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SELECTIONS FROM HERRICK
FOR
TRANSLATION INTO LATIN VERSE.

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SELECTIONS FROM HERRICK,

FOR

TRANSLATION INTO LATIN VERSE.

With a Short Preface.

BY

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PREFACE.

THE mind of Robert Herrick was so much imbued with the taste that animated Horace and his contemporaries, that had he been one of them, he had no doubt been honoured with the friendship of Mæcenas, and been numbered among that cheerful band of acquaintances whom the Apulian bard invited to his table whenever he was tempted to depart from the temperate frugality of his ordinary meal, and to whom some of his best odes are addressed. Herrick was on intimate terms with the Horace of our literature, Ben Jonson, and celebrated his memory and wit in more than one spirited ode. He has left behind him no poem of any length, not having possessed the industry necessary for such a work ; and of those which we possess, so many are devoted to the embodying of amorous raptures in language more suited to inflame than to please, and of fugitive sallies of humour prompted by objects offensive to good taste and decency, that he has impaired his influence as a poet of sparkling wit and

rare skill in versification ; and as a man of devotional feeling likewise, which he has exhibited in his Divine poems to an extent that cannot but raise the wonder of those who shall have formed their judgment of his character only from his profaner writings. The truth, it may be supposed, is that few can understand and make due allowance for the tendency (and the difficulty of repressing it) of an exuberant humour to break forth when provoked by objects which the witty can best appreciate ; and a happy epigrammatic skill may be considered, perhaps, in the light of an unmanageable horse, or as that faculty of which Juvenal has declared that it is as a torrent and a plague to many. And as to the publication of such productions on the part of our poet, something must be charged on the looseness of the times, and some excuse must be sought from the needy circumstances of the man, who, being deprived of his living by the Puritans (for he was in holy orders), was robbed of his only means of subsistence. Less excuse is to be found for the judgment of those editors who have thought it due to their author and his readers, within the last few years to reproduce the “Hesperides” with all that modesty and decency shrink from in them, for the first time since their publication by the distressed author in 1648.

But with this question the present selection is not concerned ; its object being to gather together from his works such pieces as, appearing to represent

more or less of the spirit of the Roman Muse, may be supposed well suited for translation into Latin verse; on which subject a few observations will not here be out of place.

On the general question, whether the composition of Latin verses be or be not a desirable element in classical education, more need not be said, than that it requires and induces a close attention to the classical models, which run much risk of being superficially read and misunderstood, unless accuracy of observation be fostered by the imitation of their peculiarities of thought and language. Therefore, without going further into the subject, it may be enough to say, that the expediency of teaching to read Latin poets involves that of teaching to write Latin verses—an art which depends more upon a tasteful and accurate judgment, in following guides whose rules of style and modes of thought must by no means be abandoned, than upon the native spirit of poetry, drawing upon its own resources and regulating its own style.

This combination of taste and accuracy, of originality and imitation, is the perfection, as every scholar is aware, of good versification. To discriminate between a servile plagiarism and a legitimate appropriation; to learn how to apply with propriety peculiarities of phrase and modes of expression; to distinguish between the genius of the ancient and modern Muse, so as to avoid the hybrid appearance

of new ideas in an old dress; to learn how to be original in a path so rigidly defined, and free while confined by the strictest fetters; all this constitutes the true difficulty of Latin verse composition, and these are the tests by which true scholarship may fairly be tried.

Much assistance may be given to the learner by the judicious selection of passages for translation; such passages as are calculated to lead his mind into those channels in which the Roman poets thought, which bear the impress of a classical taste, and suggest naturally ideas and expressions, the images and vocabulary, he is familiar with in Horace, Ovid, and Virgil,¹ the only three Latin poets to whom the young scholar should be referred for the formation of his taste and style. Although the older poets of this country afford by far the widest scope for the selection of such passages, they are to be found scattered up and down the works of all who are really entitled to the name—shewing how much unconsciously we owe to the ancient Muse; and how ready the poetical mind, however far removed its

¹ I do not except Lucretius, though an imitation of his archaisms has been encouraged and mistaken for an adoption of his spirit. I say nothing of Martial or Catullus, though in this selection there are epigrams in the rendering of which they must be followed; but on these authors, to whom attention is given later in the course of study, the formation of style does not depend.

own idiosyncrasy may be from the simple and pure standard of antiquity, is to fall into the track of those master-spirits by whom that standard was put forth. But without doubt there was more sympathy on the part of the English poets of the 17th than of the 19th century with the poets of ancient Rome; and the former will be found to abound with passages answering more or less to the above description, and likely therefore to be of use in helping the young student in his progress towards a good style of original composition, and in furnishing amusement for the scholar in his leisure. It will be found impossible, in any selection, to secure pieces, or perhaps any single piece, in which every passage shall be capable of a strictly classical dress, without some considerable deviation from the author's expressions. But where the prevailing tone of the poem is classical, ingenuity may be left occasionally to avoid an awkward phrase, and to change the key of a particular image. If, on the other hand, the general sense and prevailing character of the language and ideas is modern, ingenuity is misapplied and taste misdirected, if they be employed in the conversion of such passages from a dress which becomes them, to one in which they can only appear ridiculous. This truth may appear too obvious to have needed remark; but it cannot too often be urged upon the young, so far as they are left to the exercise of their own judgment; and that

it is not obvious to all who have employed themselves in the selection of verses for translation, is too plain to those who have depended upon the few publications of this nature that have been put forth for the use of schools.

If this selection from Herrick, which embraces pieces of various degrees of difficulty, but hardly suited to any except the highest classes of our grammar-schools, shall prove acceptable, it will probably be followed by a more miscellaneous selection from other writers of the 17th century.

A. J. M.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE,
14th August, 1848.

ERRATUM.—P. 55, for *Eleg. Inst.* read *Eleg. Trist.*, the piece being analogous to parts of the *Tristia* of Ovid; which I take advantage of this error of the press to recommend as particularly useful to students for the formation of style, and the attainment of a *copia verborum*, suited in very many cases to translations from English into Latin elegiac verse.

It may be added that although, for general guidance, particular metres have been suggested for the various pieces in this selection, the judgment of the instructor or translator may be exercised in respect to any deviation therefrom. Different tastes may readily vary in a matter of this minor importance.

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HESPERIDES.

—◆—
(N.B. Where no metre is suggested, it is intended that the pieces should be dealt with as Epigrams after the manner of Martial.)

—◆—
No Bashfulness in Begging.

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

—◆—
Soft Musick.

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

—◆—
His sailing from Julia.

(Elegiacs.)

When that day comes, whose evening sayes I'm
gone
Unto that watrie Desolation :
Devoutly to thy *Closet-gods* then pray,
That my wing'd Ship may meet no *Remora*.
Those Deities which circum-walk the Seas,
And look upon our dreadfull passages,

Will from all dangers re-deliver me,
 For one *drink-offering* poured out by thee.
Mercie and *Truth* live with thee! and forbear
 In my short absence, to unsluce a teare :
 But yet for Loves-sake, let thy lips doe this,
 Give my dead picture one engendring kisse :
 Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
 In thy remembrance, *Julia*. So farewell.

Sorrowes succeed.

When one is past, another care we have :
Thus noe succeeds a noe, as wave a wave.

Money gets the masterie.

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

Upon Julia's voice.

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

All things decay and die.

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

No Shipwrack of Vertue. To a Friend.

Thou sail'st with others in this *Argus* here ;
 Nor wrack or *Bulging* thou hast cause to feare :
 But trust to this, my noble passenger ;
 Who swims with Vertue, he shall still be sure
Ulysses-like, all tempests to endure ;
 And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

*Upon his Sister-in-law, Mistresse Elizab:
 Herrick.*

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

To the reverend Shade of his religious Father.

(Elegiacs.)

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

To Laurels.

(Sapphics.)

A Funerall stone,
 Or Verse, I covet none ;
 But onely crave
 Of you, that I may have
 A sacred Laurel springing from my grave :

Which being seen,
 Blest with perpetuall greene,
 May grow to be
 Not so much call'd a tree,
 As the eternall monument of me.

*A Country Life: to his Brother, M. Tho:
 Herrick.*

(Iamb. Epod.)

Thrice, and above blest, my soules halfe, art thou,
 In thy both Last, and Better Vow :
 Could'st leave the City, for exchange, to see
 The Countries sweet simplicity :
 And it to know, and practice ; with intent
 To grow the sooner innocent :
 By studying to know vertue ; and to aime
 More at her nature, then her name :
 The last is but the least ; the first doth tell
 Wayes lesse to live, then to live well :
 And both are knowne to thee, who now can'st live
 Led by thy conscience ; to give
 Justice to soone-pleas'd nature ; and to show,
 Wisdome and she together goe,
 And keep one Centre : This with that conspires,
 To teach Man to confine desires :
 And know, that Riches have their proper stint,
 In the contented mind, not mint.
 And can'st instruct, that those who have the itch
 Of craving more, are never rich.

These things thou know'st to'th'height, and dost
prevent

That plague ; because thou art content
With that Heav'n gave thee with a warie hand,
(More blessed in thy Brasse, then Land)
To keep cheap Nature even, and upright ;
To coole, not cocker Appetite.

Thus thou canst tearcely live to satisfie

The belly chiefly ; not the eye :
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
Lesse with a neat, then needfull diet.

But that which most makes sweet thy country life,
Is, the fruition of a wife :

Whom, Stars consenting with thy Fate, thou hast
Got, not so beautifull, as chast.

* * * *

The Damaskt medowes, and the peebly streames
Sweeten, and make soft your dreames :

The Purling springs, groves, birds, and well-
weav'd Bows,

With fields enameled with flowers,
Present their shapes ; while fantasie discloses
Millions of *Lillies* mixt with *Roses*.

Then dream, ye heare the Lamb by many a bleat
Woo'd to come suck the milkie Teat :

While *Faunus* in the Vision comes to keep,
From rav'ning wolves, the fleecie sheep.

With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet
To make sleep not so sound, as sweet :

Nor can these figures so thy rest endeare,
As not to rise when *Chanticleere*

Warnes the last Watch ; but with the Dawne dost
rise

To work, but first to sacrifice ;
Making thy peace with Heav'n, for some late fault,
With Holy-meale, and spirting-salt.

Which done, thy painfull Thumb this sentence
tells us,

Jove for our labour all things sells us.

Nor are thy daily and devout affaires
Attended with those desp'rate cares,
Th'industrious Merchant has ; who for to find
Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,
And back again ; tortur'd with fears, doth fly,
Untaught, to suffer Poverty.

But thou at home, blest with securest ease,
Sitt'st, and belev'st that there be seas,
And watrie dangers ; while thy whiter hap,
But sees these things within thy Map.

And viewing them with a more safe survey,
Mak'st easie Feare unto thee say,

*A heart thrice wall'd with Oke, and Brasse, that
man*

Had, first durst plow the Ocean.

* * * *

Nor are thine eares so deafe, but thou canst heare,
Far more with wonder, then with feare,
Fametell of States, of Countries, Courts, and Kings ;
And beleeve there be such things :
When of these truths, thy happyer knowledge lyes,
More in thine eares, then in thine eyes.

And when thou hear'st by that too-true-Report,
 Vice rules the Most, or All at Court :
 Thy pious wishes are, though thou not there,
 Vertue had, and mov'd her Sphere.
 But thou liv'st fearlesse ; and thy face ne'r shewes
 Fortune when she comes, or goes.
 But with thy equall thoughts, prepar'd dost stand,
 To take her by the either hand :
 Nor car'st which comes the first, the foule or faire ;
A wise man ev'ry way lies square.
 And like a surly *Oke* with storms perplex't ;
 Growes still the stronger, strongly vex't.
 Be so, bold spirit ; stand Center-like, unmov'd ;
 And be not onely thought, but prov'd
 To be what I report thee ; and inure
 Thy selfe, if want comes to endure :
 And so thou dost : for thy desires are
 Confin'd to live with private *Larr* :
 Not curious whether Appetite be fed,
 Or with the first, or second bread.
 Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates :
 Hunger makes coorse meats, delicates.
 Can'st, and unurg'd, forsake that Larded fare,
 Which Art, not Nature, makes so rare ;
 To taste boyl'd Nettles, Colworts, Beets, and eate
 These, and sowre herbs, as dainty meat ?
 While soft Opinion makes thy *Genius* say,
Content makes all Ambrosia.
 Nor is it, that thou keep'st this stricter size
 So much for want, as exercise :

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

Corinna's going a maying.

(Alcaics.)

Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.

See how *Aurora* throwes her faire
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire :
Get up, sweet-Slug-a-bed, and see
The Dew-bespangling Herbe and Tree.

Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,
Above an houre since ; yet you not drest,

Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
When all the Birds have Mattens seyde,
And sung their thankfull Hymnes : 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,

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

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

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

Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,
Against you come, some *Orient Pearls* unwept :

Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night :
And *Titan* on the Eastern hill
Retires himselfe, or else stands still

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

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

Come, my *Corinna*, come ; and comming, marke
How each field turns a street ; each street a Parke

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

Devotion gives each House a Bough,

Or Branch : Each Porch, each doore, ere this,

An Arke a Tabernacle is

Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove ;

As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street,

And open fields, and we not see't ?

Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obey

The Proclamation made for May :

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;

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

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,

But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deale of Youth, ere this, is come

Back, and with *White-thorn* laden home.

Some have dispatcht their Cakes and Creame,

Before that we have left to dreame :

And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted Troth,

And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth :

Many a green-gown has been given ;

Many a kisse, both odde and even :

Many a glance too has been sent

From out the eye, Love's Firmament :

Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying
 This night, and Locks pickt, yet w'are not a
 Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime ;
 And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short ; and our dayes run

As fast away as do's the Sunne :

And as a vapour, or a drop of raine
 Once lost, can ne'r be found againe :

So when or you or I are made

A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;

All love, all liking, all delight

Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying ;
 Come, my *Corinna*, come, let's goe a Maying.

To live merrily, and to trust to good Verses.

(Hor. *Od.* iii. 13 ; ii. 18.)

Now is the time for mirth,
 Nor cheek, or tongue be dumbe :
 For with the flowrie earth,
 The golden pomp is come.

The golden Pomp is come ;
 For now each tree do's weare,
 Made of her Pap and Gum,
 Rich beads of *Amber* here.

Now raignes the *Rose*, and now
 Th' *Arabian* Dew besmears
 My uncontrolled brow,
 And my retorted haire.

Homer, this Health to thee,
 In Sack of such a kind,
 That it wo'd make thee see,
 Though thou wert ne'r so blind.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To Violets.

(Sapphics.)

Welcome, Maids of Honour,
 You doe bring
 In the Spring ;
 And wait upon her.

She has Virgins many,
 Fresh and faire ;
 Yet you are
 More sweet then any.

Y'are the Maiden Posies,
 And so grac't,
 To be plac't,
 'Fore Damask Roses.

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

*Cheerfulnesse in Charitie : or, the sweet
 Sacrifice.*

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

To the Virgins, to make much of Time.

(Elegiacs.)

Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a flying :
 And this same flower that smiles to day,
 To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
 The higher he's a getting ;
 The sooner will his Race be run,
 And neerer he's to Setting.

That Age is best, which is the first,
 When Youth and Blood are warmer ;
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
 And while ye may, goe marry :
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

His Poetrie his Pillar.

(Sapphics.)

Onely a little more
 I have to write,
 Then Ile give o're,
 And bid the world Good-night.
 'Tis but a flying minute,
 That I must stay,
 Or linger in it ;
 And then I must away.
 O Time that cut'st down all !
 And scarce leav'st here
 Memoriall
 Of any men that were.
 How many lye forgot
 In Vaults beneath ?
 And piece-meale rot
 Without a fame in death ?

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

Pillars let some set up,
 If so they please,
 Here is my hope,
 And my *Pyramides*.

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

(Alcaics.)

i.

Hence, hence, profane ; soft silence let us have ;
 While we this *Trentall* sing about thy Grave.

ii.

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

Chor. This we will doe ; we'll daily come
 And offer Tears upon thy Tomb :
 And if that they will not suffice,
 Thou shalt have soules for sacrifice.

Sleepe in thy peace, while we with spice perfume
 thee,
 And *Cedar* wash thee, that no times consume thee.

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

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

To his Booke.

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

Upon a painted Gentlewoman.

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

To Primroses fill'd with morning-dew.

(Alcaics.)

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

Speak, whimp'ring Younglings, and make known
 The reason, why
 Ye droop, and weep ;
 Is it for want of sleep ?
 Or childish Lullabie ?
 Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The *Violet* ?
 Or brought a kisse
 From that Sweet-heart, to this ?
 No, no, this sorrow shown
 By your teares shed,
 Wo'd have this Lecture read,

That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought
 forth.

How Roses came red.

(Elegiacs.)

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

But being vanquisht quite,
 A blush their cheeks bespred ;
 Since which, beleve the rest,
 The *Roses* first came red.

*Comfort to a Lady upon the Death of her
 Husband.*

(Elegiacs.)

Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrows
 raine ;
 Since Clouds disperst, Suns guild the Aire again.
 Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boile ;
 But turne soone after calme, as Balme, or Oile.
 Winds have their time to rage ; but when they
 cease,
 The leavie-trees nod in a still-born peace.

Your storme is over ; Lady, now appeare
 Like to the peeping spring-time of the yeare.
 Off then with grave clothes ; put fresh colours on ;
 And flow, and flame, in your *Vermillion*.
 Upon your cheek sate *Ysicles* awhile ;
 Now let the Rose raigne like a Queene, and smile.

Prevision, or Provision.

*That Prince takes soone enough the Victor's roome,
 Who first provides, not to be overcome.*

Obedience in Subjects.

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

More potent, lesse peccant.

*He that may sin, sins least ; Leave to transgresse
 Enfeebles much the seeds of wickednesse.*

Miseries.

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

To his Houshold-gods.

Rise, Houshold-gods, and let us goe ;
 But whither, I my selfe not know.
 First, let us dwell on rudest seas ;
 Next, with severest Salvages ;
 Last, let us make our best abode,
 Where humane foot, as yet, ne'r trod :
 Search worlds of Ice ; and rather there
 Dwell, then in lothed *Devonshire*.

Event of Things not in our Power.

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

Vertue.

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

Casualties.

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

Upon a Child that Dyed.

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

To Daffadills.

(Hor. Od. iii. 13.)

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

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet Decay,
 As you, or any thing.
 We die,
 As your hours doe, and drie
 Away,

Like to the Summers raine ;
 Or as the pearles of Morning's dew
 Ne'r to be found againe.

His Embalming. To Julia.

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

To Larr.

(Elegiacs.)

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

*His Age, dedicated to his peculiar friend, M.
John Wickes, under the Name of Posthumus.*

(Alcaics.)

Ah *Posthumus* ! our yeares hence flye,
And leave no sound ; nor piety,
Or prayers, or vow
Can keepe the wrinkle from the brow :
But we must on,
As Fate do's lead or draw us ; none,
None, *Posthumus*, co'd ere decline
The doome of cruell *Proserpine*.

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

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

And feeling free,
 From that cheape *Candle baudery* :
 We'le eate our Beane with that full mirth,
 As we were Lords of all the earth.

Well then, on what Seas we are tost,
 Our comfort is, we can't be lost.

Let the winds drive
 Our Barke ; yet she will keepe alive
 Amidst the deepes ;
 'Tis constancy, my *Wickes*, which keeps
 The Pinnace up ; which though she erres
 I'th' Seas, she saves her passengers.

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

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

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

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

True Calenders, as Pusses eare
 Washt or's, to tell what change is neare :
 Then to asswage
 The gripings of the chine by age ;
 I'le call my young
Iulus to sing such a song
 I made upon my *Julia's* brest ;
 And of her blush at such a feast.

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

When the faire *Hellen*, from her eyes,
 Shot forth her loving Sorceries :
 At which I'le reare
 Mine aged limbs above my chaire :

And hearing it,
Flutter and crow, as in a fit
Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,
No lust theres like to Poetry.

Thus frantick crazie man, Got wot,
Ile call to mind things half forgot :
And oft between,
Repeat the Times that I have seen !
Thus ripe with tears,
And twisting my *Iulus* hairs ;
Doting, Ile weep and say, In Truth,
Baucis, these were my sins of youth.

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

Then the next health to friends of mine,
Loving the brave *Burgundian wine*,
High sons of Pith,
Whose fortunes I have frolickt with :
Such as co'd well
Bear up the Magick bough, and spel :
And dancing 'bout the Mystick *Thyrse*,
Give up the just applause to verse :

To those, and then agen to thee
 We'l drink, my *Wickes*, untill we be
 Plump as the cherry,
 Though not so fresh, yet full as merry
 As the crickit ;
 The untam'd Heifer, or the Pricket,
 Untill our tongues shall tell our ears,
 W'are younger by a score of years.

Thus, till we see the fire lesse shine
 From th' embers, then the kitlings eyne,
 We'l still sit up,
 Sphering about the wassail cup,
 To all those times,
 Which gave me honour for my Rhimes,
 The cole once spent, we'l then to bed,
 Farre more the night bewearied.

The Hand and Tongue.

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

To Flowers.

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

Rewards.

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

Nothing new.

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

*The meddow Verse or Aniversary. To Mistris
 Bridget Lowman.*

(Elegiacs.)

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

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

The parting Verse, the Feast there ended.

(Elegiacs.)

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

His Lacrime, or Mirth turned to Mourning.

(Hor. Od. iii. 13.)

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

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

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

*Upon his kinswoman Mistris Elizabeth
 Herrick.*

(Elegiacs.)

Sweet virgin, that I do not set
 The pillars up of weeping *Jet*,
 Or mournfull *Marble* ; let thy shade
 Not wrathfull seem, or fright the Maide,
 Who hither at her wonted howers
 Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.
 No, know, blest Maide, when there's not one
 Remainder left of Brasse or stone,
 Thy living Epitaph shall be,
 Though lost in them, yet found in me.
 Dear, in thy *bed of Roses*, then,
 Till this world shall dissolve as men,

Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
 Drawing thy curtains round : *Good night.*

A Vow to Mars.

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

To his Maid Prew.

(Elegiacs.)

These *Summer-Birds* did with thy Master stay
 The times of warmth ; but then they flew away ;
 Leaving their Poet, being now grown old,
 Expos'd to all the coming Winters cold.
 But thou, *kind Prew*, did'st with my Fates abide,
 As well the Winter's, as the Summer's tide :
 For which thy Love, live with thy Master here,
 Not two, but all the seasons of the year.

A Canticle to Apollo.

(Alcaics.)

Play, *Phæbus*, on thy Lute ;
 And we will all sit mute :
 By listning to thy Lire,
 That sets all eares on fire.

Hark, harke, the God do's play !
 And as he leads the way
 Through heaven, the very Spheres,
 As men, turne all to eares.

*An Eclogue, or Pastorall between Endimion
 Porter and Lycidas Herrick, set and sung.*

(Hexameters.)

Endym. Ah ! *Lycidas*, come tell me why
 Thy whilome merry Oate
 By thee doth so neglected lye ;
 And never purls a Note ?

I prithee speake : *Lyc.* I will. *End.* Say
 on :

Lyc. 'Tis thou, and only thou,
 That art the cause, *Endimion* ;
End. For Love's-sake, tell me how.

Lyc. In this regard, that thou do'st play
 Upon an other Plain :
 And for a Rurall Roundelay,
 Strik'st now a Courtly strain.

Thou leav'st our Hills, our Dales, our
 Bowers,
 Our finer fleeced sheep :
 Unkind to us, to spend thine houres,
 Where Shepheards sho'd not keep.

I meane the Court : Let *Latmos* be
 My lov'd *Endymions* Court ;
End. But I the Courtly State wo'd see :
Lyc. Then see it in report.

What ha's the Court to do with Swaines,
 Where *Phillis* is not known ?
 Nor do's it mind the Rustick straines
 Of us, or *Coridon*.

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

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

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

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

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

To Phillis to love, and live with him.

(Iambics.)

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
 The pleasures Ile prepare for thee :
 What sweets the Country can afford
 Shall blesse thy Bed, and blesse thy Board.
 The soft sweet Mosse shall be thy bed,
 With crawling Woodbine over-spread :
 By which the silver-shedding streames
 Shall gently melt thee into dreames.
 Thy clothing next, shall be a Gowne
 Made of the Fleeces purest Downe.
 The tongues of Kids shall be thy meate ;
 Their Milke thy drinke ; and thou shalt eate

The Paste of Filberts for thy bread
 With Cream of Cowslips buttered :
 Thy Feasting-Tables shall be Hills
 With *Daisies* spread, and *Daffadils* ;
 Where thou shalt sit, and *Red-brest* by,
 For meat, shall give thee melody.
 Ile give thee Chaines and Carkanets
 Of *Primroses* and *Violets*.
 A Bag and Bottle thou shalt have ;
 That richly wrought, and This as brave ;
 So that as either shall expresse
 The Wearer's no meane Shepherdesse.
 At Sheering-times, and yearely Wakes,
 When *Themilis* his pastime makes,
 There thou shalt be ; and be the wit,
 Nay more, the Feast, and grace of it.
 On Holy-dayes, when Virgins meet
 To dance the Heyes with nimble feet ;
 Thou shalt come forth, and then appeare
 The *Queen of Roses* for that yeere.
 And having danc't ('bove all the best)
 Carry the Garland from the rest.
 In Wicker-baskets Maids shal bring
 To thee, my dearest Shepharling,
 The blushing Apple, bashfull Peare,
 And shame-fac't Plum, all simp'ring there.
 Walk in the Groves, and thou shalt find
 The name of *Phillis* in the Rind
 Of every straight, and smooth-skin tree ;
 Where kissing that, Ile twice kisse thee.

To thee a Sheep-hook I will send,
 Be-pranckt with Ribbands, to this end,
 This, this alluring Hook might be
 Lesse for to catch a sheep, then me.
 Thou shalt have Possets, Wassails fine,
 Not made of Ale, but spiced Wine ;
 To make thy Maids and selfe free mirth,
 All sitting neer the glitt'ring Hearth.
 These, nay, and more, thine own shal be,
 If thou wilt love, and live with me.

Great Spirits supervive.

Our mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-cloths lye :
Great Spirits never with their bodies dye.

None free from fault.

Out of the world he must, who once comes in :
No man exempted is from Death, or sinne.

His Content in the Country.

(Hor. *Od.* i. 1.)

Here, here I live with what my Board,
 Can with the smallest cost afford.
 Though ne'r so mean the Viands be,
 They well content my *Prew* and me.

Or Pea, or Bean, or Wort, or Beet,
 What ever comes, content makes sweet :
 Here we rejoyce, because no Rent
 We pay for our poore Tenement :
 Wherein we rest, and never feare
 The Landlord, or the Usurer.
 The Quarter-day do's ne'r affright
 Our Peacefull slumbers in the night.
 We eate our own, and batten more,
 Because we feed on no mans score :
 But pitie those, whose flanks grow great,
 Swel'd with the Lard of others meat.
 We blesse our Fortunes, when we see
 Our own beloved privacie :
 And like our living, where w'are known
 To very few, or else to none.

On Himselfe.

Some parts may perish ; dye thou canst not all :
 The most of Thee shall scape the funerall.

*The Apparition of his Mistresse calling him
to Elizium.*

Desunt nonnulla —

(Hexameters.)

Come then, and like two Doves with silv'rie wings,
 Let our soules flie to' the'shades, where ever springs

Sit smiling in the Meads ; where Balme and Oile,
Roses and Cassia crown the untill'd soyle.
Where no disease raignes, or infection comes
To blast the Aire, but *Amber-greece* and *Gums*.
This, that, and ev'ry Thicket doth transpire
More sweet, then *Storax* from the hallowed fire :
Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue beares
Of fragrant Apples, blushing Plums, or Peares :
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew
Like Morning-Sun-shine tinsilling the dew.
Here in green Meddowes sits eternall May,
Purfling the Margents, while perpetuall Day
So double gilds the Aire, as that no night
Can ever rust th'Enamel of the light.
Here, naked Younglings handsome Striplings run
Their Goales for Virgins kisses ; which when done,
Then unto Dancing forth the learned Round
Commixt they meet, with endlesse Roses crown'd.
And here we'l sit on Primrose-banks, and see
Love's *Chorus* led by *Cupid* ; and we'l be
Two loving followers too unto the Grove,
Where Poets sing the stories of our love.
There thou shalt hear Divine *Musæus* sing
Of *Hero*, and *Leander* ; then Ile bring
Thee to the Stand, where honour'd *Homer* reades
His *Odisees*, and his high *Iliads*.
About whose Throne the crowd of Poets throng
To heare the incantation of his tongue :
To *Linus*, then to *Pindar* ; and that done,
Ile bring thee *Herrick* to *Anacreon*,

Quaffing his full-crown'd bowles of burning Wine,
 And in his Raptures speaking Lines of Thine,
 Like to His subject ; and as his Frantick-
 Looks, shew him truly *Bacchanalian* like,
 Besmear'd with Grapes ; welcome he shall thee
 thither,

Where both may rage, both drink and dance to-
 gether.

Then stately *Virgil*, witty *Ovid*, by
 Whom faire *Corinna* sits, and doth comply
 With Yvorie wrists, his Laureat head, and steeps
 His eye in dew of kisses, while he sleeps.
 Then soft *Catullus*, sharp-fang'd *Martial*,
 And trowning *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*,
 And Snakie *Perseus*, these, and those, whom Rage
 (Dropt for the jarres of heaven) fill'd t'engage
 All times unto their frenzies ; Thou shalt there
 Behold them in a spacious Theater.

Among which glories, crown'd with sacred Bayes,
 And flatt'ring Ivie, Two recite their Plaies,
Beumont and *Fletcher*, Swans, to whom all eares
 Listen, while they, like Syrens in their Spheres,
 Sing their *Evadne* ; and still more for thee
 There yet remaines to know, then thou can'st see
 By glim'ring of a fancie : Doe but come,
 And there Ile shew thee that capacious roome
 In which thy Father *Johnson* now is plac't,
 As in a Globe of Radiant fire, and grac't
 To be in that Orbe crown'd, that doth include
 Those Prophets of the former Magnitude,

And he one chiefe ; But harke, I heare the Cock,
 The Bell-man of the night, proclaime the clock
 Of late struck one ; and now I see the prime
 Of Day break from the pregnant East, 'tis time
 I vanish ; more I had to say ;
 But Night determines here, Away.

Upon Urles. Epig.

Urles had the Gout so, that he co'd not stand ;
 Then from his Feet, it shifted to his Hand :
 When 'twas in's Feet, his Charity was small ;
 Now tis in's Hand, he gives no Almes at all.

The Primrose.

(Elegiacs.)

Aske me why I send you here
 This sweet *Infanta* of the yeere ?
 Aske me why I send to you
 This Primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew ?
 I will whisper to your eares,
 The sweets of Love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower do's show
 So yellow-green, and sickly too ?
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break ?

I will answer, These discover
 What fainting hopes are in a Lover.

Poverty and Riches.

Give *Want* her welcome if she comes ; we find
Riches to be but burthens to the mind.

Again.

Who with a little cannot be content,
 Endures an everlasting punishment.

The Covetous still Captives.

Let's live with that smal pittance that we have ;
Who covets more, is evermore a slave.

Lawes.

When Lawes full power have to sway, we see
 Little or no part there of Tyrannie.

The bad Season makes the Poet sad.

(Hor. *Od.* i. 1.)

Dull to my selfe, and almost dead to these
 My many fresh and fragrant Mistresses :

Lost to all Musick now ; since every thing
 Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.
 Sick is the Land to'th'heart ; and doth endure
 More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.
 But if that golden Age wo'd come again,
 And *Charles* here Rule, as he before did Raign ;
 If smooth and unperplext the seasons were,
 As when the *Sweet Maria* lived here :
 I sho'd delight to have my Curles halfe drown'd
 In *Tyrian Dewes*, and Head with Roses crown'd.
 And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)
Knock at a Starre with my exalted Head.

To Vulcan.

Thy sooty *Godhead*, I desire
 Still to be ready with thy fire :
 That sho'd my Booke despised be,
 Acceptance it might find of thee.

Like Pattern, like People.

*This is the height of Justice, that to doe
 Thy selfe, which thou put'st other men unto.
 As great men lead ; the meaner follow on,
 Or to the good, or evill action.*

Purposes.

No wrath of Men, or rage of Seas
 Can shake a just man's purposes :

No threats of Tyrants, or the Grim
 Visage of them can alter him ;
 But what he doth at first entend,
 That he holds firmly to the end.

Good Luck not lasting.

If well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast :
The happy fortune will not alwayes last.

No Despight to the Dead.

Reproach we may the living ; not the dead :
'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.

Farewell Frost, or welcome Spring.

(Elegiacs.)

Fled are the Frosts, and now the Fields appeare
 Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant Diaper.
 Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty Spring
 Gives to each Mead a neat enameling.
 The Palms put forth their Gemmes, and every Tree
 Now swaggers in her Leavy gallantry.
 The while the *Daulian Minstrell* sweetly sings
 With warbling Notes, her *Tyrrean* sufferings.
 What gentle Winds perspire ? As if here
 Never had been the *Northern Plunderer*

To strip the Trees, and Fields, to their distresse,
 Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse.
 And look how when a frantick Storme doth tear
 A stubborn Oake, or Holme (long growing there)
 But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze
 That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of Trees :
 So when this War, which tempest-like doth spoil
 Our salt, our Corn, our Honie, Wine, and Oile,
 Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
 His inconsiderate Frenzie off (at last)
 The gentle Dove may, when these turmoils cease,
 Bring in her Bill, once more, *the Branch of Peace.*

The Primitiæ to Parents.

Our *Houshold-gods* our Parents be ;
 And manners good require, that we
 The first Fruits give to them, who gave
 Us hands to get what here we have.

A Hymne to the Muses.

(Sapphics.)

O ! you the Virgins nine !
 That doe our soules encline
 To noble Discipline !
 Nod to this vow of mine :
 Come then, and now enspire
 My violl and my lyre

With your eternall fire :
 And make me one entire
 Composer in your Quire.
 Then I'le your Altars strew
 With Roses sweet and new ;
 And ever live a true
 Acknowledger of you.

*The Country Life, to the honoured M. End.
 Porter, Groome of the Bed-Chamber
 to His Maj.*

(Hor. *Od.* i. 1.)

Sweet Country life, to such unknown,
 Whose lives are others, not their own !
 But serving Courts, and Cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.
 Thou never Plow'st the Oceans foame
 To seek, and bring rough Pepper home :
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
 To bring from thence the scorched Clove.
 Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,
 Bring'st home the Ingot from the West.
 No, thy Ambition's Master-piece
 Flies no thought higher than a fleece :
 Or how to pay thy Hinds, and cleere
 All scores ; and so to end the yeere :
 But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
 Not envying others larger grounds :

For well thou know'st, *'tis not th' extent*
Of Land makes life, but sweet content.
 When now the Cock (the Plow-mans Horne)
 Calls forth the lilly-wristed morne ;
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,
 Which though well soyl'd yet thou dost know,
 That the best compost for the Lands
 Is the wise Masters Feet, and Hands.
 There at the Plough thou find'st thy Teame,
 With a Hind whistling there to them :
 And cheer'st them up, by singing how
 The Kingdoms portion *is the Plow.*
 This done, then to th' enameld Meads
 Thou go'st ; and as thy foot there treads,
 Thou seest a present God-like Power
 Imprinted in each Herbe and Flower :
 And smell'st the breath of the great-ey'd Kine,
 Sweet as the blossomes of the Vine.
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek Neat
 Unto the Dew-laps up in meat :
 And, as thou look'st, the wanton Steere,
 The Heifer, Cow, and Oxe draw neere
 To make a pleasing pastime there.
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
 Of sheep, safe from the Wolfe and Fox,
 And find'st their bellies there as full
 Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool.
 And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
 A Shepherd piping on a hill.
 For Sports, for Pagentrie, and Playes,
 Thou hast thy Eves, and Holydayes :

On which the young men and maids meet,
 To exercise their dancing feet :
 Tripping the comely country round,
 With Daffadils and Daisies crown'd.

* * * *

O happy life ! if that their good
 The Husbandmen but understood !
 Who all the day themselves doe please,
 And Younglings, with such sports as these.
 And, lying down, have nought t'affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt ———

—————

*A Paranæticall, or Advisive Verse, to his
 Friend, M. John Wicks.*

(Hor. i. 1.)

Is this a life, to break thy sleep ?
 To rise as soon as day doth peep ?
 To tire thy patient Oxe or Asse
 By noone, and let thy good dayes passe,
 Not knowing This, that *Jove* decrees
 Some mirth, t'adulce mans miseries ?
 No ; 'tis a life, to have thine oyle,
 Without extortion, from thy soyle :
 Thy faithfull fields to yeeld thee Graine,
 Although with some, yet little paine :

To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed,
With feares, and cares uncumbered :
This is to live, and to endeere
Those minutes, Time has lent us here.
Then, while Fates suffer, live thou free,
As is that ayre that circles thee,
And crown thy temples too, and let
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,
To strut thy barnes with sheafs of Wheat.
Time steals away like to a stream,
And we glide hence away with them.
*No sound recalls the houres once fled,
Or Roses, being withered :*
Nor us, my Friend, when we are lost,
Like to a Deaw, or melted Frost.
Then live we mirthfull, while we should,
And turn the iron Age to Gold.
Let's feast, and frolick, sing, and play,
And thus lesse last, then live our Day.
*Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live, but last :*
*Nor is't a life, seven yeares to tell,
But for to live that half seven well :*
And that wee'l do ; as men, who know,
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
Both to be blended in the Urn,
From whence there's never a return.

A Hymne, to the Lares.

(Sapphics.)

It was, and still my care is,
 To worship ye, the *Lares*,
 With crowns of greenest Parsley,
 And Garlick chives not scarcely :
 For favours here to warme me,
 And not by fire to harme me.
 For gladding so my hearth here,
 With inoffensive mirth here ;
 That while the Wassaile Bowle here
 With *North-down* Ale doth troule here,
 No sillable doth fall here,
 To marre the mirth at all here.
 For which, ô *Chimney-keepers* !
 [I dare not call ye Sweepers]
 So long as I am able
 To keep a countrey-table,
 Great be my fare, or small cheere,
 I'le eat and drink up all here.

Adversity.

*Love is maintain'd by wealth ; when all is spent,
 Adversity then breeds the discontent.*

Cruelties.

Nero commanded ; but withdrew his eyes
From the beholding Death, and cruelties.

Perseverance.

Hast thou begun an act ? ne're then give o're :
No man despires to do what's done before.

Distance betters Dignities.

Kings must not oft be seen by publike eyes ;
State at a distance adds to dignities.

The Funerall Rites of the Rose.

(Elegiacs.)

The Rose was sick, and smiling di'd ;
And, being to be sanctifi'd,
About the Bed, there sighing stood
The sweet, and flowrie Sisterhood.
Some hung the head, while some did bring
(To wash her) water from the Spring.
Some laid her forth, while others wept,
But all a solemne Fast there kept.

The holy Sisters some among
The sacred *Dirge* and *Trentall* sung.
But ah ! what sweets smelt every where,
As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.
At last, when prayers for the dead,
And Rites were all accomplished ;
They, weeping, spread a Lawnie Loome,
And clos'd her up, as in a Tombe.

On Poet Prat.

Prat He writes Satyres ; but herein's the fault,
In no one Satyre there's a mite of salt.

Biting of Beggars.

Who, railing, drives the Lazar from his door,
Instead of almes, sets dogs upon the poor.

Adversity.

Adversity hurts none, but onely such
Whom whitest Fortune dandled has too much.

Griefe.

Sorrowes divided amongst many, lesse
Discruciate a man in deep distresse.

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.

His returne to London.

(Eleg. Inst.)

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 than I'le to the West return,
 I'le 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.

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.

(Hexameters.)

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.

Proof to no purpose.

(Sapphics.)

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.

His Grange, or private Wealth.

(Hendec.)

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 creeking 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.

(Sapphics.)

In all thy need, be thou possest
 Still with a well-prepared brest :
 Nor let the shackles make thee sad ;
 Thou canst but have, what others had.

* His Spaniel.

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*.

Upon the Roses in Julia's Bosome.

Thrice 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.

Our own Sinnes unseen.

Other mens sins we ever beare in mind ;
None sees the fardell of his faults behind.

No Paines, no Gaines.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

(Sapphics.)

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.

(Sapphics.)

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
Upon the *Lyrick* string
My measures ravishing.

Then while I sing your praise,
My *Priest-hood* crown with bayes
Green, to the end of dayes.

Verses.

Who will not honour Noble Numbers, when
Verses outlive the bravest deeds of men?

Happinesse.

That Happines do's still the longest thrive,
Where Joyes and Griefs have Turns Alternative.

Buriall.

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

Lenitie.

'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art,
Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part.

More modest, more manly.

'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are,
That are most modest ere they come to warre.

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.

To the Passenger.

If 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.

Counsell.

'Twas Cesar's saying : *Kings no lesse Conquerors
are
By their wise Counsell, then they be by Warre.*

Crosses.

Our Crosses are no other then the rods,
 And our Diseases, Vultures of the Gods :
 Each grieffe we feele, that likewise is a Kite
 Sent forth by them, our flesh to eate, or bite.

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.

An Hymne to Cupid.

(Sapphics.)

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 woee ;
 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.

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.

Faire after Foule.

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

The End.

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend ;
 'Tis not the Fight that crowns us, but the End.

*To the King,
upon his Welcome to Hampton-Court*

Set and Sung.

(Hor. i. 1.)

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.

A Bucolick betwixt Two : Lacon and Thyrsis.

(Hexameters.)

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'le tell thee what it was :
 See mine eyes are weeping ripe,
Lacon. Tell, and I'le lay down my Pipe.

Thyr. I have lost my lovely steere,
 That to me was far more deer
 Then 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'le 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 *aden* !

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

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.

Not to covet much, where little is the charge.

Why sho'd we covet much, whenas we know,
W've more to beare our charge, then way to go?

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.*

Comfort to a Youth that had lost his Love.

(Alc.)

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.

Caution in Councill.

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.

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*.

To his Booke.

Goe 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*.

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