN bread Tom Pennie eates, and must of
right,
Because his stock will not hold out for white.

PATIENCE IN PRINCES.

KINGS *must not use the axe for each offence :*
Princes cure some faults by their patience.

FEARE GETS FORCE.

DESPAIRE *takes heart, when ther's no hope to*
speed :
The coward then takes armes, and do's the deed.

PARCELL-GIL'T POETRY.

LET'S strive to be the best ; the gods, we know it,
 Pillars and men, hate an indifferent poet.

UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER.

I BRING ye Love. *Quest.* What will Love do ?
Ans. Like, and dislike ye :
 I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?
Ans. Stroake ye to strike ye.
 I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?
Ans. Love will be-foole ye :
 I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?
Ans. Heate ye to coole ye :
 I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?
Ans. Love gifts will send ye :
 I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?
Ans. Stock ye to spend ye :
 I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?
Ans. Love will fulfill ye :
 I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?
Ans. Kisse ye, to kill ye.

TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT IN CORNWALL.

GO on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that
 Which wee, and times to come, shall wonder at.
 Lift up thy sword ; next, suffer it to fall,
 And by that one blow set an end to all.

HIS GRANGE.

HOW well contented in this private grange
 Spend I my life, that's subject unto change :
 Under whose roofe with mosse-worke wrought,
 there I
 Kisse my brown wife, and black posterity.

LEPROSIE IN HOUSES.

WHEN to a house I come, and see
 The genius wastefull, more then free :
 The servants thumlesse, yet to eat,
 With lawlesse tooth the floure of wheate :
 The sonnes to suck the milke of kine,
 More then the teats of discipline :
 The daughters wild and loose in dresse ;
 Their cheekes unstain'd with shamefac'tnesse :
 The husband drunke, the wife to be
 A baud to incivility :
 I must confesse, I there descrie,
 A house spred through with leprosie.

GOOD MANNERS AT MEAT.

THIS rule of manners I will teach my guests,
 To come with their own bellies unto feasts :
 Not to eat equall portions ; but to rise
 Farc't with the food, that may themselves suffice.

ANTHEA'S RETRACTATION.

ANTHEA laught, and fearing lest excesse
 Might stretch the cords of civill comelinesse :
 She with a dainty blush rebuk't her face ;
 And cal'd each line back to his rule and space.

COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

BE not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe ;
 Thy fall is but the rising to a crowne.

SEEKE AND FINDE.

ATTempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

REST.

ON with thy worke, though thou beest hardly
 prest;
Labour is held up, by the hope of rest.

LEPROSIE IN CLOATHES.

WHEN flowing garments I behold
 Enspir'd with purple, pearle, and gold,
 I think no other but I see
 In them a glorious leprosie,
 That do's infect, and make the rent
 More mortall in the vestiment.
*As flowrie vestures doe descrie
 The wearers rich immodestie;
 So plaine and simple cloathes doe show
 Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.*

UPON BUGGINS.

BUGGINS is drunke all night, all day he sleepes;
 This is the levell-coyle that Buggins keeps.

GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES.

TO an old soare a long cure must goe on;
Great faults require great satisfaction.

HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

YOU aske me what I doe, and how I live?
 And, noble friend, this answer I must give:
 Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death,
 Or'e which you'l walk, when I am laid beneath.

THE BEGGER.

SHALL I a daily begger be,
 For loves sake asking almes of thee?
 Still shall I crave, and never get
 A hope of my desired bit?
 Ah cruell maides! Ile goe my way,
 Whereas, perchance, my fortunes may
 Finde out a threshold or a doore,
 That may far sooner speed the poore:
 Where thrice we knock, and none will heare,
 Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

BASTARDS.

OUR bastard-children are but like to plate,
 Made by the coyners illegitimate.

HIS CHANGE.

MY many cares and much distress,
 Has made me like a wilderness:
 Or, discompos'd, I'm like a rude,
 And all confused multitude:
 Out of my comely manners worne;
 And as in meanes, in minde all torne.

THE VISION.

ME thought I saw, as I did dreame in bed,
 A crawling vine about Anacreon's head:
 Flusht was his face; his haire with oyle did shine;
 And as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with wine.
 Tiplid he was; and tipling lispt withall;
 And lisping reeld, and reeling like to fall.
 A young enchantresse close by him did stand
 Tapping his plump thighes with a mirtle wand:
 She smil'd; he kist; and kissing, cull'd her too;
 And being cup-shot, more he co'd not doe.

For which, me thought, in prittie anger she
 Snatcht off his crown, and gave the wreath to me :
 Since when, me thinks, my braines about doe swim,
 And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

A VOW TO VENUS.

HAPPILY I had a sight
 Of my dearest deare last night ;
 Make her this day smile on me,
 And Ile roses give to thee.

ON HIS BOOKE.

THE bound, almost, now of my book I see,
 But yet no end of those therein or me :
 Here we begin new life ; while thousands quite
 Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

A SONNET OF PERILLA.

THEN did I live when I did see
 Perilla smile on none but me.
 But, ah ! by starres malignant crost,
 The life I got I quickly lost :
 But yet a way there doth remaine,
 For me embalm'd to live againe ;
 And that's to love me ; in which state
 Ile live as one regenerate.

BAD MAY BE BETTER.

MAN may at first transgress, but next do well :
Vice doth in some but lodge a while, not dwell.

POSTING TO PRINTING.

LET others to the printing presse run fast,
 Since after death comes glory, Ile not haste.

RAPINE BRINGS RUINE.

WHAT'S got by justice is establisht sure ;
No kingdomes got by rapine long endure.

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST
 HIS LOVE.

WHAT needs complaints,
 When she a place
 Has with the race
 Of saints ?
 In endlesse mirth,
 She thinks not on
 What's said or done
 In earth :
 She sees no teares,
 Or any tone
 Of thy deep grone
 She heares :
 Nor do's she minde,
 Or think on't now,
 That ever thou
 Wast kind.
 But chang'd above,
 She likes not there,
 As she did here,
 Thy love.
 Forbeare therefore,
 And lull asleepe
 Thy woes, and weep
 No more.

UPON BOREMAN. EPIG.

BOREMAN takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes ; yet
 Boreman,
 For all the Divell helps, will be a poore man.

SAINT DISTAFF'S DAY, OR THE MORROW AFTER
TWELTH DAY.

PARTLY worke and partly play
Ye must on S. Distaff's day :
From the plough soone free your teame ;
Then come home and fother them.
If the maides a spinning goe,
Burne the flax, and fire the tow :
Scorch their plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maiden-haire.
Bring in pailles of water then,
Let the maides bewash the men.
Give S. Distaffe all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good night ;
And next morrow, every one
To his owne vocation.

SUFFERANCE.

IN the hope of ease to come,
Let's endure one martyrdome.

HIS TEARES TO THAMASIS.

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis.
No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
Whereon so many stately structures stand :
Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,
To bath in thee, as thousand others doe,
No more shall I a long thy christall glide,
In barge, with boughes and rushes beautif'd,
With soft-smooth virgins, for our chast disport,
To Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton-Court :
Never againe shall I with finnie-ore
Put from, or draw unto the faithfull shore :
And landing here, or safely landing there,

Make way to my beloved Westminster :
 Or to the Golden-cheap-side, where the earth
 Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
 May all clean nimphs and curious water dames,
 With swan-like-state, flote up & down thy streams :
 No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
 To make them leane, and languishing at all.
 No ruffling winds come hither to discease
 Thy pure, and silver-wristed Naides.
 Keep up your state, ye streams ; and as ye spring,
 Never make sick your banks by surfeiting.
 Grow young with tydes, and though I see ye never,
 Receive this vow, so fare-ye-well for ever.

PARDONS.

THOSE ends in war the best contentment bring,
 Whose peace is made up with a pardoning.

PEACE NOT PERMANENT.

GREAT cities seldome rest : if there be none
 T'invade from far ; they'l finde worse foes at home.

TRUTH AND ERROUR.

TWIXT truth and errour, there's this difference
 known,
 Errour is fruitfull, truth is onely one.

THINGS MORTALL STILL MUTABLE.

THINGS are uncertain, and the more we get,
 The more on ycie pavements we are set.

STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

STUDIES themselves will languish and decay,
 When either price, or praise is ta'ne away.

WIT PUNISHT, PROSPERS MOST.

DREAD not the shackles : on with thine intent ;
Good wits get more fame by their punishment.

TWELFE NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEENE.

NOW, now the mirth comes
 With the cake full of plums,
 Where Beane's the king of the sport here ;
 Beside we must know,
 The pea also
 Must revell, as queene, in the court here.

Begin then to chuse,
 This night as ye use,
 Who shall for the present delight here,
 Be a king by the lot,
 And who shall not
 Be twelfe-day queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
 Joy-sops with the cake ;
 And let not a man then be seen here,
 Who unurg'd will not drinke
 To the base from the brink
 A health to the king and the queenc here.

Next crowne the bowle full
 With gentle lambs-wooll ;
 Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
 With store of ale too ;
 And thus ye must doe
 To make the wassaile a swinger.

Give then to the king
 And queene wassailing ;
 And though with ale ye be whet here ;
 Yet part ye from hence,
 As free from offence,
 As when ye innocent met here.

HIS DESIRE.

GIVE me a man that is not dull,
 When all the world with rifts is full:
 But unamaz'd dares clearely sing,
 When as the roof's a tottering:
 And, though it falls, continues still
 Tickling the citterne with his quill.

CAUTION IN COUNCELL.

KNOW when to speake; for many times it brings
 Danger to give the best advice to kings.

MODERATION.

LET moderation on thy passions waite
 Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will
 hate.

ADVICE THE BEST ACTOR.

STILL take advice; though counsels, when they flye
 At randome, sometimes hit most happily.

CONFORMITY IS COMELY.

CONFORMITY gives comelinesse to things:
 And equall shares exclude all murmerings.

LAWES.

WHO violates the customes, hurts the health,
 Not of one man, but all the commonwealth.

THE MEANE.

TIS much among the filthy to be clean;
 Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.

LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE.

LIKE will to like, each creature loves his kinde ;
Chaste words proceed still from a bashfull minde.

HIS HOPE OR SHEAT-ANCHOR.

AMONG these tempests great and manifold
My ship has here one only anchor-hold ;
That is my hope ; which if that slip, I'm one
Wildred in this vast watry region.

COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

THIS no discomfort in the world to fall,
When the great crack not crushes one, but all.

TWILIGHT.

THE twi-light is no other thing, we say,
Then night now gone, and yet not sprung the
day.

FALSE MOURNING.

HE who wears blacks, and mournes not for the
dead,
Do's but deride the party buried.

THE WILL MAKES THE WORK, OR CONSENT
MAKES THE CURE.

NO grief is grown so desperate, but the ill
Is halfe way cured, if the party will.

DIET.

IF wholsome diet can re-cure a man,
What need of physick, or physitian ?

SMART.

STRIPES justly given yerke us, with their fall,
But causelesse whipping smarts the most of all.

THE TINKERS SONG.

A LONG, come along,
Let's meet in a throng
Here of tinkers ;
And quaffe up a bowle
As big as a cowle
To beer drinkers.
The pole of the hop
Place in the ale-shop
To bethwack us ;
If ever we think
So much as to drink
Unto Bacchus.
Who frolick will be,
For little cost he
Must not vary,
From beer-broth at all,
So much as to call
For canary.

HIS COMFORT.

THE only comfort of my life
Is, that I never yet had wife ;
Nor will hereafter ; since I know
Who weds, ore-buys his weal with woe.

SINCERITY.

WASH clean the vessell, lest ye soure
What ever liquor in ye powre.

TO ANTHEA.

SICK is Anthea, sickly is the spring,
 The primrose sick, and sickly every thing :
 The while my deer Anthea do's but droop,
 The tulips, lillies, daffadills do stoop ;
 But when again sh'as got her healthfull houre,
 Each bending then, will rise a proper flower.

NOR BUYING OR SELLING.

NOW, if you love me, tell me,
 For as I will not sell ye,
 So not one cross to buy thee
 Ile give, if thou deny me.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND M. JO: WICKS.

SINCE shed or cottage I have none,
 I sing the more, that thou hast one ;
 To whose glad threshold, and free door
 I may a poet come, though poor ;
 And eat with thee a savory bit,
 Paying but common thanks for it.
 Yet sho'd I chance, my Wicks, to see
 An over-leven look in thee,
 To soure the bread, and turn the beer
 To an exalted vineger ;
 Or sho'dst thou prize me as a dish
 Of thrice-boyl'd-worts, or third dayes fish ;
 I'de rather hungry go and come,
 Then to thy house be burdensome ;
 Yet, in my depth of grief, I'de be
 One that sho'd drop his beads for thee.

THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFULL.

WHO may do most, do's least : the bravest will
 Shew mercy there, where they have power to kill.

AFTER AUTUMNE, WINTER.

DIE ere long, I'm sure, I shall ;
After leaves, the tree must fall.

A GOOD DEATH.

FOR truth I may this sentence tell,
No man dies ill, that liveth well.

RECOMPENCE.

WHO plants an olive, but to eate the oile ?
Reward, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.

ON FORTUNE.

THIS is my comfort, when she's most unkind,
She can but spoile me of my meanes, not mind.

TO SIR GEORGE PARRIE, DOCTOR OF THE
CIVILL LAW.

I HAVE my laurel chaplet on my head,
If 'mongst these many numbers to be read,
But one by you be hug'd and cherished.

Peruse my measures thoroughly, and where
Your judgement finds a guilty poem, there
Be you a judge ; but not a judge severe.

The meane passe by, or over, none contemne ;
The good applaud : the peccant lesse condemne,
Since absolution you can give to them.

Stand forth, brave man, here to the publique sight ;
And in my booke now claim a two-fold right :
The first as doctor, and the last as knight.

CHARMES.

THIS Ile tell ye by the way,
Maidens, when ye leavens lay,
Crosse your dow, and your dispatch,
Will be better for your batch.

ANOTHER.

IN the morning when ye rise,
 Wash your hands, and cleanse your eyes.
 Next be sure ye have a care,
 To disperse the water farre.
 For as farre as that doth light,
 So farre keeps the evill spright.

ANOTHER.

IF ye feare to be affrighted
 When ye are, by chance, benighted :
 In your pocket for a trust,
 Carrie nothing but a crust :
 For that holy piece of bread
 Charmes the danger, and the dread.

UPON GORGONIUS.

UNTO Pastillus ranke Gorgonius came,
 To have a tooth twitcht out of's native frame.
 Drawn was his tooth ; but stanke so, that some say,
 The barber stopt his nose, and ranne away.

GENTLENESS.

THAT prince must govern with a gentle hand,
 Who will have love comply with his command.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HIMSELFE AND MISTRESSE
 ELIZA : WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME
 OF AMARILLIS.

MY dearest love, since thou wilt go,
 And leave me here behind thee ;
 For love or pitie let me know
 The place where I may find thee.

Amaril. In country meadows pearl'd with dew,
 And set about with lillies ;
 There filling maunds with cowslips, you
 May find your Amarillis.

Her. What have the meades to do with thee,
 Or with thy youthfull houres ?
 Live thou at court, where thou mayst be
 The queen of men, not flowers.
 Let country wenches make 'em fine
 With poesies, since 'tis fitter
 For thee with richest jemmes to shine,
 And like the starres to glitter.

Amaril. You set too high a rate upon
 A shepheardess so homely.

Her. Believe it, dearest, ther's not one
 I'th' court that's halfe so comly.

I prithee stay. *Amaril.* I must away ;
 Lets kiss first, then we'l sever.

Ambo. And though we bid adieu to day,
 Wee shall not part for ever.

TO JULIA.

HELP me, Julia, for to pray,
 Mattens sing, or mattens say :
 This I know, the fiend will fly
 Far away, if thou beest by.
 Bring the holy-water hither ;
 Let us wash, and pray together :
 When our beads are thus united,
 Then the foe will fly affrighted.

TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

ROSES, you can never die,
 Since the place wherein ye lye,
 Heat and moisture mixt are so,
 As to make ye ever grow.

TO THE HONOURED, MASTER ENDIMION PORTER.

WHEN to thy porch I come, and, ravisht, see
 The state of poets there attending thee :
 Those bardes and I, all in a chorus sing,
 We are thy prophets porter ; thou our king.

SPEAKE IN SEASON.

WHEN times are troubled, then forbear ; but
 speak,
 When a cleare day, out of a cloud do's break.

OBEDIENCE.

THE power of princes rests in the consent
 Of onely those, who are obedient :
 Which if away, proud scepters then will lye
 Low, and of thrones the ancient majesty.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

NO man so well a kingdome rules, as he,
 Who hath himselfe obaid the soveraignty.

OF LOVE.

1. INSTRUCT me now, what Love will do ;
 2. 'Twill make a tongless man to woove.
1. Inform me next, what Love will do ;
 2. 'Twill strangely make a one of too.
1. Teach me besides, what Love wil do ;
 2. 'Twill quickly mar, & make ye too.
1. Tell me, now last, what Love will do ;
 2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

UPON TRAP.

TRAP, of a player turn'd a priest now is ;
 Behold a suddaine metamorphosis.
 If tythe-pigs faile, then will he shift the secan,
 And, from a priest, turne player once again.

UPON GRUBS.

GRUBS loves his wife and children, while that
 they
 Can live by love, or else grow fat by play :
 But when they call or cry on Grubs for meat ;
 Instead of bread, Grubs gives them stones to eat.
 He raves, he rends, and while he thus doth tear,
 His wife and children fast to death for fear.

UPON DOL.

NO question but Dols cheeks wo'd soon rost dry,
 Were they not basted by her either eye.

UPON HOG.

HOG has a place i'th' kitchen, and his share
 The flimsie livers, and blew gizzards are.

THE SCHOOL OR PERL OF PUTNEY, THE MISTRESS
 OF ALL SINGULAR MANNERS, MISTRESSE
 PORTMAN.

WHETHER I was my selfe, or else did see
 Out of my self that glorious hierarchie !
 Or whether those, in orders rare, or these
 Made up one state of sixtie Venuses ;
 Or whether fairies, syrens, nymphes they were,
 Or muses, on their mountaine sitting there ;
 Or some enchanted place, I do not know,
 Or Sharon, where eternall roses grow.
 This I am sure ; I ravisht stood, as one
 Confus'd in utter admiration.
 Me thought I saw them stir, and gently move,
 And look as all were capable of love :
 And in their motion smelt much like to flowers
 Enspir'd by th' sun-beams after dews & showers.
 There did I see the reverend rectresse stand,
 Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,

Those spirits rais'd ; and with like precepts then,
 As with a magick, laid them all agen :
*A happy realme ! When no compulsive law,
 Or fear of it, but love keeps all in awe.*
 Live you, great mistresse of your arts, and be
 A nursing mother so to majesty ;
 As those your ladies may in time be seene,
 For grace and carriage, every one a queene.
 One birth their parents gave them ; but their new,
 And better being, they receive from you.
*Mans former birth is grace-lesse ; but the state
 Of life comes in, when he's regenerate.*

TO PERENNA.

THOU say'st I'm dull ; if edge-lesse so I be,
 Ile whet my lips, and sharpen love on thee.

ON HIMSELFE.

LET me not live, if I not love,
 Since I as yet did never prove,
 Where pleasures met ; at last, doe find,
 All pleasures meet in woman-kind.

ON LOVE.

THAT love 'twixt men do's ever longest last
 Where war and peace the dice by turns doe
 cast.

ANOTHER ON LOVE.

LOVE'S of it self, too sweet ; the best of all
 Is, when loves hony has a dash of gall.

UPON GUT.

SCIENCE puffs up, sayes Gut, when either pease
 Make him thus swell, or windy cabbages.

UPON CHUB.

WHEN Chub brings in his harvest, still he cries,
 Aha my boyes! heres wheat for Christmas
 pies!

Soone after, he for beere so scores his wheat,
 That at the tide, he has not bread to eate.

PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

WHERE pleasures rule a kingdome, never there
 Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

ON HIMSELF.

A WEARIED pilgrim, I have wandred here
 Twice five and twenty, bate me but one yeer;
 Long I have lasted in this world; 'tis true,
 But yet those yeers that I have liv'd, but few.
 Who by his gray haire, doth his lusters tell,
 Lives not those yeers, but he that lives them well.
 One man has reach't his sixty yeers, but he
 Of all those three-score, has not liv'd halfe three:
*He lives, who lives to virtue: men who cast
 Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.*

TO M. LAURENCE SWETNAHAM.

READ thou my lines, my Swetnaham, if there be
 A fault, 'tis hid, if it be voic't by thee.
 Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please;
 How will it drop pure hony, speaking these?

HIS COVENANT OR PROTESTATION TO JULIA.

WHY do'st thou wound, & break my heart,
 As if we sho'd for ever part?
 Hast thou not heard an oath from me,
 After a day, or two, or three,
 I wo'd come back and live with thee?
 Take, if thou do'st distrust, that vowe;
 This second protestation now.

Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd teare,
 Which sits as dew of roses there :
 That teare shall scarce be dri'd before
 Ile kisse the threshold of thy dore.
 Then weepe not, sweet ; but thus much know,
 I'm halfe return'd before I go.

ON HIMSELFE.

I WILL no longer kiss,
 I can no longer stay ;
 The way of all flesh is,
 That I must go this day :
 Since longer I can't live,
 My frolick youths adieu ;
 My lamp to you Ile give,
 And all my troubles too.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN MASTER
MICHAEL OULSWORTH.

NOR thinke that thou in this my booke art worst,
 Because not plac't here with the midst, or first.
 Since fame that sides with these, or goes before
 Those, that must live with thee for evermore.
 That fame, and fames rear'd pillar, thou shalt see
 In the next sheet, brave man, to follow thee.
 Fix on that columnne then, and never fall ;
 Held up by fames eternall pedestall.

TO HIS GIRLES WHO WOULD HAVE HIM SPORTFULL.

ALAS ! I can't, for tell me how
 Can I be gamesome, aged now ;
 Besides, ye see me daily grow
 Here, winter-like, to frost and snow.
 And I ere long, my girles, shall see,
 Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

TRUTH by her own simplicity is known;
Falsehood by varnish and vermillion.

HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.

I HAVE been wanton, and too bold I feare,
To chafe o're much the virgins cheek or eare :
Beg for my pardon, Julia ; *He doth winne*
Grace with the gods, who's sorry for his sinne.
That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come,
And go with me to chuse my buriall roome :
My fates are ended; when thy Herrick dyes,
Claspe thou his book, then close thou up his eyes.

ON HIMSELFE.

ONE eare tingles ; some there be,
That are snarling now at me :
Be they those that Homer bit,
I will give them thanks for it.

UPON KINGS.

KINGS must be dauntlesse : *subjects will contemne*
Those, who want hearts, and weare a diadem.

TO HIS GIRLES.

WANTON wenches, doe not bring
For my haire black colouring :
For my locks, girles, let 'em be
Gray or white, all's one to me.

UPON SPUR.

SPUR jingles now, and swears by no meane
oathes,
He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay cloathes :
Most like his suite, and all commend the trim ;
And thus they praise the sumpter ; but not him :
As to the goddess, people did conferre
Worship, and not to'th' asse that carried her.

TO HIS BROTHER NICOLAS HERRICK.

WHAT others have with cheapnesse seene, and
 ease,
 In varnisht maps ; by'th' helpe of compasses :
 Or reade in volumes, and those bookes, with all
 Their large narrations, incanonically,
 Thou hast beheld those seas, and countries farre ;
 And tel'st to us, what once they were, and are.
 So that with bold truth, thou canst now relate
 This kingdomes fortune, and that empires fate :
 Canst talke to us of Sharon ; where a spring
 Of roses have an endlesse flourishing.
 Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them,
 Make knowne to us the new Jerusalem.
 The Mount of Olives ; Calverie, and where
 Is, and hast seene, thy Saviours sepulcher.
 So that the man that will but lay his eares,
 As inapostate, to the thing he heares,
 Shall be his hearing quickly come to see
 The truth of travails lesse in bookes then thee.

THE VOICE AND VIOLL.

RARE is the voice it selfe ; but when we sing
 To'th' lute or violl, then 'tis ravishing.

WARRE.

IF kings and kingdomes, once distracted be,
 The sword of war must trie the soveraignty.

A KING AND NO KING.

THAT prince, who may doe nothing but what's just,
 Rules but by leave, and takes his crowne on trust.

PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS.

ALL are not ill plots, that doe sometimes faile ;
 Nor those false vows, which oft times don't
 prevaile.

FLATTERIE.

WHAT is't that wasts a prince? example
 shows,
 'Tis flatterie spends a king, more then his foes.

UPON RUMPE.

RUMPE is a turne-broach, yet he seldome can
 Steale a swolne sop out of the dripping pan.

UPON SHOFTER.

OLD Widow Shopter, when so ere she cryes,
 Lets drip a certain gravie from her eyes.

UPON DEB.

IF felt and heard, unseen, thou dost me please;
 If seen, thou lik'st me, Deb, in none of these.

EXCESSE.

EXCESSE is sluttish: keepe the meane; for why?
 Vertue's clean conclave is sobriety.

UPON CROOT.

ONE silver spoon shines in the house of Croot;
 Who cannot buie, or steale a second to't.

THE SOUL IS THE SALT.

THE body's salt, the soule is; which when gon,
 The flesh soone sucks in putrifaction.

UPON FLOOD, OR A THANKFULL MAN.

FLOOD, if he has for him and his a bit,
 He sayes his fore and after Grace for it:
 If meate he wants, then Grace he sayes to see
 His hungry belly borne by legs jaile-free.
 Thus have, or have not, all alike is good,
 To this our poore, yet ever patient Flood.

UPON PIMPE.

WHEN Pimpes feet sweat, as they doe often use,
There springs a sope-like-lather in his shoos.

UPON LUSKE.

IN Den'-shire Kerzie Lusk, when he was dead,
Wo'd shrouded be, and therewith buried.
When his assignes askt him the reason why?
He said, because he got his wealth thereby.

FOOLISHNESSE.

IN'S Tusc'lanes, Tullie doth confesse,
No plague ther's like to foolishnesse.

UPON RUSH.

RUSH saves his shooes, in wet and snowie wether;
And feares in summer to weare out the lether:
This is strong thrift that warie Rush doth use
Summer and winter still to save his shooes.

ABSTINENCE.

AGAINST diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive vertue, abstinence.

NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE.

WHEN feare admits no hope of safety, then
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

SAUCE FOR SORROWES.

ALTHOUGH our suffering meet with no reliefe,
An equall mind is the best sauce for grieffe.

TO CUPID.

I HAVE a leaden, thou a shaft of gold ;
 Thou kil'st with heate, and I strike dead with
 cold.

Let's trie of us who shall the first expire ;
 Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire :
Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike,
And bring to'th' heart destruction both alike.

DISTRUST.

WHAT ever men for loyalty pretend,
'Tis wisdomes part to doubt a faithfull friend.

THE HAGG.

THE staffe is now greas'd,
 And very well pleas'd,
 She cockes out her arse at the parting,
 To an old ram goat,
 That rattles i'th' throat,
 Halfe choakt with the stink of her farting.
 In a dirtie haire lace
 She leads on a brace
 Of black-bore-cats to attend her ;
 Who scratch at the moone,
 And threaten at noone
 Of night from heaven for to rend her.
 A hunting she goes ;
 A crackt horne she blowes ;
 At which the hounds fall a bounding ;
 While th' moone in her sphere
 Peepes trembling for feare,
 And night's afraid of the sounding.

THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES.

AFTER thy labour take thine ease,
 Here with the sweet Pierides.

But if so be that men will not
Give thee the laurell crowne for lot ;
Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one
Not subject to corruption.

ON HIMSELFE.

I L'E write no more of love ; but now repent
Of all those times that I in it have spent.
He write no more of life ; but wish twas ended,
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

TO HIS BOOKE.

G OE thou forth, my booke, though late ;
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good-luck may send
Thee a kinsman, or a friend,
That may harbour thee, when I,
With my fates neglected lye.
If thou know'st not where to dwell,
See, the fier's by : Farewell.

THE END OF HIS WORKE.

P ART of the worke remaines ; one part is past :
And here my ship rides having anchor cast.

TO CROWNE IT.

M Y wearied barke, O let it now be crown'd !
The haven reacht to which I first was bound.

ON HIMSELFE.

T HE worke is done : young men and maidens, set
Upon my curles the mirtle coronet,
Washt with sweet ointments ; thus at last I come
To suffer in the muses martyrdom :
But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,
The muses will weare blackes, when I am dead.

THE PILLAR OF FAME.

FAMES pillar here, at last, we set,
 Out-during marble, brasse, or jet,
 Charm'd and enchanted so,
 As to withstand the blow
 Of overthrow :
 Nor shall the seas,
 Or outrages
 Of storms orebear
 What we up-rear,
 Tho kingdoms fal,
 This pillar never shall
 Decline or waste at all ;
 But stand for ever by his owne
 Firme and well fixt foundation.

TO his book's end this last line he'd have plac't,
Jocond his muse was ; but his life was chast.

HIS
NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,
HIS PIOUS PIECES.

Wherein (amongst other things)

He sings the Birth of his CHRIST:
and sings for his *Saviours*
suffering on the
Crosse.

HESIOD.

"Ιδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.
"Ιδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.



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HIS NOBLE NUMBERS: OR, HIS
PIOUS PIECES.

HIS CONFESSION.

LOOK how our foule dayes do exceed
our faire ;
And as our bad, more then our good
works are,
Ev'n so those lines, pen'd by my wan-
ton wit,

Treble the number of these good I've writ.
Things precious are least num'rous : men are prone
To do ten bad, for one good action.

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION.

FOR those my unbaptized rhimes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times ;
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book, that is not Thine.
But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one
Worthy thy benediction ;
That one of all the rest, shall be
The glory of my work, and me.

TO FINDE GOD.

WEIGH me the fire ; or canst thou find
 A way to measure out the wind ;
 Distinguish all those floods that are
 Mixt in that watrie theater ;
 And tast thou them as saltlesse there,
 As in their channell first they were.
 Tell me the people that do keep
 Within the kingdomes of the deep ;
 Or fetch me back that cloud againe,
 Beshiver'd into seeds of raine ;
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares
 Of corn, when Summer shakes his eares ;
 Shew me that world of starres, and whence
 They noiselesse spill their influence :
 This if thou canst ; then shew me Him
 That rides the glorious cherubim.

WHAT GOD IS.

GOD is above the sphere of our esteem,
 And is the best known, not defining Him.

UPON GOD.

GOD is not onely said to be
 An ens, but supraentitie.

MERCY AND LOVE.

GOD hath two wings, which He doth ever move
 The one is mercy, and the next is love :
 Under the first the sinners ever trust ;
 And with the last he still directs the just.

GODS ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION.

GOD when He's angry here with any one,
 His wrath is free from perturbation ;

And when we think His looks are sowre and grim,
The alteration is in us, not Him.

GOD NOT TO BE COMPREHENDED.

'TIS hard to finde God, but to comprehend
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

GODS PART.

PRAYERS and praises are those spotlesse two
Lambs, by the law, which God requires as due.

AFFLICTION.

GOD n'ere afflicts us more then our desert,
Though He may seem to over-act His part :
Sometimes He strikes us more then flesh can beare ;
But yet still lesse then grace can suffer here.

THREE FATALL SISTERS.

THREE fatall sisters wait upon each sin ;
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt within.

SILENCE.

SUFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk :
God, the most wise, is sparing of His talk.

MIRTH.

TRUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin :
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

LOADING AND UNLOADING.

GOD loads, and unloads ; thus His work begins,
To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

GODS MERCY.

GODS boundlesse mercy is, to sinfull man,
 Like to the ever-wealthy ocean :
 Which though it sends forth thousand streams, 'tis
 ne're
 Known, or els seen to be the emptier :
 And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more
 Full, and fild-full, then when full-fild before.

PRAYERS MUST HAVE POISE.

GOD He rejects all prayers that are sleight,
 And want their poise : words ought to have
 their weight.

TO GOD : AN ANTHEM, SUNG IN THE CHAPPELL
 AT WHITE-HALL, BEFORE THE KING.

Verse. MY God, I'm wounded by my sin,
 And sore without, and sick within :

Ver. Chor. I come to Thee, in hope to find
 Salve for my body, and my mind.

Verse. In Gilead though no balme be found,
 To ease this smart, or cure this wound ;

Ver. Chor. Yet, Lord, I know there is with Thee
 All saving health, and help for me.

Verse. Then reach Thou forth that hand of
 Thine,
 That powres in oyle, as well as wine.

Ver. Chor. And let it work, for I'll endure
 The utmost smart, so Thou wilt cure.

UPON GOD.

GOD is all fore-part ; for, we never see
 Any part backward in the Deitie.

CALLING, AND CORRECTING.

GOD is not onely mercifull, to call
Men to repent, but when He strikes withall.

NO ESCAPING THE SCOURGING.

GOD scourgeth some severely, some He spares ;
But all in smart have lesse, or greater shares.

THE ROD.

GODS rod doth watch while men do sleep ; and
then
The rod doth sleep, while vigilant are men.

GOD HAS A TWOFOLD PART.

GOD when for sin He makes His children smart,
His own He acts not, but anothers part :
But when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis known,
He comes to play the part that is His own.

GOD IS ONE.

GOD, as He is most holy knowne ;
So He is said to be most one.

PERSECUTIONS PROFITABLE.

AFFLICTIONS they most profitable are
To the beholder, and the sufferer :
Bettering them both, but by a double straine,
The first by patience, and the last by paine.

TO GOD.

DO with me, God! as Thou didst deal with John,
(Who writ that heavenly Revelation) ;

Let me, like him, first cracks of thunder heare ;
 Then let the harps enchantments strike mine eare ;
 Here give me thornes ; there, in thy kingdome, set
 Upon my head the golden coronet ;
 There give me day ; but here my dreadfull night :
 My sackcloth here ; but there my stole of white.

WHIPS.

GOD has His whips here to a twofold end,
 The bad to punish, and the good t'amend.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

IF all transgressions here should have their pay,
 What need there then be of a reckning day :
 If God should punish no sin, here, of men,
 His providence who would not question then ?

TEMPTATION.

THOSE saints, which God loves best,
 The devill tempts not least.

HIS EJACULATION TO GOD.

MY God! look on me with Thine eye
 Of pittie, not of scrutinie ;
 For if Thou dost, Thou then shalt see
 Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.
 O then ! for mercies sake, behold
 These my irruptions manifold ;
 And heale me with Thy looke, or touch :
 But if Thou wilt not deigne so much,
 Because I'm odious in Thy sight,
 Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

GODS GIFTS NOT SOONE GRANTED.

GOD heares us when we pray, but yet defers
 His gifts, to exercise petitioners :
 And though a while He makes requesters stay,
 With princely hand He'l recompence delay.

PERSECUTIONS PURIFIE.

GOD strikes His church, but 'tis to this intent,
 To make, not marre her, by this punishment:
 So where He gives the bitter pills, be sure,
 'Tis not to poyson, but to make thee pure.

PARDON.

GOD pardons those, who do through frailty sin ;
 But never those that persevere therein.

AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

IN numbers, and but these few,
 I sing Thy birth, oh JESU !
 Thou prettie babie, borne here,
 With sup'rabundant scorn here :
 Who for Thy princely port here,
 Hadst for Thy place
 Of birth, a base
 Out-stable for thy court here.

Instead of neat inclosures
 Of inter-woven osiers ;
 Instead of fragrant posies
 Of daffadills, and roses ;
 Thy cradle, kingly stranger,
 As gospell tells,
 Was nothing els,
 But, here, a homely manger.

But we with silks, not cruells,
 With sundry precious jewells,
 And lilly-work will dresse Thee ;
 And as we dispossesse Thee
 Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,
 Sweet babe, for Thee,
 Of ivorie,
 And plaister'd round with amber.

The Jewes they did disdaine Thee,
 But we will entertaine Thee
 With glories to await here
 Upon Thy princely state here,
 And more for love, then pittie.
 From yeere to yeere
 Wee'l make Thee, here,
 A free-born of our citie.

LIP-LABOUR.

IN the old Scripture I have often read,
 The calfe without meale n'ere was offered ;
 To figure to us, nothing more then this,
 Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

THE HEART.

IN prayer the lips ne're act the winning part,
 Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.

EARE-RINGS.

WHY wore th' Egyptians jewells in the eare ?
 But for to teach us, all the grace is there,
 When we obey, by acting what we heare.

SIN SEEN.

WHEN once the sin has fully acted been,
 Then is the horror of the trespasse seen.

UPON TIME.

TIME was upon
 The wing, to flie away ;
 And I cal'd on
 Him but a while to stay ;
 But he'd be gone,
 For ought that I could say.

He held out then,
 A writing, as he went ;
 And askt me, when
 False man would be content
 To pay agen,
 What God and Nature lent.

An heure-glasse,
 In which were sands but few,
 As he did passe,
 He shew'd, and told me too,
 Mine end near was,
 And so away he flew.

HIS PETITION.

IF warre, or want shall make me grow so poore,
 As for to beg my bread from doore to doore ;
 Lord ! let me never act that beggars part,
 Who hath thee in his mouth, not in his heart.
 He who asks almes in that so sacred Name,
 Without due reverence, playes the cheaters game.

To God.

THOU hast promis'd, Lord, to be
 With me in my miserie ;
 Suffer me to be so bold,
 As to speak, Lord, say and hold.

HIS LETANIE, TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

I N the houre of my distresse,
 When temptations me oppresse,
 And when I my sins confesse,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
 Sick in heart, and sick in head,
 And with doubts discomforted,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drown'd in sleep,
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artlesse doctor sees
 No one hope, but of his fees,
 And his skill runs on the lees;
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
 His, or none, or little skill,
 Meet for nothing, but to kill;
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth tole,
 And the furies in a shole
 Come to fright a parting soule;
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burne blew.
 And the comforters are few,
 And that number more then true;
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath praid,
 And I nod to what is said,
 'Cause my speech is now decaid;
 Sweet Spirit. comfort me!

When, God knowes, I'm tost about,
 Either with despaire, or doubt;
 Yet before the glasse be out,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tempter me pursu'th
 With the sins of all my youth,
 And halfe damns me with untruth;
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries
 Fright mine eares, and fright mine eyes,
 And all terrors me surprize;
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the judgment is reveal'd,
 And that open'd which was seal'd,
 When to Thee I have appeal'd;
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING for a former, doth invite
 God to bestow a second benefit.

COCK-CROW.

BELL-MAN of night, if I about shall go
 For to denie my Master, do thou crow.
 Thou stop'st S. Peter in the midst of sin;
 Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin;
 Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun
 A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.

ALL THINGS RUN WELL FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.

ADVERSE and prosperous fortunes both work on
 Here, for the righteous mans salvation:
 Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,
 All serve to th' augmentation of his good.

PAIN ENDS IN PLEASURE.

AFFLICTIONS bring us joy in times to come,
When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

To God.

I'LE come, I'le creep, though Thou dost threat,
Humbly unto Thy mercy-seat :
When I am there, this then I'le do,
Give Thee a dart, and dagger too ;
Next, when I have my faults confest,
Naked I'le shew a sighing brest ;
Which if that can't Thy pittie woe,
Then let Thy justice do the rest,
And strike it through.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell ;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof ;
Under the sparres of which I lie
Both soft, and drie ;
Where Thou my chamber for to ward
Hast set a guard
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state ;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by th' poore,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat :
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchin's small :
A little butterie, and therein
A little byn,

Which keeps my little loafe of bread
 Unchipt, unflead :
Some brittle sticks of thorne or briar
 Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coale I sit,
 And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits, that bee
 There plac'd by Thee ;
The worts, the purslain, and the messe
 Of water-cresse,
Which of thy kindnesse Thou hast sent ;
 And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltlesse mirth ;
And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink,
 Spic'd to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand,
 That soiles my land ;
And giv'st me, for my bushell sowne,
 Twice ten for one :
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day :
Besides my healthfull ewes to beare
 Me twins each yeare :
The while the conduits of my kine
 Run creame, for wine.
All these, and better Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
 A thankfull heart ;
Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne,
 As wholly Thine ;
But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee.

To God.

MAKE, make me Thine, my gracious God,
 Or with Thy staffe, or with Thy rod ;
 And be the blow too what it will,
 Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill :
 Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,
 Yet, in torments, I'll commend Thee :
 Examine me with fire, and prove me
 To the full, yet I will love Thee :
 Nor shalt Thou give so deep a wound,
 But I as patient will be found.

ANOTHER, TO GOD.

LORD, do not beat me,
 Since I do sob and crie,
 And swowne away to die,
 Ere Thou dost threat me.
 Lord, do not scourge me,
 If I by lies and oaths
 Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,
 But rather purge me.

NONE TRULY HAPPY HERE.

HAPPY'S that man, to whom God gives
 A stock of goods, whereby he lives
 Neer to the wishes of his heart :
 No man is blest through ev'ry part.

TO HIS EVER-LOVING GOD.

CAN I not come to Thee, my God, for these
 So very-many-meeting hindrances,
 That slack my pace ; but yet not make me stay ?
 Who slowly goes, rids (in the end) his way.
 Cleere Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my miles,
 Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles :

Since rough the way is, help me when I call,
 And take me up ; or els prevent the fall.
 I kenn my home ; and it affords some ease,
 To see far off the smoaking villages.
 Fain would I rest ; yet covet not to die,
 For feare of future-biting penurie :
 No, no, my God, Thou know'st my wishes be
 To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

ANOTHER.

THOU bidst me come ; I cannot come ; for why,
 Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie.
 To mount my soule, she must have pineons given ;
 For, 'tis no easie way from earth to heaven.

TO DEATH.

THOU bidst me come away,
 And I'le no longer stay,
 Then for to shed some teares
 For faults of former yeares ;
 And to repent some crimes,
 Done in the present times :
 And next, to take a bit
 Of bread, and wine with it :
 To d'on my robes of love,
 Fit for the place above ;
 To gird my loynes about
 With charity throughout ;
 And so to travaile hence
 With feet of innocence :
 These done, I'le onely crie
 God mercy ; and so die.

NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME.

GOD will have all, or none ; serve Him, or fall
 Down before Baal, Bel, or Belial :
 Either be hot, or cold : God doth despise,
 Abhorre, and spew out all neutralities.

WELCOME WHAT COMES.

WHATEVER comes, let's be content withall :
Among God's blessings, there is no one small.

TO HIS ANGRIE GOD.

THROUGH all the night
Thou dost me fright,
And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping ;
And day, by day,
My cup can say,
My wine is mixt with weeping.
Thou dost my bread
With ashes knead,
Each evening and each morrow :
Mine eye and eare
Do see, and heare
The coming in of sorrow.
Thy scourge of steele,
Ay me ! I feele,
Upon me beating ever :
While my sick heart
With dismall smart
Is disacquainted never.
Long, long, I'm sure,
This can't endure ;
But in short time 'twill please Thee,
My gentle God,
To burn the rod,
Or strike so as to ease me.

PATIENCE, OR COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

ABUNDANT plagues I late have had,
Yet none of these have made me sad :
For why, my Saviour, with the sense
Of suffring, gives me patience.

ETERNITIE.

O YEARES ! and age ! farewell :
 Behold I go,
 Where I do know
 Infinitie to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
 All times, how they
 Are lost i'th' sea
 Of vast eternitie.

Where never moone shall sway
 The starres ; but she,
 And night, shall be
 Drown'd in one endlesse day.

TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD ; A PRESENT, BY A
 CHILD.

G O, prettie child, and beare this flower
 Unto thy little Saviour ;
 And tell Him, by that bud now blown,
 He is the Rose of Sharon known :
 When thou hast said so, stick it there
 Upon His bibb, or stomacher :
 And tell Him, for good handsell too,
 That thou hast brought a whistle new,
 Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
 To charme His cries, at time of need :
 Tell Him, for corall, thou hast none ;
 But if thou hadst, He sho'd have one ;
 But poore thou art, and knowne to be
 Even as monillesse, as He.
 Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse
 From those mellifluous lips of His ;
 Then never take a second on,
 To spoile the first impression.

THE NEW-YEERES GIFT.

LET others look for pearle and gold,
 Tissues, or tabbies manifold :
 One onely lock of that sweet hay
 Whereon the blessed babie lay,
 Or one poore swadling-clout, shall be
 The richest new-yeeres gift to me.

TO GOD.

IF any thing delight me for to print
 My book, 'tis this ; that Thou, my God, art in't.

GOD, AND THE KING.

HOW am I bound to two ! God, who doth give
 The mind ; the king, the meanes whereby I live.

GODS MIRTH, MANS MOURNING.

WHERE God is merry, there write down thy
 fears :
 What He with laughter speaks, heare thou with tears.

HONOURS ARE HINDRANCES.

GIVE me honours : what are these,
 But the pleasing hindrances ?
 Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come
 In the way 'twixt me, and home :
 Cleer the walk, and then shall I
 To my heaven lesse run, then flie.

THE PARASCEVE, OR PREPARATION.

TO a love-feast we both invited are :
 The figur'd damask, or pure diaper,
 Over the golden altar now is spread,
 With bread, and wine, and vessells furnished :

The sacred towell, and the holy eure
 Are ready by, to make the guests all pure :
 Let's go, my Alma, yet, e're we receive,
 Fit, fit it is, we have our Parasceve.
 Who to that sweet bread unprepar'd doth come,
 Better he starv'd, then but to tast one crumme.

To God.

GOD gives not onely corne, for need,
 But likewise sup'rabundant seed ;
 Bread for our service, bread for shew ;
 Meat for our meales, and fragments too :
 He gives not poorly, taking some
 Between the finger, and the thumb ;
 But, for our glut, and for our store,
 Fine flowre prest down, and running o're.

A WILL TO BE WORKING.

ALTHOUGH we cannot turne the fervent fit
 Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the streame of it :
 And howsoe're we have the conquest mist ;
 'Tis for our glory, that we did resist.

CHRISTS PART.

CHRIST, He requires still, wheresoere He comes,
 To feed, or lodge, to have the best of roomes :
 Give Him the choice ; grant Him the nobler part
 Of all the house : the best of all's the heart.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

GOD co'd have made all rich, or all men poore ;
 But why He did not, let me tell wherefore :
 Had all been rich, where then had patience been ?
 Had all been poore, who had His bounty seen ?

SOBRIETY IN SEARCH.

TO seek of God more then we well can find,
Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

ALMES.

GIVE, if thou canst, an almes ; if not, afford,
Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word:
God crowns our goodnesse, wheresoere He sees,
On our part, wanting all abilities.

TO HIS CONSCIENCE.

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be
My private protonotarie ?
Can I not wooe thee to passe by
A short and sweet iniquity ?
I'll cast a mist and cloud, upon
My delicate transgression,
So utter dark, as that no eye
Shall see the hug'd impietie :
Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please,
And winde all other witnesses :
And wilt not thou, with gold, be ti'd
To lay thy pen and ink aside ?
That in the mirk and tonguelesse night,
Wanton I may, and thou not write ?
It will not be : and, therefore, now,
For times to come, I'll make this vow,
From aberrations to live free ;
So I'll not feare the Judge, or thee.

TO HIS SAVIOUR.

LORD, I confesse, that Thou alone art able
To purifie this my Augean stable :
Be the seas water, and the land all sope,
Yet if Thy bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

TO GOD.

GOD is all-sufferance here ; here He doth show
 No arrow nockt, onely a stringlesse bow :
 His arrowes flie ; and all his stones are hurl'd
 Against the wicked, in another world.

HIS DREAME.

I DREAMT, last night, Thou didst transfuse
 Oyle from Thy jarre, into my creuze ;
 And powring still, Thy wealthy store,
 The vessell full, did then run ore :
 Me thought, I did Thy bounty chide,
 To see the waste ; but 'twas repli'd
 By Thee, deare God, God gives man seed
 Oft-times for wast, as for his need.
 Then I co'd say, that house is bare,
 That has not bread, and some to spare.

GODS BOUNTY.

GODS bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse,
 As men do wane in thankfulnessse.

TO HIS SWEET SAVIOUR.

NIGHT hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep ;
 And Time seems then, not for to flie, but creep ;
 Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
 Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.
 Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray
 The winds, to blow the tedious night away ;
 That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.
 Sick is my heart ! O Saviour ! do Thou please
 To make my bed soft in my sicknesses :
 Lighten my candle, so that I beneath
 Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death :
 Let me Thy voice betimes i'th' morning heare ;
 Call, and I'll come ; say Thou, the when, and where:
 Draw me, but first, and after Thee I'll run,
 And make no one stop, till my race be done.

HIS CREED.

I DO believe, that die I must,
 And be return'd from out my dust :
 I do believe, that when I rise,
 Christ I shall see, with these same eyes :
 I do believe, that I must come,
 With others, to the dreadfull doome :
 I do believe, the bad must goe
 From thence, to everlasting woe :
 I do believe, the good, and I,
 Shall live with Him eternally :
 I do believe, I shall inherit
 Heaven, by Christs mercies, not my merit :
 I do believe, the One in Three,
 And Three in perfect Unitie :
 Lastly, that JESUS is a deed
 Of gift from God : and heres my creed.

TEMPTATIONS.

TEMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have
 access :
 Satan o'ercomes none, but by willingnesse.

THE LAMP.

WHEN a man's faith is frozen up, as dead ;
 Then is the lamp and oyle extinguished.

SORROWES.

SORROWES our portion are : ere hence we goe,
 Crosses we must have ; or, hereafter woe.

PENITENCIE.

A MANS transgression God do's then remit,
 When man he makes a penitent for it.

THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAHS DAUGHTER : SUNG BY
THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all dayes!
O paragon, and pearle of praise!
O Virgin-martyr, ever blest

Above the rest

Of all the maiden-traine! We come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy tombe.

Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground;
And as we sing thy dirge, we will

The daffadill,

And other flowers, lay upon
(The altar of our love) thy stone.

Thou wonder of all maids, li'st here,
Of daughters all, the deereſt deere;
The eye of virgins; nay, the queen

Of this ſmooth green,

And all ſweet meades; from whence we get
The primroſe, and the violet.

Too ſoon, too deere did Jephthah buy,
By thy ſad loſſe, our liberty:
His was the bond and cov'nant, yet

Thou paid'ſt the debt,

Lamented maid! he won the day,
But for the conqueſt thou didſt pay.

Thy father brought with him along
The olive branch, and victors ſong:
He ſlew the Ammonites, we know,

But to thy woe;

And in the purchaſe of our peace,
The cure was worſe then the diſeaſe.

For which obedient zeale of thine,
We offer here, before thy ſhrine,

Our sighs for storax, teares for wine ;
 And to make fine,
And fresh thy herse-cloth, we will, here,
Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.

Receive, for this thy praise, our teares :
Receive this offering of our haire :
Receive these christall vialls fil'd
 With teares, distil'd
From teeming eyes ; to these we bring,
Each maid, her silver filleting,

To guild thy tombe ; besides, these caules,
These laces, ribbands, and these faules,
These veiles, wherewith we use to hide
 The bashfull bride,
When we conduct her to her groome :
And, all we lay upon thy tombe.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we ere bring coy brides to bed ;
No more, at yeerly festivalls
 We cowslip balls,
Or chaines of columbines shall make,
For this, or that occasions sake.

No, no ; our maiden-pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding-sheet, with thee :
'Tis we are dead, though not i'th'grave :
 Or, if we have
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice ;
And make this place all paradise :
May sweets grow here ! & smoke from hence,
 Fat frankincense :
Let balme, and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden-monument.

May no wolfe howle, or screech-owle stir
 A wing about thy sepulcher!
 No boysterous winds, or stormes, come hither,
 To starve, or wither
 Thy soft sweet earth! but, like a spring,
 Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shie maids, at wonted hours,
 Come forth, to strew thy tombe with flow'rs:
 May virgins, when they come to mourn,
 Male-incense burn

Upon thine altar! then return,
 And leave thee sleeping in thy urn.

TO GOD, ON HIS SICKNESSE.

WHAT though my harp, and violl be
 Both hung upon the willow-tree?
 What though my bed be now my grave,
 And for my house I darknesse have?
 What though my healthfull dayes are fled,
 And I lie numbred with the dead?
 Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,
 To spring; though now a wither'd flower.

SINS LOATH'D, AND YET LOV'D.

SHAME checks our first attempts; but then 'tis
 prov'd,
Sins first dislik'd, are after that belov'd.

SIN.

SIN leads the way, but as it goes, it feels
 The following plague still treading on his heels.

UPON GOD.

GOD when He takes my goods and chattels hence,
 Gives me a portion, giving patience:
 What is in God is God; if so it be,
 He patience gives; He gives himselfe to me.

FAITH.

WHAT here we hope for, we shall once inherit :
By faith we all walk here, not by the spirit.

HUMILITY.

HUMBLE we must be, if to heaven we go :
High is the roof there ; but the gate is low :
When e're thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye :
Grace is increased by humility.

TEARES.

OUR present teares here, not our present laughter,
Are but the handsells of our joyes hereafter.

SIN AND STRIFE.

AFTER true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife
Must last with Satan, to the end of life.

AN ODE, OR PSALME, TO GOD.

DEER God,
If thy smart rod
Here did not make me sorrie,
I sho'd not be
With Thine, or Thee,
In Thy eternall glorie.

But since
Thou didst convince
My sinnes, by gently striking ;
Add still to those
First stripes, new blowes,
According to Thy liking.

Feare me,
Or scourging teare me ;
That thus from vices driven,
I may from hell
Flie up, to dwell
With Thee, and Thine in heaven.

GRACES FOR CHILDREN.

WHAT God gives, and what we take,
 'Tis a gift for Christ His sake :
 Be the meale of beanes and pease,
 God be thank'd for those, and these :
 Have we flesh, or have we fish,
 All are fragments from His dish.
 He His church save, and the king,
 And our peace here, like a spring,
 Make it ever flourishing.

GOD TO BE FIRST SERV'D.

HONOUR thy parents ; but good manners call
 Thee to adore thy God, the first of all.

ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD.

HERE a little child I stand,
 Heaving up my either hand ;
 Cold as paddocks though they be,
 Here I lift them up to Thee,
 For a benizon to fall
 On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

A CHRISTMAS CAROLL, SUNG TO THE KING IN THE
 PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL.

Chor. WHAT sweeter musick can we bring,
 Then a caroll, for to sing
 The birth of this our heavenly King ?
 Awake the voice ! awake the string !
 Heart, eare, and eye, and every thing
 Awake ! the while the active finger
 Runs division with the singer.

From the flourish they came to the song.

1 Dark and dull night, flie hence away,
 And give the honour to this day,
 That sees December turn'd to May.

2 If we may ask the reason, say ;
The why, and wherefore all things here
Seem like the spring-time of the yeere ?

3 Why do's the chilling winters morne
Smile, like a field beset with corne ?
Or smell, like to a meade new-shorne,
Thus, on the sudden ? 4. Come and see
The cause, why things thus fragrant be :
'Tis He is borne, whose quickning birth
Gives life and luster, publike mirth,
To heaven, and the under-earth.

Chor. We see Him come, and know him ours,
Who, with His sun-shine, and His showers,
Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

1 The darling of the world is come,
And fit it is, we finde a roome
To welcome Him. 2. The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the heart,

Chor. Which we will give Him ; and bequeath
This hollie, and this ivie wreath,
To do Him honour ; who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

*The musically part was composed by
M. Henry Lawes.*

THE NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR CIRCUMCISIONS SONG,
SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE
AT WHITE-HALL.

1 **P**REPARE for songs ; He's come, He's
come ;
And be it sin here to be dumb,
And not with lutes to fill the roome.

2 Cast holy water all about,
And have a care no fire gos out,
But 'cense the porch, and place throughout.

3 The altars all on fier be ;
 The storax fries; and ye may see,
 How heart and hand do all agree,
 To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all less sweet
 then He.

4 Bring Him along, most pious priest,
 And tell us then, when as thou seest
 His gently-gliding, dove-like eyes,
 And hear'st His whimp'ring, and His cries;
 How canst thou this babe circumcise ?

5 Ye must not be more pitifull then wise ;
 For, now unlesse ye see Him bleed,
 Which makes the bapti'me ; 'tis decreed,
 The birth is fruitlesse: *Chor.* Then the work God
 speed.

1 Touch gently, gently touch ; and here
 Spring tulips up through all the yeere ;
 And from His sacred bloud, here shed,
 May roses grow, to crown His own deare head.

Chor. Back, back again ; each thing is done
 With zeale alike, as 'twas begun ;

Now singing, homeward let us carrie
 The babe unto His mother Marie ;
 And when we have the child commended
 To her warm bosome, then our rites are ended.

Composed by M. Henry Lawes.

ANOTHER NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR SONG FOR
 THE CIRCUMCISION.

1 HENCE, hence, prophane, and none ap-
 peare
 With any thing unhallowed, here :
 No jot of leven must be found
 Conceal'd in this most holy ground :

2 What is corrupt, or sowr'd with sin,
Leave that without, then enter in ;

Chor. But let no Christmas mirth begin
Before ye purge, and circumcise
Your hearts, and hands, lips, eares, and eyes.

3 Then, like a perfum'd altar, see
That all things sweet, and clean may be :
For, here's a babe, that, like a bride,
Will blush to death, if ought be spi'd
Ill-scenting, or unpurifi'd.

Chor. The room is cens'd : help, help t'invoke
Heaven to come down, the while we choke
The temple, with a cloud of smoke.

4 Come then, and gently touch the birth
Of Him, who's Lord of heav'n and earth ;

5 And softly handle Him : y'ad need,
Because the prettie babe do's bleed.
Poore-pittied child ! who from Thy stall
Bring'st in Thy blood, a balm, that shall
Be the best new-yeares gift to all.

1 Let's blesse the babe : and, as we sing
His praise ; so let us blesse the King :

Chor. Long may He live, till He hath told
His new-yeeres trebled to His old :
And, when that's done, to re-aspire
A new-borne Phœnix from His own chast fire.

GODS PARDON.

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespasse here ;
For, once in hell, none knowes remission
there.

SIN.

SIN once reacht up to Gods eternall sphere,
And was committed, not remitted there.

EVILL.

EVILL no nature hath ; the losse of good
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

THE STAR-SONG : A CAROLL TO THE KING ;
SUNG AT WHITE-HALL.

The flourish of musick : then followed the song.

1 TELL us, thou cleere and heavenly tongue,
Where is the babe but lately sprung ?
Lies He the lillie-banks among ?

2 Or say, if this new birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with deaw-light ; thou canst cleere
All doubts, and manifest the where.

3 Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek
Him in the mornings blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find him out ?

Star. No, this ye need not do ;
But only come, and see Him rest
A princely babe in's mothers brest.

Chor. He's seen, He's seen, why then a round,
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground ;
And all rejoyce, that we have found
A King, before conception crown'd.

4 Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our prettie Twelfth-Tide King,
Each one his severall offering ;

Chor. And when night comes, wee'l give Him
wassailing :

And that His treble honours may be seen,
Wee'l chuse Him King, and make His mother queen.

To God.

WITH golden censers, and with incense, here,
 Before Thy virgin-altar I appeare,
 To pay Thee that I owe, since what I see
 In, or without ; all, all belongs to Thee :
 Where shall I now begin to make, for one
 Least loane of Thine, half restitution ?
 Alas ! I cannot pay a jot ; therefore
 I'le kisse the tally, and confesse the score.
 Ten thousand talents lent me, Thou dost write :
 'Tis true, my God ; *but I can't pay one mite.*

TO HIS DEERE GOD.

I'LE hope no more,
 For things that will not come :
 And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome ;
 Wealth brings much woe :
 And, since it fortunes so ;
 'Tis better to be poore,
 Than so t'abound,
 As to be drown'd,
 Or overwhelm'd with store.
 Pale care, avant,
 I'le learn to be content
 With that small stock, Thy bounty gave or lent.
 What may conduce
 To my most healthfull use,
 Almighty God, me grant ;
 But that, or this,
 That hurtfull is,
 Denie Thy suppliant.

TO GOD, HIS GOOD WILL.

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,
 O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants
 the deed.

Where rams are wanting, or large bullocks thighs,
 There a poor lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.
 Take then his vows, who, if he had it, would
 Devote to Thee, both incense, myrrhe, and gold,
 Upon an altar rear'd by him, and crown'd
 Both with the rubie, pearle, and diamond.

ON HEAVEN.

PERMIT mine eyes to see
 Part, or the whole of Thee,
 O happy place !
 Where all have grace,
 And garlands shar'd,
 For their reward ;
 Where each chast soule
 In long white stole,
 And palmes in hand,
 Do ravisht stand ;
 So in a ring,
 The praises sing
 Of Three in One,
 That fill the throne ;
 While harps, and violls then
 To voices, say, Amen.

THE SUMME, AND THE SATISFACTION.

LAST night I drew up mine account,
 And found my debits to amount
 To such a height, as for to tell
 How I sho'd pay, 's impossible :
 Well, this I'le do ; my mighty score
 Thy mercy-seat I'le lay before ;
 But therewithall I'le bring the band,
 Which, in full force, did daring stand,
 Till my Redeemer, on the tree,
 Made void for millions, as for me.

Then, if Thou bidst me pay, or go
 Unto the prison, I'll say, no;
 Christ having paid, I nothing owe:
 For, this is sure, the debt is dead
 By law, the bond once cancelled.

GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST.

GOD makes not good men wantons, but doth
 bring
 Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing;
 With trialls those, with terrors these He proves,
 And hazards those most, whom the most he loves;
 For Sceva, darts; for Cocles, dangers; thus
 He finds a fire for mighty Mutius;
 Death for stout Cato; and besides all these,
 A poyson too He has for Socrates;
 Torments for high Attilius; and, with want,
 Brings in Fabricius for a combatant:
 But, bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes,
 He never brings them once to th' push of pikes.

GOOD CHRISTIANS.

PLAY their offensive and defensive parts,
 Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.

THE WILL THE CAUSE OF WOE.

WHEN man is punisht, he is plagued still,
 Not for the fault of Nature, but of will.

TO HEAVEN.

OPEN thy gates
 To him, who weeping waits,
 And might come in,
 But that held back by sin.
 Let mercy be
 So kind, to set me free,
 And I will strait
 Come in, or force the gate.

THE RECOMPENCE.

ALL I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me;
 And fare it well : yet, Herrick, if so be
 Thy deerest Saviour renders thee but one
 Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

To God.

PARDON me God, once more I Thee intreat,
 That I have plac'd Thee in so meane a seat,
 Where round about Thou seest but all things vaine,
 Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.
 But as heavens publike and immortall eye
 Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby ;
 So Thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,
 But take no tincture from my sinfull book :
 Let but one beame of glory on it shine,
 And that will make me, and my work divine.

To God.

LORD, I am like to misletoe,
 Which has no root, and cannot grow,
 Or prosper, but by that same tree
 It clings about ; so I by Thee.
 What need I then to feare at all,
 So long as I about Thee craule ?
 But if that Tree sho'd fall, and die,
 Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

HIS WISH TO GOD.

I WOULD to God, that mine old age might have
 Before my last, but here a living grave,
 Some one poore almes-house ; there to lie, or stir,
 Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher ;
 A little piggin, and a pipkin by,
 To hold things fitting my necessity ;

Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and place,
 Might me excite to fore, and after-grace.
 Thy crosse, my Christ, fixt 'fore mine eyes sho'd be,
 Not to adore that, but to worship Thee.
 So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend,
 Reading Thy Bible, and my book ; so end.

SATAN.

WHEN we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more
 He teares and tugs us, then he did before ;
 Neglecting once to cast a frown on those
 Whom ease makes his, without the help of blowes.

HELL.

HELL is no other, but a soundlesse pit,
 Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it.

THE WAY.

WHEN I a ship see on the seas,
 Cuft with those watrie savages,
 And therewithall, behold, it hath
 In all that way no beaten path ;
 Then, with a wonder, I confesse,
 Thou art our way i'th wildernesse :
 And while we blunder in the dark,
 Thou art our candle there, or spark.

GREAT GRIEF, GREAT GLORY.

THE lesse our sorrowes here and suffrings cease,
 The more our crownes of glory there increase.

HELL.

HELL is the place where whipping-cheer abounds,
 But no one jailor there to wash the wounds.

THE BELL-MAN.

A LONG the dark, and silent night,
 With my lantern, and my light,
 And the tinkling of my bell,
 Thus I walk, and this I tell :
 Death and dreadfulness call on,
 To the gen'rall session ;
 To whose dismall barre, we there
 All accompts must come to cleere :
 Scores of sins w'ave made here many,
 Wip't out few, God knowes, if any.
 Rise, ye debtors, then, and fall
 To make paiment, while I call.
 Ponder this, when I am gone ;
 By the clock 'tis almost one.

THE GOODNESSE OF HIS GOD.

WHEN winds and seas do rage,
 And threaten to undo me,
 Thou dost their wrath asswage,
 If I but call unto Thee.

A mighty storm last night
 Did seek my soule to swallow,
 But by the peep of light
 A gentle calme did follow.

What need I then despaire,
 Though ills stand round about me ;
 Since mischiefs neither dare
 To bark, or bite, without Thee ?

THE WIDDOWES TEARES : OR, DIRGE OF DORCAS.

COME pitie us, all ye, who see
 Our harps hung on the willow-tree :
 Come pitie us, ye passers by,
 Who see, or heare poor widdowes crie :

Come pitie us ; and bring your eares,
And eyes, to pitie widdowes teares.

Chor. And when you are come hither ;
Then we will keep
A fast, and weep
Our eyes out all together.

For Tabitha, who dead lies here,
Clean washt, and laid out for the beere ;
O modest matrons, weep and waile !
For now the corne and wine must faile :
The basket and the bynn of bread,
Wherewith so many soules were fed

Chor. Stand empty here for ever :
And ah ! the poore,
At thy worne doore,
Shall be releved never.

Woe worth the time, woe worth the day,[§]
That reav'd us of thee, Tabitha !
For we have lost, with thee, the meale,
The bits, the morsells, and the deale
Of gentle paste, and yeelding dow,
That thou on widdowes didst bestow.

Chor. All's gone, and Death hath taken
Away from us
Our maundie ; thus,
Thy widdowes stand forsaken.

Ah Dorcas, Dorcas ! now adieu
We bid the creuse and pannier too :
I and the flesh, for and the fish,
Dol'd to us in that lordly dish.
We take our leaves now of the loome,
From whence the house-wives cloth did come :

Chor. The web affords now nothing ;
Thou being dead,
The woosted thred
Is cut, that made us clothing.

Farewell the flax and reaming wooll,
 With which thy house was plentifull.
 Farewell the coats, the garments, and
 The sheets, the rugs, made by thy hand.
 Farewell thy fier and thy light,
 That ne're went out by day or night :

Chor. No, or thy zeale so speedy,
 That found a way
 By peep of day,
 To feed and cloth the needy.

But, ah, alas ! the almond bough,
 And olive branch is wither'd now.
 The wine presse now is ta'ne from us,
 The saffron and the calamus.
 The spice and spiknard hence is gone,
 The storax and the cynamon,

Chor. The caroll of our gladnesse
 Ha's taken wing,
 And our late spring
 Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.

How wise wast thou in all thy waies !
 How worthy of respect and praise !
 How matron-like didst thou go drest !
 How soberly above the rest
 Of those that prank it with their plumes ;
 And jet it with their choice perfumes.

Chor. Thy vestures were not flowing :
 Nor did the street
 Accuse thy feet
 Of mincing in their going.

And though thou here li'st dead, we see
 A deale of beauty yet in thee.
 How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,
 Thy lips with all diffused grace !

Thy hands, though cold, yet spotlesse, white,
And comely as the chrysolite.

Chor. Thy belly like a hill is,
Or as a neat
Cleane heap of wheat,
All set about with lillies.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we
Will shew these garments made by thee ;
These were the coats, in these are read
The monuments of Dorcas dead.

These were thy acts, and thou shalt have
These hung, as honours o're thy grave,

Chor. And after us, distressed,
Sho'd fame be dumb ;
Thy very tomb
Would cry out, Thou art blessed.

TO GOD, IN TIME OF PLUNDERING.

RAPINE has yet tooke nought from me ;
But if it please my God, I be
Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,
God make me thankfull still for it.
I have been gratefull for my store :
Let me say grace when there's no more.

TO HIS SAVIOUR. THE NEW-YEERS GIFT.

THAT little prettie bleeding part
Of foreskin send to me :
And Ile returne a bleeding heart,
For New-years gift to thee.

Rich is the jemme that thou did'st send,
Mine's faulty too, and small :
But yet this gift Thou wilt commend,
Because I send Thee all.

DOOMES-DAY.

LET not that day Gods friends and servants
 scare :
 The bench is then their place ; and not the barre.

THE POORES PORTION.

THE sup'rabundance of my store,
 That is the portion of the poore :
 Wheat, barley, rie, or oats ; what is't
 But he takes tole of? all the griest.
 Two raiments have I ; Christ then makes
 This law ; that he and I part stakes.
 Or have I two loaves ; then I use
 The poore to cut, and I to chuse.

THE WHITE ISLAND : OR PLACE OF THE BLEST.

IN this world, the Isle of Dreames,
 While we sit by sorrowes streames,
 Teares and terrors are our theames
 Reciting :

But when once from hence we flie,
 More and more approaching nigh
 Unto young Eternitie
 Uniting :

In that whiter island, where
 Things are evermore sincere ;
 Candor here, and lustre there
 Delighting :

There no monstrous fancies shall
 Out of hell an horroure call,
 To create, or cause at all,
 Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
 We our eyes shall never steep ;
 But eternall watch shall keep,
 Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue
 Me immortaliz'd, and you ;
 And fresh joyes, as never too
 Have ending.

To CHRIST.

I CRAWLE, I creep ; my Christ, I come
 To Thee, for curing balsamum :
 Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the tree,
 Affording salve of soveraigntie.
 My mouth I'le lay unto Thy wound
 Bleeding, that no blood touch the ground :
 For, rather then one drop shall fall
 To wast, my JESU, I'le take all.

To GOD.

GOD! to my little meale and oyle,
 Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle :
 And Thou my pipkinnet shalt see,
 Give a wave-offring unto Thee.

FREE WELCOME.

GOD He refuseth no man ; but makes way
 For all that now come, or hereafter may.

GODS GRACE.

GODS Grace deserves here to be daily fed,
 That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

COMING TO CHRIST.

TO him, who longs unto his Christ to go,
Celerity even it self is slow.

CORRECTION.

GOD had but one Son free from sin ; but none
Of all His sonnes free from correction.

GODS BOUNTY.

GOD, as He's potent, so He's likewise known,
To give us more then hope can fix upon.

KNOWLEDGE.

SCIENCE in God, is known to be
A substance, not a qualitie.

SALUTATION.

CHRIST, I have read, did to His chaplains say,
Sending them forth, Salute no man by th' way :
Not, that He taught His ministers to be
Unsmooth, or sowre, to all civilitie ;
But to instruct them, to avoid all snares
Of tardidation in the Lords affaires.
Manners are good : but till his errand ends,
Salute we must, nor strangers, kin, or friends.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE is known to be
The sister to saturitie.

TEARES.

GOD from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes,
And gives His children kisses then, not stripes.

GODS BLESSING.

IN vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,
Unless God gives the Benedicite.

GOD, AND LORD.

GOD, is His name of nature ; but that word
Implies His power, when He's cal'd the LORD.

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

GOD hides from man the reck'ning day, that He
May feare it ever for uncertaintie:
That being ignorant of that one, he may
Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

ANGELLS.

ANGELLS are called gods ; yet of them, none
Are gods, but by participation :
As just men are intitled gods, yet none
Are gods, of them, but by adoption.

LONG LIFE.

THE longer thred of life we spin,
The more occasion still to sin.

TEARES.

THE teares of saints more sweet by farre,
Then all the songs of sinners are.

MANNA.

THAT manna, which God on His people cast,
Fitted it self to ev'ry feeders tast.

REVERENCE.

TRUE rev'ence is, as Cassiodore doth prove,
The feare of God, commixt with cleanly love.

MERCY.

MERCY, the wise Athenians held to be
Not an affection, but a deitie.

WAGES.

AFTER this life, the wages shall
Not shar'd alike be unto all.

TEMPTATION.

GOD tempteth no one, as S. Aug'stine saith,
For any ill; but, for the proof of faith:
Unto temptation God exposeth some;
But none, of purpose, to be overcome.

GODS HANDS.

GODS hands are round, and smooth, that gifts
may fall
Freely from them, and hold none back at all.

LABOUR.

LABOUR we must, and labour hard
I'th forum here, or vineyard.

MORA SPONSI, THE STAY OF THE BRIDEGROOME.

THE time the bridegroom stayes from hence,
Is but the time of penitence.

ROARING.

ROARING is nothing but a weeping part,
Forc'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

THE EUCHARIST.

HE *that is hurt seeks help*: sin is the wound;
The salve for this i'th Eucharist is found.

SIN SEVERELY PUNISHT.

GOD in His own day will be then severe,
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt
here.

MONTES SCRIPTURARUM, THE MOUNTS OF
THE SCRIPTURES.

THE mountains of the Scriptures are, some say,
Moses, and Jesus, called Joshua :
The Prophets mountains of the Old are meant ;
The Apostles mounts of the New Testament.

PRAYER.

A PRAYER, that is said alone,
Starves, having no companion.
Great things ask for, when thou dost pray,
And those great are, which ne're decay.
Pray not for silver, rust eats this ;
Ask not for gold, which metall is :
Nor yet for houses, which are here
But earth : *such vowes nere reach Gods eare.*

CHRISTS SADNESSE.

CHRIST was not sad, i'th garden, for His own
Passion, but for His sheeps dispersion.

GOD HEARES US.

GOD, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence ;
If not to'th sound, yet, to the sense.

GOD.

GOD, as the learned Damascen doth write,
A Sea of Substance is, Indefinite.

CLOUDS.

HE that ascended in a cloud, shall come
In clouds, descending to the publike doome.

COMFORTS IN CONTENTIONS.

THE same, who crownes the conquerour, will be
A coadjutor in the agonie.

HEAVEN.

HEAV'N is most faire ; but fairer He
That made that fairest canopie.

GOD.

IN God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be
Ev'n God Himself, in perfect entitie.

HIS POWER.

GOD can do all things, save but what are known
For to imply a contradiction.

CHRISTS WORDS ON THE CROSSE, MY GOD, MY GOD.

CHRIST, when He hung the dreadfull crosse
upon,
Had, as it were, a dereliction ;
In this regard, in those great terrors He
Had no one beame from Gods sweet majestie.

JEHOVAH.

JEHOVAH, as Boëtius saith,
No number of the plurall hath.

CONFUSION OF FACE.

GOD then confounds mans face, when He not
hears
The vowes of those, who are petitioners.

ANOTHER.

THE shame of mans face is no more
Then prayers repel'd, sayes Cassiodore.

BEGGARS.

JACOB Gods beggar was ; and so we wait,
Though ne're so rich, all beggars at His gate.

GOOD, AND BAD.

THE bad among the good are here mixt ever :
The good without the bad are here plac'd
never.

SIN.

SIN no existence ; Nature none it hath,
Or good at all, as learn'd Aquinas saith.

MARTHA, MARTHA.

THE repetition of the name made known
No other, then Christs full affection.

YOUTH, AND AGE.

GOD on our youth bestowes but little ease ;
But on our age most sweet indulgences.

GODS POWER.

GOD is so potent, as His power can
Draw out of bad a soveraigne good to man.

PARADISE.

PARADISE is, as from the learn'd I gather,
A quire of blest soules circling in the Father.

OBSERVATION.

THE Jewes, when they built houses, I have read,
One part thereof left still unfinished :
To make them, thereby, mindfull of their own
Cities most sad and dire destruction.

THE ASSE.

GOD did forbid the Israelites, to bring
 An asse unto Him, for an offering :
 Onely, by this dull creature, to expresse
 His detestation to all slothfulnesse.

OBSERVATION.

THE Virgin-Mother stood at distance there,
 From her Sonnes crosse, not shedding once a
 teare :

Because the law forbad to sit and crie
 For those, who did as malefactors die.
 So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,
 Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the law.
 Observe we may, how Mary Joses then,
 And th' other Mary, Mary Magdalen,
 Sate by the grave ; and sadly sitting there,
 Shed for their Master many a bitter teare :
 But 'twas not till their dearest Lord was dead ;
 And then to weep they both were licensed.

TAPERS.

THOSE tapers, which we set upon the grave,
 In fun'rall pomp, but this importance have ;
 That soules departed are not put out quite ;
 But, as they walk't here in their vestures white,
 So live in Heaven, in everlasting light.

CHRISTS BIRTH.

ONE birth our Saviour had ; the like none yet
 Was, or will be, a second like to it.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

TO work a wonder, God would have her shown,
 At once, a bud, and yet a rose full-blowne.

ANOTHER.

AS sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in,
 No crack or schisme leave i'th subtile skin :
 So the Divine Hand work't, and brake no thred,
 But, in a mother, kept a maiden-head.

GOD.

GOD, in the holy tongue, they call
 The place that filleth All in all.

ANOTHER OF GOD.

GOD'S said to leave this place, and for to come
 Nearer to that place, then to other some :
 Of locall motion, in no least respect,
 But only by impression of effect.

ANOTHER.

GOD is Jehovah cal'd ; which name of His
 Implies or essence, or the He that Is.

GODS PRESENCE.

GOD'S evident, and may be said to be
 Present with just men, to the veritie :
 But with the wicked if He doth comply,
 'Tis, as S. Bernard saith, but seemingly.

GODS DWELLING.

GOD'S said to dwell there, wheresoever He
 Puts down some prints of His high majestie :
 As when to man He comes, and there doth place
 His holy Spirit, or doth plant His grace.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE Virgin Marie was, as I have read,
 The House of God, by Christ inhabited ;
 Into the which He enter'd: but, the doore
 Once shut, was never to be opened more.

TO GOD.

GOD'S undivided, One in Persons Three ;
 And Three in Inconfused Unity :
 Originall of Essence there is none,
 'Twixt God the Father, Holy Ghost, and Sonne :
 And though the Father be the first of Three,
 'Tis but by order, not by entitie.

UPON WOMAN AND MARY.

SO long, it seem'd, as Maries faith was small,
 Christ did her woman, not her Mary call :
 But no more woman, being strong in faith ;
 But Mary cal'd then, as S. Ambrose saith.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE Jewes their beds, and offices of ease,
 Plac't north and south, for these cleane purposes ;
 That mans uncomely froth might not molest
 Gods wayes and walks, which lie still east and west.

SABBATHS.

SABBATHS are threefold, as S. Austine sayes :
 The first of time, or Sabbath here of dayes ;
 The second is a conscience trespasse-free ;
 The last the Sabbath of Eternitie.

THE FAST, OR LENT.

NOAH the first was, as tradition sayes,
 That did ordaine the fast of forty dayes.

SIN.

THERE is no evill that we do commit,
 But hath th' extraction of some good from it
 As when we sin ; God, the great Chymist, thence
 Draws out th' elixar of true penitence.

GOD.

GOD is more here, then in another place,
Not by His Essence, but commerce of grace.

THIS, AND THE NEXT WORLD.

GOD hath this world for many made; 'tis true :
But He hath made the world to come for few.

EASE.

GOD gives to none so absolute an ease,
As not to know, or feel some grievances.

BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS.

PAUL, he began ill, but he ended well ;
Judas began well, but he foulely fell :
In godlinesse, not the beginnings, so
Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

TEMPORALL GOODS.

THESE temp'rall goods God, the most wise,
commends
To th' good and bad, in common, for two ends :
First, that these goods none here may o're esteem,
Because the wicked do partake of them :
Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun ;
Being, oft here, the just mans portion.

HELL FIRE.

THE fire of hell this strange condition hath,
To burn, not shine, as learned Basil saith.

ABELS BLOOD.

SPEAK, did the blood of Abel cry
To God for vengeance ; yes, say I ;
Ev'n as the sprinkled blood cal'd on
God, for an expiation.

ANOTHER.

THE bloud of Abel was a thing
 Of such a rev'rend reckoning,
 As that the old world thought it fit,
 Especially to sweare by it.

A POSITION IN THE HEBREW DIVINITY.

ONE man repentant is of more esteem
 With God, then one, that never sin'd 'gainst
 Him.

PENITENCE.

THE doctors, in the Talmud, say,
 That in this world, one onely day
 In true repentance spent, will be
 More worth, then heav'ns eternitie.

GODS PRESENCE.

GOD'S present ev'ry where ; but most of all
 Present by union hypostaticall :
 God, He is there, where's nothing else, schooles say,
 And nothing else is there, where He's away.

THE RESURRECTION POSSIBLE, AND PROBABLE.

FOR each one body, that i'th earth is sowne,
 There's an up-rising but of one for one :
 But for each graine, that in the ground is thrown,
 Threescore or fourescore spring up thence for one :
 So that the wonder is not halfe so great,
 Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

CHRISTS SUFFERING.

JUSTLY our dearest Saviour may abhorre us,
 Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for us.

SINNERS.

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way,
 Either as when (the learned schoolemen say)
 Mens sins destroyed are, when they repent ;
 Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

TEMPTATIONS.

NO man is tempted so, but may o'recome,
 If that he has a will to masterdome.

PITTIE, AND PUNISHMENT.

GOD doth embrace the good with love; & gaires
 The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.

GODS PRICE, AND MANS PRICE.

GOD bought man here with his hearts blood
 expence ;
 And man sold God here for base thirty pence.

CHRISTS ACTION.

CHRIST never did so great a work, but there
 His humane nature did, in part, appeare :
 Or, ne're so meane a peece, but men might see
 Therein some beames of His divinitie :
 So that, in all He did, there did combine
 His humane nature, and His part Divine.

PREDESTINATION.

PREDESTINATION is the cause alone
 Of many standing, but of fall to none.

ANOTHER.

ART thou not destin'd ? then, with hast, go on
 To make thy faire predestination :
 If thou canst change thy life, God then will please
 To change, or call back, His past sentences.

SIN.

SIN never slew a soule, unlesse there went
Along with it some tempting blandishment.

ANOTHER.

SIN is an act so free, that if we shall
Say, 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

ANOTHER.

SIN is the cause of death ; and sin's alone
The cause of Gods predestination :
And from Gods prescience of mans sin doth flow
Our destination to eternall woe.

PRESCIENCE.

GODS prescience makes none sinfull ; but th'
offence
Of man's the chief cause of Gods prescience.

CHRIST.

TO all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be,
Christ is the one sufficient remedie.

CHRISTS INCARNATION.

CHRIST took our nature on Him, not that He
'Bove all things lov'd it, for the puritie :
No, but He drest Him with our humane trim,
Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here :
Yet it is given to the labourer.

NUMBERS.

NUMBERS.

... which He reserves alone ;
... the key of hell next known :
... pes and shuts the wombe ;
... de unlocks the tombe.

SIX.

... no constraint to do amisse,
... but one enforcement is.

ALMES.

... al, lest he, whom thou deni'st,
... be no other man, but Christ.

HELL-FIRE.

... onely fire has hell ; but yet it shall,
... after one sort, there excruciate all :
... how each transgressor onward went
... in sin, shall feel more punishment.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

I S this a fast, to keep
The larder leane ?
And cleane
From fat of veales, and sheep ?
Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish ?
Is it to fast an houre,
Or rag'd to go,
Or show
A down-cast look, and sowre ?

No : 'tis a fast, to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat,
 And meat,
 Unto the hungry soule.
 It is to fast from strife,
 From old debate,
 And hate ;
 To circumcise thy life.
 To shew a heart grief-rent ;
 To sterve thy sin,
 Not bin ;
 And that's to keep thy Lent.

NO TIME IN ETERNITIE.

BY hours we all live here, in Heaven is known
 No spring of Time, or Times succession.

HIS MEDITATION UPON DEATH.

BE those few hours, which I have yet to spend,
 Blest with the meditation of my end :
 Though they be few in number, I'm content ;
 If otherwise, I stand indifferent :
 Nor makes it matter, Nestors yeers to tell,
 If man lives long, and if he live not well.
 A multitude of dayes still heaped on,
 Seldome brings order, but confusion.
 Might I make choice, long life sho'd be withstood ;
 Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good :
 Which to effect, let ev'ry passing bell
 Possesse my thoughts, next comes my dolefull knell :
 And when the night perswades me to my bed,
 I'le thinke I'm going to be buried :
 So shall the blankets which come over me,
 Present those turfs, which once must cover me :
 And with as firme behaviour I will meet
 The sheet I sleep in, as my winding-sheet.

When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes,
 I will believe, that then my body dies :
 And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,
 I'll have in mind my resurrection,
 Which must produce me to that gen'rall doome,
 To which the pesant, so the prince must come,
 To heare the Judge give sentence on the throne,
 Without the least hope of affection.
 Teares, at that day, shall make but weake defence ;
 When hell and horreur fright the conscience.
 Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin
 To shun the least temptation to a sin ;
 Though to be tempted be no sin, untill
 Man to th' alluring object gives his will.
 Such let my life assure me, when my breath
 Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death ;
 Which is the height of comfort, when I fall,
 I rise triumphant in my funerall.

CLOATHS FOR CONTINUANCE,

THOSE garments lasting evermore,
 Are works of mercy to the poore,
 Which neither tetter, time, or moth
 Shall fray that silke, or fret this cloth.

To God.

COME to me God ; but do not come
 To me, as to the gen'rall doome,
 In power ; or come Thou in that state,
 When Thou Thy lawes didst promulgate,
 When as the moutains quak'd for dread,
 And sullen clouds bound up his head.
 No, lay thy stately terrours by,
 To talke with me familiarly ;
 For if Thy thunder-claps I heare,
 I shall lesse swoone, then die for feare.

Speake thou of love and I'll reply
 By way of epithalamie,
 Or sing of mercy, and I'll suit
 To it my violl and my lute :
 Thus let Thy lips but love distill,
 Then come my God, and hap what will.

THE SOULE.

WHEN once the soule has lost her way,
 O then, how restlesse do's she stray !
 And having not her God for light,
 How do's she erre in endlesse night !

THE JUDGEMENT-DAY.

IN doing justice, God shall then be known,
 I Who shewing mercy here, few priz'd, or none.

SUFFERINGS.

WE merit all we suffer, and by far
 More stripes, then God layes on the sufferer.

PAIN AND PLEASURE.

GOD suffers not His saints, and servants deere,
 To have continuall paine, or pleasure here :
 But look how night succeeds the day, so He
 Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

GODS PRESENCE.

GOD is all-present to what e're we do,
 And as all-present, so all-filling too.

ANOTHER.

THAT there's a God, we all do know,
 But what God is, we cannot show.

THE POORE MANS PART.

TELL me rich man, for what intent
 Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment?
 When as the poore crie out, to us
 Belongs all gold superfluous.

THE RIGHT HAND.

GOD has a right hand, but is quite bereft
 Of that, which we do nominate the left.

THE STAFFE AND ROD.

TWO instruments belong unto our God;
 The one a staffe is, and the next a rod:
 That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart,
 The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

GOD SPARING IN SCOURGING.

GOD still rewards us more then our desert:
 But when He strikes, He quarter-acts His part.

CONFESSION.

CONFESSION twofold is, as Austine sayes,
 The first of sin is, and the next of praise:
 If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse:
 If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerfulness.

GODS DESCENT.

GOD is then said for to descend, when He
 Doth, here on earth, some thing of novitie;
 As when, in humane nature He works more
 Then ever, yet, the like was done before.

NO COMING TO GOD WITHOUT CHRIST.

GOOD and great God! how sho'd I feare
 To come to Thee, if Christ not there!

Co'd I but think, He would not be
 Present, to plead my cause for me ;
 To hell I'd rather run, then I
 Wo'd see Thy face, and He not by.

ANOTHER, TO GOD.

THOUGH Thou beest all that active love,
 Which heats those ravisht soules above ;
 And though all joyes spring from the glance
 Of Thy most winning countenance ;
 Yet sowre and grim Thou'dst seem to me ;
 If through my Christ I saw not Thee.

THE RESURRECTION.

THAT Christ did die, the Pagan saith ;
 But that He rose, that's Christians faith.

COHEIRES.

WE are coheires with Christ ; nor shall His own
 Heire-ship be lesse, by our adoption :
 The number here of heires, shall from the state
 Of His great birth-right nothing derogate.

THE NUMBER OF TWO.

GOD hates the duall number ; being known
 The lucklesse number of division :
 And when He blest each sev'rall day, whereon
 He did His curious operation ;
 'Tis never read there, as the fathers say,
 God blest His work done on the second day :
 Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,
 Or by our selves, or from the pulpit read.

HARDNING OF HEARTS.

GOD 's said our hearts to harden then,
 When as His grace not supples men.

THE ROSE.

BEFORE mans fall, the rose was born,
 S. Ambrose says, without the thorn :
 But, for mans fault, then was the thorn,
 Without the fragrant rose-bud, born ;
 But ne're the rose without the thorn.

GODS TIME MUST END OUR TROUBLE.

GOD doth not promise here to man, that He
 Will free him quickly from his miserie ;
 But in His own time, and when He thinks fit,
 Then He will give a happy end to it.

BAPTISME.

THE strength of baptisme, that's within ;
 It saves the soule, by drowning sin.

GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE.

GOLD serves for tribute to the king ;
 The frankincense for Gods offering.

To GOD.

GOD, who me gives a will for to repent ;
 Will add a power, to keep me innocent ;
 That I shall ne're that trespasse recommit,
 When I have done true penance here for it.

THE CHEWING THE CUD.

WHEN well we speak, & nothing do that's good,
 We not divide the hoof, but chew the cud :
 But when good words, by good works, have their
 proof,
 We then both chew the cud, and cleave the hoof.

CHRISTS TWOFOLD COMING.

THY former coming was to cure
 My soules most desp'rate calenture ;
 Thy second Advent, that must be
 To heale my earths infirmitie.

TO GOD, HIS GIFT.

AS my little pot doth boyle,
 We will keep this levell-coyle ;
 That a wave, and I will bring
 To my God, a heave-offering.

GODS ANGER.

GOD can't be wrathfull ; but we may conclude,
 Wrathfull He may be, by similitude :
 God's wrathfull said to be, when He doth do
 That without wrath, which wrath doth force us to.

GODS COMMANDS.

IN Gods commands, ne're ask the reason why ;
 Let thy obedience be the best reply.

TO GOD.

IF I have plaid the truant, or have here
 Fail'd in my part; O ! Thou that art my deare,
 My mild, my loving tutor, Lord and God !
 Correct my errors gently with Thy rod.
 I know, that faults will many here be found,
 But where sin swells, there let Thy grace abound.

TO GOD.

THE work is done ; now let my lawrell be
 Given by none, but by Thy selfe, to me :
 That done, with honour Thou dost me create
 Thy poet, and Thy prophet lawreat.

GOOD FRIDAY : REX TRAGICUS, OR CHRIST GOING
TO HIS CROSSE.

PUT off Thy robe of purple, then go on
To the sad place of execution :
Thine hour is come ; and the tormentor stands
Ready, to pierce Thy tender feet, and hands.
Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude,
Th' inconstant, and unpurged multitude
Yawne for Thy coming ; some e're this time crie,
How He deferres, how loath He is to die !
Amongst this scumme, the souldier, with his speare,
And that sowre fellow, with his vineger,
His sponge, and stick, do ask why Thou dost stay ?
So do the skurfe and bran too : Go Thy way,
Thy way, Thou guiltlesse man, and satisfie
By Thine approach, each their beholding eye.
Not as a thief, shalt Thou ascend the mount,
But like a person of some high account :
The crosse shall be Thy stage ; and Thou shalt there
The spacious field have for Thy theater.
Thou art that Roscius, and that markt-out man,
That must this day act the tragedian,
To wonder and affrightment : Thou art He,
Whom all the flux of nations comes to see ;
Not those poor theeves that act their parts with
Thee :
Those act without regard, when once a king,
And God, as Thou art, comes to suffering.
No, no, this scene from Thee takes life and sense,
And soule and spirit plot, and excellence.
Why then begin, great King ! ascend Thy throne,
And thence proceed, to act Thy passion
To such an height, to such a period rais'd,
As hell, and earth, and heav'n may stand amaz'd.
God, and good angells guide Thee ; and so blesse
Thee in Thy severall parts of bitterness ;

That those, who see Thee nail'd unto the tree,
 May, though they scorn Thee, praise and pitie Thee.
 And we, Thy lovers, while we see Thee keep
 The lawes of action, will both sigh, and weep;
 And bring our spices, to embalm Thee dead;
 That done, wee'l see Thee sweetly buried.

HIS WORDS TO CHRIST, GOING TO THE CROSSE.

WHEN Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,
 All Thy disciples Thee forsook, and fled.
 Let their example not a pattern be
 For me to flie, but now to follow Thee.

ANOTHER, TO HIS SAVIOUR.

IF Thou beest taken, God forbid,
 I flie from Thee, as others did:
 But if Thou wilt so honour me,
 As to accept my companie,
 I'le follow Thee, hap, hap what shall,
 Both to the judge, and judgment-hall:
 And, if I see Thee posted there,
 To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,
 I'le take my share; or els, my God,
 Thy stripes I'le kisse, or burn the rod.

HIS SAVIOURS WORDS, GOING TO THE CROSSE.

HAVE, have ye no regard, all ye
 Who passe this way, to pitie me,
 Who am a man of miserie!

A man both bruis'd, and broke, and one
 Who suffers not here for mine own,
 But for my friends transgression!

Ah! Sions daughters, do not feare
 The crosse, the cords, the nailes, the speare,
 The myrrhe, the gall, the vineger

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath
 Drunk up the wine of Gods fierce wrath ;
 Onely, there's left a little froth,

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew,
 What bitter cups had been your due,
 Had He not drank them up for you.

HIS ANTHEM, TO CHRIST ON THE CROSSE.

WHEN I behold Thee, almost slain,
 With one, and all parts, full of
 pain :

When I Thy gentle heart do see
 Pierc't through, and dropping bloud, for
 me,
 I'll call, and cry out, Thanks to Thee.

Vers. But yet it wounds my soule, to think,
 That for my sin, Thou, Thou must drink,
 Even Thou alone, the bitter cup
 Of furie, and of vengeance up.

Chor. Lord, I'll not see Thee to drink all
 The vinegar, the myrrhe, the gall :

Ver. Chor. But I will sip a little wine ;
 Which done, Lord say, *The rest is mine.*

*This crosse-tree here
Doth JESUS beare,
Who sweet'ned first,
The death accurs't.*

HERE all things ready are, make hast, make hast away ;
For, long this work will be, & very short this day.
Why then, go on to act : Here's wonders to be done,
Before the last least sand of Thy ninth hour be run ;
Or e're dark clouds do dull, or dead the mid-dayes sun.

Act when Thou wilt,
Bloud will be spilt ;
Pure balm, that shall
Bring health to all.
Why then, begin
To powre first in
Some drops of wine,
In stead of brine,
To search the wound,
So long unsound :
And, when that's done,
Let oyle, next, run,
To cure the sore
Sinne made before.
And O! deare Christ,
E'en as Thou di'st,
Look down, and see
Us weepe for Thee.
And tho, Love knows,
Thy dreadfull woes
Wee cannot ease ;
Yet doe Thou please,
Who mercie art,
T'accept each heart,
That gladly would
Helpe, if it could.
Meane while, let mee,
Beneath this tree,
This honour have,
To make my grave.

TO HIS SAVIOURS SEPULCHER: HIS DEVOTION.

HAILE holy, and all-honour'd tomb,
 By no ill haunted ; here I come,
 With shoes put off, to tread thy roome.
 I'll not prophane, by soile of sin,
 Thy doore, as I do enter in :
 For I have washt both hand and heart,
 This, that, and ev'ry other part ;
 So that I dare, with farre lesse feare,
 Then full affection, enter here.
 Thus, thus I come to kisse Thy stone
 With a warm lip, and solemne one :
 And as I kisse, I'll here and there
 Dresse Thee with flowrie diaper.
 How sweet this place is ! as from hence
 Flow'd all Panchaia's frankincense ;
 Or rich Arabia did commix,
 Here, all her rare aromatics.
 Let me live ever here, and stir
 No one step from this sepulcher.
 Ravisht I am ! and down I lie,
 Confus'd, in this brave extasie.
 Here let me rest ; and let me have
 This for my heaven, that was Thy grave :
 And, coveting no higher sphere,
 I'll my eternitie spend here.

HIS OFFERING, WITH THE REST, AT THE SEPULCHER.

TO joyn with them who here confer
 Gifts to my Saviours sepulcher ;
 Devotion bids me hither bring
 Somewhat for my thank-offering.
 Loe ! thus I bring a virgin-flower,
 To dresse my maiden-Saviour.

HIS COMING TO THE SEPULCHER.

HENCE they have born my Lord ; behold ! the
stone

Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.
Tell me, white angell, what is now become
Of Him we lately seal'd up in this tombe ?
Is He, from hence, gone to the shades beneath,
To vanquish hell, as here he conquer'd death ?
If so, I'le thither follow, without feare,
And live in hell, if that my Christ stayes there.

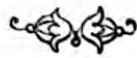
O F all the good things whatsoe're we do,
God is the APXH, and the TEΛΟΣ too.







APPENDIX.



I. POEMS NOT INCLUDED IN THE PRINTED EDITIONS.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A WOMAN.¹

WHOSE head befrindged with behallowed
tresses,
Seemes like Appolo's when the moone
hee blesses ;
Or like Aurora when with pearle she setts
Her long disheuled rose-crown'd trummeletts.
Her forehead smoth, full, polisht, bright and high
Bears jn ytt selfe a gracefull Maiestie,
Vnder the which too crawling eyebrowes twyne
Like to the tendrells of a fluttering vine,
Vnder whose shades two starry sparkling eyes
Are bewtyfied with faire frindge canopies.
Her comlye nose with uniformall grace,
Like purest white, stands in the middle place
Parting the payre as wee may well suppose,
Each cheeke resembling still a damaske rose,
Which like a garden manifestlye shew
How roses, lillies, and carnations growe,

¹ This and the two following poems are printed for the first time (I believe) from MS. Ashmole, 38.

Which sweetlye mixed both with white and redd,
 Like rose leaues white, and redd, lye mingled.
 Then nature, for a sweet allurement setts
 Two smelling, swelling, bashfull cherelettes,
 The which with rubie reddness being tipt
 Doe speake a vergin, merrye cherry lipt
 Ouer the which a meete sweet skine is drawn,
 Which makes them selues like roses vnder lawne ;
 Theis bee the rubye portalls, and deuyne,
 Which ope them selues to shew a holye shrine,
 Whose breath is rich perfume, that to the sence
 Smells like the burnt Saba'an frankinsence,
 In which the tongue, though but a member smale,
 Stands guarded with a rosie hillye wall ;
 And her white teeth, which in her gumms are sett
 Like pearle, and gould, make one riche cabinet.
 Next doth her chine with dimpled bewtye striue
 Ffor his plumpe, white and smoth prerogatiue,
 Att whose white topp, to please the sight their growes
 The blessed jmage of a blushing rose ;
 Mou'd by the chin, whose motion causeth this,
 That both her lipps doe part, doe meet, doe kiss ;
 Her eares, which like two labirinths are plac'd
 On eyther side, with rich rare jewells grac'd,
 Mouing a question, whether that bee them,
 The gemm is graced, or they grac'd by the jem,
 But the foundation of this architect
 Ys the swan-staying, faire rare, statly necke,
 Which with ambitious humblenes stands vnder
 Bearing a loft, that rich round world of wounder,
 In which the veynes jmplanted seeme to lye
 Lyke louing vines hidde vnder juorie,
 So full of clarrett, that who soe prickes this vine
 May see itt sprout forth streames lyke muskadine,
 Her breast, a place, for bewtyes throne most fitt,
 Bears vpp two globes, where loue and pleasure sitt,
 Which headed with two rich round rubies shewe
 Like wanton rose-buds growing out of snow,

And in the milkye valley, that's between,
 Sitts Cupid, kissing of his mother queene,
 Ffingring the papps that feele like sleued silke,
 And prest a little, thay will weep pewr milke.
 Then comes the bellye, seated next belowe,
 Like a faire mountayne of Ripha'an snowe
 Whear nature, in a whitenes without spott
 Hath in the middle tyde a Gordian knott ;
 Or eles that she in that white waxen hill
 Hath seald the primrose of her vttmost skill ;
 But now my muse hath spied a darke descent
 Ffrom this soe pretious pearly permament,
 A milkye highe way that direction yelds
 Vnto the port-mouth of the Elizean feilds,
 A place desired of all ; but gott by these
 Whom loue admitts to the Hesperides ;
 Hers goulden fruitt, that doth excede all price
 Growing in this Loue-guarded parradice ;
 A boue the entrance, there is wrighten this,
This is the portail to the bower of blisse,
 Through mid'st whearof, a christall streame there
 flowes

Passing the sweete, sweete of a muskie rose.
 Now Loue jnights me to suruay hur thighes
 Sweeling jn likenes, like to Christall skies,
 With plump softe flesh, of mettall pure and fine,
 Resembling sheildes, both pure and cristaline.
 Hence rise those two ambitious hills, that looke
 Jnto ye middle sweet sight-stealing crooke,
 Which for the better bewtifying shrowds
 Jtt humble selfe 'twixt two aspiring cloudes
 Which to the knees by nature fastned one,
 Deriue their euer well grac'd motion.
 Her leggs with two cloue calues like siluer tried,
 Kindly swell vpp, with little pretty pryde,
 Leauing a distance for the bewteous smale
 To bewtyfie the leggs and feet withall.
 Then lowly, yett most louely stand the feete,

Round shoote and cleare, lyke poured spices sweett.
 And whatsoeuer thing thay tread vpon
 They make ytt sent like bruised sinnamon.
 The lowly shoulders now allure the eye,
 To see two tabletts of pure juorye,
 From which two armes like branches seem to spread,
 With tender rinde and siluer coulered,
 With little hands and fingers long and smale
 To grace a lute, a violl, virginall.
 Jn length each finger doth his next excell,
 Each richly headed with a pearly shell,
 Richer than that fayre pretious, vertuous horne
 That armes the forehead of the unicorne.
 Thus euery parte yn contarietye
 Meete in the hole and make an harmonye.
 As diuers stringes doe singlye disagree,
 But form'd by number, make sweet melodie.
 Vnto the jdoll of the worke deuine
 J consecrate this louing life of myne,
 Bowing my lipps vnto that stately roote
 Wheare bewtye springs ; and thus j kiss (her) foote.

Finis. ROBT. HERICK.

MR. HERICKE HIS DAUGHTERS DOWRYE.

ERE J goe hence and bee noe more
 Seene to the world, J'le giue the skore
 J owe vnto a female child,
 And that is this, a uerse jnstylde
 My daughters dowrye ; haueing which,
 J'le leaue thee then compleatly riche,
 Jnsteade of gould, pearle, rubies, bonds,
 Longe forfaitè pawnèd diamonds,
 Or antique pledges, house or lande,
 J giue thee this that shall with stande
 The blow of ruine and of chance,
 Theis hurte not thyne jnheritance,

For 'tis free simple, and noe rent
Thou fortune ow'st for tenement,
How euer after tymes will praise
This portion my prophetique bayes
Cannot deliuer vpp to th' rust,
Yet J keepe peacefull in my dust.
As for thy birth, and better seeds
(Those which must growe to vertuous deeds)
Thou didst deriue from that old steem
(Loue and mercie, cherish them),
Which like a vestall virgine ply
With holye fier, least that itt dye,
Growe vpp with mylder lawes to knowe
Att what tyme to say a, or noe,
Lett manners teach thee whear to bee
More comely flowing : where les free
Theis bringe thy husband, like to those
Old coyne and meddalls wee expose
To th' shew, but neuer part with ; next
As in a more conspicuous text,
(Thy forehead) lett therin bee sign'd
The mayden candour of thy mynde ;
And vnder it two chast borne spyes
To barr out bolde adulteryes
Efor through these optickes, fly the dartes
Of lust, which sette on fier our hartes.
On eyther side of theis quicke eares
Ther must bee plac'd, for seasoned feares
Which sweeten loue, yett ne're come nighe
The plague of wilder jealousye.
Then lett each cheeke of thyne intice
His soule as to a bedd of spice,
Wheare hee may roule, and loose his sence
As in a bedd of frankensence,
A lipp jnkyndled with that coale,
With which loue chafes and warmes the soule,
Bringe to hym next, and in it shew
Loues cherries from such fyers growe

And haue their haruest, which must stand
 The gathering of the lipp, not hand,
 Then vnto theis, bee it thy care
 To cloath thy words in gentle ayre
 That smooth as oyle, sweet, softe and cleane,
 (As is the childish bloome of beane
 They may fall downe and stroake) as the
 Beames of the sunn, the gracefull sea,
 With handes as smooth as mercies, bring
 Hym for his better cherishing,
 That when thou doest his necke jnsnare,
 Or with thy wrist, or fluttering hayre,
 Hee may (a prisoner) ther discrye
 Bondage more loued then lybertye,
 A nature, soe well form'd, soe wrought,
 Too calme and tempest lett bee brought
 With thee, that should hee but jnclyne
 To roughnes, claspe hym lyke a vine ;
 Or lyke as woole meetes steele, giue way
 Vnto the passion, not to stay ;
 Wrath yf resisted ouer boyles,
 Jff not, it dyes, or eles recoyles ;
 And lastly, see you bring to hym,
 Somewhat peculiar to each lymm,
 And j charge thee to bee knowne
 By n' other face, but by thyne owne.
 Lett itt (in Loues name) bee kept sleeke
 Yett to bee found when hee shall seeke
 Jt, and not jnstead of saint
 Giue vpp his worth [vn]to the painte ;
 Ffor (trust me girle) shee ouer-does
 Who by a double proxie woes ;
 But least j should forgett his bedd,
 Bee sure thou bringe a mayden head,
 That is a Margarite, which lost,
 Thou bring'st vnto his bedd a frost
 Or a colde poyson, which his blood
 Benummes like the forgettfull floode.

Now for some jewells to supplye
 The wante of eare rings brauerye,
 Ffor puplike eyes, take onlye theis,
 Ne're broughte far beyonde the seas,
 Theyre nobly-home-breed, yett haue price
 Beyound the farre-fetch marchandize.
 Obedience, wise-distrust, peace, shey
 Distance, and sweet vrbانيتie.
 Safe modestie, lou'd patience, feare
 Of offending, temperance, deare
 Constancie, bashfullnes, and all
 The vertues lesse, or cardinall,
 Take with my blessinge ; and goe forth
 Jnjewelld with thy natiue worthe.
 And now yf ther a man bee founde,
 That lookes for such prepared grownd,
 Lett hym, but with indifferent skill,
 Soe good a soile bee-stocke and till,
 Hee may ere longe haue such a wyfe,
 Nourish in's breast, a Tree of Life.

Finis. ROBT. HERICKE.

MR. ROBERT HERICKE HIS FARWELL VNTO POETRIE.

I HAUE behelde two louers in a night
 (Hatcht o're with moone-shine, from their stolen
 delight)

When this to that, and that to this, had giuen
 A kisse to such a jewell of the heuen :
 Or while that each from other's breath did drinke
 Healthes to the rose, the violet, or pinke,
 Call'd on the suddayne by the jealous mother,
 Some strickter Mrs. or suspitious other,
 Vrging diuorcement (woorse then death to theis)
 By the soone gingling of some sleepy keyes,
 Parte with a hasty kisse ; and in that shew
 How stay thay would, yet forc't thay are to goe.

Euen such are wee : and in our parting, doe
 Noe otherwise then as those former two
 Natures like ours, wee who haue spent our tyme
 Both from the morning to the euening chyme,
 Nay, tell the bell-man of the night had tould
 Past noone of night yett weare the howers not old,
 Nor dull'd with yron sleeps, but haue out-worne
 The fresh and fayrest flourish of the morne
 With flame, and rapture ; drincking to the ode
 Number of wyne, which makes vs full with God,
 And yn that misticke frenzie, wee haue hurl'de,
 (As with a tempest) nature through the worlde.
 And yn a whirl-wynd twirl'd her home, a gast
 Att that which in her extasie had past ;
 Thus crownd with rose budds, sacke, thou mad'st
 mee flye

Like fier-drakes, yett didst mee no harme therby,
 O thou allmightye nature, who did'st giue
 True heate, whear with humanitie doth liue
 Beyond its stinted circle ; giueing foode
 White fame, and resurrection to the good,
 Soaring them vpp, boue ruyne, till the doome
 (The generall Aprill of the worlde dothe come)
 That makes all æquall, manye thowsands should
 (Wert not for thee) haue crumbled ynto mould,
 And with thayr ceareclothes rotted, not to shew
 Whether the world such sperritts had or noe,
 Whear as by thee, those, and a million since,
 Nor fate, nor enuye, cann theyr fames conuince,
 Homer, Musæus, Ouid, Maro, more,
 Of those god-full prophetts longe before
 Holde there eternall fiers ; and ours of late
 ('Thy mercie helping) shall resist stronge fate,
 Nor stoope to th' center, but suruiue as longe
 As fame or rumcur, hath or trumpe or tongue,
 But vnto mee, bee only hoarse, since now
 (Heauen and my soule beare record of my vowe)
 I, my desires screw from thee, and directe

Them and my thoughts to that sublim'd respecte
 And conscience vnto priesthood, tis not need
 (The skarcrow vnto mankinde) that doth breed
 Wisser conclusions in mee, since I knowe
 I am more to beare my chardge, then way to goe;
 Or had I not, I'de stopp the spreading itch
 Off craueing more : soe yn conceipt bee ritch,
 But tis the god of nature who yntends,
 And shaps my function for more glorious ends,
 Guesse, soe departe ; yett stay a while too see
 The lines of sorrowe, that lye drawne in mee
 Yn speach, in picture ; noe otherwise then when
 (Judgment and death, denounc'd gainst guilty men),
 Each takes a weeping farewell, rackt in mynde
 With joyes before, and pleasures left behind :
 Shakeing the head, whilst each, to each dothe mourne
 With thought thay goe, whence thay must ner
 returne.

Soe with like lookes, as once the ministrell
 Cast, leading his Euredice through hell,
 I stricke thy loues, and greedyly persue
 Thee, with myne eyes, or in, or out, of view.
 Soe look't the Grecian oratour when sent
 Ffroms natiue cuntrye, in to banishment,
 Throwing his eye balls backward to suruaye
 The smoake of his beloued Attica,
 Soe Tullye look't, when from the brook's of Rome
 The sad soule went, not with his loue, but doome :
 Shooting his eye-darts 'gainst it, to surprise
 Yt, or to drawe the cittie to his eyes.
 Such is my parting with thee ; and to proue
 Ther was not varnish (only) in my loue,
 But substance, lo ! receaue this pearlye teare
 Ffrozen with greife, and place it in thyne eare,
 Then parte in name of peace ; and softely on
 With numerous feete to Hoofy Helicon,
 And when thou art vppon that sacred hill
 A mongst the thrice three sacred virgins, fill

A full brimm'd bowle of furye and of rage,
 And quafe it to the prophets of our age ;
 When drunck with rapture, curse the blind and lame
 Base ballad-mongers, who vsurpe thy name
 And fowle thy altar, charme some ynto froggs,
 Some to bee ratts, and others to bee hoggs :
 Ynto the loathsoms shapps, thou canst devise
 To make ffooles hate them, onlye by disguise ;
 Thus with a kisse of warmth, and loue, I parte
 Not soe, but that some reliques yn my harte
 Shall stand for euer, though I doe addresse
 Chiefelye my selfe to what I must proffess :
 Knowe yet (rare soule) when my diuiner muse
 Shall want a hand-mayde (as she ofte will vse),
 Bee readye, thou for mee, to wayte vppon her,
 Though as a seruant, yet a mayde of honor.
 The crowne of dutye is our dutye : well
 Doing's, the fruite of doinge well. Farewell.

Finis. MR. ROBT. HERRICKE.

UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S INCOMPARABLE PLAYS.

A POLLO sings, his harp resounds : give room,
 For now behold, the golden pomp is come !
 Thy pomp of plays, which thousands come to see,
 With admiration both of them and thee.
 O volume worthy leaf by leaf, and cover,
 To be with juice of cedar wash'd all over !
 Here's words with lines, and lines with scenes consent
 To raise an act to full astonishment ;
 Here words of comfort, words of power to move
 Young men to swoon, and maids to die for love :
Love lies a-bleeding here ; *Evadne* there
 Swells with brave rage, yet comely every where ;
 Here's a *Mad Lover* ; there that high design
 Of *King and No King*, and the rare plot thine.

So that whene'er we circumvolve our eyes,
 Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varieties
 Ravish our spirits, that entranc'd we see,
 None writes love's passion in the world like thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.¹

THE NEW CHARON,

Upon the Death of *Henry Lord Hastings.*²

The Musical part being set by M. Henry Lawes.

The Speakers,

Charon and Eucosmeia.

Euc.

CHARON, O Charon, draw thy boat to th' shore,
 And to thy many, take in one soul more.

Cha. Who calls? who calls? *Euc.* One overwhelm'd
 with ruth;

Have pity either on my tears or youth,
 And take me in, who am in deep distress;
 But first cast off thy wonted churlishness.

Cha. I will be gentle as that air which yeelds

¹ These lines occur in Beaumont and Fletcher's works, 1647; in Beaumont's Poems, 1653, 8vo.; and in Dyce's ed. of B. and F. vol. i. p. xlvi. They have never been included in any edit. of Herrick. As a poem, the lines are perhaps the worst which the author of "Hesperides" ever composed, and they seem to show how seldom even the best writers could avoid a descent to bathos in their eulogiums upon friends. Herrick probably came to town in the year of the publication of the folio edit. of Beaumont and Fletcher, and may have been in time to witness the performance of the dramas which he particularizes. The order of Parliament, finally closing the theatres, was published in 1647-8.

² Now first reprinted from a volume entitled "Lachrymæ Musarum. The Tears of the Muses: exprest in Elegies written by divers persons of Nobility and Worth, upon the death of the most hopefull Henry, Lord Hastings," &c. Collected and set forth by R[ichard] B[rome]. Lond. 1649, 8vo. pp. 38-9.

- A breath of balm along th' Elizean fields
 Speak, what art thou? *Euc.* One, once that
 had a lover,
 Then which thy self ne'er wafted sweeter over.
 He was—— *Cha.* Say what. *Eu.* Ay me, my
 woes are deep.
- Cha.* Prethee relate, while I give ear and weep.
- Euc.* He was an Hastings; and that one name has
 In it all good, that is, and ever was.
 He was my life, my love, my joy; but di'd
 Some hours before I shou'd have been his bride.
- Chorus.* *Thus, thus the gods celestial still decree,
 For humane joy, contingent misery.*
- Euc.* The hallowed tapers all prepared were,
 And Hymen call'd to bless the rites. *Cha.* Stop
 there.
- Euc.* Great are my woes. *Cha.* And great must that
 grief be,
 That makes grim Charon thus to pity thee.
 But now come in. *Euc.* More let me yet relate.
- Cha.* I cannot stay; more souls for waftage wait,
 And I must hence. *Euc.* Yet let me thus much
 know,
 Departing hence, where good and bad souls go.
- Cha.* Those souls which ne'er were drencht in plea-
 sures stream,
 The fields of Pluto are reserv'd for them;
 Where, drest with garlands, there they walk
 the ground,
 Whose blessed youth with endless flow'rs is
 crown'd.
 But such as have been drown'd in this wilde sea,
 For those is kept the gulf of Hecate;
 Where, with their own contagion they are fed;
 And there do punish, and are punished.
 This known, the rest of thy sad story tell,
 When on the flood that nine times circles hell.
- Chorus.* *We sail along, to visit mortals never;
 But there to live, where love shall last for ever.*

SONG. HIS MISTRIS TO HIM AT HIS FARWELL.¹

YOU may vow Ile not forgett
 To pay the debt
 Which to thy memorie stands as due
 As faith can seale it you,
 Take then tribute of my teares,
 So long as I haue feares
 To prompt mee, I shall euer
 Languish and looke, but thy returne see neuer,
 Oh then to lessen my dispaire,
 Print thy lips into the ayre,
 So by this
 Meanes I may kisse thy kisse,
 When as some kinde
 Winde
 Shall hither waft it, and in leiw,
 My lipps shall send a thousand back to you.

RO. HERRICK.

A CHARROLL PRESENTED TO DR. WILLIAMS, BP. OF
 LINCOLNE, AS A NEWYEARS GUIFT.²

HYE hence, pale Care, noe more remember
 Past sorrowes with the fled December,
 But let each plesant cheeke appeare
 Smooth as the childhood of the yeare,
 And sing a carroll here.
 'Twas braue, 'twas braue could we comand the hand
 Of Youths swift watch to stand
 As you haue done your day,
 Then should we not decay,
 But all we wither & o' light
 Is spilt in euerlasting night,
 When as your sight

¹ Additional MS. Br. Mus. 11,811, fol. 37.

² Ashmole MS. 38.

Shewes like the heavens about y^e moone
 Like an eternall noone
 That sees no setting sunn.

Keepe vp those flames, & though you shroud
 A while your forehead in a cloude,
 Doe it like the sun to write
 I'th ayre, a greater text of light ;
 Welcome to all our vows
 And since you pay
 To vs the day
 Soe longe desir'd,
 See we haue fyr'd
 Our holy spicknard, and ther's none
 But brings his stick of cynamon,
 His eager eye, or smother smyle,
 And layes it gently on the pyle
 Which thus enkindled we invoke
 Your name amidst the sacred smoke.

Chorus. Come then, greate Lord,
 And see our Alter burne
 With love of your returne,
 And not a man here but consumes
 His soule to glad you in perfumes.

ROB : HERRICK.

VPON PARTING.¹

GOE hence away, and in thy parting know
 'Tis not my voice, but heauens that bids thee
 goe ;
 Spring hence thy faith, nor thinke it ill desart
 I finde in thee, that makes me thus to part,


¹ Harleian MS. 6917 fol. 82 back. It might almost appear to be a lost portion of the poem called *The Parting Verse, or Charge to his Supposed Wife*, in the *Hesperides*; but at any rate it does not form part of that composition, as it has come down to us in print or in MS.

But voice of fame, and voice of heauen haue thunderd
We both were lost, if both of us not sunderd :
Fould now thine armes, and in thy last looke reare
One sighe of loue, and coole it with a teare :
Since part we must, let's kisse, that done retire
With as cold frost, as erst we mett with fire ;
With such white vowes as fate can nere dissever,
But truth knitt fast ; and so farewell for euer.

R. HERRICK.

II. DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF POEMS
ALREADY PRINTED.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.¹


WHAT'S that we see from farre, the spring
of day
Bloomed from the east ? or faire enameld
May
Blowne out of Aprill ? or some new
Starre filld with glory, to our view,
Reaching at heauen,
To adde a noble planet to the seaven ?
Say, or doe we not descry
Some goddesse, in a cloud of tiffany,
To moue, or rather the
Emerging Venus from the sea.

'Tis she, 'tis she, or else some more divine
Enlightned substance, marke how from the shrine
Of holy saints she paces on,
Throwing about vermillion
And amber spice-
ing the chast ayre with fumes of paradise :
Then come on, come on and yeeld
A savour, like unto a blessed feeld,
When the bedabled morne
Washes the golden eares of corne.

¹ Harleian MS. 6917 fol. 10. This is another copy (with somewhat important differences) of the "Epithalamium on Sir Clipesby Crew," printed in "Hesperides."

Lead on faire paranympths, the while her eyes,
 Guilty of somewhat, ripe the strawberries
 And cherries in her cheekes, there's creame
 Already spillt, her rayes must gleame
 Gently thereon,
 And soe begett lust and temptation,
 To surfeit and to hunger ;
 Helpe on her pace, and though she lagg, yet stirre
 Her homewards, well she knowes
 Her heart's at home howere she goes.

See where she comes, and smell how all the streete
 Breathes vneyards, and pomegranetts ; oh how
 sweet
 As a fired altar is each stone,
 Spirting forth pounded cinamon ;
 The phœnix neast
 Built up of odours burneth in her breast ;
 Who would not then consume
 His soule to ashes in that rich perfume,
 Bestroaking fate the while
 He burnes to embers on the pyle ?

Hymen, oh Hymen ! tread the sacred round,
 Shew thy white feete, and head with margerum
 crownd,
 Mount up thy flames, and let thy torch
 Display thy bridegroome in the porch,
 In his desires
 More towring, and besparckling then thy fires ;
 Shew her how his eyes doe turne,
 And rowle about, and in their motions burne
 Their balls to cynders, haste,
 Or like a firebrand he will waste :

See how he waves his hand, and through his eyes
 Shootes forth his iealous soule, for to surprize

And ravish you his bride, doe you
 Not now perceiue the soule of C. C.
 Your mayden knight.¹

* * * *
 * * * *
 * * * *

With kisses to inspire
 You with his iust and holy ire.

If so glide through the rankes of virgins, passe
 The showers of roses, lucky foure-leaued grasse,
 The while the cloud of younglings singe,
 And drowne you with a flowry springe,
 While some repeate

Your praise, and blesse you, sprinkling you with
 wheate ;

While that others doe divine,
 Blessd is the bride on whom the sunne doth shine,
 And thousands gladly wish
 You multiply as doe the fish.

Why then goe forward sweet auspicious bride,
 And come upon your bridegroome like a tyde,
 Bearing downe time before you, hye
 Swell, mixe, and loose your soules ; implye
 Like streames which flow
 Encurlld together, and noe difference show
 In their siluer waters ; runne
 Into your selues like wooll together spunne ;
 Or blend so as the sight
 Of two makes one hermaphrodite.

And beauteous bride we doe confesse you wise
 In drawing forth those bashfull iealousies,

¹ The *lacuna* which here presents itself could easily have been supplied from the other copy, but it was thought scarcely necessary. The same remark is applicable elsewhere.

In Loues name doe so, and a price
 Sett on your selfe by being nice ;
 But yet take heede,
 What now you seeme be not the same indeed,
 And turne apostata ; loue will
 Part of the way be mett, or sitt stone still ;
 On then, and though y'are slow
 In going, yet howeuer goe.

How long soft bride shall your deare make
 Loue to your welcome with the mistick cake,
 How long, oh pardon, shall the house
 And the smooth handmaides pay their vowes,
 With oyle and wine,
 For your approach, yet see their altars pine ?
 How long shall the page, to please
 You, stand for to surrender up the keyes
 Of the glad house ? come, come,
 Or Lar will freeze to death at home.

Welcome at last unto the threshold, Time
 Throaned in a saffron euening, seemes to chyme
 All in, kisse and so enter, if
 A prayer must be said, be briefe ;
 The easy gods
 For such neglect, haue only myrtle rodde
 To stroake not strike ; feare you
 Not more, milde nymph, then they would haue you
 doe ;
 But dread that you doe moore offend
 In that you doe beginne, then end.

And now y'are entred, see the coddled cooke
 Runnes from his torrid zone, to pry and looke,
 And blesse his dainty mistrisse ; see
 How th' aged point out, this is she
 Who now must sway
 Us (and God shield her) with her yea and nay ;

And the smirke butler thinks it
 Sinne, in his nap'ry not t'expresse his witt ;
 Each striuing to devise
 Some ginne, wherewith to catch her eyes :

What though your laden altar now has wonne
 The creditt from the table of the sunne
 For earth and sea ; this cost
 On you is altogether lost,
 Because you feede
 Not on the flesh of beasts, but on the seede
 Of contemplation, your,
 Your eyes are they, wherewith you draw the pure
 Elixar to the minde,
 Which sees the body fedd, yet pined.

If you must needs for ceremonies sake
 Blesse a sacke possett, lucke goe with you, take
 The night-charme quickly, you haue spells
 And magick for to ende, and hells
 To passe, but such,
 And of such torture, as noe God would grudge
 To liue therein for euer, frye,
 I, and consume, and grow againe, to dye
 And liue, and in that case
 Loue the damnation of that place.

To bedd, to bedd, sweet turtles now and write
 This the shortest day, this the longest night ;
 And yet too short for you, 'tis we
 Who count this night as long as three,
 Lying alone,
 Hearing the clocke goe tenn, eleaven, twelue, one ;
 Quickly, quickly then prepare,
 And let the young men, and the bridemaides share
 Your garters, and their ioints
 Encircle with the bridegroomes pointes ;

By the brides eyes and by the teeming life
 Of her greene hopes, we charge you that noe strife,
 Further then vertue lends, getts place
 Among you, catching at her lace,
 Oh doe not fall
 Fowle in these noble pastimes, least you call
 Discord in, and so divide
 The gentle bridegroome and the fragrous bride
 Which love forefend, but spoken
 Bee't to your praise, noe peace was broken.

Stripp her of spring time, tender whimpring maides,
 Now autumnne's come, when all those flowry aydes
 Of her delayes must ende, dispose
 That lady smocke, that pancy, and that rose
 Neately apart,
 But for prick, madam, and for gentle carte,
 And soft mayden blush, the bride
 Makes holy these, all others lay aside ;
 Thus strip her, or unto her
 Let him come who dares undoe her.

And to enchant you more, view euery where
 About the roofe a syren in a spheare,
 As we thinke singing to the dinne
 Of many a warbling cherubin ;
 List, oh list how
 Euen heauen giues up his soule betweene you now,
 Marke how thousand cupids flye
 To light their tapers at the brides bright eye ;
 To bedd, or her they'll tyre,
 Were she an element of fire.

And to your more bewitching, see the proud
 Plumpe bedd beare up, and rising like a cloud
 Tempting thee too, too modest ; can
 You see it brussle like a swanne
 And you be colde,
 To meete it when it woos, and seemes to fould

The armes to hugg you? throw, throw
 Your selues into that mayne, in the full flow
 Of the white pride, and drowne
 The starrs with you in flouds of downe.

You see 'tis ready, and the maze of loue
 Lookes for the treaders, euery where is woue
 Witt, and new mistery, reade, and
 Putt in practise to understand,
 And know each wyle,
 Each hieroglyphick of a kisse or smile,
 And doe it in the full reach,
 High in your owne conceipts, and rather teach
 Nature, and art one more
 Sport, then they euer knew before :

And now y'haue wept enough, depart you starres,
 Begin to pinke, as weary that the warres
 Know so long treaties; beate the drumme
 Aloft, and like two armies, come
 And guild the field ;
 Fight brauely for the fame¹ of mankinde, yeeld
 Not to this, or that assault,
 For that would proue more heresy then fault,
 In combatants to flye,
 Fore this or that hath gott the victory.

But since it must be done, dispatch and sowe
 Up in a sheete your bride, and what if soe
 It be with ribbe of rocke and brasse?
 Yea tower her up as Danae was,
 Thinke you that this,
 Or hell it selfe a powerfull bulwarke is?
 I tell you no, but like a
 Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,
 And rend the cloud and throw
 The sheetes about like flakes of snow.

¹ MS. reads *flame*.

All now is husht in silence, midwife moone,
 With all her owle-eyed issue beggs a boone,
 Which you must graunt, that's entrance, with
 Which extract all we call pythe
 And quintessence
 Of planetary bodies, soe commence
 All faire constellations
 Looking upon you, that the nations
 Springing from two such fires
 May blaze the vertue of their syres.

R. HERRICK.

HERRICKS [WELCOME TO] SACK.¹

S PRINGS meet with smiles
 After a long divorcement made by isles.
 So kings and queens meet, when desire convinces
 All thoughts but those yet tend to getting princes.
 As I meet the my most illustrious spowse,
 Wellcome as is the soile, when chimnyes say
 The Mariner is neere his Ithaca.
 Where hast thou bin pore exile? doe but show
 Thy buxome smiles, thy amber locks, or how
 Haue I prophan'd' the, tell me, and for that fault
 Ile expiate with sulphur, haire and salt.
 And with the christall humour of the spring
 Purge hence the guilt and kill the quarrelling.
 What wilt not smile, yet know the vine shall lack
 Grapes before Herrick leaue canary sack.
 Sack is my life, my leven, salt to all
 My dearest daintyes nay tis principall
 Fire vnto all my functions, maks my bloud
 Sprightly, and airy, me apt to be borne
 Like Icarus vpon the tops of corne.
 And ride the sun beams, O what can præsent
 My genius with a fuller blandishment?

¹ Rawl. MS. poet. 142. This is a second and defective copy of Herrick's "Welcome to Sack" in "Hesperides."

Had not Ioues son, that vast Tyrinthian swaine,
 Drunke goblets of thy bloud ? his lustfull sprite
 Had not kept heat for fifty maids that night.
 And if I turne apostate, call me then
 The son of beare : and so you may confine
 Me to the tap, the tost, or turf; let wine
 Ne'r shine vpon me, &c.

IN PRAISE OF THE COUNTRY LIFE.¹

THURICE, and aboue blest, my soules halfe, art
 thou,
 Jn thy both last and better vowe ;
 Canst leave the cittie, with exchange, to see
 The cuntrys sweete simplicitie ;
 And it to know and practise, with jntente
 To growe the sooner innocent ;
 By studying how to knowe vertue, and to ayme
 More att her Nature then her name ;
 The last is but the least, the first doth tell
 Wayes not to liue but to liue well ;
 And both are knowne to thee, who now can'st liue
 Lett by thy conscience, to giue
 Justice to soone pleas'd nature, and too shewe
 Wisdome and she together goe,
 And keep on[e] center : this with that conspires,
 To teach man to confine desires :
 To knowe, that riches have their proper stinte,
 And the contented mynd, not mynte,
 And can'st instruct, that such who haue the itch
 Of craueing more, are never rich.
 Theis things thou know'st to'th'height, and do'st
 preuent
 That mange ; because thou art contente

¹ This is a different text of the poem already printed, and is taken from MS. Ashmole, 38. Some of the readings are clearly wrong, but I have not thought it worth while to alter them. The reader can compare at his leisure.

With that heauen gave thee with a sparing hand,
More blessed in thy brass, the sand
To keepe weake nature euen, and vpright ;
To quench, not cocker appetite.
The first is Naturs end : this doth imparte
Least thanks to Nature, most to art,
But that which next creates thy happye life,
Is, the fruition of a wife :
(Whome starrs consenting with thy fate) thou hast
Gott not soe bewtyfull, as chast :
By whose warme syde thou do'st securely sleep,
While Love the centinell doth keepe,
With those deeds done by day, which n'er affright
Thy silken slumbers in the night.
Nor has the darkenes power to usher jnn
Feare to those sheets, that knowe no sinn.
But still thy wyfe, by chast intentions ledd,
Gives thee each night a mayden head
And jn thy sense her chaster thoughtes commend
Not halfe soe much the act, as end.
The damaske meddowes, and the crawling streames
Sweeten, and make soft your dreames :
The purling springes, groves, birdes, and well-weav'd
bowers
With feilds bediaperd with flowers,
Presente their shappes, while fantazie discloses
Millions of lilies mixt with roses.
Then dream you heare the lambe with manye a bleat
Woo'd to come sucke the milkye teate ;
While Fa[u]nus in the vission vowes, to keepe
From rau'nows wolfe the wolly sheep.
With thowsand such jnchanting dreames, that meet
To make sleepe not soe sound, as sweete ;
Nor can these figures soe thy sleepe indeare,
As not to rise when Chanticleere
Crowes the last watch, but with the dawne doth rise
To worke, but first to sacrifice ;
Making thy peace with Heaven for some late fault,

With holye meale and crackling salte ;
 Which downe, thy painfull thumbes thus tells vs,
 God for our labour all things sells vs.
 Nor are thy daylye and deuoute affaires
 Attended with those desperate cares
 Th' industrious marchante hath, who for to finde
 Gould, runneth to the farthest Jnde,
 And backe againe ; tortur'd with feare, dothe hye
 Vntaught, to suffer pouertye ;
 But thou att home, blest with securer ease,
 Sitt'st, and beleav'st there are seas,
 And watrye dangers ; when thy better happ,
 But sees't these things within thy mapp.
 And veiwing them with a more safe surueigh,
 Mak'st easie feare vnto thee say,
A heart thrice walld with oke, and brasse, that man
 Had, first, durst ploughe the ocean.
 But thou att home without ore tyde ore gale,
 Canst in thy mapp securely sayle ;
 Veiwing those painted countries ; and soe gness,
 By their shadowes, their substances :
 And from thy compass borrowing aduise,
 Buy'st trauil att the lowest price.
 Nor are thy eares soe seal'd, but thou canst heare,
 Farre more with wounder, then with feare,
 Fame tells of states of courtes, of kinges ;
 And beleu'st there bee suche things :
 When of those states the happier knowledge lyes,
 More in thyne eares, then in thine eyes.
 And when thou hear'st by that too-true reporte,
 Vice is vic[e]gerent att the courte :
 Thy godly wishes are, thoughe thou not there,
 Vertue had moued jn her speare.
 Nor knowe thy happye and vn-enuy'de state
 Owes more to vertue then too fate,
 Or fortune too, for what the first secures,
 That as her selfe, or Heauen, indures.
 The two last fayle, and by experience make

Knowne, not they giue againe, thay take,
 But thou not fearest them, and thy face ne're shewes
 Fortune when shee comes, or goes.
 But (with thy equall hopes st[r]onge builte do'st stand,
 For to salute her eyther hand :
 Nor car'st which comes [the] first, the fowle or fayre :
A wise man euery way lyes square.
 And like a sturdye oak, with stormes perplext ;
 Still growes the stronger, strongly vext.
 Bee soe, braue sperritt; stand center lyke vnmoued ;
 And bee not only thought, but prou'd
 To bee what I report thee, and inure
 Thy selfe, yf want come to indure ;
 And soe thou do'st ; for thy desires now are
 Confind to liue with priuatt fare ;
 Not curious whether appetite bee feed,
 Or with the first or second bread.
 Who keepes no proude tooth for delicious cates ;
 Hunger makes coorse meates delicates.
 Canst, and vnvrg'd, forsake that larded cheer,
 Which art, not nature, makes soe deare ;
 Too tast boyl'd neetles, colewort, mynte, and date
 Theis and sower hearbes is dainty meate.
 While soft opinion bids my genius say,
 " Content makes all ambrosia ;"
 Canst drincke in earthen cuppes which ne're con-
 tayne
 Colde hemlocke, or the libbards bane ;
 Nor is ytt fitt thou keep'st this stricter size
 So much for want as exercise ;
 To numbe the sence of dearth, which (should sinne
 hast ytt),
 Thou might'st but only see, not tast itt ;
 Yet can thy humble rooffe maintaine a quire
 Of singing cricketts by the fire ;
 The bristle¹ mouse may feed hur selfe with crumms.

¹ i. e. briske.

Till that the greene eyed kittling comes ;
 Then to her cabine (blest) she cann escape
 The suddaine danger of a rape ;
 And thus thy little well kept stock doth proue,
 Wealth cannot build a life, but loue.
 Nor art thou so close handed, but can'st spend,
 (Counsaile concurring with the ende),
 As well as spare : still conning ore this theame,
 To flye the first, and last extreame.
 Orday[n]ing that thy smale stocke knowe noe breach,
 Or to excede thy tedders reach :
 But to liue round, and neate, firme, close, and true,
 To thyne owne selfe ; and knowne to few.
 Thus lett thy rurall sanctuarie bee
 Elizium to thy wife and thee ;
 There doe disporte your thoughts with goulden
 measure :

For seldome vse commends the pleasure.

Liue, and liue blest; thrice happie payre ; lett breath,
 But lost to one, bee th' others deathe.
 And as there is one love, on faith, on trothe,
 Bee soe on death, one grave to bothe.
 Till then, lett faith soe prompt your liues yee may
 Not feare, nor wishe your dyinge day.

Finis. MR. ROBT. HERICKE.

MR. HERICKE HIS CHARGE TO HIS WIFE.¹

GOE, and with this parting kisse,
 W^{ch} joynes two soules, remember this ;
 Though thou bee younge, soft, kinde & fayre
 And may'st drawe woers by the hayre,

¹ MS. Ashmole, 38, fol. 93 r^o and v^o. This is a second text of the poem printed under the title of "The Parting Verse," &c. The poet's wife is imaginary here ; in the common printed version, the charge is addressed to his *supposed* wife,

Yet lett theis glibb temptacions bee
 Furies to others, frends to thee.
 Looke vppon all ; and thoughe on fier
 Thou set'st their hartes, lett chast desire
 Steer thee to mee ; and thincke mee gone,
 In having all, that thou hast none.
 J knowe a thowsand greedy eyes
 Will on thy bewtye tyrannyze,
 In my shorte absence ; yett behould
 Them like some picture, or some mould
 Fasshoned like thee ; which though t' haue eares
 And eyes, yett neither sees nor heares.
 Guiftes will bee sent, and letters, which
 As emblemes will expresse y^e itch,
 And salte, which frets thy suitors ; flye
 Both, least thou loose thy libertye ;
 For that once lost, thou needs must fall
 To one, then prostitute to all.
 Nor soe jmmured wo'd I have
 Thee live, as dead and in thy graue ;
 But walke a broad, yett wisely well
 Keepe 'gainst my comming, sentinell ;
 And thincke each man thou seest doth doome
 Thy thoughts to say, I backe am come.
 Let them wooe thee, doe thou say,
 (As that chast Queene of Ithaca
 Did to her suitors) this webb donn
 (Vndonn as ofte as donn) I'me wonn ;
 I will not urge thee, for I knowe
 Though thou beest young, thou canst say noe,
 And noe againe, and still denye,

but there is no probability that Herrick was married. It may be mentioned, however, that a Robert Herrick (not the poet, but perhaps his cousin) was married at St. Clement's Danes, June 5, 1632, to Jane Gibbons. Mr. Collier ("Bibl. Cat. of Early English Literature," i. 370) too hastily concluded that this was the author of "Hesperides."

Theis thy lust-burning incubi.
 Lett them call the woundrous fayre,
 Crowne of weomen, yett dispaire
 That thou art soe, because thou must
 Beleue, Love speakes itt not, but Lust ;
 And theis flatterers doth commend
 Thee cheefly for their pleasurs end.
 I am not jealous of thy faith,
 Nor will bee; for our axiome sayth,
 Hee that doth suspect, doth hast
 A vertuous minde to bee vnchast.
 No : liue too thy selfe, and keepe
 Thy thoughts as coald, as is thy sleep :
 Lett thy dreames bee onlye feed
 With this, that I am in thy bedd,
 And then turning in thy sphear,
 Waking find'st mee sleeping there.
 But yet yff boundles Lust must scale
 Thy fortresse, and must needs preuayle
 'Gainst thee, and force a passage in,
 Banishe consent, and tis no sinn
 Of thine ; soe Lucesse fell, and the
 Chast Siracusan Cyone.
 So Medullina fell, yett none
 Of theis knewe imputation
 Ffor the least trespass ; 'cause the mynde
 Was not with the Act combind.
 The bodye sinns not, tis the will
 Creates the action good or ill.
 And yff thy fall should this way come,
 Glorye in such Martirdome.
 I will not ouer long inlarge
 To thee, this my religious charge :
 Take my last signett, soe by this
 Meanes I shall knowe what other kiss
 Is mixt with myne ; and trulye knowe,
 (Returning) ift bee myne or noe ;
 Keepe itt till then ; and now my spouse,

Ffor my wisht safty pay thy vowes
 And prayers to Venus ; yf itt please
 The greate blew ruler of the seas ;
 Not manye full-fac'd moones shall waine,
 Leane horn'd, ere I returne againe
 In my full tryumphe, when I find
 In thee the height of womankind.
 Nor would I have thee thincke that thou
 Hast power thy selfe to keep this vowe ;
 Butt having scapte tentacions shelve,
 Know Vertue taught thee, not thy selfe.

Finis, ROBERT HERICKE.

A SONGE.¹

GOOD morrow to the day so faire,
 Good morrow, sir, to you,
 Good morrow to mine owne torne haire,
 All dabbled in the deaw.

Good morrow to this cowslip too,
 Good morrow to each maide
 That will with teares the tombe bestrew
 Wherein my loue was layed.

Ah woe is me, woe, woe is me
 Alacke and well a day,
 For pittty, sir, finde out that bee
 Which bore my loue away.

Ile seeke him in your bonnet braue,
 Ile seeke him in your eyes,
 Nay, now I thinke th' haue made his graue
 I'th' bedd of strawberries.

¹ Harleian MS. 6917, fol. 48 back. This is printed in "Hesperides," with variations, under the title of "The Mad Maid's Song."

Ile seeke him there, I hope ere this
 The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;
 But I will goe, or send a kisse,
 By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not though he be dead,
 He knowes well who doth loue him,
 And who with greene turfes reares his head,
 And who doth rudely moue him.

Hee's soft and tender, pray take heed,
 With bands of balsome bind him,
 And bring him home, but 'tis decreed,
 That I shall neuer finde him.

ROB. HERRICK.

CHARON AND THE NIGHTINGALE.¹

CHARON, O gentle Charon, let me woe thee
 With tears and pity now to come unto mee.
Charon. What voice so sweet and charming doe I
 hear?
 Speak what thou art. *Philomel.* I prithee first draw
 neer,
Charon. A voice I hear, but nothing doe I see.
 Speak what thou art? *Phil.* O Charon, pity me,
 I am a shade, and though no name I tell,
 My mournfull note will say I am Philomel.
Charon. What's that to me, I waft no fish nor fowl,
 Nor beasts, fond thing, only humane soules.
Phil. Alas for me! *Charon.* Shame on thy war-
 bling note
 That made me hoist up sail, and bring my boat.
 But Ile be gone, what mischeif brought the hither?
Phil. A deal of love, and much much grief together.

¹ MS. Rawl. poet. 65. This is another copy of the poem printed (page 266 of present edition) in "Hesperides" under the title of "Charon and Philomel."

Charon. What's thy request? *Phil.* That since
he's now beneath
That fed my life I'de follow him in death.

Charon. And that's all, I'me gone. *Phil.* For
love, I pray thee.

Charon. Call not of love, all praise, but no soules
pays me.

Phil. Ile give the sighs and teares. *Charon.* Can
tears pay scores

For patching sayles or mending boats or oars?

Phil. Ile beg a penny or Ile sing so long,
Till thou shalt say I've paid thee in a song.

Chorus. Why then, begin, and all the while we make
Our passage through the Stygian lake,
Thou and Ile sing, thou and Ile sing to make those
dull shades merry,
Who els with tears would doubtless drowne our
wherry.

A boat, a boat, hast to the ferry,
For we goe over to be merry,
To laugh & quaff & drink old sherry.

Charon, O Charon, the wafter of all soules to bliss or
bain,

Who calls the ferry man of Hell,
Come neer & say who lives in bliss & who in pain ;
Those that dye well eternall bliss shall follow,
Those that dye ill their own black deeds shall
swallow,

Shall thy black barg those guilty spirits row
That kill themselvs for love? [*Cha.*] Oh no, oh no,
My cordage cracks when such foule sins draw neer,
No winde blows fair nor I my boat can steer.

[*Phil.*] What spirits pass & in elizium reign?

[*Cha.*] Those harmless soules that love & are
belovd again.

[*Phil.*] That soule that lives in love & feign
would dye to win

Shall he goe free? [*Cha.*] Oh no, it is too foul a
sin.

He must not come aboard, I dare not row,
Storms of dispair my boat will over blow.
But when thy m^v shall close thine eys then come
aboard,
Then come a board & pass, till then be wise & synge.

AN OLD MAN TO HIS YOUNGE MR.¹

A M I despis'd, because you say,
And I beleive that I am gray,
Know lady you haue but your day,
And night will come when men will sweare
Time hath spitt snow upon your hayre.

Then when in your glasse you seeke
And find no roses on your cheeke,
No, nor the bud at least to shew,
Where such a fayre carnation grew,
And such a smiling tulippe too.

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

HERRICKE.

KING OBERON'S PALLACE.

FULL as a bee, with thyme, and redd
As cherrye-haruest; now highe fedd
For lust and action, on hee'le goe
To lye with Mabb; though all say noe,

¹ This appears in the printed book under the title of "To a Gentlewoman objecting to him his Gray Haires." The variations are very numerous.

Lust hath no eares, hee's sharpe as thorne,
 And frettful caryes hay in's horne
 And lighting in his eyes; and flinges
 Amonge the elues (yf mou'd) the stings
 Of peltish waspes, well knowne his gaurde.
 Kings (though thay'r hated) wilbee feared.
 Wine led hym one thus to a groue
 (Somtyme deuoted vnto Loue)
 Tinseld with twy-light, hee and thay
 Leed by the shines of snayles, a way
 Beate with their numorous feet, which by
 Many a neate perplexitye,
 Many a turne, many a cross
 Tracke, thay redeeme a banke of moss,
 Swelling, and spungie, and far more
 Softe, then the grass of Lemster ore,
 Soberlye sparkling, like those fiers
 Which breaking from the vnjewel'd tyres
 Of curious brides, or like the mytes
 Of candied dew in moonie nightes
 Vppon this conuex, all the flowers
 (Nature begetts by th' sunn and showers)
 Are in a wylde digestion brought
 (As yf Loues sampler here weare wrought,
 Or Cithereas girdle, which
 The eyes of all doth streight bewitch).
 Sweet ayres moue here, and more deuine
 Made by the breath of great eyde kyne,
 Who, as they plough in pearle, with milke,
 The fower-leau'd grass, and mosse like silke,
 The breath of monkeys mett to mixe
 With muske-flyes, are the aromatiques
 Which cause this arch: and here and there,
 And further of, some orte of peare,
 Apple or plume is neatly layde
 (As yf yt were a tribute payde)
 By the round vrchin, some mixt wheat,
 The which the ant did tast, not eate,

Deafe nutts, softe tewes-eares, and some thine
 Chipping, the mice filcht from the binn
 Of the graye farmer ; and to theis
 The scrappes of lintells, chilled pease,
 Dried hony-combes, browne acorne cupps,
 Out of the which hee sometymes sups
 His hearby-broath ; and theis close by
 Are puckered bullas, cankers, and dry
 Kernells and withered hawes ; the rest
 Are trinketts falne from the kytes neast,
 As buttered bread, the which the wilde
 Birde snacht away from the crying childe,
 Blew pynes taggs, fescus, beades and things
 Of higher price, as halfe jett rings,
 Ribands, and then some silken shreakes
 The virgins lost att barlye breakes,
 Manye a purse stringe, manye a threade
 Of gould and siluer ther is spread,
 Manye a counter, manye a dye
 Halfe rotten and without an eye
 Lyes here about ; and as wee ghesse,
 Some bits of thymbles seeme to dresse
 The braue cheape worke ; and for to paue
 The easie excellence of the caue,
 Squirrells and childrons teeth late shedd
 Serue here, bothe which in-chequered
 With castors doucetts (which poore thay
 Bitt of them selues to scape away)
 Browne toade-stones, ferretts eyes, the gumm
 That shines vppon the blewer plumme,
 The nayles fallen of by whit-flawes, artes
 Hand enchasing here these wartes
 Which wee to others from our selues
 Sell : and brought hether by these elues
 The tempting mole ; stollen from the necke
 Of the slye mayden seemes to decke
 The holye entrance, and within
 The roome is hunge with the blew skine

Of shifted snakes, in-freezed through out
With the eyes of peacockes traines, and troute
Flies curious wyngs; and theis amonge
Those puisneirs that cutt the tongue
Of the redd infante richly hunge
The glow-wormes eyes, the shynige scales
Of siluer roche, wheat-strawes, the snayles
Softe candle-lighte, the kitling eyne,
Corrupted wood, serue here, for shine
Noe glassinge light of bolde fac'd day,
Nor other ouer radyant ray
Ransackes this caue; but what weake beames
Can gett reflection from theis jemmes
And multiplie, such is the light,
But euer doubtfull day, or nyght,
By this queinte Candle-masse hee winds
His errors vpp: and now hee findes
His moone-tann'd Mabb; and somewhat sicke
And (Loue knowes) tender as a chicke
Vppon six plumpe dandelions highe
Rays'd lyes her eluish maiestye
Whose woolye bubbles, seeme to drowne
Her Mabb-shipp in conuenient downe;
For eyther sheete was spread the cawle
That doth the infantes heade intrale
When it is borne, by some instyl'd
The whyter omen of the childe,
But next to theis two blanketts o're
Cast of the finest gossamore,
And then a rugg of lockes of woole
Which spungie drincking in the dull
Lyghte of the moone, seemes to implye
Cloud-lyke her daynte deietye
Thus softe shee lyes; and ouer head
A spinsters circle is beespread
With cobwebb curtaines, from the rooffe
Soe neatly sunck, as that noe prooffe
Of any tacklinge can declare

What giues ytt hanging in the ayre.
 The frindge about this are the threads
 Wee call the files of mayden-heades,
 And all behung with those soft pearles
 Which from the eyes of rauish't girles
 And writhing brids are shed when they
 Give vnto loue the streighter way.
 For musicke now he hath the cries
 Of feigned lost virginities,
 Which the elues make for to accite
 A more vnconquer'd appetite.
 The king's vndrest and now vpon
 The gnats watch word the elues are gone,
 And now the bed and Mab possest
 Of this great litle kingly guest,
 Wee'l nobly thinke what's to be done
 He'l doe no doubt ; this yearne is spun.

KINGE OBRONS FEAST.¹

A LITTLE mushromp table spread
 After the dance, thay sett on breade,
 A yeallowe corne of perkey wheate,
 With some smale sandye greets ; to eate

¹ This and the two following poems are taken from the Ashmole MS. 38. They were printed together in "A Description of the King and Queene of Fayries, their habit, fare, their abode, pompe and state. Beeing very delightfull to the sense, and full of mirth." London, 1635, 8vo., and the "Feast," the only one of these pieces, which can be assigned with absolute certainty to Herrick, was, it is believed, the poet's earliest appearance in print. The tract was edited, it seems, by R. S[eward], probably the same person who compiled "The Countrymans New Common Wealth," 1647, 8vo. (two editions the same year).

MS. Ashmole, 38, is a folio collection of poems, epigrams, epitaphs, &c., by many of the writers of the period,

His choysest bitte ; with which in a trice,
 Thay make a feast, less great then nice,
 But all the while his eye was serued,
 Wee dare not thinke his eare was starued,
 But that ther was in place to stirr
 His fier the pittering grasshopper,
 The merrie crickett, puissing flye,
 The piping gnatt for minstrillsey,
 The huming dor, the dyinge swann,
 And each a choyse musitian.
 And now wee must imagine first,
 The elves present to quench his thirst,
 A pure seed pearle of infante dewe
 Brought and besweeted in a blew
 And pregnant violet : which donn
 His kittlying eyes begane to runn
 Quite through the table, whear he spyes
 The hornes of papery-bvtter-flies,
 Of which hee eates : but with a little
 Neate cole-alaye of cvckoes spittle,
 A little fust-ball pudding standes
 By ; yett not blessed with his handes,
 That was to course ; but hee not spares
 To feed vppon the candide hayres
 Of a dryed canker with a sagg,
 And well bee strutted bees-sweete bagg,

chiefly written by one person, who has given his name and date in the following curious entries. On p. 165, over a pen-and-ink drawing of an oak leaf of great size, is written :—

“The true portrayture, lengthe and breadthe of that oken leafe, which I, Nicholas Burgh, did gather in St. Johns Wood, by Marrisbone Parke pale, on the 3rd of June, 1638, yn y^e presence of Mr. Roger Dalton.”

On the next page, 166, a bramble leaf appears with an entry precisely like that on the foregoing page, ‘that bramble leafe’ being substituted for ‘oken leafe,’ and the surname is spelled Burghe. He has included some poems of his own in the collection, signing his name in cypher with e.

S[t]roaking his pallate with some store
 Of emetts-eggs : nor would hee more,
 But beards of mice, an eughts stuede thigh,
 A pickled maggot and a drye
 Hipp, with a red-cappt worme that's shutt
 With in the concaue of a nutt,
 Browne as his tooth : and with the fatt,
 And well broyl'd inch-pin of a batt,
 A bloted eare-wigg, with the pythe
 Of sugred rush, hee gladds hym with,
 But most of all the glow-wormes fier,
 (As much bewitching his desire
 To knowe his queene) mixt with the farr
 Fetch binding ielley of a starr,
 The silke wormes seed, a little moth
 Late fatted in a peyce of cloath,
 Withered cherries, mandrakes eares,
 Moules eyes : to theis the slayne staggs teares,
 The vnctious dulapps of a snayle,
 The brook-hart of a nightingall
 Ore come in musicke : with a wyne
 Ne're rauisht from the fruitfull vine,
 But gently prest from the softe side
 Of the most sweet and dayntye bride,
 Brought in a daysy challice, which
 Hee fullye quaffes of, to bewitch
 His blood to height ; this done commended,
 Grac'd by his preist, the feast is ended.

Finis. ROBT. HERICKE.

III. POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO HERRICK.

KING OBERONS APPARELL.¹

WHEN the monthly horned queene,
 Grew iealous that the starrs had seene
 Her rissing from Endimyons armes,
 In rage shee throwes her mistie charmes
 Into the bossome of the night,
 To dymme their curious peping light;
 Then did the dwarfish ffarie elues
 (Haueing first attyred them selues)
 Prepare to dresse their Oberon kinge
 In his light roabes for reuealling
 In a cobwebb shirte more thine
 Then euer spider since could spine,
 Blecht by the whitenes of the snowe,
 As the stormye winds doe blowe
 Itt in the vast and frezing ayre,
 No shirte halfe so white soe fayre,
 A riche wascoate they did bringe,
 Made of the troute-flyes guyleded winge;
 Att that his elue-shipp gan to freett,
 Swearing ytt would make hym sweate,
 Euen with its wayght, and needs would weare
 His wastcoate wouin with downye haire,
 New shauen from an enuches chinn,

¹ Printed in "Musarum Deliciæ," 1655, and (imperfectly) in Poole's "English Parnassus," 1657. Other copies of it are in MS. Rawl. 147, MS. Malone 17, and Add. MS. Br. Mus. 11,811 (printed below).

That pleas'd hym well, twas wondrous thyne
 The out side of his dublet was
 Made of the fower-leau'd truelove grasse,
 On which was sett soe fine a glosse,
 By the oyle of crispie moss,
 That through a mist and starrye light
 Itt made a rainebow in the night ;
 On euery seame ther was a lace
 Drawne by the vnctious snayles slow trace,
 To itt the purest siluer thread,
 Compard, did looke like dull pale lead ;
 Each buttone was a sparkling eye,
 Tane from the speckled adders frye,
 Which in a glomye night and darke
 Twinckled like a fierye sparke,
 And for coleness next his skine,
 Twas with white popye lin'd with in.
 His breeches of that fleece was wrought
 Which from Colchos Jason brought,
 Spunn into soe fine a yarne,
 That mortalls might ytt not discerne,
 Woue by Arachne, on her loome,
 Just before she had her doome,
 Dyde crimson by a maydens blush,
 And lynde with dandalyon blush.
 A rich mantle did hee weare,
 Made of the tinsell gossomere,
 Bestarred over with a few
 Diamond dropps of morning dew
 His capp was all of ladyes loue,
 Soe passing light that itt would moue
 Iff any humming gnatt or flye
 But buz'd the ayre in passing by,
 About ytt was a wreath of pearle,
 Dropt from the eye of some pore girle,
 Who pincht because she had forgott
 To leaue fayre water in the pott ;
 And for's feather hee did weare

Old Nisus fatall purple haire.
The sworde thay girded to his thighe
Was smalest blade of finist rye;
A payre of buskings thay did bringe
Of the cow ladyes currall winge,
Powdred o're with spoots of ieate,
And lyn'd with purple violett.
His belt was made of mirtle leaues,
Pleyted in smale curious threaues,
Besett with amber cowslipp studdes,
And fring'd a bout with daysie budds,
In which his bugle horne was hunge,
Made of the babling ecchos tongue,
Which sett vnto his moon-burnt lippes
He windes, and then his fayries skipps,
Att that the lazie droane gan sounde,
And each did tripp a fayrie rounde.

Finis. SIR SIM[E]ON STEWARD.¹

¹ Sir Simeon Steward, a Northampton gentleman, and a student at Cambridge, might appear to have written these lines. But the poem is so unmistakably in Herrick's manner, and so clearly forms part of the series of fairy lyrics here (for the first time) collected together, that it may be more than doubtful, if Steward was not simply the copyist; and as such, agreeably to the common usage at that time, affixed his signature. It is certainly an argument on the opposite side of the question that Herrick did not claim "King Oberon's Apparel" in 1648, when he published his productions in a collective form, and it may be another that no copy is known with his name attached to it; but it would be very singular, if it should be ascertained to be the fact, that a man, not known to have left otherwise a scrap of poetry behind him, composed one piece of such excellence, and such a happy imitation of Herrick's style. Mr. George Waring has suggested to me that the "Apparel" may have been the very poem sent by Herrick to Steward as a "new year's gift," with some verses printed in "Hesperides," and that the production having thus fallen into Steward's hands, he made copies to give to his friends, subscribing them with his own name.

THE FAIRY KING.¹

WHEN the monethly horned queene,
 Grew iealous that the starres had seene
 Her rising from Endimions armes,
 In rage she threw her misty charmes
 Into the bosome of the night,
 To dimme their curious prying sight.
 Then did the dwarfish fayrey elues,
 Having first atir'd themselves,
 Prepare to dresse their Oberon king,
 In light roabes fitt for revelling,
 With a cobwebbe shirte more thinne
 Then euer spider since could spinne.
 A rich wastcoate they did bring,
 Made o'th' trowt-flyes guilded wing.
 At that his elue-shippe gan to frett,
 Swearing it would make him swett,
 Euen with its weight, and needes would weare
 His wastcoate wrought of downy haire,
 First shaven from a eunuch's chinne.
 That pleas'd him well, 'twas wondrous thinne.
 The outside of his doublet was
 Made of shau'd three-leav'd grasse,
 On euery seame there was a lace,
 Drawne by the vnctuous snailes slow pace.
 Each button was a sparkling eye,
 Ta'ne from the speckled adders frye.
 And for a coolenesse next the skinne,
 'Twas with white poppy lin'd within.
 His breeches of the fleece was wrought,
 Which from Colchos Iason brought
 Spon² by Arachne on her loome,
 Iust before she had her doome.

¹ Additional MS. 11,811, fol. 18 back. This is the other copy of "King Oberons Apparell" already referred to in a note.

² MS. has *Won*.

A rich mantle he did weare,
 Made of the tinsel gosameere,
 Bestrew'd ouer with a few
 Diamond drops of morning dew.
 His cappe was made of ladies loue,
 Soe passing light as it would mooue,
 If any humming gnatt or flye
 But buzze the ayre in passing by ;
 About it was a wreath of pearle,
 Dropt from the eye of some poore girle,
 Pinch't because she had forgott,
 To leaue faire water in the pott.

S[IR] SIMEON STEWARD.

THE FAIRY QUEEN, OR THE FAIRIES FEGARIES.¹

SINGING and dancing being all their pleasure,
 Theyle please you most nicely, if youle be at
 leasure,
 To heare their sweet chanting, it will you delight,
 To cure melancholly at morning and night.

Sung like to the Spanish Gipsy.

COME follow, follow me,
 You fairie elves that be,
 And circle round this greene,
 Come follow me your queene.
 Hand in hand lets dance a round,
 For this place is fayrie ground.

¹ This poem exists (with literal variations) in several MSS. A version of it, under the title of "The Fairy Queen," is in Percy's "Reliques," edit. 1812, iii. 260. Another occurs in Mr. Halliwell's "Illustrations of Fairy Mythology," 1845, where it is called "Queen Mab's Invitation." The present copy comes from "A Description of the King and Queen of Fayries," &c., 1635, a volume elsewhere more particularly noticed. My friend, Mr. George Waring, it is

When mortals are at rest,
 And snorting in their nest,
 Unheard, or unespy'd
 Through key-holes we do glide :
 Over tables, stooles and shelves,
 We trip it with our fairie elves.

And if the house be foule,
 Or platter, dish, or bowle,
 Up staires we nimbly creepe,
 And finde the sluts asleepe :
 Then we pinch their armes and thighes,
 None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
 And from uncleannesse kept,
 We praise the house and maid,
 And surely she is paid :
 For we do use before we go
 To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon the mushroomes head,
 Our table-cloth we spread,
 A graine o'th finest wheat
 Is manchet that we eate :
 The pearlie drops of dew we drinke,
 In akorne-cups fill'd to the brinke.

The tongues of nightingales
 With unctious iuyce of snailes,
 Betwixt two nut-shels stewde,
 Is meat thats easily chewde :

only proper to mention, has pointed out to me that in a copy of the poem in MS. Ashmole, 36, there is an endorsement: "To the right wo^{ll}. his moste deare and much respected Father James Pagitt at Battersey present these;" but this inscription seems to me scarcely to warrant the supposition that Pagitt was more than a transcriber. He is, doubtless, the same person, to whom there is an epigram in the "Hesperides;" he is there described as *a school-boy*.

The braines of rennes, the beards of mice,
Will make a feast of wondrous price.

Over the tender grasse,
So lightly we can passe,
The yong and tender stalke
Nere bowes whereon we walke,
Nor in the morning dew is seene
Ouer night where we have beene.

The grasse-hopper, gnat and flie
Serves for our minstrels three,
And sweetly dance a while,
Till we the time beguile ;
And when the moone-calfe hides her head,
The glow-worme lights us unto bed.

Finis.

ANOTHER COPY.¹

COME follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be
Light tripping o'er the green,
Come follow Mab, your queen :

¹ This is printed in Percy's "Reliques," edit. 1812, iii. 260, from the "Mysteries of Love and Eloquence," 1658, collated with another text. But there are several MSS. of it. Another printed copy, where it is called "The Fayries Fegaries," has just been given from a volume published in 1635, and a third occurs in Mr. Halliwell's "Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of a Midsummer Night's Dream," 1845. It is also given at the end of "Round about our Coal Fire," &c. (circa 1730). As no hint has ever been given or obtained (to my knowledge) as to the authorship, and as the style is not unlike Herrick's, I thought it worth while to give it a place here. In some of the copies it is called "Queen Mab's Invitation." It would almost seem to have been intended as a companion piece to the "Fairy King" in Add. MS. B. M. 11,811. It is assuredly not by Corbet, the subtle nicety of handling was, I suspect, beyond the poet-bishop's reach. Corbet's "Fairies Farewell" strikes me as a piece of very inferior merit.

Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy-ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
Or platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep ;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs ;
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid :
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushrooms head
Our table-cloth we spread ;
A grain of rye or wheat
Is the diet that we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy ;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile :
And when the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,

The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends as we do walk ;
 Yet in the morning may be seen
 Where we the night before have been.

THE FAYRIE KINGS DIET AND APPARRELL.¹

I N a cobweb shirt most thin
 A wastcote shaud' from eunucks chin,
 The outside of his doublet was
 Made of the foure-leaued trueloue grass
 Changed into so fine a gloss
 With the oyle of crispy moss.
 In every seame there was a lace
 Drawne by the vnctuous snails slow pace ;
 A rich mantle he did weare,
 Made of tinsell jossamere.
 Dyde crimson in a maidens blush ;
 Linde with a bumble bee's soft plush.
 His cap was made of ladyes loue,
 So wondrous light that it did moue
 If any humming gnat or flie
 Buz'd the aire in passing by.
 About his neck a wreath of perle
 Dropt from the cheeks of some pore girle,
 Pincht because she had forgot
 To leaue faire water in the pot.

Now you must imagine first
 The elues præpare to quench his thirst,
 Some pure seedpearle, of infant dew,
 Cold and sweetned with a blue

¹ This poem in two parts, separated by a line, occurs on the next page to Herrick's "Sack," in Rawl. MS. 142, and is an abridgment; the former portion taken from the "Apparell," the second from the "Feast." The writer of this collection evidently supposed them to be portions of the same poem.

And prægnant violet : then he spies
 The hornes of watrie butterflies
 Of which he eats but with a little
 Neat coole allay of cuckow spittle.
 Next this the red-cap worme that's shut
 In the concaue of a nutt.
 A bloated erewig, adders ears,
 And for his sauce, the slaine stags tears.
 Then he eats a little moth,
 Late fatted in a skarlet cloath.
 A spiners hamme, the berd of mice,
 Nits carbonadoed, and the mites,
 The silkwormes spirm, besides the sag,
 And well be trusted bees sweet bagg.

[A DESCRIPTION OF THE FAIRIES' REVEL AND
FEAST.¹]

I SPIED Kinge Oberon and his beuteous queene
 Attended by a nimble-footed trayne
 Of fayeryes trippinge ore the medows greene,
 And to mee wards (me thaught) they came
 amayne,
 I coucht myselfe beehinde a bushe to spye,
 What would betide the noble company.

It gann to rayne, the kinge and queene they runne
 Vnder a mushrom, fretted over head
 With glowormes, artistically donne,
 Resemblinge much the canopy of a bedd
 Of cloth of silver ; and such a glimmeringe light
 It gaue, as stars doe in a frosty night.

¹ Ashmole, MS. 36, fol. 45 *recto*. The title here given is derived from the Index to the MS. The poem itself has neither title nor name of author, and is imperfect.

The kinge perceiueinge it grow night apace,
And that faint light was but for show alone,
Out of a box made of a fayre topace
Hee tooke a blasinge carbuncle that showne
Like to a flameinge barre of iron, and
Stucke it amonge the glowormes with his hand.

Like as the sunne darts forth his ruddy beames,
Vnable longer to hold vp his head,
Glaunceinge his gloatinge eye vpon the streames,
Such was the lustre that this mixture bredd,
Soe light it was, that one might plainely see
What was donne vnder that rich canoppy.

The floore whereon they trode it was of jett
And mother-of-pearle polished and cutt,
Chequer'd, and in most decent order sett,
A table dyamond was their table, butt
To see th' reflecon from the roofe to th' table,
'Twas choyce mee thought, and shewed admirable.

Like to a heaven directly was that table,
And these bright wormes they doe resemble starres,
That precious carbuncle, soe invaluable,
Lookt like a meteor with his ominous barres,
Hung out in heaven by th' allseeinge eye,
Bidd vs expect to heare a tragedy.

Soe this great light appeard amongst the rest,
But now it grew towards suppertime apace,
And for to furnish out this suddaine feast
The seruitours whoe knew each one his place
Disperse themselues immediatly, and
Some find the choycest dayntyes on the land,

Others diue downe to th' bottome of the deepe,
Another mounts vp to the lofty skye;
To fetch downe hony dew of mowtaynes steepe,
In every corner doe they serch and pry,

Who cann the best accepted present bringe,
To please their soe much honoured queene and
kinge.

One gathers grapes, ripe from the lusty vine,
And with his little hands hee squeezeth out
The juce, and then presents it vp for wine ;
And straight their presses in amonge the rowt,
Another loaden with an eare of wheate,
The whitest and the fairest hee cann gett,

And out hee pickes the corne, which serues for rowles.

[*Here the MS. ends abruptly.*]

TO A GENTLEWOMAN WITH ON[E] EYE.

WHY should you greue for wanting of an eye ?
One sunne will serue the beauty of the skye,
Blame not misfortune then for doing this,
The gods perhaps intended you to blesse,
Because that they would haue you weepe the lesse.
Then bee not soe with greefe disturb'd in mind,
You come more neere to loue, for it is blind,
For do not louers in darke shades delight,
And kisse most surely in the blackest night,
When none doth them behold ? then what are eyes,
But loues disturbers and suspicious spyes,
You'le see to take your ayme the better now,
When blinking you do shoote in Cupids bow,
And if one wake, what if the other sleepe,
Shee watcheth well, who one chast eye can keepe.

HENRY MOLLE.¹

¹ Although these lines are subscribed as above, they are unmistakably in Herrick's style, and to him, indeed, they are attributed in the list of contents of Rawl. MS. 142, whence they are now printed for the first time. Of Henry Molle I know nothing. He was probably the transcriber only.

DOMINA MARGARITA SANDIS :

ANAGRAMMA.¹*Anne domi das Margaritas.*

WHY do wee seek and saile abroad to find,
 Those pearls which do adorn the female-kind,
 Within our seas there comes unto our hands,
 A matchlesse Margaryte among the sands.

ON CHLORIS WALKING IN THE SNOW.

I SAW faire Chloris walke alone,
 When feather'd raine came softly down,
 Then Jove descended from his tower
 To court her in a silver shower,
 The wanton snow flew to her brest
 Like little birds into their nest ;
 But overcome with whitenes there,
 For grieve it thaw'd into a teare,
 Then falling down her garment hem
 To decke her, froze into a gem.²

ON JULIAS WEEPING.³

SHE by the river sate, and sitting there,
 She wept, and made it deeper by a tear.

¹ Perhaps the same M. S. to whom Herrick has verses in the "Hesperides," and whom he there addresses as his kinswoman. These lines are printed in "Witts Recreations," 1640.

² "Witts Recreations," 1640, sign. E 6. verso.

³ This and the four following short poems are taken from "Witt's Recreations." They do not occur in the edition of that work printed in 1640, however, but were added to the enlarged impression of 1650. Such information as I was able to furnish respecting them I have given in the pre-fatory matter.

ON A BEAUTIFULL VIRGIN.

IN this marble buri'd lyes
 Beauty may enrich the skyes,
 And adde light to Phœbus eyes,
 Sweeter then Aurora's aire,
 When she paints the lillies faire,
 And gilds cowslips with her haire.
 Chaster then the virgin spring,
 Ere her blossomes she doth bring,
 Or cause Philomel to sing.
 If such goodnesse live 'mongst men,
 Bring me it ; I know then
 She is come from heaven agen.
 But if not, ye standers by
 Cherish me, and say that I
 Am the next design'd to dy.

A LOVING BARGAIN.

GIVE me a kisse, I'll make that odde one even,
 Then treble that which you have given ;
 Be sure I'll answer you, and if I misse,
 Then take a thousand forfeits for a kisse,
 And a thousand be too few, then take more :
 Kisse me with your kisses, make me poore :
 When I am begger'd some hope will remain,
 You will for pity give me some again.

TO CELIA WEEPING.

FAIREST, when thine eyes did poure
 A chrystall shower,
 I was perswaded, that some stone
 Had liquid grown ;
 And thus amazed ; sure thought I
 When stones are moist, some raine is nigh.

Why weep'st thou? cause thou cannot be
 More hard to me?
 So lionesses pittty, so
 Do tygers too:
 So doth that bird, which when she's fed
 On all the man, pines o're the head.
 Yet I'll make better omens till
 Event beguile;
 Those pearly drops in time shall be
 A precious sea;
 And thou shalt like thy corall prove,
 Soft under water, hard above.

THE WAKE.

I, AND whither shall we go?
 To the wake I trow:
 'Tis the village Lord Majors show,
 Oh! to meet I will not faile;
 For my pallate is in hast,
 Till I sip again and tast
 Of the nut-brown lass and ale.

 Feele how my temples ake
 For the lady of the wake;
 Her lips are as soft as a medlar,
 With her posies and her points,
 And the ribbons on her joynts,
 The device of the fields and the pedler.

IV.

FOURTEEN LETTERS

WRITTEN BY ROBERT HERRICK TO HIS UNCLE
SIR WILLIAM HERRICK, BETWEEN THE
YEARS 1613 AND 1617.

LETTER I.

SR.

[October, 1613.]



YTH the qvallitie of the Time, and ex-
tremitie of my Brothers occasions
forse me, I first shew my deutie, and
next entreat you to furnish my Bro-
ther with 15 pounds which he would
needes borrow of me, and because his vrgent occa-
sions stand in so vehement a manner, I am willing
to pleasure him, still relying vpon your worships
fauour, and trusting that I shall not seem offensiue
to you nor engender any cause of dislike in my
proceeding : I haue writ thus much at the request
of my Brother, though indeed I was vnwilling to
acquaint you in this busines, yet pray, S^r, iustly
waigh each thing in equall ballances : I still runn
headlong into your worships debt. I trust you
will be pleased, though I vnwillingly acquaint you
with this. Thus hauing rudely made known the
effect of the matter, I with my endles deutie take my
leauē, liuing to be comanded by you and yours for
euer :

“ROBERT HERICK.”¹

[Endorsement:]

“To the right wor^l. S^r William Hearick
at Beaumanor or els where.”

¹ That this request was acceded to is shown by the fol-

LETTER II.

“Cambridg: St. Johns.

“S^r.—Considering the importunitie of my own affaires, and the last testimonie of your so euident Loue makes me to run head long between two in-euitable difficulties, but desirous of equall perform-ance, the shortness of this shall not hinder the one, nor I trust detract from the other: S^r, vnderstand that my hart (more feruently then my pen can express) speaks my deuout thanks, and ioyes in no greater thing then this, that it can see some sparkes of your conceald affection: I haue not as hitherto acquainted you with the chardg I liue in, but your self can iudg, by my often (as now at this time) writing for mony, which when I doe, it is for no impertinent expens, but for constraind necessitie: for be your self the iudg, when aboue twentie pounds will not suffice the house, not reckening with it commoditie for my self (I meane apparell nor other complements) nor tuition mony nor other sundrie occasions for chardges, this but considered, there is no reasonable soule, but will kindly and indulgently censure of my lyfe and me. Had I but a competent estate to mayntayne my self, to my title, I could presume of a soone atayning to y^e end of the efficient cause [of] my coming, as he that hath stronger cause and fortune (*sic*): S^r, I know you vnderstand me, and did you but know how disfurnished I came to Cambridg, without bedding (which I yet want) and other necessaries, you would (as I now trust

lowing acknowledgment immediately under the poet's signature:—

“Red. this 1 Octob^r. 1613 of the Right Wo^l S^r Will^m. Heyrick the som of fifteen pounds p. the appointment of my brother Rob^t. Heyrick. I say Red. £15.

“THOMAS HEYRICK.”

you will) better your thoughts towards me, considering of my forc't expence. S^r, I entreat you to furnish me with ten pounds this quarter, for the last mony which I receaud came not till the last quarter had almost spent it self, which now constraines me so suddenly to write for more. Good S^r, forbear to censure me as prodigall, for I endeavour rather to strengthen (then debilitate) my feeble and familiar Fortune. I should fill much paper, if I should follow my passions; but I will break off, only entreating you (yf there be no waye for me to leade a lyfe here) that then you would write me your counsell how I maye learn to liue. In hope that you will some waye effectuate my desires, with all respect of deutie and obseruance, I forstop my passage.

“Euer to be at comand and studious to please,
“ R. HEARICK.”

[Endorsement:]

“To his most carefull Vncle S^r Willi:
Hearick dwelling at London in
Wood-streete.”

LETTER III.

“From St. Johns in Cambridg.

“Qui timidè rogat,
Negare docet.”

“Are the minds of men immutable? and will they rest in only one opinion without the least perspicuous shewe of chaing? O no, they cannot, for *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*: it is an old but yet young saying in our age, as times chainge, so mens minds are altered: O would . . .¹ weere seene, for then some pittying Planet would with a

¹ The corners of the original have suffered damage, and a word here and there is illegible.

dr[op of] deaw refreash my withered hopes, and giue a lyfe to that which [is about?] to die; the bodie is preserued by foode, and lyfe by hope, which (but wanting either of these conseruers) faint, feare, fall, freese, and die. Tis in your power to cure all, to infuse by a profusion a duple lyfe into a single bodie. Homo homini Deus: man should be soe, and he is commanded so; but, fraile and glass-lik, man proues brittle in many things. How kind Arcisilaus the philosopher was vnto Apelles the painter Plutark in his Morals will tell you; which, should I heere depaint, the length of my letter would hide the sight of my Labour, which that it may not, I bridle in my Quill and mildly, and yet I feare to rasly, and to boldly make knowne and discouer, which my modestie would conceale; and this is all: my studie craues but your assistance to furnish hir with bookes, wherein she is most desirous to laboure; blame not hir modest boldnes, but suffer the aspertions of your loue to distill vpon hir, and next to Heauen she will consecrate hir laboures vnto you, and because that Time hath deuoured some yeeres, I am the more importunate in the crauing; suffer not the distance to hinder that which I know your disposition will not denie. And now is the time (that florida ætas) which promises frutifulness for hir former barrenness, and wisheth all to hope: As euery thing will haue in time an end, so this, which though it would extend it self and ouerflow its bounds I forcesibly withstand it. Wishing this worlds happines to follow and attend you in this lyf, and that with a triumphant crown of glorie you maye be crowned in the best world to come. "ROBERT HEARICK."

[Endorsement:]

"To the very Worshipf[ul] His
Vncle Sr W[ill.] Hearicke dwelling
at London in Woodstreete. These."

LETTER IV.

“Cambridg. [January, 1615-16.]

SR.—Your prosperitie desired and the good success of your issue, I pronounce my deutie, and wish some felicitie to my self (as all other creatures do). I entreat you (as heretofore) so now to paye to Mr. Adrian Morrus, bookseller in the black fryers the some of tenn pounds, who hath payd the same some at Cambridg: I cannot meet the expence for want of primarie consideration; be you but pleas'd, and I shall iustifie the expectation (which I trust is religious) of all men. My prayers begin at home, but end at you their obiect. Bless me with your countenance, and I shall liue triumphant, and my weake hopes will receaue vigour. Yf you reflect vpon I am all yours and completely yours for euer obsequious,

“ROBIN HERRICK.”¹

[Endorsement:]

“To the right Worth. his louing Vncle
S^r William Herrick dwelling at
London in great Wood-
street. This.”

LETTER V.

“Cambridge, [January, 1616-17.]

“Before you vnceald my letter (right worth.) it cannot be doubted but you had perfect knowledg of the essence of my writing, before you reade it; for custome hath made you expect in my playne songe (mitte pecuniam) that beeing the cause sine quâ non, or the power that giues lyfe and beeing to

¹ The request was granted, and at the foot of the letter appears Robert Martin's receipt for £10 to be paid to Herrick; this bears date Jan. 24, 1615-16. The present letter is not in the poet's handwriting, but seems to have been written for him.

each matter. I delight not to draw your imagination to inextricable perplexities, or knit vp my Love in indissoluable knotts, but made no other exposition but the literall sence, which is to entreat you to paye to Mr. Adrian Morice the some of tenn pounds as customarily, and to take a note of his hand for the receipt, which I desire may be effected breffly, because the circumstance of the time must be expressed. I perceave I must crie with the afflicted vsquequo, vsquequo, Domine.¹ Yet I haue confidence that I liue in your memorie, howsoever Time brings not the thing hoped for to its iust maturity; but my beleef is stronge, and I do establish my hopes on rocks, and feare no quick sands, be you my firme² assistant, and good effects (produced from virtuous causes) follow. So shall my wishes pace with yours for the suplement of your owne happiness and the perfection of your owne posterity.

“Euer to be commanded,

“ROBERT HEARICK.

“To paye to Mr. Blunt Bookseller in Paules church yarde the some aboue named.

“Postscriptū.”³

LETTER VI.

“Chambridge [February, 1616-17.]

“Because my Commencment is at hand (worthie Sir), I am compeld to write, though it be with a violent reluctance; for what her monie can be effected (*sic*) when there is diuision 'twixt the hart and hand; want and chardge admit no sympathie, because they are of diffring natures: not conuertibles. Yet volens, nolens, it must be done, and as

¹ The commencement of Psalm xiii.

² Orig. has *forme*.

³ Blount or Blunt's receipt is at the foot of the letter.

heretofore so now I desire your worship to paye to this Bearer, Mr. Hotchkin, the dew of tenn pounds for my vse at Chambridge. I haue runn thorough the most of the expense which is not much, but in respect of disabilitie. Yf it may please you to remember me like a trew Maecenas, I shall glory in that my Tale hath raysd me vp a Friend to share in my passions—

‘ Multorum manibus grande leuatur onus.’

Many hands make light worke ; your healpe can make my burden light. I atend your pleasure, and as I hope such wilbe my hap, I haue fayth in the goodness of your Nature. Attending with patience the complement and consummation of my hopes.

“ Euer obseruant

“ to your benignant

“ faouours, R. HEARICK.”¹

“ Bis dat qui cito dat.”

[Endorsement :]

“ To the right worth. his louing vncke
Sr William Hearick dwelling
at London in Great
Woodstreet.
This.”

LETTER VII.

“ Camb. [April, 1617.]

“ Sir, that which makes my letter to be abortive and borne before maturitie, is and hath been my Commencment, which I haue now ouergonn, though I confess with many a throe and pinches of the purse; but it was necessarie, and the prize was worthie the hazarde; which makes me less sensible of the expence, by reason of a titular prerogatiue—

¹ The acknowledgment of the person who was appointed to receive this sum, is at the foot of the letter as elsewhere.

& bonum est prodire in bono. The essence of my writing is (as heretofore) to entreat you to paye for my use to Mr. Arthour Johnson bookseller in Paules church yard the ordinarie sune of tenn pounds, and that with as much sceleritie you maye, though I could wish chardges had leaden wings and Tortice feet to come vpon me; sed votis puerilibus opto. S^r, I fix my hopes on Time and you; still gazing for an happie flight of birdes, and the refreshing blast of a second¹ winde. Doubtfull as yet of either Fortunes, I liue, hoarding vp prouision against the assault of either. Thus I salute your Vertues.

“Hopefull R. HEARICK.”

LETTER VIII.

“Health from Heauen.

“Chambridg.

“S^r.—I haue long since expected your return in that your long absence hath made me want that which your presence could haue remedied. I trust you are not ignorant what my meaning is; may it therefore please you to send me £10, for my ocasions require so much; and the long time that your worship hath been absent from London hath compelled me to runne somewhat deepe into my Tailours debt. I entreat your Worship to send me a part of my stipend with all possible sceleritie, for want of which so necessarie helpe cares greatly posses me, and force me, contrarie to my wish, in some sort to neglect my study, whereas yf you would be pleased to furnish me with so much, that I might keepe before hand with my Tutor, I doubt not but with quicke dispatch to attaine to what I ayme. Thus trusting that you will in some sort be mindfull

¹ Of course, a literal rendering of the Latin *secundus*.

of me, in sending me that which I haue writ for, with my eternall deutie to your self for euer, together with my Ladie, I finish.

“ For euer readie

“ to be comanded

“ during mortallitie

“ ROBERT HEARICK.”

“ I entreate your worship to furnish me with so much as will serue me till the Natiuitie.”

[Endorsement :]

“ To the right worth. his carefull vncl. Sr
William Hearick. These be deliued
at his house in London.”

LETTER IX.

“ From Cambridg.

“ S^r.—I am loath, yet pforce I must, beeing ouerruled by necessitie, trouble you. I haue, before the birth of this letter, sent others which peraduenture haue been stayed by infortunitie ; but I trust this will manifest it self. Let it not seeme offensiue, though I exceede a little in length, for your worships long beeing in the Cuntrie, hath constrained me contrarie to my will to become a debter to my instruct^r—wherfore let me entreat your worship to be mindfull of me, and that this weeke I may receaue it ; for my extreames be such that vnless I attaine what now I desire, I shalbe constrained to make a iourney to London to satisfie the mind of my Tutour. Good S^r, consider this, and redresse it, and I shall for euer in deutie show my self most abundantly thankfull. I trust this little will suffice to explain my great want, and I hope you will in some sorte bee carefull for my credit, which wilbe weak, except I heer from your worship this weeke.

I will not extend two (*sic*) farr, but, with my deutie to you and my Ladie I for this time cease.

“Beeing euer, obsequious to both,
“ROBERT HEARICK.”

[Endorsement:]

“To the Right worshipfull his louing vnclē
S^r Williā Hearick dwelling at
London in Great Wood-
street, Giue this.”

LETTER X.

“Chambridge.

“S^r.—Though my seruice be late, yet better thus then neuer; it is in you to pardon what I haue so long neglected, and I beleue you will. I will come speedily and personally to attend you at London, and will bring your bond along; to which end (necessitie constraining me) I entreate you out of my litle possession to deliver to this bearer the customarye £10, without which I cannot meate [?] my iourney: I vnderstand it is troublesom to you for the quarterly dispatch, and I am honestly sorrowfull for your disease. Pardon me, and mayntayn some good opinion of me, that what I haue lost heretofore in your estimation, time and my endeouours may redeeme it. Trusting to which I offer vp to them, and to your self, the sacrifice of my vowes.

“ROBERT HEARICKE.”

[Endorsement:]

“To his lovinge Vnclē S^r William Hearicke
dwellinge at Westminster
this del. del.”

LETTER XI.

“Cambridg, 11th of October.

“S^r.—My deutie remembred to your self and La: the cause essentiall is this: That I would entreat you to paye to this bringer (to Mr. Adrian Marius book

seller in the black friers,) the some of £10 the which my Tutor hath receaved, to be payde at London. I have business that drawes me from prolixitie; and I craue pardon for this rudeness, still expecting the sun-shine of youre fauour and the daye of happiness. I end with my prayers for your preservation and health, the best terrestriall good. Long lyf and the aspertions of Heauen fall vpon you.

“Yours euer

“obsequious

“R. HEARICK.”

[Endorsement:]

“To the right worth., &c.”

LETTER XII.

“Cambridg.

“Sir.—I presume againe to present another Embassador, who, in the best eloquence that was taught him, aboundly thanks you for the larg extent of your favor and kindness; which, though present time denies to mak any ostentation of desert, yet future . . . crownes the expectation of the hopefull; and because the urgent extremitie and vnexpected occasion of chamber roome instigats me to such importunate demands, I am bold to entreat you that the mony might this week be sent me, for necessitie fervently requires it; and I am sorrie to be the subiect of so great a molestation to your Worship; but, trusting on your patience, I am bold to saye that generous minds still haue the best contentment, and willingly healp where there is an euidentie of want. Thus hoping to triumph in the victorie of my wishes, by being not frustraeted in my expectatiõ, I tak my leaue, and eternally thank you. Liuing to be commanded by you and yours to the end of mortalitie.

“Euer most

“obsequious

“ROBERT HEARICK.”

“Be it known to all, that I Robert Hearick, Fellow commoner of St. Johns colledg in Cambridg, acknowledg my self to stand indebted unto my vnclē, Sir Will. Hearick, of London, in the some of tenn pounds, for so much receaued of him; to be repayde vnto him a[t] all times: I saye, receaued tenn pounds by me, Robert Hearick.”¹

[Endorsement:]

“To the right worth. his vnclē S^r Willi: Hearicke dwelling at London in Great Wood strete giue This.”

LETTER XIII.

“After my abundant thanks for your last great loue (worthie Sir), proud of your fauoure and kindness shewne by my Ladie to my vnworthie selfe, thus I laye open my self; that, for as much as my continuance will not long consist in the spheare where I now moue, I make known my thoughts, and modestly craue your counsell, whether it were better for me to direct my study towards the lawe or not; which yf I should (as it will not be impertinent), I can with facilitie laboure my self into another colledg appointed for the like end and studyes, where I assure my self the charge will not be so great as where I now exist; I make bold freely to acquaint you with my thoughts; and I entreat you answeare me: this being most which checks me, that my time (I trust) beeing short, it may be to a lesser end and smaller purpose; but that shalbe as you shall lend direction. Nothing now remaines but my perfect thankfullness and remembrance of your hopefull promises; which when Heauen, working with you, shall bring them to performance, I shall triumph in the victorie of my wishes; till when, my prayers

¹ The acknowledgment of William Peirson, the recipient, occurs, as elsewhere, at the foot of the letter just beneath the poet's receipt.

shall inuocate Heauen to powre vpon you and your posteritie the utmost of all essentiall happiness.

“ Yours euer seruicable

“ R. HEARICK.”

LETTER XIV.

“ Trinitie Hall, Camb.

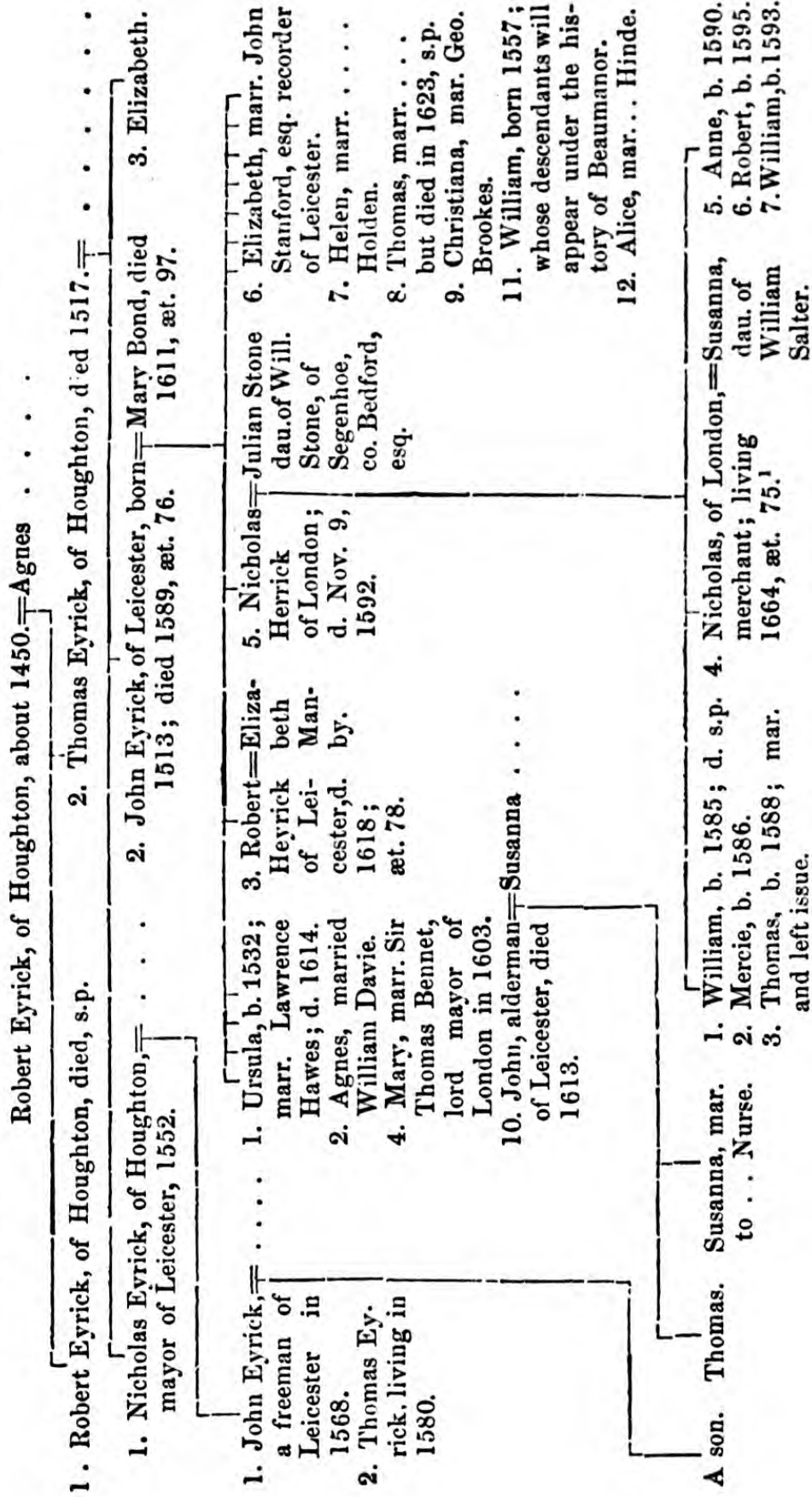
“ S^r.—The confidence I haue of your bothe virtuous and generous disposition makes me (though with some honest reluctance) the seldomer to sollicite you ; for I haue so incorporated beleef into me, that I cannot chuse but perswade my self that (though absent) I stand imprinted in your memorie ; and the remembrance of my last beeing at London serud for an earnest motiue (which I trust liues yet vnperisht) to the effectuating of my desire, which is not but in modesty ambitious, and consequently virtuous ; but, where freeness is euident, there needs no feere for forwardness ; and I doubt not (because fayth giues boldness) but that Heauen, together with your self, will bring my ebbing estate to an indifferent tyde ; meane while I hope I haue (as I presume you know) changd my colledg for one where the quan[t]itie of expence wilbe shortned, by reason of the priuacie of the house, where I propose to liue recluce, till Time contract me to some other calling, striuing now with my self (retayning vpright thoughts) both sparingly to liue, thereby to shun the current of expence. This is my desire (which I entreat may be performd) that Mr. Adrian Marius, book seller of the black fryers, maye be payd ten pounds as heretofore, and to take his acquittance. Trusting whereto, Ile terminate your sight, and end ; hoping to see your dayes many and good ; and prosperitie to crown your self and issue.

“ Euer seruiceable

“ to your Virtues,

“ R. HEARICK.”

PEDIGREE OF EYRICK, OR HEYRICK, OF HOUGHTON, LONDON, AND LEICESTER.



Nichols, *Hist. and Antiquities of the County of Leicester*, vol. ii. part ii. p. 615.

¹ He may be the same person who, in 1672, published Peacham's "History of the Five Wise Philosophers," &c. 12°.

PEDIGREE OF HERRICK OF BEAUMANOR.

Sir William Herrick, knt. fifth son of John and Mary Eyrick of Leicester; = Joan, dau. of Richard May, esq. of London born 1557; mar. 1596; knighted 1605; M.P. for the borough of Leicester, and sister to sir Humphry May, chancellor of the dutchy of Lancaster, died March 2, 1652-3, in his 96th year.

- | | | | |
|--|---|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1. William Herrick, esq. born 1597; married 1623; d. 1671; æt. 74. | = Elizabeth, dau. of Humphry Fox, esq. d. 1683, æt. 84. | 2. Robert, born 1598; died s.p. 1639. | 5. Elizabeth, b. 1603. John Holmstead, esq. of Lynn Norfolk. |
| | 3. Richard, born 1600; d. Warden of Manchester in 1667. | 7. Roger, fellow of All Souls 1628-9. | 11. Dorothy, married in 1628 the Rev. James Lancashire. |
| | 4. Thomas, b. 1602. | 8. John, 1612. | 12. Elizabeth, mar. in 1633 Beaumont Pight, esq. of Beaumanor. |

Anne, dau. of William Bainbrigg, esq. of Lockington, first wife; d. 1655. = William Herrick, esq. born 1624; Frances, dau. of Will. Milward, esq. of Chilcot, co. Derby. second wife; d. before 1681. marr. 1649; died 1693, æt. 69.

- | | | | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|---|------------------------------|-----------------------------|---|
| 1. William Herrick b. 1650; d. 1705; æt. 55. | = Dorothy, dau. of Ja. Wootton, of Weston, co. Derby, esq. died 1749, æt. 100. | 2. John, of the Outwoods in the parish of Loughboro'; d. 1724. | 3. Benjamin Herrick, M.D. æt. circa 26, 1681; d. 1720. | 4. Elizabeth, married to John Levesley, esq. of Belton. | 1. Thomas, d. 1682, aged 20. | 2. Francis, d. young, 1664. | 3. Mary, b. 1665; m. Will. Lucas, esq. Christianiana, born 1666; m. Clifton Tompson, esq. |
|--|--|--|--|---|------------------------------|-----------------------------|---|

P

- 1. Elizabeth, bo. 1684; marr. Robert Bunny, gent. died 1745.
- 2. William, born 1685; died 1686.
- 3. Anne, born 1687; died 1759 unmarried.

4. William Herrick, esq. born 1689; married 1740; died 1773, æt. 84.

Lucy, dau. of John Gage, esq. of Bentley Park, Sussex, d. 1778, aged 64.

Elizabeth, dau. of Samuel Marshall, of Burton - on - the - Woulds, gent. d. 1757, æt. 75.

- 6. Thomas Herrick, esq. of Leicester.
- 1. William Bainbrigg Herrick, d. 1733.
- 2. A dau.

Q

- 1. Lucy = Richard Gildart, esq. of Norton Hall, co. Stafford; high sheriff of that county, 1784.
- 2. Dorothy, b. 1743; d. 1745.
- 3. Dorothy, d. 1747.

William = Sarah Herrick, Stokes, of Woodhouse.

John Herrick, esq. b. 1749.

Thomas = Mary, only dau. of Jas. Perry, esq. of Eardsley Park, co. Hereford.

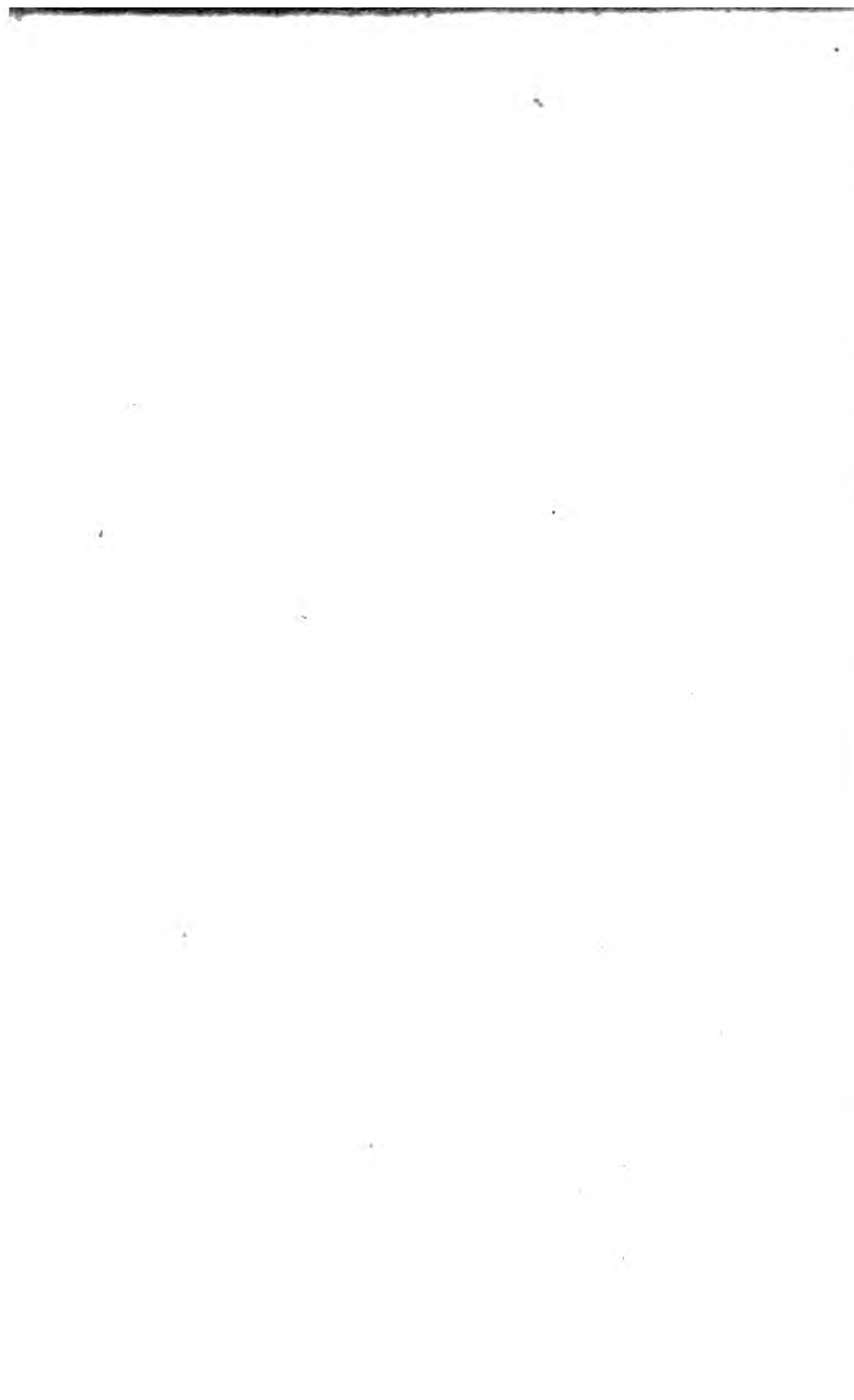
Two sons and two dau. all dead.

Richard, born 1772; a gentleman commoner of University College, Oxford. Died 1802 unmarried.

William, born = Sophia, daughter of Jonathan Henry Christie, esq. of London, barrister-at-law.

Mary - Anne, born June 9, 1796. 2. Mary - Anne, born March 21, 1798. died 1832 unmarried.

Nichols, *Hist. and Antiquities of the County of Leicester*, vol. iii. p. 148 (with a few corrections from the Beaumanor copy of Nichols).





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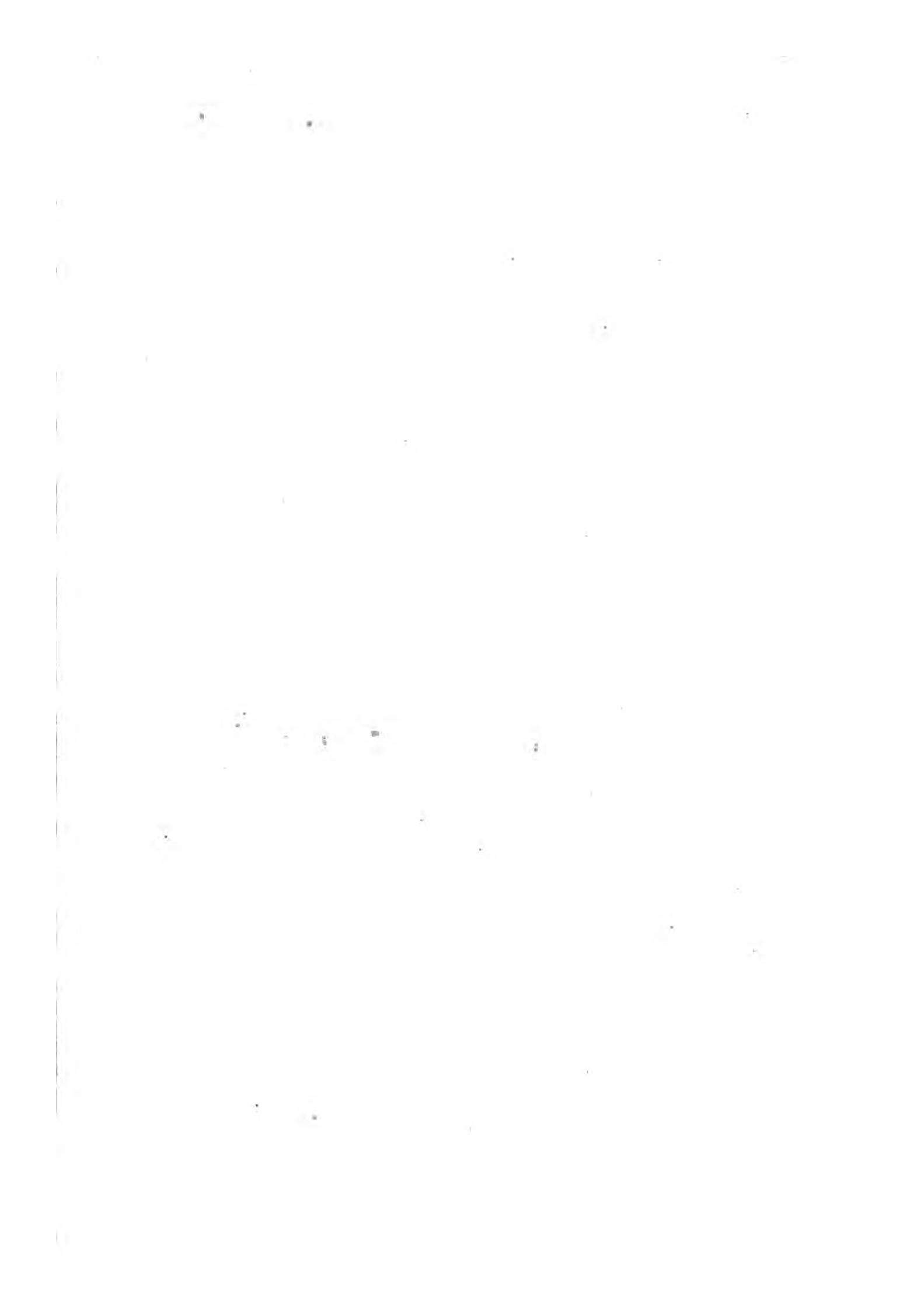
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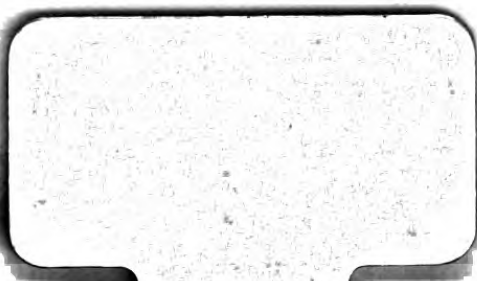
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