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James J. 184

Robert Hearick.

Published by Reeves & Turner, 238. St. and

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
ROBERT HERRICK,

CONTAINING HIS
"HESPERIDES," AND "NOBLE NUMBERS."

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

By E. WALFORD.

LATE SCHOLAR OF BALIOL COLL., OXFORD.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR
OF
ROBERT HERRICK.

It is not easy to account for the oblivion into which the muse of Robert Herrick had fallen towards the close of the last century. An elegant and all but perfect master of the art of versification, gifted with a most melodious ear, and the author of two volumes of poems, ranging widely

“From grave to gay, from lively to severe,”

which were the constant companions of the jolly cavaliers of the reign of Charles I., and containing verses which were set to music by courtiers in the reign of his son, we are astonished to find that his name does not occur among the “English Poets” whose lives have been handed to us by Dr. Johnson. The truth is, that from some cause or other, the name of Robert Herrick was clean forgotten until Sylvanus Urban drew the attention of the public to his merits in the pages of the “Gentleman’s Magazine” in 1796 and 1797, in letters which induced Southey to devote an article in the “Quarterly Review” for August, 1810, to a more patient and careful discussion of his merits. A small selection from his poems had been then recently published by Dr. Nott of Bristol; but it was not until 1823, that a collective edition of his works appeared. This was published in Edinburgh, with a short biography prefixed.

His Poems were again published in 2 vols, by Pickering, in 1846; and with the exception of a small volume, entitled, "Selections from the Hesperides and other Works of the Rev. Robert Herrick, by the late Charles Short, Esq., F.R.S. and F.S.A.," (Murray, 1839), these are all the efforts that have hitherto been made to present the reader with his remains. The present edition embraces his entire works as they have come down to us, without any omission or abbreviation.

As Robert Herrick passed through nearly a century and a half of almost total oblivion, the wonder is that we are able to gather so much instead of so little information about his personal history. From Mill's "History of Leicestershire,"* it is clear that he came of "gentle blood," his ancestor being the head of the Herricks, or Erricks,† of Houghton in that county. Nicholas Herrick, the father of the poet, was settled, it appears, in Cheapside, where he carried on the business of a silversmith and goldsmith.‡ Robert, his fourth son, it would seem, was born in 1591, having been baptised at St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, on the 24th of August in that year. His father died in 1592, and it is more than probable, from certain affectionate allusions which occur in his poems, that the son was educated at Westminster School. He certainly speaks of the youthful amusements of rowing and swimming in connection with his "beloved Westminster," in a way which would all but warrant us in asserting that such was the case; and the assertion would be strongly confirmed by the evident satu-

* Vol. II., Part 2, pp. 615 and 631.

† The name is variously spelt Errick, Herrick, Heyrick, Heyricke, Hericke, Hearick, and Hearicke. In his letters to his uncle from Cambridge, he signs his name Hearick; but to his Hesperides, published in 1648, his name is prefixed as Robert Herrick.

‡ It should be remembered that under the Stuarts, the silversmiths and goldsmiths acted as bankers.

ration of his mind with the writings of classical authors, to an extent scarcely ever found except in the case of those whose early years have been spent at an English public school. The degree to which this infusion of the classical element prevails in the writings of Robert Herrick can only be appreciated by a classical scholar; it is probably exceeded by no English poet with the exception of Milton.

It is well known that Anthony a Wood asserts that the subject of our memoir was a student at Oxford. This however is clearly a mistake, as it is clear, if from no other reason, at all events from the letters addressed from Cambridge by the poet to his uncle, requesting him to supply him with money for the purchase of books.

It appears that his means were somewhat crippled by his father's early death, for the entries in the records of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, show that whilst he resided at the University he was always hampered by debts.

It is stated in the memoir prefixed to Pickering's edition of his works, that he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1615, and after a *three* years' stay there migrated to Trinity Hall. This however can scarcely have been the case, if indeed he ever was at St. John's College,* inasmuch as in 1617 his name occurs among the list of those who are indebted to the latter Hall, and again in 1623 and in 1627. In 1629 he seems to have left the University, in debt to Trinity Hall to the extent of £10. 16s. 9d. The same sum standing against his name in the succeeding year. In a subsequent memorandum, *sans* date, his name is entered as "to be sued" for a balance of £3, his "caution money" having covered the rest.

The preface already alluded to, states that Robert Herrick

* No record or entry of his name can be found in the books of St. John's College: but at the date of which we are writing they were kept very carelessly.

graduated in Arts. The records of the degrees conferred by the University at this date are so imperfect, that after the most vigilant search, we can neither prove nor disprove the statement; but it seems more probable that he never took his degree either in Arts or in Law, as he would have been obliged to pay up all arrears to his college, before obtaining the grace of the House to proceed to his degree.

It is uncertain by what bishop Robert Herrick was ordained; but in the year 1629, he was preferred by Charles I., through the recommendation of the Earl of Exeter, to the living of Dean Prior, a rural parish between Ashburton and Totness, then recently vacated by the elevation of Dr. Potter to the see of Carlisle.

It would appear, however, that our author did not feel by any means a poet's liking for the rural scenes and peaceful retirement of Dean Prior. Possibly after his prolonged residence at the University, he had acquired a taste for literary society, which he had little or no means of indulging in a country village, distant some two or three miles from the nearest market town, and among a set of parishioners whom he describes—it is to be hoped, with some amount of poetical exaggeration—as

“ A rocky generation,
A people currish, churlish as the seas,
And rude almost as rudest savages.”

Doubtless, however, his taste for genial society, and his love of convivial habits, made him find Devonshire “dull,” though we must doubt whether he really “loathed” the West of England as he said he did, when we take into consideration that the greater part, if not the whole, of his “Hesperides” was written whilst resident at Dean Prior; for no one who reads the contents of this volume, can doubt that the author's verses flow from an even and contented mind. Indeed the verses addressed “To Larr,”

which will be found in this book, prove that when about to be banished from Dean Prior, he could speak with a touching regret of the humble joys of a rural residence and a country life.

Be this as it may, it is certain that as the great Rebellion progressed, Herrick's loyalty provoked enemies, who drove him from his living. Though reduced to poverty by this stroke, and fifty-seven years of age, he seems to have met his misfortune with composure, and even with joy, and assuming the garb and style of a layman, he took up his abode in his "beloved Westminster." Here he subsisted, partly at least, on the charity of his friends, his fifths being either paid irregularly or left unpaid by the "godly" intruder who was installed into Dean Prior.

It would appear that it was to relieve his own wants, that Herrick collected and published his Poems and Odes in 1648.* They appeared under the title of "Hesperides"—does this word contain a playful allusion to the "loathed" west that he had left?—and "Noble Numbers." The work was dedicated to "The Most Illustrious and Most Hopeful Prince, Charles II.," and the volume contained an ode of exquisite versification, imploring the choicest blessings of heaven on the Duke of York, afterwards the ill-fated James II. The loyalty and the intrinsic merit of Herrick's verses soon gained him a high reputation among the Royalist party, and made him popular with the loyal cavaliers. He now became intimate with Ben Jonson, the antiquary Selden, and other choice spirits of the age, as we learn from his Ode to the former, in which he alludes to

" Those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the triple Tun,"

celebrated inns of the day, where the festive board was

* In the Memoir prefixed to Short's Selections from Robert Herrick, mentioned above, it is stated that "some of his poems were printed in 1639 and 1640." No copies, however, are extant.

graced by the presence of many a name well known in the annals of literature.

Upon the Restoration of Charles II., in 1660,* we find the "godly preacher" removed, and Herrick was once more installed at Dean Prior in "dull Devonshire." At all events he must henceforth have been free from the "impertuna paupereis" to which Horace alludes so feelingly, as the bitterest trial of a sensitive and poetic mind; and there he spent the remainder of his days in peace and tranquillity. He appears to have died in the summer of the year 1674.‡ He seems to have thought with Horace, and with many others who have tasted of the good things of this life most largely,

"Nec vixit malè qui natus moriensque fefellit."

Living contentedly as a batchelor, attended by one faithful servant, Prudence Baldwin, whose name he frequently mentions in his verses with the affectionate regard due to one who accompanied her master's exile, and shared his poverty, and in his poems alluding to the subject of his domestic establishment, he tells us that a few chickens and a goose, a lamb, a cat, and a Tracy, or spaniel, composed his household treasures. Thus, as he writes

"I please
The more my rural privacy,
Which are
But toys to give my heart some ease.
Where care
None is, slight things do lightly please."

Tradition adds to these treasures a pig whom he so far schooled into good manners that he taught him to drink

* Nichols, Vol. ii., p. 633.

‡ Such would be the obvious inference from the fact that his successor in the living of Dean Prior was inducted in the October of that year.

ale out of a jug, an accomplishment which our readers must estimate at its worth, as characteristic of our poet in his leisure-moments.

For nearly two centuries not a stone or a tablet marked the place where Robert Herrick lay buried ; but in 1857 a costly monument was erected to his memory in Dean Prior Church by the poet's kinsman and present head of his family, William P. Herrick, Esq., of Beau Manor Park, Leicestershire. It is cut out of a solid block of Caen stone, and adorned with a rich carving of fruit and foliage. The inscription is on a brass plate, and runs as follows :—

IN THIS CHURCHYARD LIE THE REMAINS OF

ROBERT HERRICK,

Author of the Hesperides and other Poems,

OF AN ANCIENT FAMILY IN LEICESTERSHIRE, AND BORN IN THE YEAR 1591. HE WAS EDUCATED AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE AND TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

PRESENTED TO THIS LIVING BY KING CHARLES I., IN THE YEAR, 1629. EJECTED DURING THE COMMONWEALTH, AND REINSTATED SOON AFTER THE RESTORATION.

This Tablet was Erected

TO HIS MEMORY BY HIS KINSMAN, WILLIAM PERCY HERRICK OF
BEAU MANOR PARK, LEICESTERSHIRE, A.D. 1857.

“Our mortall parts may wrapt in seare-clothes lye,
Great spirits never with their bodies die.”

Hesperides.

VIRTUS OMNIA NOBILITAT.

The estimate formed of Herrick as a poet, will differ considerably according as minds are differently constituted. A jolly and jovial cavalier, as well as a clergyman of the Church of England, there is no doubt that judged by the standard of clerical excellence of the present day, Robert Herrick will be condemned on account of his short-

comings. He seems to have been, it must be owned, far less of the parish priest than of the boon companion of scholars and loyal-hearted gentlemen. The Puritan and the Roundhead had nothing in common with him except the human nature which they had inherited from their respective parents. Although we cannot acquiesce in the portrait given of the poet in an article which occurs in *Household Words*,* for Oct. 3rd, 1857, we must own that many of the poems in the *Hesperides*, to say the least, are indefensible on the ground of strict morality, or, if defensible, can be defended only on the sorry plea that they were penned by the author in conformity with the prevailing tastes of the age of Charles II., and of his libertine court.

In case any of the readers of this volume should be disposed to adopt the harsher and severer view of Herrick's character, and to infer his immorality from the praises that he bestows on Julia, who animates his poems as Lesbia does those of Catullus, we would refer them to his "Litany to the Holy Spirit," which they will find in this volume, and which was well remembered traditionally in the rural parish of Dean Prior, in the early part of the present century, even by the poor who had never learned to read or write. If Robert Herrick had been such a voluptuary as his poetry would lead us to infer, is it likely that he would ever have attained such an influence over the religious feelings of his parishioners, as to induce them to commit his pious verses to memory?

To use the words of the brief memoir prefixed to Mr. Short's "Selections" from Herrick's *Poetical Works*, "for-

* The author of this article, it should be observed, shows a lamentable ignorance of very ordinary matters. For example, he asserts that Herrick was "entered as a Fellow at St. John's College," and migrated thence to "Trinity." One scarcely knows which to admire most, the confusion of "Trinity" (*i. e.* Trinity College) with "Trinity Hall," or the idea of a man being entered at college as a "Fellow."

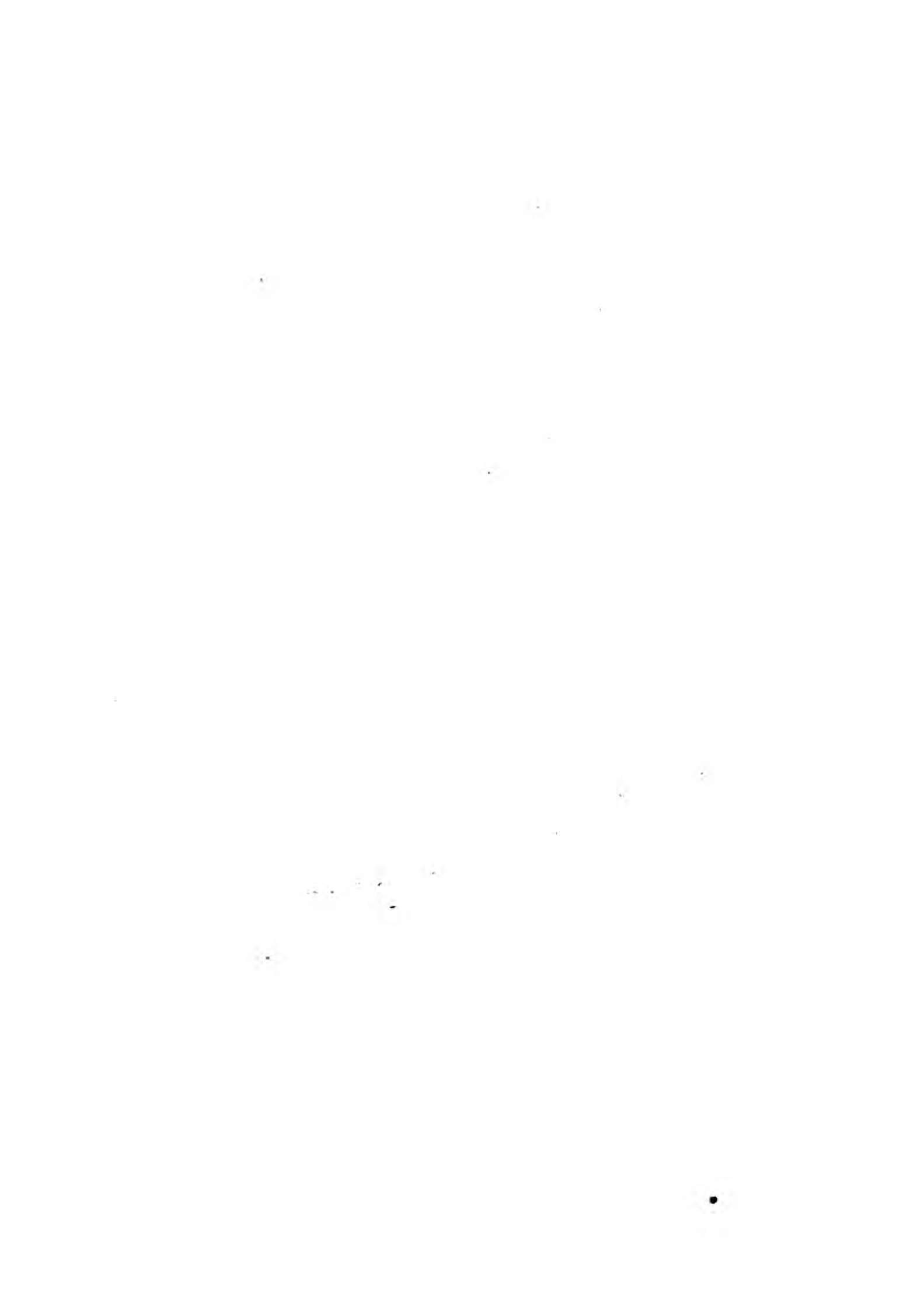
getting his blemishes, and only estimating the character and effusions of his felicitous genius, Herrick may safely be pronounced one of the greatest of the English lyric poets ; alternately gay and serious, lively and tender, descriptive and didactic, his pages also record many curious national customs and traditions ; and if this had been his only merit, he might have deserved thanks at least, and not severe censure. Then, again, he makes incursions into fairy-land with infinite success, and there may be truly said to rival even Shakspeare himself."

To conclude, in the well chosen language of an anonymous author in the *Retrospective Review*, "Herrick is the most joyous and gladsome of the bards, singing like the grasshopper, as if he never would grow old ; he is as fresh as the Spring, as blithe as the Summer, and as ripe as Autumn. His heart and soul are in what he writes ; the spirit of song dances in his veins, and flutters around his lips. Now bursting into the joyful and hearty voice of the Bacchanalian, sometimes breathing forth strains as soft as the sigh of burning love, and sometimes uttering feelings of the most delicate pensiveness and pathos, always when he wrote from himself ; many of his poems concluding with the softest touches of sensibility and feeling. As for his versification, it presents one of the most varied specimens of the rhythmical harmony of the language, glowing with a wonderful grace and flexibility almost more than English, so that nothing can exceed his verses in melody, sweetness, and variety."

With these few remarks we leave Robert Herrick and his works to be critized by the calm and dispassionate judgment of our readers.

E. W.

17, CHURCH ROW,
HAMPSTEAD, May, 1859.



HESPERIDES,
OR
THE WORKS
BOTH
HUMANE & DIVINE
OF
ROBERT HERRICK, Esq.

OVID.

Effugient avidos carmina nostra rogos.

LONDON :

Printed for *John Williams* and *Francis Eglesfield*,
and are to be sold at the Crown and Marygold,
in Saint Paul's Churchyard. 1648.

TO THE
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
AND
MOST HOPEFUL PRINCE,
CHARLES,
PRINCE OF WALES.

WELL may my book come forth like publique day,
When such a light as you are leads the way ;
Who are my works' creator, and alone
The flame of it, and the expansion.
And look how all those heavenly lamps acquire
Light from the sun, that inexhausted fire ;
So all my morne and evening stars from you
Have their existence, and their influence too.
Full is my book of glories ; but all these
By you become immortall substances.

HESPERIDES.

THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK.

I SING of brooks, of blossomes, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers ;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their bridall-cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have accesse
By these, to sing of cleanly wantonnesse ;
I sing of dewes, of raines, and, piece by piece,
Of balme, of oyle, of spice, and amber-greece,
I sing of times trans-shifting ; and I write
How roses first came red, and lillies white ;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the fairie king.
I write of Hell ; I sing, and ever shall,
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

TO HIS MUSE.

WHITHER, mad maiden, wilt thou roame ?
Farre safer 'twere to stay at home ;
Where thou mayst sit, and, piping please
The poore and private cottages.
Since coats and hamlets best agree
With this thy meaner ministralsie ;
There with the reed thou mayst expresse
The shepherd's fleecie happinesse ;
And with thy Eclogues intermixe
Some smooth and harmlesse Beucolicks.
There, on a hillock, thou mayst sing
Unto a handsome shephardling ;
Or to a girle, that keeps the neat,
With breath more sweet than violet.
There, there, perhaps, such lines as these
May take the simple villages ;
But for the court, the country wit
Is despicable unto it.
Stay then at home, and doe not goe,
Or flie abroad to seeke for woe ;
Contempts in courts and cities dwell ;
No critick haunts the poore man's cell.
Where thou mayst hear thine own lines read
By no one tongue there censured ;
That man's unwise will search for ill,
And may prevent it, sitting still.

HESPERIDES.

7

TO HIS BOOKE.

WHILE thou didst keep thy candor undefil'd,
Deerely I lov'd thee, as my first-borne child ;
But when I saw thee wantonly to roame
From house to house, and never stay at home ;
I brake my bonds of love, and bad thee goe,
Regardlesse whether well thou sped'st or no.
On with thy fortunes then, whate're they be ;
If good I'le smile, if bad I'le sigh for thee.

ANOTHER.

To read my booke, the virgin shie
May blush, while Brutus standeth by :
But when he's gone, read through what's writ,
And never staine a cheeke for it.

ANOTHER.

WHO with thy leaves shall wipe, at need,
The place where swelling piles do breed ;
May every ill that bites or smarts,
Perplexe him in his hinder parts.

TO THE SOURE READER.

If thou dislik'st the piece thou light'st on first ;
Thinke that of all that I have writ, the worst.

But if thou read'st my booke unto the end,
 And still dost this and that verse reprehend :
 O perverse man ! if all disgustfull be,
 The extreame scabbe take thee and thine for me.

TO HIS BOOKE.

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

WHEN HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ.

IN sober mornings, doe not thou rehearse
 The holy incantation of a verse ;
 But when that men have both well drunke and fed,
 Let my enchantments then be sung or read.
 When laurell spirts i'th' fire, and when the hearth
 Smiles to itselpe, and guilds the roofe with mirth ;
 When up the Thyrs* is rais'd, and when the sound
 Of sacred orgies† flies around, around ;
 When the Rose raignes, and locks with ointments shine,
 Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY.

DROOP, droop no more, or hang the head,
 Ye roses almost withered ;

* A javelin twind with ivy.

† Songs to Bacchus.

Now strength and newer purple get,
 Each here declining violet.
 O primroses ! let this day be
 A resurrection unto ye ;
 And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
 Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood.
 For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
 Clarret and creame commingled ;
 And those, her lips, doe now appeare
 As beames of corral, but more cleare.

TO SILVIA TO WED.

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

THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES TO JULIA.

I DREAMT the Roses one time went
 To meet and sit in Parliament ;
 The place for these, and for the rest
 Of flowers, was thy spotlesse breast.
 Over the which a state was drawne
 Of tiffanie, or cob-web lawne ;

Then in that Parly all those powers
 Voted the Rose, the queen of flowers ;
 But so, as that her self should be
 The maide of honour unto thee.

NO BASHFULNESSE IN BEGGING.

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

THE FROZEN HEART.

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

TO PERILLA.

AH, my Perilla ! dost thou grieve to see
 Me, day by day, to steale away from thee ?
 Age cals me hence, and my gray haire bid come
 And haste away to mine eternal home ;
 'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,
 That I must give thee the supremest kisse :

Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
 Part of the creame from that religious spring,
 With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet ;
 That done, then wind me in that very sheet
 Which wrapt thy smooth limbs, when thou didst implore
 The gods protection but the night before ;
 Follow me weeping to my turfe, and there
 Let fall a primrose, and with it a teare :
 Then lastly, let some weekly strewings be
 Devoted to the memory of me ;
 Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
 Still in the coole and silent shades of sleep.

A SONG TO THE MASKERS.

COME down, and dance ye in the toyle
 Of pleasures, to a heate ;
 But if to moisture, let the oyle
 Of roses be your sweat.

Not only to your selves assume
 These sweets, but let them fly
 From this to that, and so perfume
 E'ne all the standers by.

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

TO PERENNA.

WHEN I thy parts runne o're, I can't espie
 In any one the least indecencie ;
 But every line and limb diffused thence
 A fair and unfamiliar excellence ;
 So that the more I look, the more I prove
 Ther's still more cause why I the more should love.

TREASON.

THE seeds of treason choake up as they spring,
 He acts the crime that gives it cherishing.

TWO THINGS ODIOUS.

Two, of a thousand things, are disallow'd,
 A lying rich man, and a poore man proud.

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

HELPE me, helpe me, now I call
 To my pretty witchcrafts all ;
 Old I am, and cannot do
 That I was accustom'd to.
 Bring your magicks, spels, and charmes,
 To enflesh my thighs and armes ;
 Is there no way to beget
 In my limbs their former heat ?

Æson had, as poets faine,
 Baths that made him young againe :
 Find that medicine, if you can,
 For your drie decrepid man ;
 Who would faine his strength renew,
 Were it but to pleasure you.

THE WOUNDED HEART.

COME, bring your sampler, and with art
 Draw in't a wounded heart,
 And dropping here and there ;
 Not that I thinke that any dart
 Can make your's bleed a teare,
 Or pierce it any where ;
 Yet doe it to this end, that I
 May by
 This secret see,
 Though you can make
 That heart to bleed, your's ne'r will ake
 For me.

NO LOATHSOMNESSE IN LOVE.

WHAT I fancy I approve,
 No dislike there is in love ;
 Be my mistresse short or tall,
 And distorted there withall ;
 Be she likewise one of those,
 That an acre hath of nose ;

Be her forehead and her eyes
 Full of incongruities ;
 Be her cheeks so shallow too,
 As to shew her tongue wag through ;
 Be her lips ill hung or set,
 And her grinders black as jet ;
 Has she thinne haire, hath she none,
 She's to me a paragon.

TO ANTHEA.

If, deare Anthea, my hard fate it be
 To live some few sad howers after thee ;
 Thy sacred corse with odours I will burne,
 And with my lawrell crown thy golden urne.
 Then holding up there such religious things,
 As were, time past, thy holy filitings :
 Nere to thy reverend pitcher I will fall
 Down dead for grief, and end my woes withall ;
 So three in one small plat of ground shall ly,
 Anthea, Herrick, and his poetry.

THE WEEPING CHERRY.

I SAW a cherry weep, and why ?
 Why wept it ? but for shame ;
 Because my Julia's lip was by,
 And did out-red the same.
 But, pretty fondling, let not fall
 A teare at all for that ;
 Which rubies, corralls, scarlets, all
 For tincture, wonder at.

SOFT MUSICK.

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

THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT KINGS AND SUBJECTS.

'TWIXT kings and subjects ther's this mighty odds,
Subjects are taught by men ; kings by the gods.

HIS ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

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

UPON JULIA'S FALL.

JULIA was carelesse, and withall
She rather took then got a fall ;

The wanton ambler chanc'd to see
 Part of her legg's sinceritie ;
 And ravish'd thus, it came to passe,
 The nagge, like to the prophet's asse,
 Began to speak, and would have been
 A telling what brave sights h'ad seen ;
 And had told all, but did refraine,
 Because his tongue was ty'd againe.

EXPENSES EXHAUST.

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

LOVE WHAT IT IS.

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

PRESENCE AND ABSENCE.

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

NO SPOUSE BUT A SISTER.

A BACHELOUR I will
 Live, as I have liv'd still,
 And never take a wife
 To crucifie my life :

But this I'll tell ye too,
What now I meane to doe ;
A sister, in the stead
Of wife, about I'll lead ;
Which I will keep embrac'd,
And kisse, but yet be chaste.

THE POMANDER BRACELET.

To me my Julia lately sent
A bracelet, richly redolent ;
The beads I kist, but most lov'd her
That did perfume the pomander.

THE SHOOE-TYING.

ANTHEA bade me tye her shooe ;
I did ; and kist the instep too.
And would have kissed unto her knee,
Had not her blush rebuked me.

THE CARKANET.

INSTEAD of orient pearls of jet,
I sent my love a carkanet ;
About her spotlesse neck she knit
The lace, to honour me or it.
Then think how wrapt was I to see
My jet t' enthrall such ivorie.

HIS SAILING FROM JULIA.

WHEN that day comes, whose evening sayes I'm gone
 Unto that watrie desolation ;
 Devoutly to thy Closet-gods then pray,
 That my wing'd ship may meet no Remora.
 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 do this,
 Give my dead picture one engendring kisse ;
 Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
 In thy remembrance, Julia. So farewell.

 HOW THE WALL-FLOWER CAME FIRST, AND WHY SO
 CALLED.

WHY this flower is now call'd so,
 List, sweet maids, and you shal know.
 Understand, this first-ling was
 Once a brisk and bonny lasse,
 Kept as close as Danae was ;
 Who a sprightly Springall lov'd :
 And to have it fully prov'd,
 Up she got upon a wall,
 Tempting down to slide withall ;

But the silken twist unty'd,
 So she fell ; and bruis'd, she dy'd.
 Love, in pittty of the deed,
 And her loving lucklesse speed,
 Turn'd her to this plant, we call
 Now The Flower of the Wall.

WHY FLOWERS CHANGE COLOUR.

THESE fresh beauties, we can prove,
 Once were virgins, sick of love.
 Turn'd to flowers, still in some
 Colours goe and colours come.

TO HIS MISTRESSE, OBJECTING TO HIM NEITHER
 TOYING OR TALKING.

You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play
 Still with your curles, and kisse the time away.
 You blame me, too, because I cann't devise
 Some sport, to please those babies in your eyes ;
 By Love's religion, I must here confesse it,
 The most I love, when I the least expresse it.
 Small griefs find tongues ; full casques are ever found
 To give, if any, yet but little sound.
 Deep waters noyse-lesse are ; and this we know,
 That chiding streams betray small depth below.
 So when Love speechlesse is, she doth expresse
 A depth in love, and that depth bottomlesse.

Now since my love is tongue-lesse, know me such,
Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS MISTRESSES.

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

THE DREAM.

METHOUGHT, last night, Love in an anger came,
And brought a rod, so whipt me with the same ;
Mirtle the twigs were, meerly to imply,
Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle crueltie.
Patient I was : Love pitifull grew then,
And stroak'd the stripes, and I was whole agen.
Thus like a bee, love gentle stil doth bring
Hony to salve, where he before did sting.

THE VINE.

I DREAM'D this mortal part of mine
Was metamorphoz'd to a vine ;
Which crawling one and every way,
Enthrall'd my dainty Lucia.
Methought her long small legs and thighs,
I with my tendrils did surprize ;
Her belly, buttocks, and her waste,
By my soft nerv'lits were embrac'd ;
About her head I writhing hung,
And with rich clusters, (hid among
The leaves) her temples I behung ;
So that my Lucia seem'd to me,
Young Bacchus ravisht by his tree.
My curles about her neck did craule,
And armes and hands they did enthrall ;
So that she could not freely stir,
All parts there made one prisoner.
But when I crept, with leaves to hide
Those parts which maids keep unespy'd,
Such fleeting pleasures there I took,
That with the fancie I awook ;
And found, ah me ! this flesh of mine
More like a stock then like a vine.

TO LOVE.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

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

LOVE'S PLAY AT PUSH-PIN.

LOVE and my selfe, beleeve me, on a day,
 At childish push-pin, for our sport, did play ;
 I put, he pusht, and heedless of my skin,
 Love prickt my finger with a golden pin ;
 Since which, it festers so, that I can prove
 'Twas but a trick to poyson me with love :

Little the wound was ; greater was the smart ;
The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

THE ROSARIE.

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

UPON CUPID.

OLD wives have often told how they
Saw Cupid bitten by a flea ;
And thereupon, in tears half drown'd,
He cry'd aloud, Help, help the wound ;
He wept, he sobb'd, he call'd to some
To bring him lint and balsamum,
To make a tent, and put it in,
Where the steletto pierc'd the skin ;
Which being done, the fretfull paine
Asswag'd, and he was well again.

THE PARCÆ ; OR, THREE DAINTY DESTINIES.

THE ARMELET.

THREE lovely sisters working were,
As they were closely set,
Of soft and dainty maiden-haire,
A curious Armelet.

HESPERIDES.

I, smiling, ask'd them what they did,
 Faire destinies all three ?
 Who told me they had drawn a thred
 Of life, and 'twas for me.
 They shew'd me then how fine 'twas spun,
 And I reply'd thereto ;
 I care not now how soon 'tis done,
 Or cut, if cut by you.

SORROWES SUCCEED.

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

CHERRY-PIT.

JULIA and I did lately sit,
 Playing for sport, at cherry-pit :
 She threw ; I cast ; and having thrown,
 I got the pit, and she the stone.

TO ROBIN RED-BREST.

LAI D out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be
 With leaves and mosse-work for to cover me ;
 And while the wood-nimphs my cold corps inter,
 Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister.
 For epitaph, in foliage, next write this :
 Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is !

DISCONTENTS IN DEVON.

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

TO HIS PATERNALL COUNTRY.

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

CHERRIE-RIPE.

CHERRIE-RIPE, ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and faire ones ; come, and buy :
 If so be you ask me where
 They doe grow ? I answer, there,
 Where my Julia's lips doe smile,
 There's the land, or cherry-ile ;
 Whose plantations fully show
 All the yeere where cherries grow.

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

PUT on your silks ; and, piece by piece,
 Give them the scent of amber-greece ;
 And for your breaths, too, let them smell
 Ambrosia-like, or nectarell ;
 While other gums their sweets perspire,
 By your owne jewels set on fire.

TO ANTHEA.

Now is the time when all the lights wax dim ;
 And thou, Anthea, must withdraw from him
 Who was thy servant : Dearest, bury me
 Under that holy-oke, or gospel-tree ;
 Where, though thou see'st not, thou may'st think upon
 Me, when thou yeerly go'st procession ;
 Or, for mine honour, lay me in that tombe
 In which thy sacred reliques shall have roome ;
 For my embalming, sweetest, there will be
 No spices wanting when I'm laid by thee.

THE VISION TO ELECTRA.

I DREAM'D we both were in a bed
 Of roses, almost smothered ;
 The warmth and swetnes had me there
 Made lovingly familiar ;
 But that I heard thy sweeth breath say,
 Faults done by night will blush by day.

I kist thee, panting, and I call
 Night to the record, that was all.
 But, ah ! if empty dreames so please,
 Love, give me more such nights as these.

DREAMES.

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

AMBITION.

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

HIS REQUEST TO JULIA.

JULIA, if I chance to die
 Ere I print my poetry,
 I most humbly thee desire
 To commit it to the fire :
 Better 'twere my book were dead,
 Then to live not perfected.

MONEY GETS THE MASTERIE.

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

THE SCAR-FIRE.

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

UPON SILVIA, A MISTRESSE.

WHEN some shall say, faire once my Silvia was ;
 Thou wilt complaine, false now's thy looking-glasse ;
 Which renders that quite tarnisht which was green,
 And priceless now, what peerless once had been.
 Upon thy forme more wrinkles yet will fall,
 And comming downe, shall make no noise at all.

 CHEERFULNESSE IN CHARITIE ; OR, THE SWEET
 SACRIFICE.

'Tis not a thousand bullocks thies,
 Can please those heavenly deities ;
 If the vower don't express
 In his offering, cheerfulness.

ONCE POORE, STILL PENURIOUS.

GOES the world now, it will with thee goe hard ;
 The fattest hogs we grease the more with lard.
 To him that has, there shall be added more ;
 Who is penurious, he shall still be poore.

SWEETNESSE IN SACRIFICE.

'Tis not greatness they require,
 To be offer'd up by fire ;
 But 'tis sweetness that doth please
 Those eternall essences.

STEAME IN SACRIFICE.

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

UPON JULIA'S VOICE.

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

AGAIINE.

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 soveraigne of all plants, the oke
 Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOURE SWEET MONTHS.

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

NO SHIPWRACK OF VERTUE. TO A FRIEND.

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

UPON HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MISTRESSE ELIZAB.

HERRICK.

FIRST, for effusions due unto the dead,
My solemne vowes have here accomplished ;
Next, how I love thee, that my griefe must tell,
Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Deare, farewell !

OF LOVE. A SONET.

How love came in, I do not know,
Whether by th' eye, or eare, or no ;
Or whether with the soule it came,
At first, infused with the same ;
Whether in part 'tis here or there,
Or, like the soule, whole every where.
This troubles me ; but I as well
As any other, this can tell ;
Then when from hence she does depart,
The out-let then is from the heart.

TO ANTHEA.

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

THE ROCK OF RUBIES, AND THE QUARRIE OF
PEARLS.

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

CONFORMITIE.

CONFORMITIE was ever knowne
 A foe to dissolution ;
 Nor can we that a ruine call,
 Whose crack gives crushing unto all.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS COMMING WITH HIS ARMY
 INTO THE WEST.

WELCOME, most welcome to our vowes and us,
 Most great and universall Genius !
 The drooping west, which hitherto has stood
 As one, in long-lamented widowhood,
 Looks like a bride now, or a bed of flowers,
 Newly refresh't both by the sun and showers ;
 War, which before was horrid, now appears
 Lovely in you, brave Prince of Cavaliers !
 A deale of courage in each bosom springs
 By your accesse, O you the best of Kings !
 Ride on with all white omens, so that where
 Your standard's up, we fix a conquest there.

UPON ROSES.

VNDER a lawne, then skyes more cleare,
 Some ruffled Roses nestling were,
 And snugging there, they seem'd to lye
 As in a flowrie nunnery ;

D

They blush'd, and look'd more fresh then flowers
 Quickned of late by pearly showers ;
 And all, because they were possest
 But of the heat of Julia's breast,
 Which, as a warme and moistned spring,
 Gave them their ever flourishing.

TO THE KING AND QUEENE, UPON THEIR UNHAPPY
 DISTANCES.

WOE, woe to them, who by a ball of strife,
 Doe, and have parted here a man and wife ;
 CHARLS, the best husband, while MARIA strives
 To be, and is, the very best of wives ;
 Like streams, you are divorc'd, but 'twill come when
 These eyes of mine shall see you mix agen.
 Thus speaks the Oke here, C. and M. shall meet,
 Treading on amber with their silver feet ;
 Nor wil't be long ere this accomplish'd be ;
 The words found true, C. M. remember me.

DANGERS WAIT ON KINGS.

As oft as night is banish'd by the morne,
 So oft we'll think we see a King new born.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID ; OR, THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

ONE silent night of late,
 When every creature rested,

Came one unto my gate,
And knocking, me molested.

Who's that, said I, beats there,
And troubles thus the sleepe ?
Cast off, said he, all feare,
And let not locks thus keep ye.

For I a boy am, who
By moonless nights have swerved ;
And all with showers wet through,
And e'en with cold half starved.

I pittiful arose,
And soon a taper lighted ;
And did myselfe disclose
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,
And wings too, which did shiver ;
And looking down below,
I spy'd he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine
Brought him, as Love professes,
And chaf'd his hands with mine,
And dry'd his droping tresses.

But when he felt him warm'd,
Let's try this bow of ours

And string, if they be harm'd,
Said he, with these late showrs.

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

Then laughing loud, he flew
Away, and thus said flying,
Adieu, mine host, adieu,
I'll leave thy heart a dying.

TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS RELIGIOUS
FATHER.

THAT for seven lusters I did never come
To doe the rites to thy religious tombe ;
That neither haire was cut, or true teares shed
By me, o'r thee, as justments 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, night-shade, 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 mortal ; for that one
Favour I'll make full satisfaction ;

For my life mortall, rise from out thy herse,
And take a life immortall from my verse.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dresse
Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse ;
A lawne about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction ;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls a crimson stomacher ;
A cuffe neglectfull, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly ;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoate ;
A carelesse shooe-string, in whose tye
I see a wilde civility ;
Doe more bewitch me, then when art
Is too precise in every part.

TO HIS MUSE.

WERE I to give thee Baptime, I wo'd chuse
To christen thee the bride, the bashful muse,
Or muse of roses ; since that name does fit
Best with those virgin verses thou hast writ ;
Which are so cleane, so chast, as none may feare
Cato the Censor, sho'd he scan each here.

UPON LOVE.

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

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

DEAN-BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON, BY WHICH
 SOMETIMES HE LIVED.

DEAN-BOURN, farewell ; I never look to see
 Deane, or thy warty incivility ;
 Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streams,
 And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames,
 To my content I never sho'd behold,
 Were thy streames silver, or thy rocks all gold.
 Rockie thou art ; and rockie we discover
 Thy men, and rockie are thy wayes all over.
 O men, O manners ; now, and ever knowne
 To be a rockie generation !
 A people currish, churlish as the seas,
 And rude almost as rudest salvages,
 With whom I did, and may resojourne when
 Rockes turn to rivers, rivers turn to men.

KISSING USURIE.

BIANCHA, let
Me pay the debt
I owe thee for a kisse
Thou lend'st to me,
And I to thee
Will render ten for this.

If thou wilt say,
Ten will not pay
For that so rich a one ;
I'll cleare the summe,
If it will come
Unto a million.

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

TO JULIA.

How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia, art,
In each thy dainty and peculiar part !
First, for thy Queen-ship on thy head is set
Of flowers a sweet commingled coronet ;
About thy neck a carkanet is bound,
Made of the Rubie, Pearle, and Diamond ;

A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb ;
 About thy wrist the rich Dardanium ;*
 Between thy breasts, then doune of swans more white,
 There plays the Saphire with the Chrysolite.
 No part besides must of thyselfe be known,
 But by the Topaz, Opal, Calcedon.

TO LAURELS.

A FUNERALL stone
 Or verse, I covet none ;
 But only 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 eternal monument of me.

HIS CAVALIER.

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

* A bracelet, from Dardanus, so call'd.

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

ZEAL REQUIRED IN LOVE.

I'LE doe my best to win when'ere I wooe ;
That man loves not who is not zealous too.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

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

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

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

LOVE KILL'D BY LACK.

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

TO HIS MISTRESSE.

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

Promise and keep your vowes,
 Or vow ye never ;
 Loves doctrine disallowes
 Troth-breakers ever.

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

TO THE GENEROUS READER.

SEE, and not see, and if thou chance t'espie
 Some aberrations in my poetry ;
 Wink at small faults, the greater, ne'rthelesse,
 Hide, and with them their father's nakedness.

Let's doe our best our watch and ward to keep ;
Homer himself, in a long work, may sleep.

TO CRITICKS.

I'LE write, because I'le give
You criticks means to live ;
For sho'd I not supply
The cause, th' effect wo'd die.

DUTY TO TYRANTS.

GOOD princes must be pray'd for ; for the bad
They must be borne with, and in rev'ence had.
Doe they first pill thee, next pluck off thy skin ?
Good children kisse the rods that punish sin.
Touch not the tyrant, let the Gods alone
To strike him dead, that but usurps a throne.

BEING ONCE BLIND, HIS REQUEST TO BIANCHA.

WHEN age or chance has made me blind,
So that the path I cannot find ;
And when my falls and stumblings are
More than the stones i' th' street by farre ;
Goe thou afore, and I shall well
Follow thy perfumes by the smell ;
Or be my guide, and I shall be
Led by some light that flows from thee.

Thus held, or led by thee, I shall
In wayes confus'd, nor slip or fall.

UPON BLANCH.

BLANCH swears her husband's lovely, when a scald
Has blear'd his eyes ; besides, his head is bald.
Next, his wilde cares, like lethern wings full spread,
Flutter to flie, and beare away his head.

NO WANT WHERE THERE'S LITTLE.

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

BARLY-BREAK ; OR, LAST IN HELL.

We two are last in hell ; what may we feare
To be tormented or kept pris'ners here ?
Alas ! if kissing be of plagues the worst,
We'll wish, in hell we had been last and first.

THE DEFINITION OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY no other thing is then a beame
Flasht out between the middle and extreame.

TO DIANE ME.

DEARE, though to part it be a hell,
 Yet, Dianeme, now farewell ;
 Thy frown last night did bid me goe,
 But whither onely grief do's know.
 I doe beseech thee, ere we part,
 (If merciful, as faire thou art ;
 Or else desir'st that maids sho'd tell
 Thy pity by love's chronicle)
 O, Dianeme, rather kill
 Me, then to make me languish stil !
 'Tis cruelty in thee to' th' height,
 Thus, thus to wound, not kill outright ;
 Yet there's a way found, if thou please,
 By sudden death, to give me ease ;
 And thus devis'd, doe thou but this,
 Bequeath to me one parting kisse ;
 So sup'rabundant joy shall be
 The executioner of me.

TO ANTHEA, LYING IN BED.

So looks Anthea, when in bed she lyes,
 Orecome, or halfe betray'd by Tiffanies ;
 Like to a twilight, or that simpring dawn,
 That roses shew, when misted o're with lawn.
 Twilight is yet, till that her lawnes give way,
 Which done, that dawne turnes then to perfect day.

TO ELECTRA.

MORE white then whitest lillies far,
 Or snow, or whitest swans you are.
 More white then are the whitest creames,
 Or moonelight tinselling the streames ;
 More white then pearls, or Juno's thigh,
 Or Pelop's arme of yvorie.
 True, I confesse, such whites as these
 May me delight, not fully please ;
 Till, like Ixion's cloud, you be
 White, warme, and soft to lye with me.

A COUNTRY LIFE ; TO HIS BROTHER,

M. THO. HERRICK.

THRICE, and above blest, my soule's halfe, art thou,
 In thy both last and better vow ;
 Could'st leave the city, for exchange, to see
 The countrie's sweet simplicity ;
 And it to know and practice, with intent
 To grow the sooner innocent ;
 By studying to know vertue, and to aime
 More at her nature then her name ;
 The last is but the least, the first doth tell
 Wayes lesse to live then to live well ;
 And both are knowne to thee, who now can'st live
 Led by thy conscience, to give
 Justice to soone-pleas'd nature, and to show
 Wisdome and she together goe,

And keep one centre ; this with that conspires
 To teach man to confine desires,
And know that riches have their proper stint
 In the contented mind, not mint ;
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 than needful diet.
But that which most makes sweet thy country life,
 Is the fruition of a wife,
Whom, stars consenting with thy fate, thou hast
 Got not so beautifull as chast ;
By whose warme side thou dost securely sleep,
 While love the centinel doth keep,
With those deeds done by day which ne'r affright
 Thy silken slumbers in the night.
Nor has the darknesse power to usher in
 Feare to those sheets that know no sin.
But still thy wife, by chaste intentions led,
 Gives thee each night a maidenhead.

The damaskt medowes and the peebly streames
 Sweeten and make soft your dreames :
 The purling springs, groves, birds, and well weav'd
 bowrs,
 With fields enameled with flowers,
 Present their shapes, while fantasie discloses
 Millions of Lilies 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 spiriting salt ;
 Which done, thy painfull thumb this sentence tells us,
 " Jove for our labour all things sells us."
 Nor are thy daily and devout affaires,
 Attended with those desp'rate cares
 Th' industrious merchant has, who for to find
 Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,
 And back again ; tortur'd with fears, doth fly,
 Untaught, to suffer poverty ;
 But thou at home, blest with securest ease,
 Sitt'st, and beleev'st that there be seas,

And watrie dangers, while thy whiter hap,
 But sees these things within thy map ;
And viewing them with a more safe survey,
 Mak'st easie feare unto thee say,
" A heart thrice wall'd with oke and brasse, that man
 Had, first durst plow the ocean."
But thou at home, without or tyde or gale,
 Canst in thy map securely saile ;
Seeing those painted countries, and so guesse
 By those fine shades, their substances ;
And from thy compasse taking small advice,
 Buy'st travell at the lowest price ;
Nor are thine ears so deafe but thou canst heare,
 Far more with wonder then with feare,
Fame tell of states, of countries, courts, and kings ;
 And beleeve there be such things ;
When, of these truths thy happyer knowledge lyes,
 More in thine eares than in thine eyes,
And when thou hear'st by 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 n'er shewes
 Fortune when she comes, or goes ;
But with thy equall thoughts prepar'd, dost stand
 To take her by the either hand ;
Nor car'st which comes the first, the foule or faire.
 A wise man ev'ry way lies square ;
And like a surly Oke with storms perplex't,
 Grows still the stronger, strongly vext.

Be so, bold spirit ; stand center-like unmoved ;
 And be not onely thought, but prov'd
 To be what I report thee, and inure
 Thyselfe, if want comes to endure ;
 And so thou dost ; for thy desires are
 Confin'd to live with private Larr :
 Nor 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.
 Canst, 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 herself with crums,
 Till that the green-ey'd kitling comes ;
 Then to her cabbinn, 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'er 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' other's death :
And as there is one love, one faith, one troth,
 Be so one death, one grave to both ;
Till when, in such assurance, live ye may
 Nor feare, or wish your dying day.

DIVINATION BY A DAFFADILL.

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

TO THE PAINTER, TO DRAW HIM A PICTURE.

COME, skilfull Lupo, now, and take
Thy Bice, thy Umber, Pink, and Lake ;

And let it be thy pensil's strife
 To paint a bridgeman to the life ;
 Draw him as like too as you can,
 An old, poore, lying flatt'ring man ;
 His cheeks be-pimpled, red and blue ;
 His nose and lips of mulbrie hiew.
 Then for an easie fansie, place
 A burling iron for his face ;
 Next, make his cheeks with breath to swell,
 And for to speak, if possible ;
 But do not so, for feare, lest he
 Sho'd by his breathing poyson thee.

UPON CUFFE. EPIG.

CUFFE comes to church much, but he keeps his bed
 Those Sundayes onely when as briefs are read ;
 This makes Cuffe dull, and troubles him the most,
 Because he cannot sleep i' th' church free-cost.

UPON FONE, A SCHOOL-MASTER. EPIG.

FONE says, those mighty whiskers he do's weare,
 Are twigs of birch and willow, growing there ;
 If so, we'll think too, when he do's condemne
 Boyes to the lash, that he do's whip with them.

A LYRIC TO MIRTH.

WHILE the milder fates consent,
Let's enjoy our merriment ;
Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play ;
Kisse our dollies night and day ;
Crown'd with clusters of the vine ;
Let us sit and quaffe our wine ;
Call on Bacchus, chaunt his praise ;
Shake the Thyirse, and bite the Bayes ;
Rouze Anacreon from the dead,
And return him drunk to bed ;
Sing o'er Horace ; for ere long
Death will come and mar the song ;
Then shall Wilson and Gotiere
Never sing or play more here.

TO THE EARL OF WESTMERLAND.

WHEN my date's done, and my gray age must die ;
Nurse up, great lord, this my posterity ;
Weak though it be, long may it grow, and stand,
Shor'd up by you, brave Earle of Westmerland.

AGAINST LOVE.

WHENERE my heart love's warmth but entertaines,
O frost ! O snow ! O haile ! forbid the banes.
One drop now deads a spark, but if the same
Once gets a force, floods cannot quench the flame.

Rather then love, let me be ever lost,
Or let me 'gender with eternall frost.

UPON JULIA'S RIBAND.

As shews the aire when with a rain-bow grac'd,
So smiles that riband 'bout my Julia's waste ;
Or like——Nay, 'tis that Zonulet of love,
Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.

THE FROZEN ZONE ; OR, JULIA DISDAINFULL.

WHITHER ? Say, whither shall I fly,
To slack these flames wherein I frie ?
To the treasures shall I goe,
Of the raine, frost, haile, and snow ?
Shall I search the under-ground,
Where all damps and mists are found ?
Shall I seek, for speedy ease,
All the floods and frozen seas ?
Or descend into the deep,
Where eternall cold does keep ?
These may coole ; but there's a zone
Colder yet then any one ;
That's my Julia's breast, where dwels
Such destructive ysicles ;
As that the congelation will
Me sooner starve then those can kill.

AN EPITAPH UPON A SOBER MATRON.

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

TO THE PATRON OF POETS, M. END. PORTER.

LET there be patrons ; patrons like to thee,
 Brave Porter ! Poets ne'r will wanting be.
 Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live
 In thee, thou man of men ! who here do'st give
 Not onely subject-matter for our wit,
 But likewise oyle of maintenance to it.
 For which, before thy threshold, we'll lay downe
 Our thyrses for scepter, and our baies for crown.
 For, to say truth, all garlands are thy due ;
 The laurell, mirtle, oke, and ivie too.

THE SADNESSE OF THINGS FOR SAPHO'S SICKNESSE.

LILLIES will languish, violets look ill ;
 Sickly the primrose, pale the daffadill ;
 That gallant tulip will hang down his head,
 Like to a virgin newly ravished.

Pansies will weep, and marygolds will wither,
 And keep a fast, and funerall together ;
 If Sapho droop, daisies will open never,
 But bid good-night, and close their lids for ever.

LEANDER'S OBSEQUIES.

WHEN as Leander young was drown'd
 No heart by love receiv'd a wound ;
 But on a rock himselfe sate by,
 There weeping sup'rabundantly.
 Sighs numberlesse he cast about,
 And all his tapers thus put out ;
 His head upon his hand he laid,
 And sobbing deeply, thus he said :
 Ah, cruell sea ! and, looking on't,
 Wept as he'd drowne the Hellespont.
 And sure his tongue had more exprest,
 But that his teares forbad the rest.

HOPE HEARTENS.

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

FOURE THINGS MAKE US HAPPY HERE.

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

HIS PARTING FROM MRS. DOROTHY KENEDAY.

WHEN I did goe from thee, I felt that smart
 Which bodies do, when souls from them depart.
 Thou did'st not mind it, though thou then might'st see
 Me turn'd to teares, yet did'st not weep for me.
 'Tis true I kist thee, but I co'd not heare
 Thee spend a sigh, t'accompany my teare.
 Methought 'twas strange, that thou so hard sho'dst
 prove,
 Whose heart, whose hand, whose ev'ry part spake love.
 Prethee (lest maids sho'd censure thee) but say
 Thou shed'st one teare when as I went away ;
 And that will please me somewhat ; though I know,
 And love will swear't, my dearest did not so.

THE TEARE SENT TO HER FROM STANES.

GLIDE, gentle streames, and beare
 Along with you my teare
 To that coy girle,
 Who smiles, yet slayes
 Me with delayes,
 And strings my teares as pearle.

See, see, she's yonder set,
 Making a carkanet
 Of maiden-flowers !
 There, there present
 This orient,
 And pendant pearle of ours.

Then say I've sent one more
Jem to enrich her store ;
 And that is all
 Which I can send,
 Or vainly spend,
For tears no more will fall.

Nor will I seek supply
Of them, the spring's once drie
 But Ile devise,
 Among the rest,
 A way that's best,
How I may save mine eyes.

Yet say, sho'd she condemne
Me to surrender them ;
 Then say, my part
 Must be to weep
 Out them, to keep
A poore, yet loving heart.

Say, too, she wo'd have this ;
She shall : Then my hope is,
 That when I'm poore,
 And nothing have
 To send or save,
I'm sure she'll ask no more.

UPON ONE LILLIE, WHO MARRIED WITH A MAID
CALLED ROSE.

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

AN EPITAPH UPON A CHILD.

VIRGINS promis'd when I dy'd,
That they wo'd each primrose-tide,
Duly morne and ev'ning come,
And with flowers dresse my tomb.
Having promis'd, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets.

UPON SCOBBLE. EPIG.

SCOBBLE, for whoredome whips his wife ; and cryes,
He'll slit her nose : but blubbering, she replies,
Good sir, make no more cuts i' th' outward skin,
One slit's enough to let adultry in.

THE HOURE-GLASSE.

THAT Houre-glasse, which there you see,
 With water filled, sirs, credit me,
 The humour was, as I have read,
 But lovers tears inchristalled ;
 Which, as they drop by drop doe passe
 From th' upper to the under-glasse,
 Do in a trickling manner tell,
 (By many a watrie syllable)
 That lovers tears in life-time shed,
 Do restless run when they are dead.

HIS FAREWELL TO SACK.

FAREWELL, thou thing time-past so knowne, so deare
 To me, as blood to life and spirit : Neare,
 Nay, thou more neare than kindred, friend, man, wife,
 Male to the female, soule to body : Life
 To quick action, or the warme soft side
 Of the resigning, yet resisting bride.
 The kisse of virgins ; first-fruits of the bed ;
 Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the maiden-head :
 These, and a thousand sweets, co'd never be
 So neare or deare as thou was was once to me.
 O, thou the drink of Gods and Angels ! wine
 That scatter'st spirit and lust ; whose purest shine,
 More radiant then the summers sun-beams shows,
 Each way illustrious, brave ; and like to those

Comets we see by night, whose shagg'd portents
 Fore-tell the coming of some dire events ;
 Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires,
 Throwing about his wild and active fires.
 'Tis thou, above nectar, O divinest soule !
 Eternall in thy self, that can controule
 That which subverts whole nature, grief and care,
 Vexation of the mind, and damm'd despaire.
 'Tis thou alone, who, with thy mistick fan,
 Work'st more then wisdom, art, or nature can,
 To rouze the sacred madnesse, and awake
 The frost-bound blood and spirits, and to make
 Them frantick with thy raptures, flashing through
 The soule like lightning, and as active too ;
 'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three
 Catalian sisters sing, if wanting thee.
 Horace, Anacreon, both had lost their fame,
 Had'st thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame,
 Phæbean splendour ! and thou, Thespian spring,
 Of which sweet swans must drink before they sing
 Their true-pac'd numbers, and their holy-layes,
 Which makes them worthy cedar and the bayes.
 But why ? why longer do I gaze upon
 Thee with the eye of admiration ?
 Since I must leave thee, and enforc'd must say,
 To all thy witching beauties, Goe, away.
 But if thy whimpring looks doe ask me why ?
 Then know that Nature bids thee goe, not I.
 'Tis her erroneous self has made a braine
 Uncapable of such a soveraigne,

As is thy powerfull selfe. Prethee, not smile,
 Or smile more inly, lest thy looks beguile
 My vowes denounc'd in zeale, which thus much show
 thee,
 That I have sworn but by thy looks to know thee.
 Let others drink thee freely, and desire
 Thee and their lips espous'd, while I admire
 And love thee, but not taste thee. Let my Muse
 Faile of thy former helps, and onely use
 Her inadult'rate strength ; what's done by me
 Hereafter, shall smell of the lamp, not thee.

UPON GLASCO. EPIG.

GLASCO had none, but now some teeth has got,
 Which though they furre, will neither ake or rot.
 Six teeth he has, whereof twice two are known
 Made of a haft, that was a mutton-bone ;
 Which not for use, but meerly for the sight,
 He weares all day, and drawes those teeth at night.

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

SWEET Amarillis, by a spring's
 Soft and soule-melting murmurings,
 Slept ; and thus sleeping, thither flew
 A Robin-red brest ; who at view,
 Not seeing her at all to stir,
 Brought leaves and mosse to cover her :

But while he, perking, there did prie
 About the arch of either eye,
 The lid began to let out day,
 At which poore Robin flew away ;
 And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd,
 He chirpt for joy, to see himself disceav'd.

THE CUSTARD.

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

TO MYRRHA, HARD-HEARTED.

FOLD now thine armes, and hang the head
 Like to a lillie withered :
 Next, look thou like a sickly moone,
 Or like Jocasta in a swoone.
 Then weep, and sigh, and softly goe,
 Like to a widdow drown'd in woe ;
 Or like a virgin full of ruth,
 For the lost sweet-heart of her youth ;
 And all because, faire maid, thou art
 Insensible of all my smart ;
 And of those evill dayes that be
 Now posting on to punish thee.

The Gods are easie, and condemne
All such as are not soft like them.

THE EYE.

MAKE me a heaven, and make me there
Many a lesse and greater spheare ;
Make me the straight and oblique lines,
The motions, lations, and the signes ;
Make me a chariot and a sun,
And let them through a zodiac run ;
Next, place me zones and tropicks there,
With all the seasons of the yeare.
Make me a sun-set and a night,
And then present the morning's light,
Cloath'd in her chamlets of delight.
To these make clouds to poure down raine ;
With weather foule, then faire againe ;
And when, wise artist, that thou hast
With all that can be this heaven grac't ;
Ah ! what is then this curious skie,
But only my Corinna's eye ?

UPON THE MUCH LAMENTED MR J. WARR.

WHAT wisdom, learning, wit, or worth,
Youth or sweet nature co'd bring forth,
Rests here with him, who was the fame,
The volume of himselfe and name.

If, reader, then thou wilt draw neere,
 And doe an honour to thy teare;
 Weep then for him, for whom laments
 Not one, but many monuments.

UPON GRYLL.

GRYLL eates, but ne're sayes grace: To speak the
 troth,
 Gryll either keeps his breath to coole his broth;
 Or else because Gryll's roste do's burn his spit,
 Gryll will not therefore say a grace for it.

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

And must we part, because some say,
 Loud is our love, and loose our play,
 And more then well becomes the day?
 Alas, for pittty! and for us,
 Most innocent and injur'd thus.
 Had we kept close, or play'd within,
 Suspition now had been the sinne,
 And shame had follow'd long ere this,
 T'ave plagu'd what now unpunisht is.
 But we, as fearlesse of the sunne,
 As faultlesse, will not wish undone,
 What now is done; since where no sin
 Unbolts the doore, no shame comes in.

Then, comely and most fragrant maid,
 Be you more warie than afraid
 Of these reports ; because you see
 The fairest most suspected be.
 The common formes have no one eye
 Or care of burning jealousie
 To follow them ; but chiefly where
 Love makes the cheek and chin a sphere
 To dance and play in : Trust me, there
 Suspicion questions every haire.
 Come, you are faire, and sho'd be seen
 While you are in your sprightfull green,
 And what though you had been embrac't
 By me, were you for that unchast ?
 No, no, no more then is yond' moone,
 Which shining in her perfect noone,
 In all that great and glorious light,
 Continues cold, as is the night.
 Then, beauteous maid, you may retire ;
 And as for me, my chast desire
 Shall move t'wards you, although I see
 Your face no more ; so live you free
 From Fame's black lips, as you from me.

SINGLE LIFE MOST SECURE.

SUSPICION, discontent, and strife,
 Come in for dowrie with a wife.

THE CURSE. A SONG.

GOE, perjur'd man; and if thou ere return
To see the small remainders in mine urne;
When thou shalt laugh at my religious dust,
And ask, where's now the colour, forme, and trust
Of woman's beauty? and with hand more rude
Rifle the flowers which the virgins strew'd;
Know, I have pray'd to Furie, that some wind
May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

THE WOUNDED CUPID. SONG.

CUPID, as he lay among
Roses, by a bee was stung;
Whereupon in anger flying
To his mother, said, thus crying,
Help! O help! your boy's a dying.
And why, my pretty lad? said she.
Then blubbering, replyed he,
A winged snake has bitten me,
Which country people call a bee.
At which she smil'd, then with her hairs
And kisses, drying up his tears,
Alas! said she, my wag, if this
Such a pernicious torment is;
Come, tel me then how great's the smart
Of those thou woundest with thy dart!

TO DEWES. A SONG.

I BURN, I burn, and beg of you
 To quench or coole me with your dew ;
 I frie in fire, and so consume,
 Although the pile be all perfume.
 Alas ! the heat and death's the same
 Whether by choice or common flame.
 To be in oyle of roses drown'd,
 Or water, where's the comfort found,
 Both bring one death ; and I die here,
 Unlesse you coole me with a teare.
 Alas ! I call, but ah ! I see
 Ye coole and comfort all but me.

SOME COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

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

THE VISION.

SITTING alone, as one forsook,
 Close by a silver-shedding brook,
 With hands held up to love, I wept,
 And after sorrowes spent, I slept.
 Then in a Vision I did see
 A glorious forme appeare to me
 A virgin's face she had ; her dresse
 Was like a sprightly Spartanesse.

A silver bow, with green silk strung,
Down from her comely shoulders hung ;
And as she stood, the wanton aire
Dandled the ringlets of her haire.
Her legs were such Diana shows,
When tuckt up she a hunting goes ;
With buskins shortned, to descrie
The happy dawning of her thigh :
Which, when I saw, I made accesse
To kisse that tempting nakednesse ;
But she forbade me, with a wand
Of mirtle she had in her hand ;
And chiding me, said, Hence, remove,
Herrick, thou art too coorse to love.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

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

UPON A VIRGIN KISSING A ROSE.

'Twas but a single rose,
Till you on it did breathe ;
But since, me thinks, it shows
Not so much rose as wreathe.

UPON A WIFE THAT DYED MAD WITH JEALOUSIE.

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

UPON THE BISHOP OF LINCOLNE'S IMPRISONMENT.

NEVER was day so over-sick with showres,
 But that it had some intermitting houres.
 Never was night so tedious, but it knew
 The last watch out, and saw the dawning too.
 Never was dungeon so obscurely deep,
 Wherein or light or day did never peep.
 Never did moone so ebbe, or seas so wane,
 But they left hope-seed to fill up againe.
 So you, my lord, though you have now your stay,
 Your night, your prison, and your ebbe ; you may
 Spring up afresh, when all these mists are spent,
 And star-like, once more gild our firmament.
 Let but that mighty Cesar speak, and then
 All bolts, all barres, all gates shall cleave, as when
 That earth-quake shook the house, and gave the stout
 Apostles way, unshackled, to goe out.
 This, as I wish for, so I hope to see ;
 Though you, my lord, have been unkind to me :

To wound my heart, and never to apply,
 When you had power, the meanest remedy.
 Well, though my griefe by you was gall'd the more,
 Yet I bring balme and oile to heal your sore.

DISSWASIONS FROM IDLENESSE.

CYNTHIUS pluck ye by the eare,
 That ye may good doctrine heare.
 Play not with the maiden-haire,
 For each ringlet there's a snare.
 Cheek and eye, and lip and chin,
 These are traps to take fooles in ;
 Armes and hands, and all parts else,
 Are but toiles and manicles,
 Set on purpose to enthrall
 Men, but slothfulls most of all.
 Live employ'd, and so live free
 From these fetters, like to me,
 Who have found, and still can prove
 The lazie man the most doth love.

UPON STRUT.

STRUT, once a fore-man of a shop, we knew ;
 But turn'd a ladies usher now, 'tis true.
 Tell me, has Strut got ere a title more ?
 No, he's but fore-man as he was before.

AN EPITHALAMIE TO SIR THOMAS SOUTHWELL
AND HIS LADIE.

I.

Now, now's the time, so oft by truth
Promis'd sho'd come to crown your youth.

Then, faire ones, doe not wrong
Your joyes by staying long ;
Or let love's fire goe out,
By lingring thus in doubt ;
But learn, that time once lost,
Is ne'r redeem'd by cost.

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

II.

Is it, sweet maid, your fault these holy
Bridall-rites goe on so slowly ?

Deare, is it thus you dread
The losse of maidenhead ?
Beleeve me, you will most
Esteeme it when 'tis lost ;
Then it no longer keep,
Lest issue lye asleep.

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

III.

These precious, pearly, purling teares,
But spring from ceremonious feares.

And 'tis but native shame,
 That hides the loving flame,
 And may a while controule
 The soft and am'rous soule ;
 But yet love's fire will wast
 Such bashfulnesse at last.

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

IV.

Night now hath watch'd herself half blind,
 Yet not a maidenhead resign'd :
 'Tis strange ye will not flie
 To love's sweet mysterie.
 Might yon full moon the sweets
 Have promis'd to your sheets ;
 She soon wo'd leave her spheare
 To be admitted there.

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

V.

On, on devoutly, make no stay,
 While Domiduca leads the way ;
 And Genius, who attends
 The bed for luckie ends ;
 With Juno goes the houres,
 And Graces strewing flowers.
 And the boyes with sweet tunes sing,
 Hymen ! O Hymen ! bring

Home the turtles, Hymen guide
To the bed the bashfull bride.

VI.

Behold, how Hymen's taper-light,
Shews you how much is spent of night.
See, see the bridegroom's torch
Halfe wasted in the porch ;
And now those tapers five,
That shew the womb shall thrive.
Their silv'rie flames advance,
To tell all prosp'rous chance
Still shall crown the happy life
Of the good man and his wife.

VII.

Move forward then your rosie feet,
And make, what ere they touch, turn sweet.
May all like flowrie meads
Smell, where your soft foot treads ;
And every thing assume
To it the like perfume ;
As Zephirus, when he 'spires
Through woodbine and sweet-bryers.
Then away ; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashfull bride.

VIII.

And now the yellow vaile, at last,
Over her fragrant cheek is cast.

Now seems she to expresse
A bashfull willingnesse ;
Shewing a heart consenting,
As with a will repenting ;
Then gently lead her on
With wise suspicion :
For that, matrons say, a measure
Of that passion sweetens pleasure.

IX.

You, you that be of her neerest kin,
Now o're the threshold force her in.
But to avert the worst,
Let her her fillets first
Knit to the posts ; this point
Remembring, to anoint
The sides, for 'tis a charme
Strong against future harme :
And the evil deads, the which
There was hidden by the witch.

X.

O Venus ! thou, to whom is known
The best way how to loose the zone
Of virgins : Tell the maid
She need not be afraid ;
And bid the youth apply
Close kisses, if she cry ;
And charge he not forbears
Her, though she woove with teares.

HESPERIDES.

Tel them, now they must adven-
 Since that love and night bid enter.

XI.

No fatal owle the bedsted keeps,
 With direful notes to fright your sleeps ;
 No furies here about,
 To put the tapers out,
 Watch, or did make the bed ;
 'Tis omen full of dread :
 But all faire signes appeare
 Within the chamber here.
 Juno here, far off doth stand,
 Cooling sleep with charming wand.

XII.

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

XIII.

Now barre the doors, the bridegroom puts
 The eager boyes to gather nuts ;

And now both love and time
 To their full height doe clime ;
 O give them active heat
 And moisture, both compleat ;
 Fit organs for encrease
 To keep, and to release.
 That, which may the honour'd stem
 Circle with a diadem.

XIV.

And now, behold ! the bed or couch,
 That ne'r knew bride's or bridegroom's touch,
 Feels in it selfe a fire,
 And, tickled with desire,
 Pants with a downie breast,
 As with a heart possest
 Shrugging as it did move,
 Ev'n with the soule of love,
 And, oh, had it but a tongue,
 Doves, 'two'd say, yee bill too long.

XV.

O enter then ! but see ye shun
 A sleep untill the act be done ;
 Let kisses, in their close,
 Breathe as the damask rose ;
 Or sweet as is that gumme
 Doth from Panchaia come ;
 Teach nature now to know
 Lips can make cherries grow

Sooner then she ever yet
 In her wisdom co'd beget.

XVI.

On your minutes, hours, dayes, months, years,
 Drop the fat blessing of the sphears ;
 That good which Heav'n can give
 To make you bravely live ;
 Fall, like a spangling dew,
 By day and night on you.
 May fortune's lilly hand
 Open at your command,
 With all luckie birds to side
 With the bridegroom and the bride.

XVII.

Let bounteous fate your spindles full
 Fill, and winde up with whitest wooll.
 Let them not cut the thred
 Of life untill ye bid.
 May death yet come at last,
 And not with desp'rate hast ;
 But when ye both can say,
 Come, let us now away.
 Be ye to the barn then born,
 Two, like two ripe shocks of corn.

TEARES ARE TONGUES.

WHEN Julia chid, I stood as mute the while
 As is the fish, or tonguelesse crocodile ;
 Aire coyn'd to words, my Julia co'd not heare,
 But she co'd see each eye to stamp a teare ;
 By which mine angry mistresse might descry,
 Teares are the noble language of the eye ;
 And when true love of words is destitute,
 The eyes by teares speak, while the tongue is mute.

UPON A YOUNG MOTHER OF MANY CHILDREN.

LET all chaste matrons, when they chance to see
 My num'rous issue, praise and pittie me.
 Praise me for having such a fruitfull wombe ;
 Pity me too, who found so soone a tomb.

TO ELECTRA.

I'LE come to thee in all those shapes,
 As Jove did when he made his rapes ;
 Onely, I'le not appeare to thee
 As he did once to Semele.
 Thunder and lightning I'le lay by,
 To talk with thee familiarly ;
 Which done, then quickly we'll undresse
 To one and th' others nakednesse ;
 And ravisht, plunge into the bed,
 Bodies and souls commingled,

And, kissing so as none may heare,
We'll weary all the fables there.

HIS WISH.

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

HIS PROTESTATION TO PERILLA.

NOONEDAY and midnight shall at once be seene ;
Trees at one time shall be both sere and greene ;
Fire and water shall together lye
In one self-sweet-conspiring sympathie ;
Summer and winter shall at one time show
Ripe eares of corne, and up to th' eares in snow ;
Seas shall be sandlesse, fields devoid of grasse ;
Shapelesse the world, as when all chaos was,
Before, my deare Perilla, I will be
False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS.

IF I kisse Anthea's brest,
There I smell the Phenix nest ;
If her lip, the more sincere
Altar of incense I smell there.

Hands, and thighs, and legs, are all
 Richly aromaticall.
 Goddesses Isis can't transfer
 Musks and ambers more from her ;
 Nor can Juno sweeter be,
 When she lyes with Jove, then she.

TO JULIA.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

LOVE-SICK I am, and must endure
 A desp'rate grief, that finds no cure.
 Ah me ! I try ; and trying, prove,
 No herbs have power to cure love.
 Onely one soveraign salve I know,
 And that is death, the end of woe.

VERTUE IS SENSIBLE OF SUFFERING.

THOUGH a wise man all pressures can sustaine ;
 His virtue still is sensible of paine :

Large shoulders though he has, and well can beare,
 He fees when packs do pinch him, and the where.

THE CRUELL MAID.

AND cruell maid, because I see
 You scornfull of my love, and me ;
 Ile trouble you no more, but goe
 My way, where you shall never know
 What is become of me ; there I
 Will find me out a path to die,
 Or learne some way how to forget
 You and your name for ever ; yet
 Ere I go hence, know this from me,
 What will in time your fortune be ;
 This to your coyresse I will tell ;
 And having spoke it once, farewell.
 The lillie will not long endure,
 Nor the snow continue pure ;
 The rose, the violet, one day
 See both these lady-flowers decay ;
 And you must fade as well as they ;
 And it may chance that love may turn,
 And, like to mine, make your heart burn
 And weep to see't ; yet this thing doe,
 That my last vow commends to you ;
 When you shall see that I am dead,
 For pittie let a teare be shed ;
 And, with your mantle o're me cast,
 Give my cold lips a kisse at last ;

If twice you kisse, you need not feare,
 That I shall stir or live more here.
 Next, hollow out a tomb to cover
 Me ; me, the most despised lover ;
 And write thereon, " This, reader, know,
 " Love kill'd this man. No more, but so."

TO DIANE ME.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
 Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies ;
 Nor be you proud, that you can see
 All hearts your captives, yours yet free ;
 Be you not proud of that rich haire,
 Which wantons with the love-sick aire ;
 When as that rubie which you weare,
 Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,
 Will last to be a precious stone,
 When all your world of beautie's gone.

TO THE KING, TO CURE THE EVILL.

To find that tree of life, whose fruits did feed,
 And leaves did heale, all sick of humane seed ;
 To find Bethesda, and an angel there,
 Stirring the waters, I am come ; and here
 At last I find, after my much to doe,
 The tree, Bethesda, and the angel too ;
 And all in your blest hand, which has the powers
 Of all those suppling healing herbs and flowers.

To that soft charm, that spell, that magick bough,
 That high enchantment I betake me now ;
 And to that hand, the branch of Heaven's faire tree,
 I kneele for help; O lay that hand on me,
 Adored Cesar ! and my faith is such,
 I shall be healed, if that my KING but touch.
 The evill is not yours ; my sorrow sings,
 Mine is the evill, but the cure the KINGS.

HIS MISERY IN A MISTRESSE.

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

Though a thousand showres be
 Still a falling, yet I see
 Not one drop to light on me.

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

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

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

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

UPON JOLLIE'S WIFE.

FIRST, Jollie's wife is lame ; then next, loose-hipt ;
Squint-ey'd, hook-nos'd ; and lastly, kidney-lipt.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN, OBJECTING TO HIM HIS
GRAY HAIRE.

AM I despis'd, because you say,
And I dare sweare that I am gray ?
Know, Lady, you have but your day,
And time will come when you shall weare
Such frost and snow upon your haire ;
And when, though long it comes to passe,
You question with your looking-glasse,
And in that sincere Christall seek,
But find no rose-bud in your cheek ;
Nor any bed to give the shew
Where such a rare carnation grew.
Ah ! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,
It will be told
That you are old ;
By those true teares y'are weeping.

TO CEDARS.

IF 'mongst my many poems, I can see
 One onely worthy to be washt by thee ;
 I live for ever, let the rest all lye
 In dennes of darkness, or condemn'd to die.

UPON CUPID.

Love, like a gypsie, lately came,
 And did me much importune
 To see my hand, that by the same
 He might foretell my fortune.

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

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

HOW PRIMROSES CAME GREEN.

VIRGINS, time-past, known were these,
 Troubled with green sicknesses,
 Turn'd to flowers ; stil the hieu,
 Sickly girles, they beare of you.

TO JOS. LO. BISHOP OF EXETER.

WHOM sho'd I feare to write to, if I can
 Stand before you, my learn'd Diocesan?
 And never shew blood-guiltinesse, or feare,
 To see my lines excathedrated here.
 Since none so good are, but you may condemne;
 Or here so bad, but you may pardon them.
 If then, my lord, to sanctifie my muse
 One onely poem out of all you'l chuse,
 And mark it for a rapture nobly writ,
 'Tis good confirm'd, for you have bishop't it.

UPON A BLACK TWIST, ROUNDING THE ARME OF
 THE COUNTESSE OF CARLILE.

I SAW about her spotlesse wrist,
 Of blackest silk, a curious twist;
 Which, circumvolving gently, there
 Enthrall'd her arme, as prisoner.
 Dark was the jayle, but as if light
 Had met t'engender with the night;
 Or so, as darknesse made a stay
 To shew at once both night and day.
 I fancie more; but if there be
 Such freedome in captivity;
 I beg of love that ever I
 May in like chains of darknesse lie.

ON HIMSELFE.

I FEARE no earthly powers ;
 But care for crowns of flowers ;
 And love to have my beard
 With wine and oile besmear'd.
 This day Ile drowne all sorrow ;
 Who knowes to live to-morrow ?

UPON PAGGET.

PAGGET, a school-boy, got a sword, and then
 He vow'd destruction both to birch and men ;
 Who wo'd not think this yonker fierce to fight ?
 Yet comming home, but somewhat late, last night,
 Untrusse, his master bade him, and that word
 Made him take up his shirt, lay down his sword.

A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA.

JVLIA, I bring
 To thee this ring,
 Made for thy finger fit ;
 To shew by this,
 That our love is,
 Or sho'd be, like to it.

Close though it be,
 The joynt is free ;

So when love's yoke is on,
 It must not gall,
 Or fret at all
 With hard oppression.

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

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

And as this round
 Is no where found
 To flaw, or else to sever ;
 So let our love
 As endless prove,
 And pure as gold for ever.

TO THE DETRACTER.

WHERE others love and praise my verses, still
 Thy long black thumb-nail marks 'em out for ill ;

A fellow take it, or some whit-flaw come
 For to unslate, or to untile that thumb !
 But cry thee mercy ; exercise thy nailes
 To scratch or claw, so that thy tongue not railes ;
 Some numbers prurient are, and some of these
 Are wanton with their itch ; scratch, and 'twill please.

UPON THE SAME.

I ASK'T thee oft what poets thou hast read,
 And lik'st the best ? Still thou reply'st, The dead.
 I shall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd be ;
 Then sure thou'lt like, or thou wilt envie me.

JULIA'S PETTICOAT.

THY azure robe I did behold,
 As ayrie as the leaves of gold ;
 Which erring here, and wandring there,
 Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where ;
 Sometimes 'two'd pant, and sigh, and heave,
 As if to stir it scarce had leave ;
 But having got it, thereupon,
 'Two'd make a brave expansion.
 And pounc't with stars, it shew'd to me
 Like a celestiall canopie.
 Sometimes 'two'd blaze, and then abate,
 Like to a flame growne moderate ;
 Sometimes away 'two'd wildly fling,
 Then to thy thighs so closely cling,

That some conceit did melt me downe,
 As lovers fall into a swoone ;
 And, all confus'd, I there did lie
 Drown'd in delights, but co'd not die.
 That leading cloud I follow'd still,
 Hoping t'ave seene of it my fill ;
 But ah, I co'd not ; sho'd it move
 To life eternal, I co'd love.

TO MUSICK.

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

DISTRUST.

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

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

GET up, get up for shame, the blooming 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 seyed,
 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 brief 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 interwove ;
 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 go 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 keye's 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.

ON JULIA'S BREATH.

BREATHE, Julia, breathe, and Ile protest,
 Nay more, Ile deeply sweare,
 That all the spices of the east
 Are circumfused there.

UPON A CHILD. AN EPITAPH.

BUT borne, and like a short delight,
 I glided by my parents sight.
 That done, the harder fates deny'd
 My longer stay, and so I dy'd.
 If pittying my sad parents teares,
 You'l spil a tear or two with theirs ;
 And with some flowrs my grave bestrew,
 Love and they'l thank you for't. Adieu.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HORACE AND LYDIA, TRANSLATED
ANNO 1627, AND SET BY MR. RO. RAMSEY.

Hor. WHILE, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me
To hug thy whitest neck ; then I,
The Persian King, liv'd not more happily.

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

Hor. Now Thracian Cloe governs me,
Skilfull i' th' harpe and melodie ;
For whose affection, Lydia, I,
So fate spares her, am well content to die.

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

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

Lyd. Though mine be brighter then the star ;
Thou lighter then the cork by far ;

Rough as th' Adriatick sea, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

THE CAPTIV'D BEE ; OR, THE LITTLE FILCHER.

As Julia once a slumb'ring lay,
It chanc't a bee did flie that way,
After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower ;
For some rich flower, he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip ;
But when he felt he suckt from thence
Hony, and in the quintessence ;
He drank so much he scarce co'd stir ;
So Julia took the pilferer.
And thus surpriz'd, as filchers use,
He thus began himselfe t'excuse :
Sweet lady-flower, I never brought
Hither the least one theeving thought ;
But taking those rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much sirrop ran at waste.
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing ;
But with a kisse, or thanks, doe pay
For honie that I beare away.
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of hony, 'fore her ladiship,

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

Yet, Porter, while thou keep'st alive,
 In death I thrive ;
 And like a Phenix re-aspire
 From out my narde and fun'rall fire ;
 And as I prune my feather'd youth, so I
 Doe mar'l how I co'd die,
 When I had thee, my chiefe preserver, by.

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

TO HIS DYING BROTHER, MASTER WILLIAM
 HERRICK.

LIFE of my life, take not so soone thy flight,
 But stay the time till we have bade good night.

Thou hast both wind and tide with thee ; thy way
 As soone dispatcht is by the night as day.
 Let us not then so rudely henceforth goe
 Till we have wept, kist, sigh't, shook hands, or so.
 There's paine in parting, and a kind of hell
 When once true lovers take their last farewell.
 What ? shall we two our endlesse leaves take here
 Without a sad looke, or a solemne teare ?
 He knowes not love that hath not this truth proved,
 Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.
 Pay we our vowes and goe, yet when we part,
 Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart
 Into thy loving hands ; for Ile keep none
 To warme my breast, when thou my pulse art gone.
 No, here Ile last, and walk, a harmless shade,
 About this urne, wherein thy dust is laid,
 To guard it so as nothing here shall be
 Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

SADLY I walk't within the field,
 To see what comfort it wo'd yeeld ;
 And as I went my private way,
 An olive branch before me lay ;
 And seeing it, I made a stay,
 And took it up, and view'd it ; then
 Kissing the omen, said Amen ;
 Be, be it so, and let this be
 A divination unto me ;

HESPERIDES.

That in short time my woes shall cease,
And love shall crown my end with peace.

UPON MUCH-MORE. EPIG.

MUCH-MORE provides and hoords up like an ant,
Yet Much-more still complains he is in want.
Let Much-more justly pay his tythes, then try
How both his meale and oile will multiply.

TO CHERRY-BLOSSOMES.

YE may simper, blush, and smile,
And perfume the aire a while ;
But, sweet things, ye must be gone ;
Fruit, ye know, is comming on :
Then, ah ! then, where is your grace,
When as cherries come in place ?

HOW LILLIES CAME WHITE.

WHITE though ye be ; yet, lillies, know,
From the first ye were not so ;
But Ile tell ye
What befell ye ;
Cupid and his mother lay
In a cloud ; while both did play,
He with his pretty finger prest
The rubie niplet of her breast ;

Out of the which the creame of light,
 Like to a dew,
 Fell downe on you,
 And made ye white.

TO PANSIES.

AH, cruell love ! must I endure
 Thy many scorns, and find no cure ?
 Say, are thy medicines made to be
 Helps to all others but to me ?
 Ile leave thee, and to Pansies come ;
 Comforts you'l afford me some :
 You can ease my heart, and doe
 What love co'd ne'r be brought unto.

ON GELLI-FLOWERS BEGOTTEN.

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

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

THE LILLY IN A CRISTAL.

You have beheld a smiling rose
When virgins hands have drawn
O'r it a cobweb-lawne ;
And here, you see, this lilly shows,
Tomb'd in a cristal stone,
More faire in this transparent case
Then when it grew alone,
And had but single grace.

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

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

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

Thus lillie, rose, grape, cherry, creame,
 And straw-berry do stir
 More love, when they transfer
 A weak, a soft, a broken beame ;
 Then if they sho'd discover
 At full their proper excellence,
 Without some scean cast over,
 To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this christal'd lillie be
 A rule, how far, to teach,
 Your nakednesse must reach ;
 And that no further then we see
 Those glaring colours laid
 By art's wise hand, but to this end
 They sho'd obey a shade,
 Lest they too far extend.

So though y'are white as swan or snow,
 And have the power to move
 A world of men to love ;
 Yet, when your lawns and silks shal flow,

And that white cloud divide
 Into a doubtful twilight, then,
 Then will your hidden pride
 Raise greater fires in men.

TO HIS BOOKE.

LIKE to a bride, come forth, my book, at last,
 With all thy richest jewels overcast;
 Say, if there be 'mongst many jems here, one
 Deservelesse of the name of Paragon;
 Blush not at all for that, since we have set
 Some pearls on queens that have been counterfet.

UPON SOME WOMEN.

THOU who wilt not love, doe this;
 Learne of me what woman is.
 Something made of thred and thrumme;
 A mere botch of all and some;
 Pieces, patches, ropes of haire;
 Inlaid garbage ev'ry where.
 Out-side silk, and out-side lawne,
 Sceanes to cheat us, neatly drawne.
 False in legs, and false in thighes,
 False in breast, teeth, haire, and eyes;
 False in head, and false enough,
 Onely true in shreds and stuffe.

SUPREME FORTUNE FALLS SOONEST.

WHILE leanest beasts in pastures feed,
The fattest oxe the first must bleed.

THE WELCOME TO SACK.

So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder smiles
Meet after long divorcement by the iles,
When love, the child of likeness, urgeth on
Their christal natures to an union;
So meet stolne kisses, when the moonie nights
Call forth fierce lovers to their wisht delights;
So kings and queens meet, when desire convinces
All thoughts but such as aime at getting princes,
As I meet thee. Soule of my life and fame!
Eternall lamp of love! whose radiant flame
Out-glares the heav'ns *Osiris; and thy gleams
Out-shine the splendour of his mid-day beams;
Welcome, O welcome, my illustrious spouse;
Welcome as are the ends unto my vowes.
I! far more welcome then the happy soile,
The sea-scourg'd merchant, after all his toile,
Salutes with tears of joy; when fires betray
The smoakie chimnies of his Ithaca.
Where hast thou been so long from my embraces,
Poor pittied exile? Tell me, did thy graces

* The Sun.

Flie discontented hence, and for a time
 Did rather choose to blesse another clime ?
 Or went'st thou to this end, the more to move me,
 By thy short absence to desire and love thee ?
 Why frowns my sweet ? Why won't my saint confer
 Favours on me, her fierce idolater ?
 Why are those looks, those looks the which have been
 Time-past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in
 Like a dull twilight ? Tell me, and the fault
 Ile expiate with sulphur, haire, and salt ;
 And with the christal humour of the spring,
 Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.
 Wo't thou not smile, or tell me what's amisse ?
 Have I been cold to hug thee, too remisse,
 Too temp'rate in embracing ? Tell me, ha's desire
 To thee-ward dy'd i'th'embers, and no fire
 Left in this rak't up ash-heap, as a mark
 To testifie the glowing of a spark ?
 Have I divorc't thee onely to combine
 In hot adult'ry with another wine ?
 True, I confesse I left thee, and appeale
 'Twas done by me, more to confirme my zeale,
 And double my affection on thee ; as doe those
 Whose love grows more enflam'd by being foes.
 But to forsake thee ever, co'd there be
 A thought of such like possibilitie ?
 When thou thy self dar'st say, thy iles shall lack
 Grapes, before Herrick leaves canarie sack.
 Thou mak'st me ayrie, active to be born,
 Like Iphyclus, upon the tops of corn.

Thou mak'st me nimble, as the winged howers,
 To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,
 And ride the sun-beams. Can there be a thing
 Under the heavenly *Isis, that can bring
 More love unto my life, or can present
 My genius with a fuller blandishment?
 Illustrious Idoll! co'd th'Ægyptians seek
 Help from the garlick, onyon, and the leek,
 And pay no vowes to thee, who wast their best
 God, and far more transcendent then the rest?
 Had Cassius, that weak water-drinker, known
 Thee in thy vine, or had but tasted one
 Small chalice of thy frantick liquor; he
 As the wise Cato, had approved of thee.
 Had not †Jove's son, that proud Tyrinthian swain,
 (Invited to the Thesbian banquet) ta'ne
 Full goblets of thy gen'rous blood, his spright
 Ne'r had kept heat for fifty maids that night.
 Come, come and kisse me; love and lust commends
 Thee and thy beauties; kisse, we will be friends
 Too strong for fate to break us: Look upon
 Me with that full pride of complexion,
 As queenes meet queenes; or come thou unto me,
 As Cleopatra came to Anthonie;
 When her high carriage did at once present
 To the Triumvir love and wonderment.
 Swell up my nerves with spirit; let my blood
 Run through my veines like to a hasty flood;

 * The Moon.

† Hercules.

Fill each part full of fire, active to doe
 What thy commanding soule shall put it to ;
 And till I turne apostate to thy love,
 Which here I vow to serve, doe not remove
 Thy fiers from me ; but Apollo's curse
 Blast these like actions, or a thing that's worse,
 When these circumstants shall but live to see
 The time that I prevaricate from thee.
 Call me the Sonne of Beere, and then confine
 Me to the tap, the tost, the turfe ; let wine
 Ne'r shine upon me, may my numbers all
 Run to a sudden death and funerall.
 And last, when thee, dear spouse, I disavow,
 Ne'r may prophetique Daphne crown my brow.

IMPOSSIBILITIES TO HIS FRIEND.

My faithfull friend, if you can see
 The fruit to grow up, or the tree ;
 If you can see the colour come
 Into the blushing peare or plum ;
 If you can see the water grow
 To cakes of ice, or flakes of snow ;
 If you can see that drop of raine
 Lost in the wild sea, once againe ;
 If you can see how dreams do creep
 Into the brain by easie sleep :
 Then there is hope that you may see
 Her love me once, who now hates me.

UPON LUGGS. EPIG.

LUGGS, by the condemnation of the bench,
 Was lately whipt for lying with a wench.
 Thus paines and pleasures turne by turne succeed ;
 He smarts at last, who do's not first take heed.

UPON GUBBS. EPIG.

GUBBS calls his children kitlings ; and wo'd bound,
 Some say, for joy, to see those kitlings drown'd.

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO TRUST TO GOOD VERSES.

Now is the time for mirth,
 Nor cheek or tongue be dumbe ;
 For 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 I'll call forth,
To pledge this second health
In wine, whose each cup's worth
An Indian commonwealth.

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 Thyrses, 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.

FAIRE DAYES; OR, DAWNES DECEITFULL.

FAIRE was the dawne; and but e'ne now the skies
 Shew'd like to creame, enspir'd with strawberries:
 Bnt on a sudden all was chang'd and gone,
 That smil'd in that first sweet complexion;
 Then thunder-claps and lightning did conspire
 To teare the world, or set it all on fire.
 What! trust to things below, when as we see
 As men, the heavens have their hypocrisie.

LIPS TONGUELESS.

FOR my part, I never care
 For those lips that tongue-ty'd are.
 Tell-tales I wo'd have them be
 Of my mistresse and of me ;
 Let them prattle, how that I
 Sometimes freeze, and sometimes frie :
 Let them tell how she doth move
 Fore or backward in her love :
 Let them speak by gentle tones,
 One and th' others passions ;
 How we watch, and seldom sleep,
 How by willowes we doe weep,
 How by stealth we meet, and then
 Kisse and sigh, so part agen.
 This the lips we will permit
 For to tell, not publish it.

TO THE FEVER, NOT TO TROUBLE JULIA.

TH'AST dar'd too farre ; but Furie, now forbear
 To give the least disturbance to her haire ;
 But lesse presume to lay a plait upon
 Her skins most smooth, and cleare expansion.
 'Tis like a lawnie firmament, as yet
 Quite dispossesst of either fray or fret.
 Come thou not neere that filmne so finely spred,
 Where no one piece is yet unlevelled.

This, if thou dost, woe to thee, Furie, woe !
Ile send such frost, such haile, such sleet, such snow,
Such flesh-quakes, palsies, and such fears, as shall
Dead thee to th' most, if not destroy thee all ;
And thou a thousand thousand times shalt be
More shak't thy selfe, then she is scorch't by thee.

TO VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honour,
You doe bring
In the spring ;
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and faire ;
Yet you are
More sweet than 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 do lie,
Poore girles, neglected.

UPON BUNCE. EPIG.

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

TO CARNATIONS. A SONG.

STAY while ye will, or goe,
 And leave no scent behind ye :
 Yet trust me, I shall know
 The place where I may find ye.

Within my Lucia's cheek,
 (Whose livery ye weare)
 Play ye at hide or seeke,
 I'm sure to find ye there.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old time is still a flying ;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
 The higher he's a getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And 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.

SAFETY TO LOOK TO ONE'S SELFE.

For my neighbour, Ile not know
 Whether high he builds or no ;
 Onely this Ile look upon,
 Firm be my foundation.
 Sound or unsound let it be,
 'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.
 He who to the ground do's fall,
 Has not whence to sink at all.

TO HIS FRIEND ON THE UNTUNEABLE TIMES.

PLAY I co'd once ; but, gentle friend, you see
 My harp hung up here on the willow tree.
 Sing I co'd once ; and bravely, too, enspire,
 With luscious numbers, my melodious lyre.
 Draw I co'd once, although not stocks or stones,
 Amphion-like men made of flesh and bones,

Whether I wo'd ; but, ah ! I know not how
 I feele in me this transmutation now.
 Griefe, my deare friend, has first my harp unstrung,
 Wither'd my hand, and palsie-struck my tongue.

HIS POETRIE HIS PILLAR.

ONELY a little more
 I have to write,
 Then Ile give o're,
 And bid the world good-night.

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

O Time, that cut'st down all ;
 And scarce leav'st here
 Memoriall
 Of any men that were.

How many lye forgot
 In vaults beneath ;
 And piece-meal 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.

SAFETY ON THE SHORE.

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

A PASTORALL UPON THE BIRTH OF PRINCE CHARLES,
 PRESENTED TO THE KING,
 AND SET BY MR. NIC. LANIERE.

The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, and Amarillis.

Amin. GOOD day, Mirtillo. *Mirt.* And to you no
 lesse ;

And all faire signs lead on our shepardesse.

Amar. With all white luck to you. *Mirt.* But say,
 What news

Stirs in our sheep-walk ? *Amin.* None, save that my
 ewes,

My weathers, lambes, and wanton kids are well,

Smooth, faire, aud fat, none better I can tell :

Or that this day Menalchas keeps a feast

For his sheep-shearers. *Mirt.* True, these are the
 least.

But dear Amintas, and sweet Amarillis,
 Rest but a while here by this bank of lillies;
 And lend a gentle eare to one report
 The country has. *Amin.* From whence? *Amar.* From
 whence? *Mirt.* The Court.

Three dayes before the shutting in of May,
 (With whitest wool be ever crown'd that day!)
 To all our joy, a sweet fac't child was borne,
 More tender then the childhood of the morne.

Chor. Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs and
 sheep,

Let lullaby the pretty prince asleep.

Mirt. And that his birth sho'd be more singular,
 At noone of day was seene a silver star,
 Bright as the wise mens torch, which guided them
 To Gods sweet babe, when borne at Bethlehem;
 While golden angels, some have told to me,
 Sung out his birth with heav'nly ministralsie.

Amin. O rare! But is't a trespasse, if we three
 Sho'd wend along his baby-ship to see?

Mirt. Not so, not so. *Chor.* But if it chance to prove
 At most a fault, 'tis but a fault of love.

Amar. But deare Mirtillo, I have heard it told,
 Those learned men brought incense, myrrhe, and gold,
 From countries far, with store of spices sweet,
 And laid them downe for offrings at his feet.

Mirt. 'Tis true, indeed; and each of us will bring
 Unto our smiling and our blooming King,
 A neat, though not so great an offering.

Amar. A garland for my gift shall be,
Of flowers ne'r suckt by th' theeving bee;
And all most sweet, yet all lesse sweet then he.

Amin. And I will beare along with you
Leaves dropping downe the honyed dew,
With oaten pipes, as sweet as new.

Mirt. And I a sheep-hook will bestow
To have his little King-ship know,
As he is Prince, he's shepherd too.

Chor. Come, let's away, and quickly let's be drest,
And quickly give, the swiftest grace is best.
And when before him we have laid our treasures,
We'll blesse the babe, then back to countrie pleasures.

TO THE LARK.

GOOD speed, for I this day
Betimes my mattens say ;
Because I doe
Begin to wooe.
Sweet singing Lark,
Be thou the clark,
And know thy when
To say, Amen.
And if I prove
Best in my love,
Then thou shalt be
High-priest to me,
At my returne,
To incense burne ;

And so to solemnize
Love's, and my sacrifice.

THE BUBBLE. A SONG.

To my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares,
Flie, thou made bubble of my sighs and teares.
In the wild aire, when thou hast rowl'd about,
And, like a blasting planet, found her out ;
Stoop, mount, passe by to take her eye, then glare
Like to a dreadfull comet in the aire :
Next, when thou dost perceive her fixed sight,
For thy revenge to be most opposite ;
Then like a globe, or ball of wild-fire, flie,
And break thy self in shivers on her eye.

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESSE.

You are a Tulip seen to-day,
But dearest, of so short a stay,
That where you grew, scarce man can say.

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

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

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

You are like Balme, inclosed well
In amber, or some chrystall shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

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

You are the queen all flowers among,
But die you must, faire maide, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

THE BLEEDING HAND; OR, THE SPRIG OF EGLANTINE

GIVEN TO A MAID.

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

LYRICK FOR LEGACIES.

GOLD I've none, for use or show,
 Neither silver to bestow
 At my death ; but thus much know,
 That each lyrick here shall be
 Of my love a legacie,
 Left to all posteritie.
 Gentle friends, then doe but please
 To accept such coyne as these,
 As my last remembrances.

A DIRGE UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT VALIANT
 LORD BERNARD STUART.

HENCE, hence, profane ; soft silence let us have,
 While we this Trentall sing about thy grave.

Had wolves or tigers seen but thee,
 They 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 do 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.

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

TO PERENNA, A MISTRESSE.

DEARE Perenna, prethee come,
And with smallage dresse my tomb:
Adde a cypresse sprig thereto
With a teare, and so adieu.

GREAT BOAST, SMALL ROST.

OF flanks and chines of beefe doth Gorrell boast
He has at home; but who tasts boil'd or rost?
Look in his brine-tub, and you shall find there
Two stiffe blew pigs-feet, and a sow's cleft eare.

UPON A BLEARE-EY'D WOMAN.

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

THE FAIRIE TEMPLE; OR, OBERON'S CHAPPELL.

DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN MERRIFIELD.

COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

RARE temples thou hast seen, I know,
 And rich for in and outward show;
 Survey this Chappell, built alone
 Without or lime, or wood or stone.
 Then say, if one th'ast seene more fine
 Then this, the fairies once, now thine.

THE TEMPLE.

A WAY enchac't with glasse and beads
 There is, that to the chappel leads;
 Whose structure, for his holy rest,
 Is here the Halcion's curious nest;
 Into the which who looks, shall see
 His Temple of Idolatry;
 Where he of god-heads has such store,
 As Rome's Pantheon had not more.
 His house of Rimmon this he calls,
 Girt with small bones, instead of walls.
 First, in a neech, more black then jet,
 His idol-cricket there is set;

Then in a polisht ovall by,
There stands his idol beetle-flie ;
Next, in an arch, akin to this,
His idol-canker seated is.
Then in a round, is plac't by these
His golden god, Cantharides.
So that where ere ye look, ye see
No capitoll, no cornish free,
Or freeze, from this fine fripperie.
Now, this the fairies wo'd have known,
Theirs is a mixt religion:
And some have heard the elves it call
Part Pagan, part Papisticall.
If unto me all tongues were granted,
I co'd not speak the saints here painted.
Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,
Who 'gainst Mab's state plac't here right is.
Saint Will o' th' Wispe, of no great bignes,
But alias call'd here *fatuus ignis*.
Saint Frip, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, S. Fillie,
Neither those other saint-ships will I
Here goe about for to recite
Their number, almost infinite ;
Which, one by one, here set downe are
In this most curious calendar.
First, at the entrance to the gate,
A little puppet-priest doth wait,
Who squeaks to all the commers there,
"Favour your tongues, who enter here.

"Pure hands bring hither, without staine."
 A second pules, "Hence, hence, profane."
 Hard by, i' th' shell of halfe a nut,
 The holy-water there is put;
 A little brush of squirrils haire,
 Compos'd of odde, not even paires,
 Stands in the platter, or close by,
 To purge the fairie family.
 Neere to the altar stands the priest,
 There offering up the holy-grist;
 Ducking in mood and perfect tense,
 With (much good do't him) reverence.
 The altar is not here foure-square,
 Nor in a forme triangular;
 Nor made of glasse, or wood, or stone,
 But of a little transverce bone;
 Which boyes and bruckel'd children call
 (Playing for points and pins) cockall.
 Whose linnen-drapery is a thin,
 Subtile, and ductile codlin's skin;
 Which o're the board is smoothly spred
 With little seale-work damasked.
 The fringe that circumbinds it, too,
 Is spangle-work of trembling dew,
 Which, gently gleaming, makes a show,
 Like frost-work glitt'ring on the snow.
 Upon this fetuous board doth stand
 Something for shew-bread, and at hand
 (Just in the middle of the altar)
 Upon an end, the Fairie-psalter,

Grac't with the trout-flies curious wings,
Which serve for watched ribbanings.
Now, we must know, the elves are led
Right by the Rubrick, which they read:
And if report of them be true,
They have their text for what they doe;
I, and their book of canons too.
And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
They have their book of articles;
And if that Fairie knight not lies,
They have their book of homilies;
And other Scriptures, that designe
A short, but righteous discipline.
The bason stands the board upon
To take the free-oblation:
A little pin-dust, which they hold
More precious then we prize our gold;
Which charity they give to many
Poore of the parish, if there's any.
Upon the ends of these neat railes,
Hatcht with the silver-light of snails,
The elves, in formal manner, fix
Two pure and holy candlesticks,
In either which a tall small bent
Burns for the altar's ornament.
For sanctity, they have to these
Their curious copes and surplices
Of cleanest cobweb, hanging by
In their religious vesterie.

They have their ash-pans and their brooms,
To purge the chappel and the rooms ;
Their many mumbling masse-priests here,
And many a dapper chorister.
Their ush'ring vergers here likewise,
Their canons and their chaunteries ;
Of cloyster-monks they have enow,
I, and their abbey-lubbers too.
And if their legend do not lye,
They much affect the papacie ;
And since the last is dead, there's hope
Elve Boniface shall next be Pope.
They have their cups and chalices,
Their pardons and indulgences,
Their beads of nits, bels, books, and wax
Candles, forsooth, and other knacks ;
Their holy oyle, their fasting spittle,
Their sacred salt here, not a little.
Dry chips, old shooes, rags, grease, and bones,
Beside their fumigations,
To drive the devill from the cod-piece
Of the fryar, of work an odde-piece.
Many a trifle, too, and trinket,
And for what use, scarce man wo'd think it.
Next then, upon the chanters side
An apples-core is hung up dry'd,
With rattling kirnils, which is rung
To call to morn and even-song.
The saint, to which the most he prays
And offers incense nights and dayes,

The lady of the lobster is,
Whose foot-pace he doth stroak and kisse,
And humbly chives of saffron brings,
For his most cheerfull offerings.
When, after these, h'as paid his vows,
He lowly to the altar bows ;
And then he dons the silk-worms shed,
Like a Turks turbant on his head,
And reverently departeth thence,
Hid in a cloud of frankincense ;
And by the glow-worms light wel guided,
Goes to the feast that's now provided.

TO MISTRESSE KATHARINE BRADSHAW, THE LOVELY,
THAT CROWNED HIM WITH LAUREL.

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

THE PLAUDITE, OR END OF LIFE.

If after rude and boystrous seas,
 My wearyed pinnace here finds ease;
 If so it be I've gain'd the shore,
 With safety of a faithful ore;
 If having run my barque on ground,
 Ye see the aged vessell crown'd;
 What's to be done? but on the sands
 Ye dance and sing, and now clap hands.
 The first act's doubtful, but we say,
 It is the last commends the play.

TO THE MOST VERTUOUS MISTRESSE POT, WHO MANY
 TIMES ENTERTAINED HIM.

WHEN I through all my many poems look,
 And see your selfe to beautifie my book;
 Methinks that onely lustre doth appeare
 A light fulfilling all the region here;
 Guild still with flames this firmament, and be
 A lamp eternall to my poetrie;
 Which, if it now, or shall hereafter shine,
 'Twas by your splendour, lady, not by mine.
 The oile was yours, and that I owe for yet;
 He payes the halfe who do's confesse the debt.

TO MUSIQUE, TO BECALME HIS FEVER.

CHARME me asleep, and melt me so
 With thy delicious numbers;
 That being ravisht, hence I goe
 Away in easie slumbers.
 Ease my sick head,
 And make my bed,
 Thou power that canst sever
 From me this ill,
 And quickly still,
 Though thou not kill
 My fever.

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

Fall on me like a silent dew,
 Or like those maiden showrs,
 Which, by the peep of day, doe strew
 A baptime o'er the flowers.

Melt, melt my paines,
 With thy soft straines;
 That having ease me given,
 With full delight,
 I leave this light,
 And take my flight
 For Heaven.

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN WITH A SWEET VOICE.

So long you did not sing, or touch your lute,
 We knew 'twas flesh and blood that there sat mute.
 But when your playing and your voice came in,
 'Twas no more you then, but a cherubin.

UPON CUPID.

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

UPON JULIA'S BREASTS.

DISPLAY thy breasts, my Julia, there let me
 Behold that circummortall purity;
 Betweene whose glories there my lips Ile lay,
 Ravisht, in that faire *Via lactea*.

BEST TO BE MERRY.

FOOLES are they, who never know
How the times away doe goe ;
But for us, who wisely see
Where the bounds of black death be :
Let's live merrily, and thus
Gratifie the genius.

THE CHANGES. TO CORINNA.

BE not proud, but now encline
Your soft eare to discipline ;
You have changes in your life,
Sometimes peace, and sometimes strife ;
You have ebbes of face and flowes,
As your health or comes or goes ;
You have hopes, and doubts, and feares,
Numberlesse as are your haire ;
You have pulses that doe beat
High, and passions lesse of heat ;
You are young, but must be old,
And to these ye must be told,
Time, ere long, will come and plow
Loathed furrowes in your brow :
And the dimnesse of your eye
Will no other thing imply,
But you must die
As well as I.

NO LOCK AGAINST LETCHERIE.

BARRE close as you can, and bolt fast too your doore
 To keep out the lecher, and keep in the whore ;
 Yet, quickly you'l see by the turne of a pin,
 The whore to come out, or the letcher come in.

NEGLECT.

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

UPON HIMSELFE.

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

UPON A PHYSITIAN.

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

UPON SUDDS, A LAUNDRESSE.

SUDDS launders bands in pisse ; and starches them
Both with her husband's, and her own tough fleame.

TO THE ROSE. SONG.

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

Say, if she's fretfull, I have bands
Of pearle and gold, to bind her hands ;
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have mirtle rods at will,
For to tame, though not to kill.

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

UPON GUESSE. EPIG.

GUESSE cuts his shoes, and limping, goes about
 To have men think he's troubled with the gout :
 But 'tis no gout, beleeve it, but hard beere,
 Whose acrimonious humour bites him here.

TO HIS BOOKE.

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

UPON A PAINTED GENTLEWOMAN.

MEN say y'are faire ; and faire ye are, 'tis true ;
 But, hark ! we praise the painter now, not you.

UPON A CROOKED MAID.

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

DRAW-GLOVES.

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

TO MUSICK, TO BECALME A SWEET SICK YOUTH.

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

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

NEVER my book's perfection did appeare,
 Til I had got the name of VILLARS here ;
 Now, 'tis so full, that when therein I look,
 I see a cloud of glory fills my book.
 Here stand it stil to dignifie our muse,
 Your sober hand-maid ; who doth wisely chuse
 Your name to be a laureat wreathe to hir,
 Who doth both love and feare you, honour'd sir.

HIS RECANTATION.

LOVE, I recant,
 And pardon crave,
 That lately I offended,

But 'twas,
 Alas !
 To make a brave,
 But no disdain intended.

No more Ile vaunt,
 For now I see
 Thou onely hast the power,
 To find
 And bind
 A heart that's free,
 And slave it in an houre.

THE COMMING OF GOOD LUCK.

So Good-luck came, and on my roofe did light,
 Like noyse-lesse snow, or as the dew of night ;
 Not all at once, but gently, as the trees
 Are by the sun-beams, tickel'd by degrees.

THE PRESENT ; OR, THE BAG OF THE BEE.

FLY to my mistresse, pretty pilfring bee,
 And say, thou bring'st this hony-bag from me ;
 When on her lip thou hast thy sweet dew plac't,
 Mark if her tongue but slily steale a taste ;
 If so, we live ; if not, with mournfull humme,
 Tole forth my death ; next, to my buryall come.

ON LOVE.

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

THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST-HOME :
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, MILDMAY,
EARLE OF WESTMORLAND.

Come sons of summer, by whose toile,
We are the lords of wine and oile ;
By whose tough labours and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands.
Crown'd with the eares of corne, now come,
And, to the pipe, sing harvest home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art.
See, here a maukin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet ;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lillies.
The harvest swaines and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd.

About the cart heare how the rout
Of rurall youngling raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some blesse the carte, some kisse the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves ;
Some crosse the fill-horse, some with great
Devotion stroak the home-borne wheat ;
While other rusticks, lesse attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boyes, to your lord's hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and cheefe
Foundation of your feast, fat beefe ;
With upper stories, mutton, veale,
And bacon, which makes full the meale,
With sev'rall dishes standing by,
As, here a custard, there a pie,
And here all tempting frumentie.
And for to make the merry cheere,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that, which drowns all care, stout beere ;
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough, the commonwealth,
Next to your flailles, your fanes, your fatts ;
Then to the maids with wheaten hats ;
To the rough sickle, and the crookt sythe,
Drink, frolick, boyes, till all be blythe.

Feed and grow fat, and as ye eat,
Be mindfull that the lab'ring neat,
As you, may have their full of meat ;
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient oxe unto the yoke,
And all goe back unto the plough
And harrow, though they'r hang'd up now.
And, you must know, your lord's word's true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fils you.
And that this pleasure is like raine,
Not sent ye for to drowne your paine,
But for to make it spring againe.

THE PERFUME.

TO-MORROW, Julia, I betimes must rise,
For some small fault, to offer sacrifice ;
The altar's ready ; fire to consume
The fat ; breathe thou, and there's the rich perfume.

UPON HER VOICE.

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

NOT TO LOVE.

HE that will not love, must be
My scholar, and learn this of me :

There be in love as many feares,
 As the summer's corne has eares;
 Sighs, and sobs, and sorrowes more
 Then the sand that makes the shore;
 Freezing cold and fire heats,
 Fainting swoones and deadly sweats;
 Now an ague, then a fever.
 Both tormenting lovers ever.
 Wod'st thou know, besides all these,
 How hard a woman 'tis to please?
 How crosse, how sullen, and how soone
 She shifts and changes like the moone.
 How false, how hollow she's in heart,
 And how she is her owne least part;
 How high she's priz'd, and worth but small;
 Little thou'lt love, or not at all.

TO MUSICK. A SONG.

MUSICK, thou queen of heaven, care-charming spell,
 That strik'st a stilnesse into hell;
 Thou that tam'st tygers, and fierce storms, that rise,
 With thy soule-melting lullabies;
 Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming
 spheres,
 To charme our soules, as thou enchant'st our eares.

TO THE WESTERN WIND.

SWEET western wind, whose luck it is,
Made rivall with the aire,
To give Perenna's lip a kisse,
And fan her wanton haire.

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

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SPARROW, AN ELEGIE.

WHY doe not all fresh maids appeare
To work love's sampler onely here,
Where spring-time smiles throughout the yeare?
Are not here rose-buds, pinks, all flowers
Nature begets by th' sun and showers,
Met in one hearce-cloth, to ore-spred
The body of the under-dead?
Phill, the late dead, the late dead deare,
O! may no eye distil a teare
For you once lost, who weep not here!
Had Lesbia, too too kind, but known
This sparrow, she had scorn'd her own;
And for this dead which under-lies,
Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.
But endlesse peace, sit here, and keep

My Phill, the time he has to sleep,
 And thousand virgins come and weep,
 To make these flowrie carpets show
 Fresh as their blood, and ever grow,
 Till passengers shall spend their doome;
 Not Virgil's gnat had such a tomb.

TO PRIMROSES FILL'D WITH MORNING-DEW.

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

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.

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

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

COMFORT TO A LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER
 HUSBAND.

DRY your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrow's
 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 ckeek sat ysicles awhile;
 Now let the rose raigne like a queene, and smile.

HOW VIOLETS CAME BLEW.

LOVE on a day, wise poets tell,
 Some time in wrangling spent,
 Whether the violets sho'd excell,
 Or she, in sweetest scent.

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

UPON GROYNES. EPIG.

GROYNES, for his fleshly burglary of late,
 Stood in the *Holy Forum Candidate*;
 The word is Roman, but in English knowne;
 Penance, and standing so, are both but one.

TO THE WILLOW-TREE.

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

When once the lover's rose is dead,
 Or laid aside forlorne,
 Then willow-garlands, 'bout the head,
 Bedew'd with teares, are worne.

When with neglect, the lover's bane,
 Poore maids rewarded be,
 For their lost love, their onely gaine
 Is but a wreathe from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,
 When weary of the light,
 The love-spent youth, and love-sick maid,
 Come to weep out the night.

MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF THE
 LOST SHEPARDESSE.

AMONG the mirtles as I walkt,
 Love and my sighs thus intertalkt;
 Tell me, said I, in deep distresse,
 Where I may find my shepardesse.

Thou foole, said love, know'st thou not this?
 In every thing that's sweet, she is.
 In yond' carnation goe and seek,
 There thou shalt find her lip and cheek;
 In that ennamel'd pansie by,
 There thou shalt have her curious eye;
 In bloome of peach and rose's bud,
 There waves the streamer of her blood.
 'Tis true, said I, and thereupon
 I went to pluck them one by one,
 To make of parts an union;
 But on a sudden all were gone.
 At which I stopt; said Love, these be
 The true resemblances of thee;
 For as these flowers, thy joyes must die;
 And in the turning of an eye;
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,
 Like those short sweets ere knit together.

TO THE KING.

IF when these lyricks, Cesar, you shall heare,
 And that Apollo shall so touch your eare,
 As for to make this, that, or any one
 Number, your owne, by free adoption;
 That verse, of all the verses here, shall be
 The heire to this great realme of poetry.

TO THE QUEENE.

GODDESSE of youth, and lady of the spring,
 Most fit to be the consort to a king,
 Be pleas'd to rest you in this sacred grove,
 Beset with mirtles, whose each leafe drops love.
 Many a sweet-fac't wood-nymph here is seene,
 Of which chaste order you are now the Queene.
 Witnessse their homage when they come and strew
 Your walks with flowers, and give their crowns to you.
 Your leavie throne, with lilly-work possesse,
 And be both princessse here, and poetresse.

THE POET'S GOOD WISHES FOR THE
 MOST HOPEFULL AND HANDSOME PRINCE,
 THE DUKE OF YORKE.

MAY his pretty duke-ship grow
 Like t'a rose of Jericho;
 Sweeter far than ever yet
 Showrs or sunshines co'd beget.
 May the graces and the howers
 Strew his hopes, and him with flowers;
 And so dresse him up with love,
 As to be the chick of Jove.
 May the thrice-three-sisters sing
 Him the soveraigne of their spring;
 And entitle none to be
 Prince of Hellicon but he.

May his soft foot, where it treads,
Gardens thence produce and meads ;
And those meddowes full be set
With the rose and the violet.
May his ample name be knowne
To the last succession ;
And his actions high be told
Through the world, but writ in gold.


TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY THING.

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be ;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart Ile give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree ;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall doe so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see ;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.



Bid me despaire, and Ile despaire,
 Under that cypresse tree ;
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me ;
 And hast command of every part,
 To live and die for thee.

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.

UPON A MAID THAT DYED THE DAY SHE WAS
MARRIED.

THAT morne which saw me made a bride,
 The ev'ning witnest that I dy'd.

Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
 Unto the bed the bashfull bride,
 Serv'd but as tapers, for to burne,
 And light my reliques to their urne.
 This epitaph, which here you see,
 Supply'd the epithalamie.

UPON PINK, AN ILL-FAC'D PAINTER. EPIG.

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

UPON BROCK. EPIG.

To clense his eyes, Tom Brock makes much adoe,
 But not his mouth, the fouler of the two.
 A clammie reume makes loathsome both his eyes ;
 His mouth worse furr'd with oathes and blasphemies.

TO MEDDOWES.

YE have been fresh and green,
 Ye have been fill'd with flowers ;
 And ye the walks have been
 Where maids have spent their houres.
 You have beheld how they
 With wicker arks did come,

To kisse and beare away
The richer couslips home.

Y'ave heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round ;
Each virgin, like a spring,
With hony-succles crown'd.

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

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

CROSSES.

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

MISERIES.

THOUGH hourelly comforts from the gods we see,
No life is yet life-prooffe from miserie.

LAUGH AND LIE DOWNE.

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

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.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROBIN RED-BREST.

WHEN I departed am, ring thou my knell,
Thou pittifull and pretty Philomel ;
And when I'm laid out for a corse, then be
Thou sexton, Red-brest, for to cover me.

TO THE YEW AND CYPRESSE TO GRACE HIS
FUNERALL.

BOTH you two have
Relation to the grave ;
And where
The fun'rall-trump sounds, you are there.

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

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

I CALL AND I CALL.

I CALL, I call: who doe ye call ?
The maids to catch this cowslip ball ;
But since these cowslips fading be,
Troth, leave the flowers, and maids take me.
Yet, if that neither you will doe,
Speak but the word, and Ile take you.

ON A PERFUM'D LADY.

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

A NUPTIAL SONG, OR EPITHALAMIE ON SIR
CLIPSEBY CREW AND HIS LADY.

WHAT'S that we see from far? the spring of day
Bloom'd from the east, or faire injewel'd May
 Blowne out of April; or some new-
 Star fill'd with glory to our view,
 Reaching at heaven,
To adde a nobler planet to the seven?
 Say, or doe we not descrie
Some goddesse, in a cloud of Tiffanie
 To move, or rather the
Emergent Venus from the sea?

'Tis she! 'tis she! or else some more divine
Enlightned substance; mark how from the shrine
 Of holy saints she paces on,
 Treading upon vermillion
 And amber; spice-
Ing the chafte aire with fumes of paradise.
 Then come on, come on, and yeeld
A savour like unto a blessed field,
 When the bedabled morne
 Washes the golden eares of corne.

See where she comes, and smell how all the street
Breathes vineyards and pomgranats; O how sweet!
 As a fir'd altar, is each stone,
 Perspiring pounded cynamon.

The phenix nest,
 Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.
 Who therein wo'd not consume
 His soule to ash-heaps in that rich perfume?
 Bestroaking fate the while
 He burnes to embers on the pile.

Himen, O Himen ! tread the sacred ground ;
 Shew thy white feet, and head with marjoram crown'd :
 Mount up thy flames, and let thy torch
 Display the bridegroom in the porch,
 In his desires
 More towring, more disparkling then thy fires ;
 Shew her how his eyes do turne
 And roule about, and in their motions burne
 Their balls to cindars ; haste,
 Or else to ashes he will waste.

Glide by the banks of virgins then, and passe
 The showers of roses, lucky foure-leav'd grasse ;
 The while the cloud of younglings sing,
 And drown yee with a flowrie spring ;
 While some repeat
 Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with wheat,
 While that others doe divine,
 "Blest is the bride, on whom the sun doth shine ;"
 And thousands gladly wish
 You multiply, as doth a fish.

And beautiful bride, we do confess y'are wise,
In dealing forth these bashfull jealousies :

In Love's name do so, and a price
Set on your selfe, by being nice.

But yet take heed,
What now you seem, be not the same indeed,
And turne apostate : Love will
Part of the way be met, or sit stone still.

On then, and though you slow-
Ly go, yet, howsoever, go.

And now y'are enter'd, see the codled cook
Runs from his torrid zone, to pree and look,
And blesse his dainty mistresse ; see,
The aged point out, This is she,

Who now must sway
The house (love shield her) with her Yea and Nay ;
And the smirk butler thinks it
Sin, in's nap'rie, not to express his wit ;
Each striving to devise
Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

To bed, to bed, kind turtles, now and write
This the short'st day, and this the longest night,
But yet too short for you ; 'tis we
Who count this night as long as three,
Lying alone,
Telling the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, one.

Quickly, quickly then prepare,
And let the young men and the bride-maids share
Your garters, and their joynts
Encircle with the bride-grooms points.

By the bride's eyes, and by the teeming life
Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that not strife,
Farther then gentlenes tends, gets place
Among ye, striving for her lace,

O doe not fall

Foule in these noble pastimes, lest ye call
Discord in, and so divide
The youthfull bridegroom and the fragrant bride ;
Which love forefend ; but spoken
Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.

Strip her of spring-time, tender whimpring maids,
Now Autumnne's come, when all those flowrie aids
Of her delayes must end ; dispose
That lady-smock, that pansie, and that rose
Neatly apart ;

But for prick-madam, and for gentle-heart,
And soft maidens-blush, the bride
Makes holy these, all others lay aside :
Then strip her, or unto her
Let him come who dares undo her.

And to enchant yee more, see every where
About the roofe a syren in a sphere,

As we think, singing to the dinne
Of many a warbling cherubim.

O marke yee how
The soule of Nature melts in numbers ; now
See, a thousand Cupids flye,
To light their tapers at the bride's bright eye.
To bed, or her they'l tire,
Were she an element of fire.

And to your more bewitching, see the proud
Plumpe bed beare up, and swelling like a cloud,
Tempting the two too modest; can
You see it brusle like a swan,
And you be cold
To meet it, when it woo's and seemes to fold
The armes to hugge it; throw, throw
Yourselves into the mighty over-flow
Of that white pride, and drowne
The night, with you, in floods of downe.

The bed is ready, and the maze of love
Lookes for the treaders ; every where is wove
Wit and new misterie ; read, and
Put in practise, to understand
And know each wile,
Each hieroglyphick of a kisse or smile ;
And do it to the full ; reach
High in your concept, and some way teach
Nature and Art one more
Play then they ever knew before.

If needs we must, for ceremonies sake,
 Blesse a sack-posset ; luck go with it ; take
 The night-charme quickly, you have spells
 And magicks for to end, and hells
 To passe ; but such,
 And of such torture, as no one could grutch
 To live therein for ever. Frie
 And consume, and grow again to die,
 And live, and in that case
 Love the confusion of the place.

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

All now is husht in silence ; midwife-moone,
 With all her owle-ey'd issue, begs a boon
 Which you must grant ; that's entrance ; with
 Which extract all we can call pith
 And quintiscence
 Of planetary bodies ; so commence

All faire constellations
 Looking upon yee, that, that nations
 Springing from two such fires,
 May blaze the vertue of their sires.

THE SILKEN SNAKE.

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

UPON HIMSELFE.

I AM sive-like, and can hold
 Nothing hot, or nothing cold ;
 Put in love, and put in too
 Jealousie, and both will through :
 Put in feare, and hope, and doubt,
 What comes in, runnes quickly out ;
 Put in secrecies withall,
 What ere enters, out it shall.
 But if you can stop the sive,
 For mine own part I'de as lieve,
 Maides sho'd say, or virgins sing,
 Herrick keeps, as holds nothing.

UPON LOVE.

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

REVERENCE TO RICHES.

LIKE to the income must be our expence;
Mans fortune must be had in reverence.

DEVOTION MAKES THE DEITY.

WHO formes a Godhead out of gold or stone,
Makes not a God, but he that prayes to one.

TO ALL YOUNG MEN THAT LOVE.

I COULD wish you all, who love,
 That ye could your thoughts remove
 From your mistresses, and be
 Wisely wanton, like to me.
 I could wish you dispossesst
 Of that fiend that marres your rest ;
 And with tapers come to fright
 Your weake senses in the night.
 I could wish ye all who frie,
 Cold as ice, or coole as I.
 But if flames best like ye, then
 Much good do't ye, gentlemen.
 I a merry heart will keep,
 While you wring your hands and weep.

THE EYES.

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

NO FAULT IN WOMEN.

No fault in women, to refuse
 The offer which they most wo'd chuse.
 No fault in women to confesse,
 How tedious they are in their dresse ;
 No fault in women, to lay on
 The tincture of vermillion ;

And there to give the cheek a die
 Of white, where Nature doth deny.
 No fault in women, to make show
 Of largeness, when th'are nothing so;
 When, true it is, the out-side swels
 With inward buckram, little else.
 No fault in women, though they be
 But seldome from suspition free;
 No fault in womankind at all,
 If they but slip, and never fall.

UPON SHARK. EPIG.

SHARK, when he goes to any publick feast,
 Eates, to ones thinking, of all there the least.
 What saves the master of the house thereby?
 When if the servants search, they may descry
 In his wide codpeece, dinner being done,
 Two napkins cram'd up, and a silver spoone.

OBERON'S FEAST.

"SHAPCOT! to thee the fairy state
 I with discretion dedicate;
 Because thou prizest things that are
 Curious and unfamiliar.
 Take first the feast; these dishes gone;
 We'll see the Fairy-court anon."

A little mushroome table spred,
 After short prayers they set on bread,

A moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,
With some small glit'ring gritt, to eate
His choyce bitts with; then in a trice
They make a feast lesse great then nice.
But all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not thinke his eare was sterv'd;
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirring grashopper,
The merry cricket, puling flie,
The piping gnat for minstralcy.
And now, we must imagine first,
The elves present to quench his thirst,
A pure seed-pearle of infant dew,
Brought and besweetned in a blew
And pregnant violet; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to runne
Quite through the table, where he spies
The hornes of paperie butterflies,
Of which he eates; and tastes a little
Of that we call the cuckoes spittle;
A little fuz-ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coorse; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugred rush, and eates the sagge
And well bestrutted bees sweet bagge;
Gladding his pallat with some store
Of emits eggs; what w'od he more?
But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,
A bloated earewig, and a flie;

With the red-capt worme, that's shut
Within the concave of a nut,
Browne as his tooth. A little moth,
Late fatned in a piece of cloth ;
With withered cherries, mandrakes eares,
Moles eyes ; to these the slain stag's teares ;
The unctuous dewlaps of a snaile,
The broke-heart of a nightingale
Ore-come in musicke ; with a wine
Ne're ravisht from the flattering vine,
But gently prest from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
Brought in a dainty daizie, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height ; this done, commended
Grace by his priest ; the feast is ended.

EVENT OF THINGS NOT IN OUR POWER.

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

UPON HER BLUSH.

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

MERITS MAKE THE MAN.

OUR honours and our commendations be
Due to the merits, not authoritie.

TO VIRGINS.

HEARE, ye Virgins, and Ile teach
What the times of old did preach.
Rosamond was in a bower
Kept, as Danae in a tower;
But yet love, who subtile is,
Crept to that, and came to this.
Be ye lockt up like to these,
Or the rich Hesperides:
Or those babies in your eyes,
In their christall nunneries;
Notwithstanding, love will win,
Or else force a passage in;
And as coy be as you can,
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

VERTUE.

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

THE BELL-MAN.

FROM noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
 From murders Benedicite;
 From all mischances that may fright
 Your pleasing slumbers in the night;
 Mercie secure ye all, and keep
 The goblin from ye, while ye sleep.
 Past one a clock, and almost two,
 My masters all, "Good day to you."

BASHFULNESSE.

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

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN,
 MASTER EDWARD NORGATE,
 CLARK OT THE SIGNET TO HIS MAJESTY. EPIG.

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

UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN, HER SICKNESS.

PRUE, my dearest maid, is sick,
 Almost to be lunatick ;
 Æsculapius! come and bring
 Means for her recovering ;
 And a gallant cock shall be
 Offer'd up by her to thee.

TO APOLLO. A SHORT HYMNE.

PHŒBUS, when that I a verse,
 Or some numbers more rehearse ;
 Tune my words, that they may fall
 Each way smoothly musicall ;
 For which favour, there shall be
 Swans devoted unto thee.

A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

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

UPON BUNGIE.

BUNGIE do's fast; looks pale; puts sack-cloth on;
Not out of conscience, or religion;
Or that this yonker keeps so strict a Lent,
Fearing to break the King's commandement;
But being poore, and knowing flesh is deare,
He keeps not one, but many Lents i' th' yeare.

ON HIMSELFE.

HERE down my wearyed limbs Ile lay;
My pilgrims staffe, my weed of gray;
My palmers hat, my scallops shell;
My crosse, my cord, and all farewell.
For having now my journey done,
Just at the setting of the sun,
Here have I found a chamber fit,
God and good friends be thank't for it,
Where if I can a lodger be
A little while from tramlers free;
At my up-rising next, I shall,
If not requite, yet thank ye all.
Meane while, the Holy-rood hence fright
The fouler fiend and evill spright,
From scaring you or yours this night.

CASUALTIES.

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

BRIBES AND GIFTS GET ALL.

DEAD falls the cause, if once the hand be mute;
But let that speak, the client gets the suit.

THE END.

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

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.

UPON SNEAPE. EPIG.

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

CONTENT, NOT CATES.

'Tis not the food, but the content
 That makes the table's merriment.
 Where trouble serves the board, we eate
 The platters there as soone as meat.
 A little pipkin with a bit
 Of mutton, or of veale in it,
 Set on my table, trouble-free,
 More then a feast contenteth me.

THE ENTERTAINMENT ; OR, PORCH-VERSE, AT THE
 MARRIAGE OF MR. HEN. NORTHLY,
 AND THE MOST WITTY MRS. LETTICE YARD.

WELCOME! but yet no entrance, till we blesse
 First you, then you, and both for white successe.
 Profane no porch, young man and maid, for fear
 Ye wrong the threshold-god that keeps peace here :
 Please him, and then all good-luck will betide
 You, the brisk bridegroom, you, the dainty bride.
 Do all things sweetly, and in comely wise,
 Put on your garlands first, then sacrifice ;
 That done, when both of you have seemly fed,
 We'll call on night to bring ye both to bed ;
 Where being laid, all faire signes looking on,
 Fish-like, encrease then to a million ;
 And millions of spring-times may ye have,
 Which spent, one death bring to ye both one grave.

THE GOOD NIGHT, OR BLESSING.

BLESSINGS, in abundance come
 To the bride, and to her groome;
 May the bed, and this short night,
 Know the fulness of delight.
 Pleasures many here attend ye,
 And ere long a boy love send ye,
 Curld and comely, and so trimme,
 Maides, in time, may ravish him.
 Thus a dew of graces fall
 On ye both; Good-night to all.

UPON LEECH.

LEECH boasts he has a pill, that can alone
 With speed give sick men their salvation:
 'Tis strange, his father long time has been ill,
 And credits physick, yet not trusts his pill:
 And why? he knowes he must of cure despaire,
 Who makes the slie physitian his heire.

TO DAFFADILLS.

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
 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 summer's raine ;
 Or as the pearles of morning's dew,
 Ne'r to be found againe.

TO A MAID.

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

UPON A LADY THAT DYED IN CHILD-BED, AND LEFT
 A DAUGHTER BEHIND HER.

As gilly-flowers do but stay
 To blow, and seed, and so away,
 So you, sweet lady, sweet as May,
 The garden's glory, liv'd a while,
 To lend the world your scent and smile :
 But when your own faire print was set
 Once in a virgin flosculet,

Sweet as your selfe, and newly blown,
 To give that life, resign'd your own;
 But so, as still the mother's power
 Lives in the pretty lady-flower.

A NEW YEARES GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMEON
 STEWARD.

No newes of navies burnt at seas;
 No noise of late spawn'd tittyries;
 No closset plot or open vent,
 That frights men with a Parliament:
 No new devise or late found trick,
 To read by th' starres the kingdom's sick;
 No ginne to catch the state, or wring
 The free-born nostrills of the King,
 We send to you; but here a jolly
 Verse crown'd with yvie and with holly;
 That tels of winter's tales and mirth,
 That milk-maids make about the hearth,
 Of Christmas sports, the wassel-boule,
 That tost up after Fox-i'th'hole;
 Of Blind-man-buffe, and of the care
 That young men have to shooe the Mare;
 Of twelf-tide cakes, of pease and beanes,
 Wherewith ye make those merry sceanes,
 When as ye chuse your king and queen,
 And cry out, "Hey for our town green."
 Of ash-heapes, in the which ye use
 Husbands and wives by streakes to chuse;

Of crackling laurell, which fore-sounds
A plentious harvest to your grounds ;
Of these, and such like things, for shift,
We send in stead of New-yeares gift.
Read then, and when your faces shine
With bucksome meat and capring wine,
Remember us in cups full crown'd,
And let our citie-health go round,
Quite through the young maids and the men,
To the ninth number, if not tenne ;
Untill the fired chesnuds leape
For joy to see the fruits ye reape,
From the plumpe challice and the cup
That tempts till it be tossed up.
Then as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind those fled Decembers ;
But think on these, that are t'appeare,
As daughters to the instant yeare ;
Sit crown'd with rose-buds, and carouse,
Till *Liber Pater* twirles the house
About your eares, and lay upon
The yeare, your cares, that's fled and gon.
And let the russet swaines the plough
And harrow hang up resting now ;
And to the bag-pipe all addresse,
Till sleep takes place of wearinesse.
And thus, throughout, with Christmas playes
Frolick the full twelve holy-dayes.

MATTENS, OR MORNING PRAYER.

WHEN with the virgin morning thou do'st rise,
 Crossing thy selfe, come thus to sacrifice;
 First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring
 Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing.
 Next to the altar humbly kneele, and thence
 Give up thy soule in clouds of frankinsence.
 Thy golden censors fil'd with odours sweet,
 Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

EVENSONG.

BEGINNE with Jove; then is the worke halfe done,
 And runnes most smoothly when 'tis well begunne.
 Jove's is the first and last; the morn's his due,
 The midst is thine, but Jove's the evening too,
 As sure a mattins do's to him belong,
 So sure he layes claime to the evensong.

THE BRACELET TO JULIA.

WHY I tye about thy wrist,
 Julia, this my silken twist;
 For what other reason is't,
 But to shew thee how in part
 Thou my pretty captive art?
 But thy bond-slave is my heart;
 'Tis but silke that bindeth thee,

Knap the thread and thou art free ;
 But 'tis otherwise with me ;
 I am bound, and fast bound so,
 That from thee I cannot go ;
 If I co'd, I wo'd not so.

THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A MAN prepar'd against all ills to come,
 That dares to dead the fire of martirdome ;
 That sleeps at home, and sayling there at ease,
 Feares not the fierce sedition of the seas ;
 That's counter-prooffe against the farms mishaps,
 Undreadfull too of courtly thunderclaps ;
 That weares one face, like heaven, and never showes
 A change, when fortune either comes or goes ;
 That keeps his own strong guard, in the despight
 Of what can hurt by day, or harme by night ;
 That takes and re-delivers every stroake
 Of chance, as made up all of rock and oake ;
 That sighs at other's death, smiles at his own
 More dire and horrid crucifixion.
 Who for true glory suffers thus, we grant
 Him to be here our Christian militant.

A SHORT HYMNE TO LARR.

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

ANOTHER TO NEPTUNE.

MIGHTY Neptune, may it please
Thee, the rector of the seas,
That my barque may safely runne
Through thy watrie region,
And a tunnie-fish shall be
Offer'd up, with thanks to thee.

UPON GREEDY. EPIG.

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

HIS EMBALMING TO JULIA.

FOR my embalming, Julia, do but this,
Give thou my lips but their supreamest kiss;
Or else transfuse thy breath into the chest,
Where my small reliques must for ever rest;
That breath the balm, the myrrh, the nard shal be,
To give an incorruption unto me.

GOLD BEFORE GOODNESSE.

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

THE KISSE. A DIALOGUE.

1. AMONG thy fancies, tell me this,
 What is the thing we call a kisse?
 2. I shall resolve ye what it is.

It is a creature born and bred
 Between the lips, all cherrie-red,
 By love and warm desires fed,
Chor. And makes more soft the bridall bed.

2. It is an active flame, that flies,
 First to the babies of the eyes,
 And charmes them there with lullabies,
Chor. And stills the bride too when she cries.

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

1. Has it a speaking virtue; 2. Yes.
 1. How speaks it, say? 2. Do you but this,
 Part your joyn'd lips, then speaks your kisse;
Chor. And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body? 2. I, and wings,
 With thousand rare encolourings;
 And as it flyes, it gently sings,
Chor. Love honie yeelds, but never stings.

THE ADMONITION.

SEEST thou those diamonds which she weares
 In that rich carkanet,
 Or those on her dishevel'd haire,
 Faire pearles in order set?
 Beleeve, young man, all those were teares
 By wretched woers sent,
 In mournfull hyacinths and rue,
 That figure discontent;
 Which, when not warmed by her view,
 By cold neglect each one
 Congeal'd to pearle and stone;
 Which precious spoiles upon her,
 She weares as trophees of her honour.
 Ah, then consider what all this implies;
 She that will weare thy teares wo'd weare thine eyes.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR WILLIAM SOAME.

EPIG.

I CAN but name thee, and methinks I call
 All that have been, or are canonicall
 For love and bountie, to come neare and see
 Their many vertues volum'd up in thee;
 In thee, brave man, whose incorrupted fame
 Casts forth a light like to a virgin flame;
 And as it shines, it throwes a scent about,
 As when a rainbow in perfumes goes out.
 So vanish hence, but leave a name as sweet
 As Benjamin and Storax, when they meet.

ON HIMSELFE.

ASKE me why I do not sing
To the tension of the string,
As I did not long ago,
When my numbers full did flow?
Griefe, ay me! hath struck my lute,
And my tongue at one time mute.

TO LARR.

No more shall I, since I am driven hence,
Devote to thee my 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,
Warne by a glitt'ring chimnie all the yeare.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD DÆMON.

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

CLEMENCY.

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

HIS AGE, DEDICATED TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND,
 M. JOHN WICKES, UNDER THE NAME OF
 POSTHUMUS.

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

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

Crown we our heads with roses then,
And 'noint with Sirian balme ; for when
 We two are dead,
The world with us is buried.
 Then live we free,
As is the air, and let us be
Our own fair wind, and mark each one
Day with the white and luckie stone.

We are not poore, although we have
No roofs of cedar, nor our brave

Baiæ, nor keep
 Account of such a flock of sheep;
 Nor bullocks fed
 To lard the shambles; barbels bred
 To kisse our hands; nor do we wish
 For Pollio's lampries in our dish.

If we can meet, and so conferre,
 Both by a shining salt-seller,
 And have our rooffe,
 Although not archt, yet weather prooffe,
 And seeling 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, wilderness!
 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 breast,
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 there's like to poetry."

Thus frantick crazie man, God wot,
Ile call to mind things half forgot ;
And oft between
Repeat the times that I have seen ;
Thus ripe with tears,
And twisting my 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 Thyirse,
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 then night bewearied,

A SHORT HYMNE TO VENUS.

GODDESSE, I do love a girle
 Rubie-lipt, and tooth'd with pearl;
 If so be I may but prove
 Luckie in this maide I love,
 I will promise there shall be
 Mirtles offer'd up to thee.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN, ON JUST DEALING.

TRUE to your selfe, and sheets, you'l have me swear;
 You shall, if righteous dealing I find there.
 Do not you fall through frailty; Ile be sure
 To keep my bond still free from forfeiture.

THE HAND AND TONGUE.

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

UPON A DELAYING LADY.

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

I scorne to be
A slave to state ;
And since I'm free,
I will not wait,
Henceforth at such a rate,
For needy fate.

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

TO THE LADY MARY VILLARS, GOVERNESSE TO
THE PRINCESSE HENRETTA.

WHEN I of Villars doe but heare the name,
It calls to mind that mighty Buckingham,
Who was your brave exalted uncle here,
Binding the wheele of fortune to his sphere ;

Who spurn'd at envie, and co'd bring, with ease,
 An end to all his stately purposes.
 For his love then, whose sacred reliques show
 Their resurrection and their growth in you ;
 And for my sake, who ever did prefer
 You above all those sweets of Westminster ;
 Permit my book to have a free accesse
 To kisse your hand, most dainty governesse.

UPON HIS JULIA.

WILL ye heare what I can say
 Briefly of my Julia?
 Black and rowling is her eye,
 Double chinn'd, and forehead high ;
 Lips she has, all rubie red,
 Cheeks like creame enclarited ;
 And a nose that is the grace
 And proscenium of her face.
 So that we may guesse by these
 The other parts will richly please.

TO FLOWERS.

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

TO MY ILL READER.

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

THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE.

LET kings command, and doe the best they may,
The saucie subjects still will beare the sway.

A HYMNE TO VENUS AND CUPID.

SEA-BORN goddesse, let me be,
By thy sonne thus grac't and thee,
That when ere I wooe, I find
Virgins coy, but not unkind.
Let me, when I kisse a maid,
Taste her lips, so overlaid
With love's sirrop, that I may
In your temple, when I pray,
Kisse the altar, and confess,
Ther's in love no bitterness.

ON JULIA'S PICTURE.

How am I ravisht, when I do but see
The painter's art in thy sciography?

If so, how much more shall I dote thereon,
When once he gives it incarnation?

HER BED.

SEE'ST thou that cloud as silver cleare,
Plump, soft, and swelling every where?
'Tis Julia's bed, and she sleeps there.

HER LEGS.

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

UPON HER ALMES.

SEE how the poore do waiting stand
For the expansion of thy hand.
A wafer dol'd by thee will swell
Thousands to feed by miracle.

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 RAINBOW.

LOOK how the rainbow doth appeare
 But in one onely hemisphere ;
 So likewise after our disseace,
 No more is seen the arch of peace.
 That cov'nant's here, the under-bow,
 That nothing shoots, but war and woe.

THE MEDDOW VERSE, OR ANNIVERSARY TO
 MISTRIS BRIDGET LOWMAN.

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.

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.

UPON JUDITH. EPIG.

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

LONG AND LAZIE.

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

UPON RALPH. EPIG.

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

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE PHILIP, EARLE OF
PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERIE.

How dull and dead are books, that cannot show
A Prince of Pembroke, and that Pembroke you !
You, who are high born, and a lord no lesse
Free by your fate, then fortune's mightinesse,
Who hung our poems, honour'd sir, and then
The paper gild, and laureat the pen.
Nor suffer you the poets to sit cold,
But warm their wits, and turn their lines to gold.
Others there be, who righteously will swear
Those smooth-pac't numbers, amble every where ;
And these brave measures go a stately trot ;
Love those like these ; regard, reward them not.
But you, my lord, are one whose hand along
Goes with your mouth, or do's outrun your tongue,
Paying before you praise, and cockring wit,
Give both the gold and garland unto it.

A HYMNE TO JUNO.

STATELY goddesse, do thou please,
Who art chief at marriages,
But to dresse the bridall bed,
When my love and I shall wed ;
And a peacock proud shall be
Offer'd up by us to thee.

UPON MEASE. EPIG.

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

UPON SAPHO, SWEETLY PLAYING AND SWEETLY
SINGING.

WHEN thou do'st play, and sweetly sing,
Whether it be the voice or string,
Or both of them, that do agree
Thus to entrance and ravish me ;
This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute,
And dye away upon thy lute.

UPON PASKE, A DRAPER.

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

CHOP-CHERRY.

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

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

TO THE MOST LEARNED, WISE, AND ARCH-
 ANTIQUARY, M. JOHN SELDEN.

I WHO have favour'd many, come to be
 Grac't, now at last, or glorifi'd by thee.
 Loe, I, the lyrick prophet, who have set
 On many a head the Delphick coronet,
 Come unto thee for laurell, having spent
 My wreaths on those who little gave or lent.
 Give me the Daphne, that the world may know it,
 Whom they neglected thou hast crown'd a poet.
 A city here of heroes I have made,
 Upon the rock, whose firm foundation laid,
 Shall never shrink ; where making thine abode,
 Live thou a Selden, that's a demi-god.

UPON HIMSELF.

THOU shalt not all die ; for while love's fire shines
 Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines ;
 And learn'd musicians shall, to honour Herrick's
 Fame, and his name, both set and sing his lyricks.

UPON WRINKLES.

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

UPON PRIGG.

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

UPON MOON.

MOON is an usurer, whose gain
Seldome or never knows a wain ;
Onely Moon's conscience we confesse,
That ebs from pittie lesse and lesse.

PRAY AND PROSPER.

FIRST offer incense, then thy field and meads
Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads.
The spangling dew dreg'd o're the grasse shall be
Turn'd all to mell and manna there for thee.
Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oile,
Shall run as rivers all throughout thy soyl.
Wod'st thou to sincere silver turn thy mold?
Pray once, twice pray, and turn thy ground to gold.

HIS LACHRIMÆ, OR MIRTH TURN'D TO MOURNING.

CALL me no more,
As heretofore,
The musick of a feast ;
Since now, alas,
The mirth that was
In me, is dead or 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 SHIFT.

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

UPON CUTS.

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

GAIN AND GETTINGS.

WHEN others gain much by the present cast,
The cobbler's getting time, is at the last.

TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY MISTRIS

ANNE SOAME, NOW LADY ABDIE.

So smell those odours that do rise
From out the wealthy spiceries ;
So smels the flowre of blooming clove,
Or roses smother'd in the stove ;
So smells the aire of spiced wine,
Or essences of jessimine ;
So smells the breath about the hives,
When well the work of hony thrives,
And all the busie factours come
Laden with wax and hony home ;
So smell those neat and woven bowers,
All over-archit with oringe flowers,
And almond blossoms, that do mix
To make rich these aromatikes ;
So smell those bracelets, and those bands
Of amber chaf't between the hands ;

When thus enkindled, they transpire
 A noble perfume from the fire.
 The wine of cherries, and to these
 The cooling breath of respases ;
 The smell of morning's milk and cream,
 Butter of cowslips mixt with them ;
 Of rosted warden, or bak'd peare,
 These are not to be reckoned here ;
 When as the meanest part of her
 Smells like the maiden-pomander.
 Thus sweet she smells, or what can be
 More lik'd by her, or lov'd by mee.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRIS ELIZABETH
 HERRICK.

SWEET virgin, that I do not set
 The pillars up of weeping jet,
 Or mournfull marble, let thy shade
 Not wrathfull seem, or fright the maide,
 Who hither at her wonted howers
 Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.
 No, know, blest maide, when there's not one
 Remainder left of brasse or stone,
 Thy living epitaph shall be,
 Though lost in them, yet found in me.
 Dear, in thy bed of roses, then,
 Till this world shall dissolve as men,
 Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
 Drawing the curtains round ; Good night.

A PANEGYRICK TO SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON.

TILL I shall come again, let this suffice,
 I send my salt, my sacrifice
 To thee, thy lady, younglings, and as farre
 As to thy genius and thy larre ;
 To the worn threshold, porch, hall, parlour, kitchin,
 The fat-fed smoking temple, which in
 The wholesome savour of thy mighty chines,
 Invites to supper him who dines,
 Where laden spits, warp't with large ribbs of beefe,
 Not represent, but give reliefe
 To the lanke stranger and the sowre swain,
 Where both may feed and come againe ;
 For no black-bearded vigil from thy doore
 Beats with a button'd-staffe the poore ;
 But from thy warm love-hatching gates, each may
 Take friendly morsels, and there stay
 To sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,
 For thou no porter keep'st who strikes.
 No commer to thy roofe his guest-rite wants ;
 Or, staying there, is scourg'd with taunts
 Of some rough groom, who, yirkt with corns, sayes,
 Sir,
 Y've dipt too long i'th' vinegar ;
 And with our broth and bread and bits, Sir friend,
 Y've fared well, pray make an end ;
 Two-dayes y've larded here ; a third, yee know,
 Makes guests and fish smell strong ; pray go

You to some other chimney, and there take
 Essay of other giblets ; make
Merry at another's hearth ; y'are here
 Welcome as thunder to our beere ;
Manners knowes distance, and a man unrude
 Wo'd soon recoile, and not intrude
His stomach to a second meale. No, no,
 Thy house, well fed and taught, can show
No such crab'd vizard : Thou hast learnt thy train
 With heart and hand to entertain ;
And by the armes-full, with a breast unhid,
 As the old race of mankind did,
When either's heart, and either's hand did strive
 To be the nearer relative ;
Thou do'st redeeme those times ; and what was lost
 Of antient honesty, may boast
It keeps a growth in thee, and so will runne
 A course in thy fame's pledge, thy sonne.
Thus, like a Roman Tribune, thou thy gate
 Early setts ope to feast, and late ;
Keeping no currish waiter to affright,
 With blasting eye, the appetite,
Which fain would waste upon thy cates, but that
 The trencher creature marketh what
Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by
 Some private pinch tels dangers nie,
A hand to desp'rate, or a knife that bites
 Skin deepe into the porke, or lights
Upon some part of kid, as if mistooke,
 When checked by the butler's look.

No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund beere
 Is not reserv'd for Trebius here,
 But all who at thy table seated are,
 Find equall freedome, equall fare ;
 And thou, like to that hospitable god,
 Jove, joy'st when guests make their abode
 To eate thy bullock's thighs, thy veales, thy fat
 Weathers, and never grudged at.
 The phesant, partridge, gotwit, reeve, ruffe, raile,
 The cock, the curlew, and the quaile ;
 These, and thy choicest viands do extend
 Their taste unto the lower end
 Of thy glad table ; not a dish more known
 To thee, then unto any one :
 But as thy meate, so thy immortal wine
 Makes the smirk face of each to shine,
 And spring fresh rose-buds, while the salt, the wit
 Flowes from the wine, and graces it ;
 While reverence, waiting at the bashfull board,
 Honours my lady and my lord.
 No scurrile jest, no open sceane is laid
 Here, for to make the face affraid ;
 But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-
 Ly, that it makes the meate more sweet,
 And adds perfumes unto the wine, which thou
 Do'st rather poure forth, then allow
 By cruse and measure ; thus devoting wine,
 As the Canary isles were thine ;
 But with that wisdome and that method, as
 No one that's there his guilty glasse

Drinks of distemper, or ha's cause to cry
 Repentance to his liberty.
 No, thou know'st order, ethicks, and ha's read
 All oeconomicks, know'st to lead
 A house-dance neatly, and can'st truly show
 How farre a figure ought to go,
 Forward or backward, side-ward, and what pace
 Can give, and what retract a grace ;
 What gesture courtship, comliness agrees,
 With those thy primitive decrees,
 To give subsistance to thy house, and prooffe,
 What genii support thy rooffe,
 Goodnes and greatnes, not the oaken piles ;
 For these, and marbles have their whiles
 To last, but not their ever ; vertue's hand
 It is which builds 'gainst fate to stand.
 Such is thy house, whose firme foundations trust
 Is more in thee then in her dust,
 Or depth ; these last may yeeld, and yearly shrinke,
 When what is strongly built, no chinke
 Or yawning rupture can the same devoure,
 But fixt it stands, by her own power,
 And well-laid bottome, on the iron and rock,
 Which tryes, and counter-stands the shock,
 And ramme of time, and by vexation growes
 The stronger. Vertue dies when foes
 Are wanting to her exercise, but great
 And large she spreads by dust and sweat.
 Safe stand thy walls, and thee, and so both will,
 Since neither's height was rais'd by th' ill

Of others ; since no stud, no stone, no piece
 Was rear'd up by the poore-mans fleece ;
 No widowe's tenement was rackt to guild
 Or fret thy seeling, or to build
 A sweating-closset, to anoint the silke-
 Soft skin, or bath in asses milk ;
 No orphan's pittance, left him, serv'd to set
 The pillars up of lasting jet,
 For which their cryes might beate against thine eares,
 Or in the dampe jet read their teares,
 No planke from hallowed altar do's appeale
 To yond' Star-chamber, or do's seale
 A curse to thee, or thine ; but all things even
 Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.
 Go on directly so, as just men may
 A thousand times, more sweare, then say,
 This is that princely Pemberton, who can
 Teach men to keepe a God in man ;
 And when wise poets shall search out to see
 Good men, they find them all in thee.

TO HIS VALENTINE, ON S. VALENTINE'S DAY.

OFT have I heard both youths and virgins say,
 Birds chuse their mates, and couple too, this day ;
 But by their flight I never can divine
 When I shall couple with my Valentine.

UPON DOLL. EPIG.

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

UPON SKREW. EPIG.

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

UPON LINNIT. EPIG.

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

UPON M. BEN JOHNSON. EPIG.

AFTER the rare arch-poet Johnson dy'd,
The sock grew loathsome, and the buskins pride,
Together with the stage's glory, stood
Each like a poore and pitied widowhood.
The cirque prophan'd was, and all postures rackt;
For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
Then temper flew from words, and men did squeake,
Looke red, and blow, and bluster, but not speake;
No holy rage or frantick fires did stirre,
Or flash about the spacious theater.
No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-prooffe
Did crack the play-house sides, or cleave her rooffe.

Artlesse the sceane was, and that monstrous sin
 Of deep and arrant ignorance came in ;
 Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hist
 At thy unequal'd play, the Alchymist ;
 Oh fie upon 'em ! Lastly too, all witt
 In utter darknes did, and still will sit
 Sleeping the lucklesse age out, till that she
 Her resurrection ha's again with thee.

ANOTHER.

THOU had'st the wreath before, now take the tree ;
 Then henceforth none be laurel crown'd but thee.

TO HIS NEPHEW, TO BE PROSPEROUS IN HIS ART
 OF PAINTING.

ON, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get
 The palme from Urbin, Titian, Tintarret,
 Brugel, and Coxu, and the workes outdoe
 Of Holben, and that mighty Ruben too.
 So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,
 No, not the glory of the world, Vandike.

UPON GLASSE. EPIG.

GLASSE, out of deepe and out of desp'rate want,
 Turn'd from a Papist here, a Predicant.
 A vicarage at last Tom Glasse got here,
 Just upon five and thirty pounds a-yeare.

Adde to that thirty five, but five pounds more,
He'l turn a Papist, rancker then before.

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.

THESE summer birds did with thy master stay
The times of warmth, but then they flew away,
Leaving their poet, being now grown old,
Expos'd to all the comming winter's cold.
But thou, kind Prew, did'st with my fates abide,
As well the winter's as the summer's tide ;
For which thy love, live with thy master here,
Not one, but all the seasons of the yeare.

A CANTICLE TO APOLLO.

PLAY, Phœbus, on thy lute,
And we will sit all mute ;

HESPERIDES.

By listning to thy lire,
That sets all eares on fire.

Harke, harke, the God do's play ;
And as he leads the way
Through heaven, the very spheres,
As men, turne all to eares.

A JUST MAN.

A JUST man's like a rock that turnes the wroth
Of all the raging waves into a froth.

UPON A HOARSE SINGER.

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

HOW PANSIES OR HART-EASE CAME FIRST.

FROLICK virgins once these were,
Overloving, living here ;
Being here their ends deny'd
Ran for sweet-hearts mad, and di'd.
Love, in pitie of their teares,
And their losse in blooming yeares,
For their restlesse here-spent houres.
Gave them hearts-ease turn'd to flow'rs.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, SIR EDWARD FISH,
KNIGHT BARONET.

SINCE for thy dull deserts, with all the rest
Of these chaste spirits, that are here possest
Of life eternall, time has made thee one
For growth in this my rich plantation;
Live here; but know 'twas vertue, and not chance,
That gave thee this so high inheritance.
Keepe it for ever; grounded with the good,
Who hold fast here an endlesse lively food.

LARR'S PORTION AND THE POET'S PART.

AT my homely country-seat,
I have there a little wheat,
Which I worke to meale, and make
Therewithall a holy cake;
Part of which I give to Larr,
Part is my peculiar.

UPON MAN.

MAN is compos'd here of a twofold part;
The first of nature, and the next of art;
Art presupposes nature; nature shee
Prepares the way for man's docility.

LIBERTY.

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

LOTS TO BE LIKED.

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

GRIEFES.

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

UPON EELES. EPIG.

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

THE DREAME.

By dream, I saw one of the three
 Sisters of Fate appeare to me.
 Close by my bed's side she did stand,
 Shewing me there a fire brand ;

She told me, too, as that did spend,
 So drew my life unto an end.
 Three quarters were consum'd of it;
 Onely remain'd a little bit,
 Which will be burnt up by and by;
 Then Julia, weep, for I must dy.

UPON RASPE. EPIG.

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

UPON CENTER, A SPECTACLE MAKER, WITH A FLAT
NOSE.

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

CLOTHES DO BUT CHEAT AND COUSEN US.

AWAY with silks, away with lawn,
 Ile have no sceans or curtains drawn ;
 Give me my mistresse as she is,
 Drest in her nak't simplicities.
 For as my heart, ene so mine eye
 Is wone with flesh, not drapery.

TO DIANEME.

SHEW me thy feet; shew me thy legs, thy thighes;
 Shew me those fleshie principalities;
 Shew me that hill, where smiling love doth sit,
 Having a living fountain under it.
 Shew me thy waste; then let me there withall,
 By the assention of thy lawn, see all.

UPON ELECTRA.

WHEN out of bed my love doth spring,
 'Tis but as day a kindling;
 But when she's up and fully drest,
 'Tis then broad day throughout the east.

TO HIS BOOKE.

HAVE I not blest thee? Then go forth, nor fear
 Or spice, or fish, or fire, or close-stools here.
 But with thy fair fates leading thee, go on
 With thy most white predestination.
 Nor think these ages, that do hoarcely sing
 The farting tanner, and familiar king;
 The dancing frier, tatter'd in the bush;
 Those monstrous lies of little Robin Rush;
 Tom Chipperfeild, and pritty lisping Ned,
 That doted on a maide of gingerbred.
 The flying pilcher, and the frisking dace,
 With all the rabble of Tim Trundell's race,

Bred from the dung-hils and adulterous rhimes,
Shall live, and thou not superlast all times ?
No, no, thy stars have destin'd thee to see
The whole world die, and turn to dust with thee.
He's greedie of his life who will not fall,
When as a publick ruine bears down all."

OF LOVE.

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

UPON HIMSELF.

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

ANOTHER.

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

UPON SKINNS. EPIG.

SKINNS, he din'd well to day ; how do you think ?
His nails they were his meat, his reume the drink.

UPON PIEVISH. EPIG.

PIEVISH doth boast that he's the very first
Of English poets, and 'tis thought the worse.

UPON JOLLY AND JILLY. EPIG.

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

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

Good morrow to the day so fair ;
Good morning, sir, to you ;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabled with the dew.

Good morning to this primrose too ;
Good morrow to each maid ;
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack, and well-a-day!
For pittie, sir, find out that bee,
Which bore my love away.

Ile seek him in your bonnet brave;
Ile seek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave
I' th' bed of strawburies.

Ile seek him there; I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kisse
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,
He knowes well who do love him;
And who with green turfes reare his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed,
When bands of cow-slips bind him,
And bring him home; but 'tis decreed,
That I shall never find him.

TO SPRINGS AND FOUNTAINS.

I HEARD ye co'd coole heate; and came
With hope you would allay the same;

Thrice have I washt, but feel no cold,
 Nor find that true which was foretold.
 Methinks, like mine, your pulses beat,
 And labour with unequall heat ;
 Cure, cure your selves, for I descrie
 Ye boil with love as well as I.

UPON JULIA'S UNLACING HER SELF.

TELL, if thou canst, and truly, whence doth come
 This camphire, storax, spiknard, galbanum ;
 These musks, these ambers, and those other smells,
 Sweet as the vestrie of the oracles.
 Ile tell thee ; while my Julia did unlace
 Her silken bodies but a breathing space,
 The passive aire such odour then assum'd,
 As when to Jove great Juno goes perfum'd ;
 Whose pure immortal body doth transmit
 A scent, that fills both heaven and earth with it.

TO BACCHUS, A CANTICLE.

WHITHER dost thou whorry me,
 Bacchus, being full of thee ?
 This way, that way, that way, this,
 Here and there a fresh love is ;
 That doth like me, this doth please :
 Thus a thousand mistresses
 I have now ; yet I alone
 Having all, injoy not one.

THE LAWNE.

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

THE FRANKINCENSE.

WHEN my off'ring next I make,
Be thy hand the hallowed cake ;
And thy brest the altar, whence
Love may smell the frankincense.

UPON PATRICK, A FOOTMAN. EPIG.

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

UPON BRIDGET. EPIG.

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

TO SYCAMORES.

I'M sick of love ; O let me lie
Under your shades, to sleep or die !
Either is welcome ; so I have
Or here my bed, or here my grave.

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

A PASTORALL SONG TO THE KING.

Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo, Shepherds.

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

Mon. Troth, bad are both ; worse fruit, and ill the tree :
 The feast of shepherds fail. *Sil.* None crowns the cup
 Of wassaile now, or sets the quintell up :
 And he, who us'd to leade the country round,
 Youthfull Mirtillo, here he comes, grief drown'd.

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

Mirt. Ah, Amarillis ! farewell mirth and pipe ;
 Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play
 To these smooth lawns, my mirthfull roundelay.
 Dear Amarillis ! *Mon.* Hark ! *Sil.* Mark ! *Mirt.* This
 earth grew sweet

Where, Amarillis, thou didst set thy feet.

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

And sheep grew more sweet by that breth of thine.

This flock of wool, and this rich lock of hair,
This ball of cowslips, these she gave me here.

Sil. Words sweet as love itself. *Mon.* Hark !

Mirt. This way she came, and this way too she went ;
How each thing smells divinely redolent !
Like to a field of beans, when newly blown,
Or like a meadow being lately mown.

Mon. A sweet sad passion——

Mirt. In dewie mornings, when she came this way,
Sweet bents wode bow, to give my love the day ;
And when at night she folded had her sheep,
Daysies wo'd shut, and closing, sigh and weep.
Besides (Ai me !) since she went hence to dwell,
The voice's daughter, nea'r spake syllable.

But she is gone. *Sil.* Mirtillo, tell us whether ?

Mirt. Where she and I shall never meet together.

Mon. Fore-fend it Pan ; and Pales, do thou please
To give an end. *Mirt.* To what ? *Sil.* Such griefs
as these.

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

Mon. Love, for thy sake, will bring her to these
hills

And dales again. *Mirt.* No, I will languish still ;
And all the while my part shall be to weepe ;
And with my sighs call home my bleating sheep ;
And in the rind of every comely tree
Ile carve thy name, and in that name kisse thee.

Mon. Set with the sunne thy woes. *Sil.* The day
grows old,
And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

Chor. The shades grow great ; but greater growes
our sorrow ;
 But lets go steepe
 Our eyes in sleepe,
 And meet to weepe
 To morrow.

THE POET LOVES A MISTRESSE, BUT NOT TO MARRY.

I do not love to wed,
 Though I do like to woee ;
And for a maidenhead
 Ile beg, and buy it too.

Ile praise, and Ile approve
 Those maids that never vary ;
And fervently Ile love,
 But yet I would not marry.

Ile hug, Ile kisse, Ile play,
 And, cock-like, hens Ile tread ;
And sport in any way,
 But in the bridal-bed.

For why ? that man is poore,
 Who hath but one of many ;

But crown'd he is with store,
That single, may have any.

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

UPON FLIMSEY. EPIG.

WHY walkes Nick Flimsey like a male-content ?
Is it because his money all is spent ?
No, but because the ding-thrift now is poore,
And knowes not where i' th' world to borrow more.

UPON SHEWBREAD. EPIG.

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

THE WILLOW GARLAND.

A WILLOW garland thou did'st send
Perfum'd, last day, to me ;
Which did but only this portend,
I was forsooke by thee.

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

As beasts unto the altars go
 With garlands drest, so I
 Will, with my Willow-wreath also,
 Come forth and sweetly dye.

A HYMNE TO CLIPSEBY CREW.

'Twas not Lov's dart,
 Or any blow
 Of want, or foe,
 Did wound my heart
 With an eternall smart.

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

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

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

But though we sever,
My Crew shall see
That I will be
Here faithlesse never,
But love my Clipsey ever.

UPON ROOTS. EPIG.

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

UPON CRAW.

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

OBSERVATION.

WHO to the north or south doth set
His bed, male children shall beget.

EMPIRES.

EMPIRES of kings are now, and ever were,
As Sallust saith, co-incident to feare.

FELICITY, QUICK OF FLIGHT.

EVERY time seemes short to be,
That's measur'd by Felicity ;
But one halfe houre that's made up here
With grieffe, seemes longer than a yeare.

PUTREFACTION.

PUTREFACTION is the end
Of all that Nature doth entend.

PASSION.

WERE there not a matter known,
There wo'd be no Passion.

JACK AND JILL.

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

UPON PARSON BEANES.

OLD Parson Beanes hunts six dayes of the week,
And on the seaventh he has his notes to seek ;
Six dayes he hollows so much breath away,
That on the seaventh he can nor preach or pray.

THE CROWD AND COMPANY.

IN holy meetings, there a man may be
One of the Crowd, not of the Companie.

SHORT AND LONG BOTH LIKES.

THIS lady's short, that mistresse she is tall ;
But long or short, I'm well content with all.

POLLICIE IN PRINCES.

THAT Princes may possesse a surer seat,
'Tis fit they make no one with them too great.

UPON ROOK. EPIG.

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

UPON THE NIPPLES OF JULIA'S BREAST.

HAVE ye beheld, with much delight,
 A red rose peeping through a white ?
 Or else a cherrie, double grac't,
 Within a lillie, center plac't ?
 Or ever mark't the pretty beam,
 A strawberry shewes halfe drown'd in creame ?
 Or seen rich rubies blushing through
 A pure smooth pearle, and orient too ?
 So like to this, nay all the rest,
 Is each neate Niplet of her breast.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOONE.

SHUT not so soon ; the dull-ey'd night
 Ha's not as yet begunne
 To make a seisure on the light,
 Or to seale up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are,
 No shadowes great appeare ;
 Nor doth the early shepheards starre
 Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
 Her life-begetting eye ;
 And let the whole world then dispose
 It selfe to live or dye.

TO THE LITTLE SPINNERS.

YE pretty Huswives, wo'd ye know
 The work that I wo'd put ye to;
 This, this it sho'd be, for to spin
 A lawn for me, so fine and thin,
 As it it might serve me for my skin.
 For cruell love ha's me so whipt,
 That of my skin I all am stript,
 And shall dispaire that any art
 Can ease the rawnesse or the smart,
 Unlesse you skin again each part.
 Which mercy, if you will but do,
 I call all maids to witenesse to
 What here I promise, that no broom
 Shall now, or ever after come,
 To wrong a Spinner, or her loome.

OBERON'S PALACE.

AFTER the feast, my Shapcot, see
 The Fairie court I give to thee;
 Where we'le present our Oberon led
 Halfe tipsie to the Fairie bed,
 Where Mab he finds, who there doth lie
 Not without mickle majesty.
 Which done, and thence remov'd the light,
 We'l wish both them and thee good night.

Full as a bee with thyme, and red
 As cherry harvest, now high fed

For lust and action ; on he'l go
To lye with Mab, though all say no.
Lust ha's no eares ; he's sharpe as thorn,
And fretfull, carries hay in's horne,
And lightning in his eyes ; and flings
Among the elves, if mov'd, the stings
Of peltish wasps ; we'l know his guard ;
Kings, though th'are hated, will be fear'd.
Wine lead him on. Thus to a grove,
Sometimes devoted unto love,
Tinseld with twilight, he and they
Lead by the shine of snails, a way
Beat with their numerous feet, which by
Many a neat perplexity,
Many a turn, and man' a crosse-
Track, they redeem a bank of mosse
Spungie and swelling, and farre more
Soft then the finest Lemster ore ;
Mildly disparkling, like those fiers
Which break from the injeweld tyres
Of curious brides ; or like those mites
Of candi'd dew in moony nights.
Upon this convex, all the flowers
Nature begets by th' sun and showers,
Are to a wilde digestion brought,
As if Love's sampler here was wrought ;
Or Citherea's ceston, which
All with temptation doth bewitch.
Sweet aires move here, and more divine
Made by the breath of great ey'd kine,

Who, as they lowe, empearl with milk
The foure-leav'd grasse, or mosse-like silk.
The breath of munkies, met to mix
With musk-flies, are th' aromaticks
Which cense this arch ; and here and there,
And farther off, and every where
Throughout that brave Mosaick yard,
Those picks or diamonds in the card ;
With peeps of harts, of club and spade,
Are here most neatly inter-laid.
Many a counter, many a die,
Half rotten, and without an eye,
Lies here abouts ; and for to pave
The excellency of this cave,
Squirrils and childrens teeth late shed,
Are neatly here enchequered,
With brownest toadstones, and the gum
That shines upon the blewer plum.
The nails faln off by whit-flawes : Art's
Wise hand enchasing here those warts,
Which we to others (from our selves)
Sell, and brought hither by the elves.
The tempting mole, stoln from the neck
Of the shie virgin, seems to deck
The holy entrance ; where within,
The roome is hung with the blew skin
Of shifted snake ; enfrez'd throughout
With eyes of peacocks trains, and trout-
Flies curious wings ; and these among

Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung.
The glow-wormes eyes, the shining scales
Of silv'rie fish, wheat-strawes, the snailes
Soft candle-light, the kitling's eyne,
Corrupted wood, serve here for shine.
No glaring light of bold-fac't day,
Or other over radiant ray,
Ransacks this roome; but what weak beams
Can make reflected from these jems,
And multiply; such is the light,
But ever doubtfull, day or night.
By this quaint taper-light, he winds
His errours up; and now he finds
His moon-tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,
And, love knowes, tender as a chick.
Upon six plump Dandillions, high-
Rear'd, lyes her elvish majestie,
Whose woollie-bubbles seem'd to drowne
Hir Mab-ship in obedient downe;
For either sheet was spread the caule
That doth the infant's face enthrall,
When it is born, by some enstyl'd
The luckie omen of the child;
And next to these, two blankets ore-
Cast of the finest gossamore;
And then a rug of carded wooll,
Which, sponge-like, drinking in the dull
Light of the moon, seem'd to comply,
Cloud-like, the daintie Deitie.

Thus soft she lies ; and over-head
A spinner's circle is bespread
With cob-web curtains ; from the roof
So neatly sunck, as that no proof
Of any tackling can declare
What gives it hanging in the aire.
The fringe about this, are those threds
Broke at the losse of maiden-heads ;
And all behung with these pure pearls,
Dropt from the eyes of ravisht girles,
Or writhing brides, when, panting, they
Give unto love the straiter way.
For musick now, he has the cries
Of fained lost virginities ;
The which the elves make to excite
A more unconquer'd appetite.
The king's undrest ; and now upon
The gnat's watch-word the elves are gone.
And now the bed, and Mab possest
Of this great little kingly guest ;
We'll nobly think, what's to be done
He'll do no doubt: This flax is spun.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND MASTER THOMAS
SHAPCOTT, LAWYER.

I've paid thee what I promis'd ; that's not all ;
Besides, I give thee here a verse that shall,
When hence thy circum-mortall part is gon,
Arch-like, hold up, thy name's inscription.

Brave men can't die ; whose candid actions are
 Writ in the poet's endlesse kalendar :
 Whose velome and whose volumne is the skie,
 And the pure starres the praising poetrie.
 Farewell.

TO JULIA IN THE TEMPLE.

BESIDES us two, i' th' Temple here's not one
 To make up now a congregation.
 Let's to the altar of perfumes then go,
 And say short prayers : and when we have done so
 Then we shall see, how in a little space
 Saints will come in to fill each pew and place.

TO OENONE.

WHAT, Conscience, say, is it in thee,
 When I a heart had one,
 To take away that heart from me,
 And to retain thy own ?

For shame or pittty, now encline
 To play a loving part ;
 Either to send me kindly thine,
 Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both ; but if thou dost
 Resolve to part with neither ;
 Why ! yet to shew that thou art just,
 Take me and mine together.

HIS WEAKNESSE IN WOES.

I CANNOT suffer; and in this, my part
Of patience wants. Grief breaks the stoutest heart.

FAME MAKES US FORWARD.

To print our poems, the propulsive cause
Is Fame, the breath of popular applause.

TO GROVES.

YE silent shades, whose each tree here
Some relique of a saint doth weare;
Who for some sweet-heart's sake, did prove
The fire and martyrdome of love.
Here is the legend of those saints
That di'd for love, and their complaints;
Their wounded hearts, and names we find
Encarv'd upon the leaves and rind.
Give way, give way to me, who come
Scorch't with the selfe-same martyrdome;
And have deserv'd as much, Love knowes,
As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those
Whose deeds and deaths here written are
Within your Greenie-kalendar.
By all those virgins fillets hung
Upon your boughs, and requiems sung
For saints and soules departed hence,
Here honour'd still with frankincense;

By all those teares that have been shed,
 As a drink-offering to the dead ;
 By all those true-love knots, that be
 With motto's carv'd on every tree,
 By sweet S. Phillis! pitie me ;
 By deare S. Iphis! and the rest
 Of all those other saints now blest ;
 Me, me forsaken, here admit
 Among your mirtles to be writ ;
 That my poore name may have the glory
 To live remembred in your story.

AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN.

HERE a solemne fast we keepe,
 While all beauty lyes asleep,
 Husht be all things, no noyse here
 But the toning of a teare ;
 Or a sigh of such as bring
 Cowslips for her covering.

TO THE RIGHT GRATIOUS PRINCE, LODWICK,
DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

Of all those three brave brothers, fal'n i'th'warre,
 (Not without glory) noble sir, you are,
 Despite of all concussions, left the stem,
 To shoot forth generations like to them.
 Which may be done, if, sir, you can beget
 Men in their substance, not in counterfeit.

Such essences as those three brothers, known
 Eternall by their own production.
 Of whom, from Fam's white trumpet, this Ile tell,
 Worthy their everlasting chronicle,
 Never since first Bellona us'd a shield,
 Such three brave brothers fell in Mars his field.
 These were those three Horatii Rome did boast;
 Rom's where these three Horatii we have lost.
 One Cordelion had that age long since,
 This three, which three you make up foure, brave
 prince.

TO JEALOUSIE.

O JEALOUSIE, that art
 The canker of the heart;
 And mak'st all hell
 Where thou dost dwell;
 For pitie be
 No furie, or no fire-brand to me.

Farre from me Ile remove
 All thoughts of irksome love;
 And turn to snow,
 Or christall grow,
 To keep still free,
 O, soul-tormenting Jealousie! from thee.

TO LIVE FREELY.

LET's live in hast; use pleasures while we may;
 Co'd life return, 'twod never lose a day.

UPON SPUNGE. EPIG.

SPUNGE makes his boasts that he's the onely man
 Can hold of beere and ale an ocean;
 Is this his glory? then his triumph's poore;
 I know the Tunne of Hidleberge holds more.

HIS ALMES.

HERE, here I live,
 And somewhat give
 Of what I have
 To those who crave.
 Little or much,
 My Almnes is such;
 But if my deal
 Of oyl and meal
 Shall fuller grow,
 More Ile bestow.
 Mean time, be it
 E'en but a bit,
 Or else a crum,
 The scrip hath some.

UPON HIMSELF.

COME, leave this loathed country-life, and then
 Grow up to be a Roman citizen.
 Those mites of time, which yet remain unspent,
 Waste thou in that most civill government.
 Get their comportment, and the gliding tongue
 Of those mild men thou art to live among ;
 Then being seated in that smoother sphere,
 Decree thy everlasting topick there ;
 And to the farm-house nere return at all,
 Though granges do not love thee, cities shall.

TO ENJOY THE TIME.

WHILE Fate permits us, let's be merry ;
 Passe all we must the fatall ferry ;
 And this our life, too, whirles away,
 With the rotation of the day.

UPON LOVE.

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

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

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILDMAY,
 EARLE OF WESTMORLAND.

You are a lord, an earle, nay more, a man,
 Who writes sweet numbers well as any can;
 If so, why then are not these verses hurl'd,
 Like Sybels leaves, throughout the ample world?
 What is a jewell, if it be not set
 Forth by a ring, or some rich carkanet?
 But being so, then the beholders cry,
 See, see a jemme, as rare as Bælus eye.
 Then publick praise do's runne upon the stone,
 For a most rich, a rare, a precious one.
 Expose your jewels then unto the view,
 That we may praise them, or themselves prize you.
 Vertue conceal'd, with Horace you'l confesse,
 Differs not much from drowzie slothfullnesse.

THE PLUNDER.

I AM of all bereft,
 Save but some few beanes left,

Whereof, at last, to make
 For me and mine a cake;
 Which eaten, they and I
 Will say our grace, and die.

LITTLENESSE NO CAUSE OF LEANNESSE.

One feeds on lard, and yet is leane;
 And I, but feasting with a beane,
 Grow fat and smooth: The reason is,
 Jove prospers my meat more then his.

UPON ONE WHO SAID SHE WAS ALWAYES YOUNG.

You say y'are young; but when your teeth are told
 To be but three, black-ey'd, wee'l thinke y'are old.

UPON HUNCKS. EPIG.

HUNCKS has no money; he do's sweare or say,
 About him, when the tavern shot's to pay.
 If he has none in's pockets, trust me, Huncks
 Has none at home in coffers, desks, or trunks.

THE JIMMALL RING; OR, TRUE-LOVE-KNOT.

THOU sent'st to me a true-love-knot; but I
 Return'd a ring of jimmals, to imply
 Thy love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

THE PARTING VERSE, OR CHARGE TO HIS SUPPOSED
WIFE, WHEN HE TRAVELLED.

Go hence, and with this parting kisse,
Which joins two souls, remember this ;
Though thou beest young, kind, soft, and faire,
And may'st draw thousands with a haire,
Yet let these glib temptations be
Furies to others, friends to me.
Looke upon all ; and though on fire
Thou set'st their hearts, let chaste desire
Steere thee to me ; and thinke, me gone,
In having all, that thou hast none.
Nor so immured wo'd I have
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave ;
But walke abroad, yet wisely well
Stand for my comming, sentinell ;
And think, as thou do'st walke the street,
Me or my shadow thou do'st meet.
I know a thousand greedy eyes
Will on thy features tirannize,
In my short absence ; yet behold
Them like some picture, or some mould
Fashion'd like thee ; which though 't'ave eares
And eyes, it neither sees or heares.
Gifts will be sent, and letters, which
Are the expressions of that itch,
And salt, which frets thy suters ; fly
Both, lest thou lose thy liberty ;

For that once lost, thou'lt fall to one,
Then prostrate to a million.
But if they woo thee, do thou say,
As that chaste Queen of Ithaca
Did to her suitors, this web done,
Undone as oft as done, I'm wonne ;
I will not urge thee, for I know,
Though thou art young, thou canst say no,
And no again, and so deny
Those thy lust-burning incubi.
Let them enstille thee fairest fair,
The pearle of princes, yet despaire
That so thou art, because thou must
Believe love speaks it not, but lust ;
And this their flatt'rie do's commend
Thee chiefly for their pleasures end.
I am not jealous of thy faith,
Or will be ; for the axiome saith
He that doth suspect, do's haste
A gentle mind to be unchaste.
No, live thee to thy selfe, and keep
Thy thoughts as cold as is thy sleep ;
And let thy dreames be only fed
With this, that I am in thy bed.
And thou, then turning in that sphere,
Waking shalt find me sleeping there.
But yet, if boundlesse lust must skaile
Thy fortress, and will needs prevaile,
And wildly force a passage in,
Banish consent, and 'tis no sinne

Of thine ; so Lucrece fell, and the
Chaste Syracusian Cyane.
So Medullina fell, yet none
Of these had imputation
For the least trespasse ; 'cause the mind
Here was not with the act combin'd.
The body sins not, 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill.
And if thy fall sho'd this way come,
Triumph in such a martirdome.
I will not over-long enlarge
To thee, this my religious charge :
Take this compression, so by this
Means I shall know what other kisse
Is mixt with mine ; and truly know,
Returning, if 't be mine or no ;
Keepe it till then ; and now, my spouse,
For my wisht safety pay thy vowes
And prayers to Venus ; if it please
The great blew ruler of the seas ;
Not many full-fac't moons shall waine,
Lean-horn'd, before I come again
As one triumphant, when I find
In thee all faith of woman-kind.
Nor wo'd I have thee thinke that thou
Had'st power thy selfe to keep this vow ;
But having scapt temptations shelve,
Know vertue taught thee, not thy selfe.

TO HIS KINSMAN, SIR THO. SOAME.

SEEING thee, Soame, I see a goodly man,
And in that good a great patrician ;
Next to which two, among the city powers
And thrones, thy selfe one of those senatours ;
Not wearing purple only for the show,
As many conscripts of the citie do,
But for true service, worthy of that gowne,
The golden chaine, too, and the civick crown.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIRE pledges of a fruitfull tree,
Why doe yee fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were yee borne to be
An houre or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth,
Meerly to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'r so brave ;

And after they have shown their pride
Like you a while, they glide
Into the grave.

MAN'S DYING-PLACE UNCERTAIN.

MAN knowes where first he ships himselfe ; but he
Never can tell where shall his landing be.

NOTHING FREE-COST.

NOTHING comes free-cost here ; Jove will not let
His gifts go from him, if not bought with sweat.

FEW FORTUNATE.

MANY we are, and yet but few possesse
Those fields of everlasting happinesse.

TO PERENNA.

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

TO THE LADYES.

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

THE OLD WIVES PRAYER.

HOLY-ROOD, come forth and shield
Us i' th' citie and the field ;
Safely guard us, now and aye,
From the blast that burns by day ;
And those sounds that us affright
In the dead of dampish night ;
Drive all hurtfull feinds us fro,
By the time the cocks first crow.

UPON A CHEAPE LAUNDRESSE. EPIG.

FEACIE, some say, doth wash her clothes i' th' lie,
That sharply trickles from her either eye.
The laundresses, they envie her good-luck,
Who can with so small charges drive the buck.
What needs she fire and ashes to consume,
Who can scoure linnens with her own salt reume ?

UPON HIS DEPARTURE HENCE.

THUS I
 Passe by,
 And die,
 As one
 Unknown
 And gon :
 I'm made
 A shade,
 And laid
 I'th grave,
 There have
 My cave :
 Where tell
 I dwell,
 Farewell.

THE WASSAILE.

GIVE way, give way, ye gates, and win
 An easie blessing to your bin
 And basket, by our entring in.

May both with manchet stand repleat,
 Your larders, too, so hung with meat,
 That thou a thousand, thousand eat.

Yet ere twelve moones shall whirl about
 Their silv'rie spheres, ther's none may doubt
 But more's sent in then was serv'd out.

Next, may your dairies prosper so,
As that your pans no ebbe may know ;
But if they do, the more to flow.

Like to a solemne sober stream,
Bankt all with lillies, and the cream
Of sweetest cowslips filling them.

Then may your plants be prest with fruit,
Nor bee or hive you have be mute,
But sweetly sounding like a lute.

Next, may your duck and teeming hen,
Both to the cocks-tread say, Amen ;
And for their two eggs render ten.

Last, may your harrows, shares, and ploughes,
Your stacks, your stocks, your sweetest mowes,
All prosper by your virgin-vowes.

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

Let's leave a longer time to wait,
Where rust and cobwebs bind the gate ;
And all live here with needy fate ;

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

It is in vain to sing, or stay
 Our free feet here, but we'l away ;
 Yet to the lares this we'l say :

The time will come, when you'l be sad,
 And reckon this for fortune bad,
 T'ave lost the good ye might have had.

UPON A LADY FAIRE, BUT FRUITLESSE.

TWICE has Pudica been a bride, and led
 By holy Himen to the nuptiall bed.
 Two youths sha's known, thrice two and twice three
 yeares,
 Yet not a lillie from the bed appeares ;
 Nor will ; for why ? Pudica this may know,
 Trees never beare, unlesse they first do blow.

HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST.

THESE springs were maidens once that lov'd,
 But lost to that they most approv'd :
 My story tells, by Love they were
 Turn'd to these springs which we see here :
 The pretty whimpering that they make,
 When of the banks their leave they take,
 Tels ye but this, they are the same,
 In nothing chang'd but in their name.

TO ROSEMARY AND BAIES.

My wooing's ended ; now my wedding's neere ;
When gloves are giving, gilded be you there.

UPON SKURFFE.

SKURFFE by his nine bones sweares, and well he may,
All know a fellow eate the tenth away.

UPON A SCARRE IN A VIRGIN'S FACE.

'Tis heresie in others ; in your face
That scarr's no schisme, but the sign of grace.

UPON HIS EYE-SIGHT FAILING HIM.

I BEGINNE to waine in sight ;
Shortly I shall bid goodnight ;
Then no gazing more about,
When the tapers once are out.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. THO. FALCONBIRDGE.

STAND with thy graces forth, brave man, and rise
High with thine own auspicious destinies ;
Nor leave the search and prooffe till thou canst find
These, or those ends, to which thou wast design'd.
Thy lucky genius, and thy guiding starre,
Have made thee prosperous in thy wayes thus farre ;

Nor will they leave thee, till they both have shown
 Thee to the world a prime and publique one.
 Then, when thou see'st thine age all turn'd to gold,
 Remember what thy Herrick thee foretold,
 When at the holy threshold of thine house,
 He boded good-luck to thy selfe and spouse.
 Lastly, be mindfull, when thou are grown great,
 That towrs high rear'd dread most the lightning's
 threat ;
 When as the humble cottages not feare
 The cleaving bolt of Jove the thunderer.

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE FILLED WITH DEW.

DEW sate on Julia's haire,
 And spangled too,
 Like leaves that laden are
 With trembling dew ;
 Or glitter'd to my sight,
 As when the beames
 Have their reflected light
 Daunc't by the streames.

ANOTHER ON HER.

How can I choose but love, and follow her
 Whose shadow smels like milder pomander !
 How can I chuse but kisse her, whence do's come
 The storax, spiknard, myrrhe, and ladanum ?

LOSSE FROM THE LEAST.

GREAT men by small meanes oft are overthown ;
He's lord of thy life, who contennes his own.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

ALL things are open to these two events,
Or to rewards, or else to punishments.

SHAME, NO STATIST.

SHAME is a bad attendant to a state ;
He rents his crown that feares the people's hate.

TO SIR CLIPSBY CREW.

SINCE to th' country first I came,
I have lost my former flame ;
And, methinks, I not inherit,
As I did, my ravisht spirit.
If I write a verse or two,
'Tis with very much ado ;
In regard I want that wine
Which sho'd conjure up a line.
Yet, though now of muse bereft,
I have still the manners left
For to thanke you, noble sir,
For those gifts you do conferre

Upon him, who only can
Be in prose a gratefull man.

UPON HIMSELFE.

I co'd never love indeed,
Never see mine own heart bleed ;
Never crucifie my life,
Or for widow, maid, or wife.

I co'd never seeke to please
One or many mistresses ;
Never like their lips, to sweare
Oyle of roses still smelt there.

I co'd never breake my sleepe,
Fold mine armes, sob, sigh, or weep ;
Never beg, or humbly wooe
With oathes and lyes, as others do.

I co'd never walke alone,
Put a shirt of sackcloth on ;
Never keep a fast, or pray
For good luck in love that day.

But have hitherto liv'd free,
As the aire that circles me ;
And kept credit with my heart,
Neither broke i'th' whole or part.

FRESH CHEESE AND CREAM.

Wo'd yee have fresh cheese and cream?
 Julia's breast can give you them;
 And if more, each nipple cries,
 To your cream her's strawberries.

AN ECLOGUE, OR PASTORALL BETWEEN ENDIMION
 PORTER AND LYCIDAS HERRICK, SET AND SUNG.

Endym. AH, Lycidas, come tell me why
 Thy whilome merry oate
 By thee doth so neglected lye,
 And never purls a note?

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

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

Lyc. In this regard, that thou do'st play
 Upon another plain;
 And for a rurall roundelay
 Strik'st now a courtly strain.

Thou leav'st our hills, our dales, our bowers,
 Our finer fleeced sheep;
 Unkind to us, to spend thine houres,
 Where shepheards sho'd not keep.

I meane the court: let Latmos be
My lov'd Endymion's court;
End. But I the courtly state wo'd see;
Lyc. Then see it in report.

What has 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 A BED OF TULIPS.

BRIGHT tulips, we do know,
You had your comming hither,
And fading time do's show,
That ye must quickly wither.

Your sister-hoods may stay,
And smile here for your houre;
But dye ye must away,
Even as the meanest flower.

Come, virgins, then and see
Your frailties, and bemone ye,
For lost like these, 'twill be
As time had never known ye.

A CAUTION.

THAT love last long, let it thy first care be
To find a wife that is most fit for thee.
Be she too wealthy, or too poore, be sure,
Love in extreames can never long endure.

TO THE WATER NYMPHS, DRINKING AT THE
FOUNTAIN.

REACH with your whiter hands to me,
Some christall of the spring ;
And I about the cup shall see
Fresh lillies flourishing.

Or else, sweet nimphs, do you but this ;
To'th' glasse your lips encline ;
And I shall see by that one kisse,
The water turn'd to wine.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR RICHARD STONE.

To this white temple of my heroes, here
Beset with stately figures every where,
Of such rare saint-ships, who did here consume
Their lives in sweets, and left in death perfume ;
Come thou, brave man! and bring with thee a Stone
Unto thine own edification.
High are these statues here, besides no lesse
Strong then the heavens for everlastingnesse ;
Where build aloft, and being fixt by these
Set up thine own eternall images.

UPON A FLIE.

A GOLDEN flie one shew'd to me,
Clos'd in a box of yvorie,

Where both seem'd proud ; the flie to have
 His buriall in an yvory grave ;
 The yvorie tooke state to hold
 A corps as bright as burnisht gold.
 One fate had both ; both equall grace,
 The buried, and the burying-place.
 Not Virgil's gnat, to whom the spring
 All flowers sent to'is burying ;
 Not Marshal's bee, which in a bead
 Of amber quick was buried ;
 Nor that fine worme that do's interre
 Her selfe i'th' silken sepulchre ;
 Nor my rare* Phil, that lately was
 With lillies tomb'd up in a glasse,
 More honour had then this same flie,
 Dead, and clos'd up in yvorie.

UPON JACK AND JILL. EPIG.

WHEN Jill complaines to Jack for want of meate ;
 Jack kisses Jill, and bids her freely eate ;
 Jill sayes, of what ? sayes Jack, on that sweet kisse,
 Which full of nectar and ambrosia is,
 The food of poets ; so I thought, sayes Jill,
 That makes them look so lanke, so ghost-like still ;
 Let poets feed on aire, or what they will,
 Let me feed full, till that I fart, sayes Jill.

* Sparrow.

TO JULIA.

JULIA, when thy Herrick dies,
 Close thou up thy poet's eyes ;
 And his last breath, let it be
 Taken in by none but thee.

TO MISTRESSE DOROTHY PARSONS.

IF thou aske me, deare, wherefore,
 I do write of thee no more ;
 I must answer, sweet, thy part
 Lesse is here then in my heart.

UPON PARRAT.

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

HOW HE WOULD DRINK HIS WINE.

FILL me my wine in christall ; thus, and thus
 I see't in's *puris naturalibus* ;
 Unmixt, I love to have it smirke and shine,
 'Tis sin. I know, 'tis sin to throtle wine.
 What mad-man's he, that when it sparkles so,
 Will coole his flames, or quench his fires with snow ?

HOW MARIGOLDS CAME YELLOW.

JEALOUS girles these sometimes were,
 While they liv'd or lasted here:
 Turn'd to flowers, still they be
 Yellow, markt for jealousie.

THE BROKEN CHRISTALL.

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

PRECEPTS.

GOOD precepts we must firmly hold,
 By daily learning we wax old.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDWARD EARLE OF
 DORSET.

If I dare write to you, my lord, who are
 Of your own selfe a publick theater;
 And sitting, see the wiles, wayes, walks of wit,
 And give a righteous judgement upon it;
 What need I care, though some dislike me sho'd,
 If Dorset say, what Herrick writes is good?

We know y'are learn'd i'th' Muses, and no lesse
 In our state-sanctions, deep, or bottomlesse;
 Whose smile can make a poet, and your glance
 Dash all bad poems out of countenance ;
 So that an author needs no other bayes
 For coronation, then your onely praise ;
 And no one mischief greater then your frown,
 To null his numbers, and to blast his crown.
 Few live the life immortall. He ensures
 His fame's long life, who strives to set up your's.

UPON HIMSELF.

TH'ART hence removing, like a shepherd's tent,
 And walk thou must the way that others went :
 Fall thou must first, then rise to life with these,
 Markt in thy book for faithfull witnesses.

HOPE WELL AND HAVE WELL ; OR, FAIRE AFTER
FOULE WEATHER.

WHAT though the heaven be lowring now,
 And look with a contracted brow ?
 We shall discover, by and by,
 A repurgation of the skie ;
 And when those clouds away are driven,
 Then will appeare a cheerfull heaven.

UPON LOVE.

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

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

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. PENELOPE WHEELER.

NEXT is your lot, faire, to be number'd one
 Here, in my book's canonization ;
 Late you come in, but you a saint shall be,
 In chiefe, in this poetick liturgie.

ANOTHER UPON HER.

FIRST, for your shape, the curious cannot shew
 Any one part that's dissonant in you ;
 And 'gainst your chast behaviour there's no plea,
 Since you are knowne to be Penelope.
 Thus faire and cleane you are, although there be
 A mighty strife 'twixt forme and chastitie.

KISSING AND BUSSING.

KISSING and bussing differ both in this ;
 We busse our wantons, but our wives we kisse.

CROSSE AND PILE.

FAIRE and foule dayes trip crosse and pile ; the faire
 Far lesse in number then our foule dayes are.

TO THE LADY CREW, UPON THE DEATH OF HER
CHILD.

WHY, Madam, will ye longer weep,
 When as your baby's lull'd asleep ?
 And, pretty child, feeles now no more
 Those paines it lately felt before.
 All now is silent ; groanes are fled ;
 Your child lyes still, yet is not dead ;
 But rather like a flower hid here,
 To spring againe another yeare.

HIS WINDING-SHEET.

COME thou, who art the wine and wit
 Of all I've writ ;
 The grace, the glorie, and the best
 Piece of the rest ;
 Thou art of what I did intend
 The all, and end ;

And what was made, was made to meet
 Thee, thee my sheet ;
Come then, and be to my chast side
 Both bed and bride.
We two, as reliques left, will have
 One rest, one grave ;
And, hugging close, we will not feare
 Lust entring here ;
Where all desires are dead or cold,
 As is the mould ;
And all affections are forgot,
 Or trouble not.
Here, here the slaves and pris'ners be
 From shackles free ;
And weeping widowes, long opprest,
 Doe here find rest.
The wronged client ends his lawes
 Here, and his cause ;
Here those long suits of Chancery lie
 Quiet, or die ;
And all Star-chamber bills doe cease,
 Or hold their peace.
Here needs no court for our request,
 Where all are best ;
All wise, all equal, and all just
 Alike i'th'dust.
Nor need we here to feare the frowne
 Of court or crown ;
Where fortune bears no sway o're things,
 There all are kings.

He raves through leane, he rages through the fat ;
 What gets the master of the meale by that ?
 He who with talking can devoure so much,
 How wo'd he eate were not his hindrance such.

ON HIMSELFE.

BORNE I was to meet with age,
 And to walke life's pilgrimage.
 Much, I know, of time is spent,
 Tell I can't what's resident.
 Howsoever, cares adieu !
 Ile have nought to say to you ;
 But Ile spend my comming houres,
 Drinking wine, and crown'd with flowres.

FORTUNE FAVOURS.

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

TO PHILLIS TO LOVE, AND LIVE WITH HIM.

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see
 The pleasures 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 overspread;
By which the silver-shedding streames
Shall gently melt thee into dreames.
Thy clothing next shall be a gowne
Made of the fleeces purest downe.
The tongues of kids shall be thy meate;
Their milke thy drinke; and thou shalt eate
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips buttered.
Thy feasting-tables shall be hills
With daisies spread, and daffadils;
Where thou shalt sit, and red-brest by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
Ile give thee chaines and carkanets
Of primroses and violets.
A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
That richly wrought, and this as brave;
So that as either shall expresse
The wearer's no meane shepheardesse.
At sheering-times, and yearely wakes,
When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be, and be the wit,
Nay more, the feast and grace of it.
On holy-dayes, when virgins meet
To dance the heyas 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 shephardling,
 The blushing apple, bashful 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.
 Thou shalt have ribbands, roses, rings,
 Gloves, garters, stockings, shooes, and strings
 Of winning colours, that shall move
 Others to lust, but me to love.
 These, nay, and more, thine own shall be,
 If thou wilt love and live with me.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE SUSANNA
 HERRICK.

WHEN I consider, dearest, thou dost stay
 But here awhile, to languish and decay ;
 Like to these garden glories, which here be
 The flowrie sweet resemblances of thee :

With griefe of heart, methinks, I thus doe cry,
 Wo'd thou hast ne'r been born, or might'st not die.

UPON MISTRESSE SUSANNA SOUTHWELL,
 HER CHEEKS.

RARE are thy cheeks, Susanna, which do show
 Ripe cherries smiling, while that others blow.

UPON HER EYES.

CLEERE are her eyes,
 Like purest skies ;
 Discovering from thence
 A babie there
 That turns each sphere,
 Like an intelligence.

UPON HER FEET.

HER pretty feet
 Like snailes did creep
 A little out, and then,
 As if they played at bo-peep,
 Did soon draw in agen.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN MINCE.

FOR civill, cleane, and circumcised wit,
 And for the comely carriage of it,
 Thou art the man, the onely man best known,
 Markt for the true-wit of a million ;
 From whom we'l reckon wit came in, but since
 The calculation of thy birth, brave Mince.

UPON HIS GRAY HAIREs.

FLY me not, though I be gray ;
 Lady, this I know you'l say,
 Better look the roses red,
 When with white commingled.
 Black your haire are ; mine are white ;
 This begets the more delight,
 When things meet most opposite ;
 As in pictures we descry
 Venus standing Vulcan by.

ACCUSATION.

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

T

PRIDE ALLOWABLE IN POETS.

As thou deserv'st, be proud ; then gladly let
The Muse give thee the Delphick coronet.

A VOW TO MINERVA.

GODDESSE, I begin an art ;
Come thou in with thy best part,
For to make the texture lye
Each way smooth and civilly,
And a broad-fac't owle shall be
Offer'd up with vows to thee.

ON JONE.

JONE wo'd go tel her haire ; and well she might,
Having but seven in all ; three black, four white.

UPON LETCHER. EPIG.

LETCHER was carted first about the streets,
For false position in his neighbour's sheets ;
Next, hang'd for theeving : Now, the people say,
His carting was the prologue to this play.

UPON DUNDRIDGE.

DUNDRIDGE his issue hath ; but is not styl'd
For all his issue, father of one child.

TO ELECTRA.

'TIS ev'ning, my sweet,
And dark ; let us meet ;
Long time w'ave here been a toying ;
And never, as yet,
That season co'd get,
Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

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

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

DISCORD NOT DISADVANTAGEOUS.

FORTUNE no higher project can devise,
Then to sow discord 'mongst the enemies.

ILL GOVERNMENT.

PREPOSTEROUS is that government, and rude,
When kings obey the wilder multitude.

TO MARYGOLDS.

GIVE way, and be ye ravisht by the sun,
And hang the head when as the act is done ;
Spread as he spreads ; wax lesse as he do's wane ;
And as he shuts, close up to maids again.

TO DIANEME.

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

TO JULIA, THE FLAMINICA DIALIS ;
OR, QUEEN-PRIEST.

THOU know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turne
This morning's incense to prepare and burne

The chaplet and * inarculum here be,
 With the white vestures all attending thee.
 This day the Queen-Priest thou art made, t'appease
 Love for our very many trespasses.
 One chiefe transgression is, among the rest,
 Because with flowers her temple was not drest ;
 The next, because her altars did not shine
 With daily fyers ; the last, neglect of wine,
 For which, her wrath is gone forth to consume
 Us all, unlesse preserv'd by thy perfume.
 Take then thy censer ; put in fire, and thus,
 O pious Priestesse ! make a peace for us.
 For our neglect, love did our death decree,
 That we escape : Redemption comes by thee.

ANACREONTIKE.

BORN I was to be old,
 And for to die here ;
 After that, in the mould
 Long for to lye here.
 But before that day comes,
 Still I be bousing ;
 For I know in the tombs
 There's no carousing.

* A twig of a pomgranat, which the Queen-priest used to weare on her head at sacrificing.

MEAT WITHOUT MIRTH.

EATEN I have ; and though I had good cheere,
 I did not sup, because no friends were there.
 Where mirth and friends are absent when we dine
 Or sup, there wants the incense and the wine.

LARGE BOUNDS DOE BUT BURY US.

ALL things o'r-rul'd are here by chance ;
 The greatest man's inheritance,
 Where ere the luckie lot doth fall,
 Serves but for place of buriall.

UPON URSLEY.

URSLEY, she thinks those velvet patches grace
 The candid temples of her comely face ;
 But he will say, whoe'r those circlets seeth,
 They be but signs of Ursley's hollow teeth.

AN ODE TO SIR CLIPSEBIE CREW.

HERE we securely live, and eate
 The creame of meat ;
 And keep eternal fires,
 By which we sit, and doe divine,
 As wine
 And rage inspires.

If full, we charme ; then call upon
 Anacreon
 To grace the frantick thyrse :
And having drunk, we raise a shout
 Throughout,
 To praise his verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,
 Which sung or seyde,
 A goblet, to the brim,
Of lyrick wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
 A round
 We quaffe to him.

Thus, thus we live, and spend the houres,
 In wine and flowers ;
 And make the frolick yeere ;
The month, the week, the instant day
 To stay
 The longer here.

Come then, brave Knight, and see the cell
 Wherein I dwell ;
 And my enchantments too ;
Which love and noble freedom is,
 And this
 Shall fetter you.

Take horse, and come ; or be so kind
 To send your mind,

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.

UPON HIMSELFE BEING BURIED.

LET me sleep this night away,
Till the dawning of the day ;
Then at th' opening of mine eyes,
I, and all the world shall rise.

PITIE TO THE PROSTRATE.

'Tis worse then barbarous cruelty to show
No part of pitie on a conquer'd foe.

WAY IN A CROWD.

ONCE on a lord-mayor's day, in Cheapside, when
Skulls co'd not well passe through that scum of men,
For quick dispatch, Skulls made no longer stay,
Then but to breath, and every one gave way ;
For as he breath'd, the people swore from thence
A fart flew out, or a sir-reverence.

HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY.

HERE, here I live with what my board
 Can with the smallest cost afford ;
 Though ne'er 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 man's score ;
 But pitie those whose flanks grow great,
 Swel'd with the lard of other's 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.

THE CREDIT OF THE CONQUERER.

HE who commends the vanquisht, speaks the power,
 And glorifies the worthy conquerer.

ON HIMSELFE.

SOME parts may perish, dye thou canst not all ;
The most of thee shall scape the funerall.

UPON ONE-EY'D BROOMSTED. EPIG.

BROOMSTED a lamenesse got by cold and beere ;
And to the bath went to be cured there ;
His feet were helpt, and left his crutch behind ;
But home return'd, as he went forth, halfe blind.

THE FAIRIES.

IF ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each platter in his place ;
Rake the fier up, and get
Water in, ere sun be set.
Wash your pailles and clense your dairies,
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies ;
Sweep your house ; who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, M. JOHN WEARE,
COUNCELLOUR.

DID I or love, or could I others draw
To the indulgence of the rugged law ;
The first foundation of that zeale sho'd be
By reading all her paragraphs in thee,

Who dost so fitly with the lawes unite,
As if you two were one hermophrodite ;
Nor courts thou her because she's well attended
With wealth, but for those ends she was entended ;
Which were, and still her offices are known,
Law is to give to ev'ry one his owne ;
To shore the feeble up against the strong,
To shield the stranger and the poore from wrong :
This was the founder's grave and good intent,
To keepe the outcast in his tenement ;
To free the orphan from that wolfe-like man,
Who is his butcher more then guardian ;
To drye the widowe's teares, and stop her swoones,
By pouring balme and oyle into her wounds ;
This was the old way, and 'tis yet thy course
To keep those pious principles in force.
Modest I will be, but one word Ile say,
Like to a sound that's vanishing away,
Sooner the inside of thy hand shall grow
Hisped and hairie, ere thy palm shall know
A postern-bribe tooke, or a forked fee
To fetter justice, when she might be free.
Eggs Ile not shave ; but yet, brave man, if I
Was destin'd forth to golden soveraignty ;
A prince I'de bee, that I might thee preferre
To be my counsell both and chancellor.

THE WATCH.

MAN is a watch, wound up at first, but never
Wound up again ; once down, he's down for ever :
The watch once downe, all motions then do cease ;
The man's pulse stopt, all passions sleep in peace.

LINES HAVE THEIR LININGS, AND BOOKES THEIR
BUCKRAM.

As in our clothes, so likewise he who lookes,
Shall find much farcing buckram in our books.

ART ABOVE NATURE. TO JULIA.

WHEN I behold a forrest spread
With silken trees upon thy head ;
And when I see that other dresse
Of flowers set in comelinesse ;
When I behold another grace
In the ascent of curious lace,
Which, like a pinnacle, doth shew
The top, and the top-gallant too ;
Then, when I see thy tresses bound
Into an oval, square, or round ;
And knit in knots far more then I
Can tell by tongue, or true love tie ;
Next, when those lawnie filmes I see
Play with a wild civility ;

And all those airie silks to flow,
 Alluring me, and tempting so
 I must confesse, mine eye and heart
 Dotes less on nature then on art.

UPON SIBILLA.

WITH paste of almonds Syb her hands doth scoure,
 Then gives it to the children to devoure.
 In cream she bathes her thighs, more soft then silk,
 Then to the poore she freely gives the milke.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE BRIDGET
 HERRICK.

SWEET Bridget blusht, and therewithal,
 Fresh blossoms from her cheekes did fall.
 I thought at first 'twas but a dream,
 Till after I had handled them,
 And smelt them ; then they smelt to me
 As blossomes of the almond tree.

UPON LOVE.

I PLAID with love as with the fire
 The wanton satyre did ;
 Nor did I know, or c'od descry
 What under there was hid.

That satyre he but burnt his lips ;
 But min's the greater smart,
 For kissing love's dissembling chips,
 The fire scorcht my heart.

UPON A COMELY AND CURIOUS MAIDE.

If men can say that beauty dyes,
 Marbles will swear that here it lyes.
 If, reader, then thou caust forbear,
 In publique loss to shed a teare,
 The dew of grieve upon this stone
 Will tell thee, pitie thou hast none.

UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS FINGER.

ONE of the five straight branches of my hand
 Is lopt already ; and the rest but stand
 Expecting when to fall ; which soon will be ;
 First dyes the leafe, the bough next, next the tree.

UPON IRENE.

ANGRY if Irene be
 But a minute's life with me ;
 Such a fire I espie
 Walking in and out her eye,
 As at once I freeze and frie.

UPON ELECTRA'S TEARES.

UPON her cheekes she wept, and from those showers
Sprang up a sweet nativity of flowres.

UPON TOOLY.

THE eggs of pheasants wrie-nos'd Tooly sells,
But ne'r so much as licks the speckled shells;
Only, if one prove addled, that he eats
With superstition, as the cream of meates:
The cock and hen he feeds, but not a bone
He ever pickt, as yet, of any one.

A HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

WHEN I love, as some have told
Love I shall when I am old,
O ye graces! make me fit
For the welcoming of it.
Clean my roomes, as temples be,
T^r entertain that deity;
Give me words wherewith to wooe,
Suppling and successful too;
Winning postures, and withal,
Manners each way musicall;
Sweetnesse to allay my sowre
And unsmooth behaviour:
For I know you have the skill
Vines to prune, though not to kill;
And of any wood ye see,
You can make a Mercury.

TO SILVIA.

No more, my Silvia, do I mean to pray
 For those good dayes that ne'r will come away :
 I want believe; O gentle Silvia, be
 The patient saint, and send up voves for me.

UPON BLANCH. EPIG.

I HAVE seen many maidens to have haire,
 Both for their comely need, and some to spare;
 But Blanch has not so much upon her head,
 As to bind up her chaps when she is dead.

UPON UMBER. EPIG.

UMBER was painting of a lyon fierce,
 And working it; by chance from UMBER's erse
 Flew out a crack, so mighty, that the fart,
 As UMBER swears, did make his lyon start.

THE POET HATH LOST HIS PIPE.

I CANNOT pipe as I was wont to do,
 Broke is my reed, hoarse is my singing too;
 My wearied oat Ile hang upon the tree,
 And give it to the Silvan deitie.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

WILT thou my true friend be?
 Then love not mine, but me.

THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESSE CALLING HIM
TO ELIZIUM.

Desunt nonnulla—

COME then, and like two doves with silv'rie wings,
Let our soules flie to th' shades, where ever spring's
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 reads
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 together.
Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
Whom faire Corinna sits, and doth comply
With yvorie wrists his laureat head, and steeps
His eye in dew of kisses while he sleeps;
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,
And towring Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
And snakie Perseus; these, and those whom rage,
Dropt 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,
Beaumont 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!

LIFE IS THE BODIES LIGHT.

LIFE is the body's light; which once declining,
 Those crimson clouds i' th' cheeks and lips leave
 shining;
 Those counter-changed tabbies in the ayre,
 The sun once set, all of one colour are:
 So, when death comes, fresh tinctures lose their place,
 And dismall darknesse then doth smutch the face.

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.

UPON FRANCK.

FRANCK ne're wore silk, she sweares; but I reply,
She now weares silk to hide her blood-shot eye.

LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED.

LET faire or foule my mistresse be,
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me;
Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
The posture her's, I'm pleas'd with it;
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
Gracefull is ev'ry thing from her;
Or let her grant, or else deny,
My love will fit each historie.

THE PRIMROSE.

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?

HESPERIDES.

I will answer, these discover
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

THE TYTHE. TO THE BRIDE.

IF nine times you your bridegroome kisse,
 The tenth you know the parson's is ;
 Pay then your tythe ; and doing thus,
 Prove in your bride-bed numerous.
 If children you have ten, Sir John
 Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

A FROLICK.

BRING me my rose-buds, drawer come
 So while I thus sit crown'd,
 Ile drink the aged Cecubum,
 Untill the rooffe turne round.

CHANGE COMMON TO ALL.

ALL things subjected are to Fate ;
 Whom this morne sees most fortunate,
 The ev'ning sees in poore estate.

TO JULIA.

THE saints-bell calls ; and Julia, I must read
 The proper lessons for the saints now dead ;

Then please alike the pewter and the plate,
The chosen rubie and the reprobate.

A CHARME, OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE.

IF so be a toad be laid
In a sheep's-skin newly flaid,
And that ty'd to man, 'twil sever
Him and his affections ever.

UPON A FREE MAID WITH A FOULE BREATH.

You say you'l kisse me, and I thanke you for it;
But stinking breath, I do as hell abhorre it.

UPON COONE. EPIG.

WHAT is the reason Coone so dully smels?
His nose is over-cool'd with isicles.

TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, MASTER JOHN WING-
FIELD.

FOR being comely, consonant, and free
To most of men, but most of all to me;
For so decreeing, that thy clothes expence
Keepes still within a just circumference;
Then for contriving so to loade thy board,
As that the messes ne'r o'r-laid the Lord;

Next, for ordaining that thy words not swell
To any one unsober syllable ;
These I could praise thee for beyond another,
Wert thou a Winckfield onely, not a brother.

THE HEAD-AKE.

My head doth ake,
O Sappho! take
Thy fillit,
And bind the paine;
Or bring some bane
To kill it.

But lesse that part,
Then my poore heart,
Now is sick :
One kisse from thee
Will counsell be,
And physick.

ON HIMSELFE.

LIVE by thy muse thou shalt, when others die,
Leaving no fame to long posterity ;
When monarchies trans-shifted are, and gone,
Here shall endure thy vast dominion.

HESPERIDES.

UPON A MAIDE.

HENCE a blessed soule is fled,
 Leaving here the body dead ;
 Which, since here they can't combine
 For the saint, we'l keep the shrine.

UPON SPALT.

OF pushes Spalt has such a knottie race,
 He needs a tucker for to burle his face.

OF HORNE, A COMB-MAKER.

HORNE sells to others teeth, but has not one
 To grace his own gums, or of box or bone.

UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES.

O! Times most bad,
 Without the scope
 Of hope
 Of better to be had!

Where shall I goe,
 Or whither run
 To shun
 This publique overthrow ?

LITTLE AND LOUD.

LITTLE you are ; for woman's sake be proud ;
For my sake next, though little, be not loud.

SHIP-WRACK.

HE who has suffer'd ship-wrack, feares to saile
Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale.

PAINES WITHOUT PROFIT.

A LONG-LIFE'S day I've taken paines
For very little, or no gaines ;
The ev'ning's come ; here now Ile stop,
And work no more, but shut my shop.

TO HIS BOOKE.

BE bold my booke, nor be abasht, or feare
The cutting thumb-naile, or the brow severe ;
But by the Muses sweare, all here is good,
If but well read, or ill read, understood.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JOHNSON.

WHEN I a verse shall make,
Know I have praid thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,
 When I, thy Herrick,
 Honouring thee, on my knee
 Offer my Lyrick.

Candles Ile give to thee,
 And a new altar;
 And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
 Writ in my psalter.

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.

OF LOVE.

ILE get me hence,
Because no fence,
Or fort that I can make here,
But love by charmes,
Or else by armes,
Will storme, or starving take here.

UPON COCK.

COCK calls his wife his hen ; when Cock goes too't,
Cock treads his hen, but treads her under-foot.

TO HIS MUSE.

Go woee young Charles no more to looke,
Then but to read this in my booke ;
How Herrick beggs, if that he can-
Not like the Muse, to love the man,
Who by the shepheards, sung long since,
The starre-led birth of Charles the Prince.

THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD.

DULL to my selfe, and almost dead to these,
 My many fresh and fragrant mistresses;
 Lost to all musick now, since every thing
 Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing;
 Sick is the land to th' heart; and doth endure
 More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.
 But if that golden age wo'd come again,
 And Charles here rule, as he before did raig'n;
 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 Syrian 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 book 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 intend,
That he holds firmly to the end.

TO THE MAIDS TO WALK ABROAD.

COME, sit we under yonder tree,
Where merry as the maids we'll be ;
And as on primroses we sit,
We'll venter, if we can, at wit ;
If not, at draw-gloves we will play,
So spend some minutes of the day ;
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at questions and commands ;
Or tell what strange tricks love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will sit and talke, but tell
No cruell truths of Philomell,
Or Phillis, whom hard fate forc't on,
To kill her selfe for Demophon ;
But fables we'll relate ; how Jove
Put on all shapes to get a love ;
As now a satyr, then a swan,
A bull but then, and now a man.

Next, we will act how young men woove,
 And sigh and kiss as lovers do ;
 And talke of brides, and who shall make
 That wedding-smock, this bridall-cake,
 That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine,
 That smooth and silken Columbine.
 This done, we'l draw lots who shall buy
 And guild the baies and rosemary ;
 What posies for our wedding rings,
 What gloves we'l give, and ribanings ;
 And smiling at our selves, decree
 Who then the joyning priest shall be ;
 What short sweet prayers shall be said,
 And how the posset shall be made
 With creame of lillies, not of kine,
 And maiden's-blush for spiced wine.
 Thus having talkt, we'l next commend
 A kiss to each, and so we'l end.

HIS OWN EPITAPH.

As wearied pilgrims, once possest
 Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest ;
 So I, now having rid my way,
 Fix here my button'd staffe and stay ;
 Youth, I confesse, hath me mis-led,
 But age hath brought me right to bed.

A NUPTIALL VERSE TO MISTRESSE ELIZABETH LEE,
NOW LADY TRACIE.

SPRING with the larke, most comely bride, and meet
Your eager bridegroom with auspicious feet;
The morn's farre spent, and the immortall sunne
Corrols his cheeke, to see those rites not done.
Fie, lovely maid! Indeed, you are too slow,
When to the temple love sho'd runne, not go.
Dispatch your dressing then, and quickly wed
Then feast and coy't a little; then to bed.
This day is love's day, and this busie night
Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight
With such an arm'd, but such an easie foe,
As will, if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too.
The field is pitcht, but such must be your warres,
As that your kisses must out-vie the starres;
Fall down together vanquisht both, and lye
Drown'd in the bloud of rubies there, not die.

THE NIGHT-PIECE. TO JULIA.

Her eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting starres attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'th'-Wispe mis-light thee,
Nor snake or slow-worme bite thee;

But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost ther's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber;
 What though the moon do's slumber?
 The starres of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me wooe thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto me;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet,
 My soule Ile poure into thee.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

GIVE me wine, and give me meate,
 To create in me a heate,
 That my pulses high may beate.

Cold and hunger never yet
 Co'd a noble verse beget;
 But your boules with sack repleat.

Give me these, my knight, and try
 In a minute's space how I
 Can runne mad, and prophesie.

HESPERIDES.

Then if any peece proves new,
And rare, Ile say, my dearest Crew,
It was full enspir'd by you.

GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

IF well the dice runne, let's applaud the cast ;
The happy fortune will not always last.

A KISSE.

WHAT is a kisse ? Why this, as some approve,
The sure sweet sement, glue, and lime of love.

GLORIE.

I MAKE no haste to have my numbers read ;
Seldome comes Glorie till a man be dead.

POETS.

WANTONS we are ; and though our words be such,
Our lives do differ from our lines by much.

NO DESPIGHT TO THE DEAD.

REPROACH we may the living, not the dead ;
'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.

TO HIS VERSES.

WHAT will ye, my poor orphans, do,
 When I must leave the world and you ;
 Who'l give ye then a sheltring shed,
 Or credit ye, when I am dead ?
 Who'l let ye by their fire sit,
 Although ye have a stock of wit,
 Already coin'd to pay for it ?
 I cannot tell ; unlesse there be
 Some race of old humanitie
 Left, of the large heart and long hand,
 Alive, as noble Westmorland,
 Or gallant Newark ; which brave two
 May fost'ring fathers be to you.
 If not, expect to be no less
 Ill used then babes left fatherless.

HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

DEAREST of thousands, now the time drawes neere,
 That with my lines my life must full-stop here ;
 Cut off thy haire, and let thy teares be shed
 Over my turfe, when I am buried.
 Then for effusions, let none wanting be,
 Or other rites that doe belong to me ;
 As love shall helpe thee, when thou do'st go hence
 Unto thy everlasting residence.

UPON LOVE.

IN a dreame, love bad me go
 To the gallies there to rowe;
 In the vision I askt why?
 Love as briefly did reply;
 'Twas better there to toyle, then prove
 The turmoiles they endure that love.
 I awoke, and then I knew
 What love said was too too true:
 Henceforth therefore I will be
 As from love, from trouble free:
 None pities him that's in the snare,
 And warn'd before, wo'd not beware.

THE COBLER'S CATCH.

COME sit we by the fire's side,
 And roundly drinke we here;
 Till that we see our cheekes ale-dy'd,
 And noses tann'd with beere.

UPON BRAN. EPIG.

WHAT made that mirth last night? the neighbours
 say
 That Bran the baker did his breech bewray:
 I rather thinke, though they may speake the worst,
 'Twas to his batch, but leaven laid there first.

UPON SNARE, AN USURER.

SNARE, ten i'th' hundred calls his wife, and why ?
 Shee brings in much by carnall usury :
 He by extortion brings in three times more ;
 Say, who's the worse, th' exactor or the whore ?

UPON GRUDGINGS.

GRUDGINGS turnes bread to stones, when to the poore
 He gives an almes, and chides them from his doore.

CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL-WISHES AT
WEDDINGS.*Chorus Sacerdotum.*

FROM the temple to your home
 May a thousand blessings come ;
 And a sweet concurring stream
 Of all joyes, to joyn with them !

Chorus Juvenum.

HAPPY day,
 Make no long stay
 Here
 In thy sphere,
 But give thy place to night,

That she
 As thee
 May be
 Partaker of the sight.
 And since it was thy care
 To see the younglings wed,
 'Tis fit that night the paire
 Sho'd see safe brought to bed.

Chorus Senum.

Go to your banquet then, but use delight,
 So as to rise still with an appetite:
 Love is a thing most nice, and must be fed
 To such a height, but never surfeited.
 What is beyond the mean is ever ill;
 'Tis best to feed love, but not over-fill:
 Go then discreetly to the bed of pleasure,
 And this remember, vertue keeps the measure.

Chorus Virginum.

LUCKIE signes we have descri'd
 To encourage on the bride;
 And to these we have espi'd,
 Not a kissing Cupid flyes
 Here about, but has his eyes,
 To imply your love is wise.

Chorus Pastorum.

HERE we present a fleece
 To make a peece
 Of cloth ;
 Nor faire, must you be loth
 Your finger to apply

To huswiferie :
 Then, then begin
 To spin ;

And, sweetling, marke you, what a web will come
 Into your chests, drawn by your painfull thumb.

Chorus Matronarum.

SET you to your wheele, and wax
 Rich by the ductile wool and flax :
 Yarne is an income, and the huswife's thread
 The larders fills with meat, the bin with bread.

Chorus Senum.

LET wealth come in by comely thrift,
 And not by any sordid shift ;
 'Tis haste
 Makes waste ;
 Extreames have still their fault ;
 The softest fires makes the sweetest mault ;
 Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand,
 Holds none at all, or little in his hand.

Chorus Virginum.

GODDESSE of pleasure, youth, and peace,
 Give them the blessing of encrease ;
 And thou, Lucina, that do'st heare
 The vowes of those that children beare ;
 When as her Aprill houre drawes neare,
 Be thou then propitious there.

Chorus Juvenum.

Farre hence be all speech that may anger move ;
 Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle love.

Chorus Omnium.

LIVE in the love of doves, and having told
 The raven's yeares, go hence more ripe then old.

TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.

ONE night i'th' yeare, my dearest beauties, come
 And bring those dew drink-offerings to my tomb ;
 When thence ye see my reverend ghost to rise,
 And there to lick th' effused sacrifice,
 Though palenes be the livery that I weare,
 Look ye not wan or colourlesse for feare ;
 Trust me, I will not hurt ye, or once shew
 The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you ;
 Nor shall the tapers, when I'm there, burn blew.

This I may do, perhaps, as I glide by,
Cast on my girles a glance, and loving eye;
Or fold mine armes, and sigh, because I've lost
The world so soon, and in it you the most:
Then these, no feares more on your fancies fall,
Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

UPON LOVE.

A CHRISTALL violl Cupid brought,
Which had a juice in it;
Of which who drank, he said, no thought
Of love he sho'd admit.

I, greedy of the prize, did drinke,
And emptied soon the glasse,
Which burnt me so, that I do thinke
The fire of hell it was.

Give me my earthen cups again,
The christall I contemne;
Which, through enchas'd with pearls, contain
A deadly draught in them.

And thou, O Cupid! come not to
My threshold, since I see,
For all I have, or else can do,
Thou still wilt cozen me.

UPON GANDER. EPIG.

SINCE Gander did his pretty youngling wed,
 Gander, they say, doth each night pisse a bed;
 What is the cause? Why, Gander will reply,
 No goose layes good eggs that is trodden drye.

UPON LUNGS. EPIG.

LUNGS, as some say, ne'r sets him down to eate,
 But that his breath do's fly-blow all the meate.

THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRIE QUEEN.

PLEASE your grace, from out your store
 Give an almes to one that's poore,
 That your mickle may have more.
 Black I'm grown for want of meat,
 Give me then an ant to eate,
 Or the cleft eare of a mouse
 Over-sowr'd in drinke of souce;
 Or, sweet lady, reach to me
 The abdomen of a bee;
 Or commend a cricket's hip,
 Or his huckson, to my scrip;
 Give for bread a little bit
 Of a pease that 'gins to chit,
 And my full thanks take for it.

Floure of fuz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needy-hood ;
But the meal of mill-dust can
Well content a craving man ;
Any orts the elves refuse
Well will serve the beggar's use.
But if this may seem too much
For an almes, then give me such
Little bits that nestle there
In the pris'ner's panier.
So a blessing light upon
You and mighty Oberon ;
That your plenty last till when
I return your almes agen.

AN END DECREED.

LET's be jocund while we may ;
All things have an ending day ;
And when once the work is done,
Fates revolve no flax th'ave spun.

UPON A CHILD.

HERE a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies ;
Pray be silent, and not stirre
Th' easie earth that covers her.

PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

IF Nature do deny
Colours, let Art supply.

FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME SPRING.

FLED are the frosts, and now the fields appeare
Recloth'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 those turmoils cease,
Bring in her bill, once more, the branch of peace.

THE HAG.

THE hag is astride,
This night for to ride,
The devill and shee together ;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'r so foule be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spurre ;
With a lash of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through bryars,
O're ditches and mires,
She followes the spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood,
But husht in his laire he lies lurking ;
While mischeifs, by these,
On land and on seas,
At noone of night are a working.

The storme will arise,
And trouble the skies,
This night ; and, more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Cal'd out by the clap of the thunder.

UPON AN OLD MAN, A RESIDENCIARIE.

TREAD, sirs, as lightly as ye can
 Upon the grave of this old man.
 Twice fortie, bating but one year,
 And thrice three weeks, he lived here ;
 Whom gentle fate translated hence
 To a more happy residence.
 Yet, reader, let me tell thee this,
 Which from his ghost a promise is,
 If here ye will some few teares shed,
 He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

UPON TEARES.

TEARES, though th'are here below the sinner's brine,
 Above they are the angels spiced wine.

PHYSITIANS.

PHYSITIANS fight not against men, but these
 Combate for men, by conquering the disease.

THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

OUR household 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.

UPON COB. EPIG.

COB clouts his shoes, and as the story tells,
His thumb-nailes par'd afford him sperrables.

UPON LUCIE. EPIG.

SOUND teeth has Lucie, pure as pearl, and small,
With mellow lips, and luscious therewithall.

UPON SKOLES. EPIG.

SKOLES stinks so deadly, that his breeches loath
His dampish buttocks furthermore to cloath;
Cloy'd they are up with arse, but hope one blast
Will whirle about, and blow them thence at last.

TO SILVIA.

I AM holy while I stand
Circum-crost by thy pure hand;
But when that is gone, again
I, as others, am prophane.

TO HIS CLOSET GODS.

WHEN I goe hence, ye closet gods, I feare
Never againe to have ingression here;
Where I have had, what ever things co'd be
Pleasant and precious to my muse and me.

Besides rare sweets, I had a book which none
 Co'd reade the intext but my selfe alone ;
 About the cover of this book there went
 A curious comely clean compartlement ;
 And in the midst, to grace it more, was set
 A blushing pretty-peeping rubelet ;
 But now 'tis closed ; and being shut and seal'd,
 Be it, O be it never more reveal'd !
 Keep here still, closet gods, 'fore whom I've set
 Oblations oft of sweetest marmelet.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty bowle
 Up to the brim ;
 That I may drink
 Unto my Johnson's soule.

Crown it agen, agen ;
 And thrice repeat
 That happy heat,
 To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaffe, I see,
 To th' number five,
 Or nine, but thrive
 In frenzie ne'r like thee.

LONG LOOKT FOR COMES AT LAST.

THOUGH long it be, yeeres may repay the debt ;
None loseth that which he in time may get.

TO YOUTH.

DRINK wine, and live here blithefull while ye may ;
The morrowe's life too late is ; live to-day.

NEVER TOO LATE TO DYE.

No man comes late unto that place, from whence
Never man yet had a regredience.

A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

O, you the virgins nine,
That doe our soules encline
To noble discipline,
Nod to this vow of mine :
Come then, and now enspire
My violl and my lyre
With your eternall fire,
And make me one entire
Composer in your quire :
Then I'le your altars strew
With roses sweet and new ;
And ever live a true
Acknowledger of you.

ON HIMSELFE.

ILE sing no more, nor will I longer write
 Of that sweet lady, or that gallant knight;
 Ile sing no more of frosts, snowes, dewes, and showers;
 No more of groves, meades, springs, and wreaths of
 flowers;
 Ile write no more, nor will I tell or sing
 Of Cupid, and his wittie coozning;
 Ile sing no more of death, or shall the grave
 No more my dirges and my trentalls have.

UPON JONE AND JANE.

JONE is a wench that's painted;
 Jone is a girle that's tainted;
 Yet Jone she goes
 Like one of those
 Whom purity had sainted.

Jane is a girle that's prettie;
 Jane is a wench that's wittie;
 Yet, who wo'd think,
 Her breath do's stinke,
 As so it doth? that's pittie.

TO MOMUS.

WHO read'st this book that I have writ,
 And can'st not mend, but carpe at it;

By all the muses ! thou shalt be
Anathema to it, and me.

AMBITION.

IN wayes to greatnesse, think on this,
That slippery all ambition is.

THE COUNTRY LIFE,

TO THE HONOURED M. END. PORTER,
GROOME OF THE BED-CHAMBER TO HIS MAJ.

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 ocean's 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 then 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 the extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.

When now the cock, the plow-man's 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 master's 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 kingdom's portion is the plow :
This done, then to th' enamel'd 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 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 wolf 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.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
Thy May-poles too with garlands grac't,
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
Thy sheering-feast, which never faile,
Thy harvest home, thy wassaile bowle,
That's tost up after Fox i'th'hole,
Thy mummeries, thy twelfe-tide kings
And queenes, thy Christmas revellings,
Thy nut-browne mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man payes too deare for it:
To these thou hast thy times to goe
And trace the hare i'th'trecherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The larke into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade
To take the precious phesant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then
To catch the pilfring birds, not men.
O happy life! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood;
Who all the day themselves doe please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And, lying down, have nought t'affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt—

TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not aske a kisse,
 I dare not beg a smile ;
 Lest having that, or this,
 I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
 Of my desire shall be,
 Onely to kisse that aire
 That lately kissed thee.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY.

WHEN after many lusters thou shalt be
 Wrapt up in seare-cloth with thine ancestrie ;
 When of thy ragg'd escutcheons shall be seene
 So little left, as if they ne'r had been ;
 Thou shalt thy name have, and thy fame's best trust,
 Here with the generation of my just.

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESSE HE WOULD HAVE.

BE the mistresse of my choice
 Cleane in manners, cleere in voice ;
 Be she witty more then wise,
 Pure enough, though not precise ;
 Be she shewing in her dresse,
 Like a civill wilderness ;

That the curious may detect
 Order in a sweet neglect;
 Be she rowling in her eye,
 Tempting all the passers by;
 And each ringlet of her haire,
 An enchantment, or a snare,
 For to catch the lookers on;
 But herself held fast by none;
 Let her Lucrece all day be,
 Thais in the night to me;
 Be she such as neither will
 Famish me, nor over-fill.

UPON ZELOT.

Is Zelot pure? he is; ye see he weares
 The signe of circumcision in his eares.

THE ROSEMARIE BRANCH.

GROW for two ends, it matters not at all,
 Be't for my bridall, or my buriall.

UPON MADAM URSLY. EPIG.

FOR ropes of pearle, first Madam Ursly showes
 A chaine of cornes, pickt from her eares and toes;
 Then next, to match Tradescant's curious shels,
 Nailles from her fingers mew'd, she shewes: what els?

Why then, forsooth, a carcanet is shown
Of teeth, as deaf as nuts, and all her own.

UPON CRAB. EPIG.

CRAB faces gowned with sundry furies; 'tis known
He keeps the fox-furre for to face his own.

A PARANÆTICALL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE, TO HIS
FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKS.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep,
To rise as soon as day doth peep,
To tire thy patient oxe or asse
By noone, and let thy good dayes passe;
Not knowing this, that Jove decrees
Some mirth, t'adulce man's 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;
A pleasing wife, that by thy side
Lies softly panting like a bride;
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.

ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

THOUSANDS each day passe by, which wee
Once past and gone, no more shall see.

LOVE.

THIS axiom I have often heard,
Kings ought to be more lov'd then fear'd.

TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.

OR lookt I back unto the times hence flown,
To praise those muses, and dislike our own ;
Or did I walk those Pean gardens through,
To kick the flow'rs, and scorn their odours too ;
I might, and justly, be reputed here
One nicely mad, or peevishly severe :
But by Apollo! as I worship wit,
Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it,
So, I confesse, 'tis somewhat to do well
In our high art, although we can't excell,
Like thee ; or dare the buskins to unloose
Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian muse.
But since I'm cal'd, rare Denham, to be gone,
Take from thy Herrick this conclusion ;
'Tis dignity in others, if they be
Crown'd poets, yet live princes under thee ;
The while their wreaths and purple robes do shine,
Lesse by their own jemms then those beams of thine.

A HYMNE, TO THE LARES.

IT was, and still my care is,
To worship ye, the Lares,

With crowns of greenest parsley,
 And garlick chives not scarcely ;
 For favours here to warme me,
 And not by fire to harme me ;
 For gladding so my hearth here,
 With inoffensive mirth here ;
 That while the 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.

DENIALL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTNING TO MEN.

WOMEN, although they ne're so goodly make it,
 Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

ADVERSITY.

LOVE is maintained by wealth ; when all is spent,
 Adversity then breeds the discontent.

HESPERIDES.

TO FORTUNE.

TUMBLE me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruines, smiling yet ;
Teare me to tatters, yet I'll be
Patient in my necessitie ;
Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun
Me as a fear'd infection ;
Yet scarre-crow like I'll walk, as one
Neglecting thy derision.

TO ANTHEA.

COME, Anthea, know thou this,
Love at no time idle is ;
Let's be doing, though we play
But at push-pin half the day ;
Chains of sweet bents let us make,
Captive one, or both, to take ;
In which bondage we will lie,
Soules transfusing thus, and die.

CRUELTIES.

NERO commanded, but withdrew his eyes
From the beholding death and cruelties.

PERSEVERANCE.

HAST thou begun an act? ne're then give o're ;
 No man despaire to do what's done before.

UPON HIS VERSES.

WHAT offspring other men have got,
 The how, where, when, I question not :
 These are the children I have left ;
 Adopted some, none got by theft ;
 But all are toucht, like lawfull plate,
 And no verse illegitimate.

DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

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

HEALTH.

HEALTH is no other, as the learned hold,
 But a just measure both of heat and cold.

TO DIANEME. A CEREMONIE IN GLOCESTER.

I'LE to thee a simnell bring,
 'Gainst thou go'st a mothering ;
 So that when she blesseth thee,
 Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

TO THE KING.

GIVE way, give way; now, now my Charles shines
here,
A publike light, in this immensive sphere;
Some starres were fixt before, but these are dim,
Compar'd, in this my ample orbe, to him.
Draw in your feeble fiers, while that he
Appeares but in his meaner majestie;
Where, if such glory flashes from his name,
Which is his shade, who can abide his flame!
Princes, and such like publike lights as these,
Must not be lookt on but at distances;
For, if we gaze on these brave lamps too neer,
Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l bleer.

THE FUNERALL RITES OF THE ROSE.

THE rose was sick, and smiling di'd;
And, being to be sanctifi'd,
About the bed, there sighing stood
The sweet and flowrie sisterhood.
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.

THE RAINBOW; OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

MINE eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine;
 And, as they thus did entertaine
 The gentle beams from Julia's sight
 To mine eyes level'd opposite,
 O thing admir'd! there did appeare
 A curious rainbow smiling there;
 Which was the covenant that she
 No more wo'd drown mine eyes, or me.

THE LAST STROKE STRIKES SURE.

THOUGH by well-warding many blowes w'ave past,
 That stroke most fear'd is which is struck the last.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE's a blind profuser of her own,
 Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

STOOL-BALL.

AT stool-ball, Lucia, let us play,
 For sugar-cakes and wine ;
 Or for a tansie let us pay,
 The losse or thine or mine.

If thou, my deere, a winner be
 At trundling of the ball,
 The wages thou shalt have, and me,
 And my misfortunes all.

But if, my sweetest, I shall get,
 Then I desire but this ;
 That likewise I may pay the bet,
 And have for all a kisse.

TO SAPPHO.

LET us now take time, and play,
 Love, and live here while we may ;
 Drink rich wine, and make good cheere,
 While we have our being here ;
 For, once dead, and laid i'th' grave,
 No return from thence we have.

ON POET PRAT. EPIG.

PRAT he writes satyres, but herein's the fault,
 In no one satyre there's a mite of salt.

UPON TUCK. EPIG.

AT post and paire, or slam, Tom Tuck would play
This Christmas, but his want wherewith sayes nay.

BITING OF BEGGARS.

WHO, railing, drives the lazar from his door
Instead of almes, sets dogs upon the poor.

THE MAY-POLE.

THE May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup;
I'll drink to the garlands around it;
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my girles,
Whose husbands may earles,
Or lords be, granting my wishes;
And when that ye wed
To the bridall bed,
Then multiply all, like to fishes.

MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESSE.

THAT flow of gallants which approach
To kisse thy hand from out the coach;

That fleet of lackeyes which do run
 Before thy swift postilion ;
 Those strong hoof'd mules, which we behold
 Rein'd in with purple, pearl, and gold,
 And shod with silver, prove to be
 The drawers of the axle tree ;
 Thy wife, thy children, and the state
 Of Persian loomes and antique plate :
 All these, and more, shall then afford
 No joy to thee, their sickly lord.

ADVERSITY.

ADVERSITY hurts none but onely such
 Whom whitest fortune dandled has too much.

WANT.

NEED is no vice at all, though here it be,
 With men a loathed inconveniencie.

GRIEFE.

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

LOVE PALPABLE.

I PREST my Julia's lips, and in the kisse
 Her soule and love were palpable in this.

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

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

MEANE THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

By the weak'st means things mighty are o'rethrown,
He's the 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.

THE BRACELET OF PEARLE. TO SILVIA.

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

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

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

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said, as Cupid 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, and 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 man's frequent fame spoke out with praise.

POSSESSIONS.

THOSE possessions short-lived 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 fruitful genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty yeere by yeere;
O place! O people! manners! fram'd to please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
I am a free-born Roman; suffer then
That I amongst you live a citizen.

London my home is ; though by hard fate sent
 Into a long and irksome banishment ;
 Yet since cal'd back, henceforward let me be,
 O native countrey, repossess by thee !
 For, rather then I'lle to the west return,
 I'lle 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 Sybell's, 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 either's 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 shall 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'ecome 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 kingdom's ill-affectednesse;
Even 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 remains,
 After a thousand lusters hurld,
 By ruffling winds, about the world.

FAME.

'Tis still observed, 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 strengthening bread
 Be evermore those 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 master's 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, 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 dangers 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.

* His spaniel.

GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSELL.

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.
 And this for comfort thou must know,
 Times that are ill won't 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, clean, long, and small.
 I follow'd after, to descrie
 Part of the nak't sincerity ;
 But still the envious scene between,
 Deni'd the mask I wo'd have seen.

CHARON AND PHYLLOMEL, 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 griefe together.

Ch. What's thy request ? *Ph.* That since she's now
beneath

Who fed my life, I'll 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 and tears. *Ch.* Can tears pay
skores

For mending sails, for patching boat and oares ?

Ph. Ile 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 and I'll sing to make these dull shades merry,
Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown my ferry.

UPON PAUL. EPIG.

PAUL's 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
Paul's hands do give nought else, for ought we know.

UPON SIBB. EPIG.

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 BOSOM.

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

MAIDS NAY'S ARE NOTHING.

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

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

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

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather 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 Zenobia's 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 love's 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 betraid their countrey and their king.
True, if this citie seven times rounded was
With rocke, 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.

HESPERIDES.

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 hare ;
I shall find enchantment there.

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

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

OUR OWN SINNES UNSEEN.

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

NO PAINES, NO GAINES.

If little labour, little are our gaines ;
Man's 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 ;
Mean 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 singlenesse.

THE EYE.

A WANTON and lascivious eye
Betrayes the heart's adulterie.

TO PRINCE CHARLES, UPON HIS COMING TO
EXETER.

WHAT Fate decreed, Time now has 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 remains for thee to do ;
Then reach those ends that thou was destin'd to
Go on with Sylla's fortune ; let thy fate
Make thee like him, this, that way fortunate ;

Apollo's 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 doth 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 busnesse 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, and 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, Bacchus,
Who with thy Thyrsse dost thwack us ;
And yet thou so dost back us
With boldness, that we feare
No Brutus ent'ring here,
Nor Cato the severe.
What though the lictors threat us,
We know they dare not beate us,
So long as thou dost heat us.
When we thy orgies sing,
Each cobler is a king,
Nor dreads he any thing ;
And though he 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 fitches ;
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, methinks, 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.

LETS call for Hymen, if agreed thou art,
 Delays in love but crucifie the heart :
 Love's thornie tapers yet neglected lye ;
 Speak thou the word, they'l kinde 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 Paradice;
 And for no lesse then aromatick wine
 Of maydens-blush, commixt with jessamine.
 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 rag'd 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 pond'ring on the food,
 How cold it was, and how it chil'd my blood ;
 I curst the master, and I damn'd the souce,
 And swore I'de got the ague of the house.
 Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
 I'lle 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 psaltries play,
 That sweet luck may
 Come while the log is a teending.

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

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 plumb 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 keepe 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 says 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 myselfe 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 hell's 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'NE 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'll love the divell, so he lands the gold.

UPON AN OLD WOMAN.

OLD Widdow Prouse, to do her neighbours evil,
 Wo'd give, some say, her soule unto the devill.
 Well, when sh'as kil'd 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 winter's 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 circumspangle 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 chyrgion's 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 vermilion ;
So cherries blush, and katherne 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 morning 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 teares drop, and thy springs runne oyle
And everlasting harvest crown thy soile!
These I but wish for; but thy selfe shall see
The blessing fall in mellow times on thee.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

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

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

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

SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

Do's Fortune rend thee? Beare with thy hard fate;
Vertuous instructions ne'r are delicate.
Say, do's she frown? Still countermand her threats;
Vertue best loves those children that she beates.

TO THE PASSENGER.

If I 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, has Heaven his tombe.

UPON NODES.

WHEREVER Nodes do's in the summer come,
He prayes his harvest may be well brought home.
What store of corn has careful 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,
 Ensherr'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.

'Twas Cesar's saying ; kings no lesse conquerors are
By their wise counsell, then they be by warre.

BAD PRINCES PILL THEIR PEOPLE.

LIKE those infernall Deities, which eate
The best of all the sacrificed meate,
And leave their servants but the smoak and 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.

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

HESPERIDES.

As love shall help 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 mother's 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 love's 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 sayes 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.

AI 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 wooe you, though I sigh the while,
 True love is tonguelesse as a crocodile;
 And you may find in love these differing parts;
 Wooers have tongues of ice, but burning hearts.

UPON A MAIDE.

HERE she lyes, in bed of spice,
 Fair 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 and 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 weeps and sighs, as weary of his life.
Say, is't for real 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 willingness.

WRITING.

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

SOCIETY.

Two things do make society to stand ;
The first commerce is, and 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 rare Laniere to sing,
 Or curious Wilson; tell me, canst thou be
 Less then Apollo, that usurp'st such three?
 Three, unto whom the whole world give applause;
 Yet their three praises praise but one, that's Lawes.

AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

MAIDENS tell me I am old;
 Let me in my glasse behold
 Whether smooth or not I be,
 Or if haire 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 wellfare, 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.

ON HIMSELFE.

IF that my fate has now fulfill'd my yeere,
And so soone stopt my longer living here;
What was't, ye gods, a dying man to save,
But while he met with his paternall grave;
Though while we living 'bout the world do roame,
We love to rest in peaceful urnes at home,
Where we may snug and close together lye,
By the dead bones of our deare ancestrie.

KINGS AND TYRANTS.

'TwiXT kings and tyrants there's this difference
 knowne,
 Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their owne.

CROSSES.

OUR crosses are no other then the rods,
 And our diseases vultures of the gods;
 Each griefe we feele, that likewise is a kite
 Sent forth by them, our flesh to eate or bite.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE brought me to a silent grove,
 And shew'd me there a tree,
 Where some had hang'd themselves for love,
 And gave a twist to me.

The halter was of silk and gold,
 That he reacht forth unto me;
 No otherwise then if he would,
 By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that necklace use,
 And told me too, he maketh
 A glorious end by such a noose,
 His death for love that taketh.

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

NO DIFFERENCE 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 soule's poore house or home,
 Whose ribs the laths are, and whose flesh the loame.

TO SAPHO.

Thou saist thou lov'st me, Sapho; I say no;
 But would to love I could beleieve '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 HONOURED 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. COME and let's in solemn wise
 Both addresse to sacrifice ;
 Old religion first commands
 That we wash our hearts and hands.
 Is the beast exempt from staine,
 Altar cleane, do 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-nimphs 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 go and seeke
 For roses, and in Julia's cheeke
 A richness of those sweets she found,
 As in another 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.

REAPE'S eyes so raw 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 Teage's 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 lies a snake;
 Kisses and favours are sweet things;
 But those have thorns, and these have stings.

UPON SPENKE.

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

A DEFENCE OF 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 rosemary and bayes,
 Down with the misleto;
 In stead 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 Easter's 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 and the pye,
 And let all sports with Christmas dye.

SURFEITS.

BAD are all surfeits; but physitians call
That surfeit took 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 woee, and wo'd I winne,
Wo'd I well my work 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 maidenhead.

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 prevail; 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 'were 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.

UPON 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 lyric feasts,
 Made at the Sun,
 The Dog, the Triple Tunne ;
 Where we such clusters had,
 As made us nobly wild, not mad ?
 And yet each verse of thine
 Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My Ben !
 Or come agen,
 Or send to us
 Thy wit's great overplus ;
 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 blames 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
WISH 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 bridegroom be
Untoucht by cold sterility ;
But in their springing blood so play,
As that in lustres 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.

MAN's 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 fether 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-roome to the best; 'tis never known,
 Vertue and pleasure both to dwell in one.

TO SILVIA.

PARDON my trespass, Silvia; I confesse
 My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfac'tness;
 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 offspring I desire,
Singing about my everlasting fire.

UPON JULIA'S WASHING HERSELF IN THE RIVER.

How fierce was I, when I did see
My Julia wash herself 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 struggling 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 frankinsence the deities require,
We must not give all to the hallowed fire.
Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,
As for ourselves 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 Clunn 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 shoes 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.

UPON BLISSE.

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

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UPON BURR.

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

UPON 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 kisse 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 symmetric below,
 Lines have, or sho'd have, thou the best can 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 another's 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 poor seed, and rudely sown,
 Sprung up a warlike nation ;
 So let us yron, silver, gold,
 Brasse, lead, 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 trespasse 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.

PHYSITLANS say, repletion springs
More from the sweet then 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 self ; 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 first 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-INN.

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 comeliness;
 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, and cornes; and
 Ralph,
 In sev'ral 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.

IF 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 fearfullnesse,
 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 heat thy game,
And then at last to truss the epigram;
I must confess, distinction none I see
Between Domitian's Martial 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,
 Threaten'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 zodiacks fill'd more, I shall stoope ;
Let crutches then provided be,
To shore up my debilitie :
Then, while thou laugh'st, Ile sighing crie,
A ruine underpropt am I :
Don will I then my 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 tearmly fires,
With my weake voice Ile sing, or say
Some odes I made of Lucia ;
Then will I heave my wither'd hand
To Jove the mighty, for to stand
Thy faithfull friend, and to poure downe
Upon thee many a benizon.

TO JULIA.

HOLY waters hither bring
 For the sacred sprinkling ;
 Baptize me and thee, and so
 Let us to the altar go ;
 And, ere we our rites commence,
 Wash our hands in innocence ;
 Then 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 and 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 roasted 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,
Tho'st 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-heardesse?

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.
Lacm. Tell, and I'll 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'll be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call
 Me, and my sad playmates 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 leven rising there.

UPON FAUNUS.

WE read how Faunus, he the shepherd's 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 Quintell, 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 BACCHANALIAN 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
Tought 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 beautie's 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.

'Tis still observ'd, those men more 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 drink my frolick wine;
But I languish, lowre, and pine,
When I want my fragrant wine.

UPON PENNIE.

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

PATIENCE IN PRINCES.

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

FEARE GETS FORCE.

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

PARCELL-GILT POETRY.

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

UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER.

I BRING ye love. *Ques.* 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 we, and times to come, shall wonder at:
Lift up thy sword; next, suffer it to fall,
And by that one blow set an end to all.

HIS GRANGE.

How well contented in this private grange
Spend I my life, that's subject unto change;
Under whose rooffe, 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 thumblesse, 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 spread 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 wearer's 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,
O're which you'l walk when I am laid beneath.

THE BEGGER.

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

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.

METHOUGHT 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;
Tipled he was, and tipling, lispt withall,
And lipping 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, methought, in prittie anger she
Snatcht off his crown, and gave the wreath to me;
Since when, methinks, 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 booke 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.
 Forbear, therefore,
 And lull asleepe
 Thy woes, and weep
 No more.

UPON BOREMAN. EPIG.

BOREMAN takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes ; yet Bore-
 man,
 For all the divell helps, will be a poore man.

SAINT DISTAFF'S DAY; OR, THE MORROW AFTER
 TWELFTH DAY.

PARTLY work, 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 own vocation.

SUFFERANCE.

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

HIS TEARS TO THAMASIS.

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss,
 To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis :
 No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
 Whereon so many stately structures stand ;
 Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go,
 To bath in thee, as thousand others do ;
 No more shall I along 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 faithful 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 and 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 queene here.

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

Give then to the king
And queen 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 common-wealth.

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 kind;
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.

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

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight 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 wholesome 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 TINKER'S SONG.

ALONG, come along,
Let's meet in a throng
Here of tinkers ;
And quaffe up the 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 oyle?
Rewarde, 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 meadowes, pearl'd with dew,
 And set about with lillies;
 There, filling maunds with cowslips, you
 May find your Amarillis.

Her. What have the meades to do with thee,
 Or with thy youthfull houres?
 Live thou at court, where thou mayst be
 The queen of men, not flowers.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
 With posies, 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 shepherdesse 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 ;
 Let's kiss first, then we'll sever ;
Ambo. And though we bid adieu to day,
 We 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 woe.
1. Inform me next what love will do;
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of two.
1. Teach me besides what love will do;
2. 'Twill quickly mar and 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 scean,
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 Dol's 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 selfe 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 eternal 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-beames after dewes and 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:

Man's former birth is gracelesse, 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 itself too sweet ; the best of all
Is, when love's 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 ! here's wheat for Christmas pies !
 Soone after, he for beere so scores his wheat,
 That at the tide he has not bread to eate.

PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

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

ON HIMSELF.

A 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 SWEETNAHAM.

READ thou my lines, my Sweetnaham, 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 and 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 fame's 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 fame's eternal 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 virgin's 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 sweares 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, NICHOLAS 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 with that bold truth thou canst now relate
 This kingdome's fortune, and that empire's 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 Saviour's sepulchre:
 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 showes,
'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; keep the meane; for why?
 Vertue's clean conclave is sobriety.

UPON CROOT.

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

THE SOULE 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 not, all alike is good
 To this our poore, yet ever patient Flood.

UPON PIMPE.

WHEN Pimpe's feet sweat, as they doe often use,
There springs a sope-like lather in his shoes.

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 equal mind is the best sauce for grieffe.

TO CUPID.

I HAVE a leaden, thou a shaft of gold;
Thou kill'st with heate, and I strike dead with cold:
Let's trie of us who shall the first expire;
Or thou be frost, or I be 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 wisdome's 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-boare 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,
 Peeps 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 LE write no more of love, but now repent
 Of all those times that I in it have spent.

Ile write no more of life, but wish 'twas ended,
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

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.

THE END OF HIS WORKE.

PART of the worke remaines, one part is past;
And here my ship rides, having anchor cast.

TO CROWNE IT.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

THE worke is done ; young men and maidens set
Upon my curles the mirtle coronet,
Washt with sweet ointments ; thus at last I come
To suffer in the muses martyrdome ;

But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,
The muses will weare blackes when I am dead.

THE PILLAR OF FAME.

FAME's 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.

FINIS.

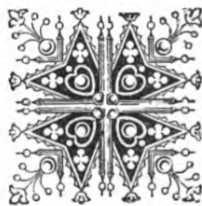


HIS
NOBLE NUMBERS :
OR,
HIS PIOUS PIECES,
Wherein (amongst other things)

he sings the Birth of his CHRIST :
and sighes for his *Saviour's* suffering
on the *Crosse*.

HESIOD.

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



LONDON :
Printed for *John Williams* and *Francis Eglesfield*.
1647.



HIS
NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,
HIS PIOUS PIECES.

HIS CONFESSION.

LOOK how our foule dayes do exceed our faire;
And as our bad more then our good works are,
Ev'n so those lines, pen'd by my wanton wit,
Treble the number of these good I've writ.
Things precious are least num'rous; men are prone
To do ten bad for one good action.

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION.

FOR those my 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 cloude 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.

GOD'S 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.

GOD'S 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 overact 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.

GOD'S MERCY.

God's 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 fil'd-full, then when full-fil'd 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
WHITEHALL, 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.

GOD's 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 another's 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 harp's 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 mercie's 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,
Speake but the word, and cure me quite.



GOD'S GIFTS NOT SOONE GRANTED.

GOD heares us when we pray, but yet defers
 His gifts, to exercise petitioners ;
 And though 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 interwoven osiers ;
 Instead of fragrant posies
 Of daffadills and roses,
 Thy cradle, kingly stranger,
 As gossell 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 houre-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 beggar's 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 cheater's game.

TO GOD.

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

HIS LETANIE, TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In 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 decayd,
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 man's 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'll do,
 Give thee a dart and dagger too ;
 Next, when I have my faults confest,
 Naked I'll shew a sighing breast ;
 Which, if that can't thy pittie wooe,
 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,
 Hath 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 healthful ewes to bear
 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'le 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 smoking villages.
Fain would I rest, yet covet not to die,
For feare of future biting penurie;
No, no, my God, thou know'st my wishes be
To leave this life, not loving it, but thee.

ANOTHER.

THOU bid'st 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 tears
For faults of former years ;
And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times ;
And next, to take a bit
Of bread, and wine with it ;
To don 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 only 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 hol'dst 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.

NOBLE NUMBERS.

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.

Go, prettie child, and beare this flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon his bibb or stomacher;
And tell him, for good handsell too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
To charme his cries at time of need;
Tell him, for corall thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, he should 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-YEERE'S 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-yeere's 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.

GOD'S MIRTH, MAN'S 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.

CHRIST'S PART.

CHRIST, He requires still, wheresoe're 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, where so e're 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 woee 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'le make this vow ;
 From aberrations to live free,
 So I'le not fear 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 jarr into my creuze ;
 And powring still Thy wealthy store,
 The vessell full, did then run ore ;
 Methought I did thy bounty chide,
 To see the waste ; but 'twas repli'd
 By thee, deare God, God gives men 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.

GOD'S BOUNTY.

God's 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 Christ's 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 here's my creed.

TEMPTATIONS.

TEMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have accesse ;
 Satan o'recomes 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 MAN'S transgression, God do's then remit,
When man he makes a penitent for it.

THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S 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 dearest 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 victor's 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 sighes 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 vials, fil'd
 With teares, distil'd
From teeming eyes ; to these we bring, 4
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;
All, 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 occasion's 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, and 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 days 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 take 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;
And 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 WHITEHALL.

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 winter's 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 Musicall Part was composed by
M. Henry Lawes.*

THE NEW YEERE'S GIFT, OR CIRCUMCISION'S SONG,
SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE
AT WHITE-HALL.

1. PREPARE for songs ; he's come, he's come ;
And be it sin here to be dumb,
And not with lutes to fill the roome.

2. Cast holy water all about,
And have a care no fire go's 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 is 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 whim'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-YEERE'S GIFT, OR SONG FOR THE
CIRCUMCISION.

1. HENCE, hence, prophane, and none appeare
With any thing unhallowed here;
No jot of leaven 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 heaven 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 yeere's 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 reaspire,
 A new-borne Phœnix from his own chast fire.

GOD'S PARDON.

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

SIN.

SIN once reacht up to God's eternall sphere,
 And was committed, not remitted there.

EVILL.

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

THE STAR-SONG ; A CAROLL TO THE KING.

SUNG AT WHITEHALL.

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 morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find him out ?

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

Chor. He's seen ! He's seen ! why then around,
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 wassail-
ling.

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'll 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,
Then so t'abound,
As to be drown'd,
Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care, avant,
I'll learn to be content
With that small stock thy bounty gave or lent.
What may conduce
To my most healthfull use,
Almighty God, me grant!
But that or this,
That hurtfull is,
Denie thy suppliant.

TO GOD, HIS GOOD WILL.

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,
O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants the deed.
Where rams are wanting, or large bullocks thighs,
There a poor lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.
Take then his vowes, who, if he had it, would
Devote to thee both incense, myrrhe, and gold,
Upon an altar rear'd by him, and crown'd
Both with the rubie, pearle, and diamond.

ON HEAVEN.

PERMIT mine eyes to see
Part, or the whole of thee,
O happy place!
Where all have grace
And garlands shar'd,
For their reward;

Where each chast soule
 In long white stole,
 And palmes in hand,
 Do 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'll do ; my mighty score,
 Thy mercy-seat I'll lay before ;
 But therewithall I'll 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 bid'st 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 Heaven's publike and immortall Eye
 Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby ;
 So thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,
 But take no tincture from my sinfull book.
 Let but one beame of glory on it shine,
 And that will make me and my work divine.

- 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 days 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' wilderness;
And while we blunder in the dark,
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

GREAT GRIEFE, 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.

ALONG the dark and silent night,
With my lantern and my light,
And the tinkling of my bell,
Thus I walk, and this I tell:
Death and dreadfullnesse 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 illis stand round about me ?
 Since mischiefs neither dare
 To bark or bite without thee.

THE WIDDOWE'S 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 hear 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 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 releev'd never.

Woe worth the time, woe worth the day,
That reav'd us of thee, Tabitha !
For we have lost, with thee, the meale,
The bits, the morsells, and the deale
Of gentle paste and yeelding dow,
That thou on widdowe's did 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 housewife's cloth did come;

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

Farewell the flax and reaming wooll,
With which thy house was plentiful ;

Farewell the coats, the garments, and
 The sheets, the rugs, made by thy hand;
 Farewell thy fier and thy light,
 That ne're went out by day or night.

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

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
 Has 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 rich 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 heape 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 YEER'S GIFT.

THAT little prettie bleeding part
 Of foreskin send to me ;
 And Ile returne a bleeding heart,
 For new-yeer's gift to thee.

Rich is the jemme that thou did'st send,
 Mine's faulty too, and small ;
 But yet this gift thou wilt commend,
 Because I send thee all.

DOOMES-DAY.

LET not that day God's friends and servants scare ;
 The bench is then their place, and not the barre.

THE POORE'S 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 sorrowe's 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;
Candour 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'll lay unto thy wound,
 Bleeding, that no blood touch the ground;
 For, rather than one drop shall fall
 To wast, my JESU, I'll 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.

GOD'S GRACE.

God's grace deserves here to be daily fed,
That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

COMING TO CHRIST.

To him who longs unto his CHRIST to go,
Celerity even itself is slow.

CORRECTION.

God had but one son free from sin, but none
Of all His sonnes free from correction.

GOD'S BOUNTY.

God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known
To give us more then hope can fix upon.

KNOWLEDGE.

SCIENCE in God is known to be
A substance, not a qualitie.

SALUTATION.

CHRIST, I have read, did to his chaplains say,
Sending them forth, Salute no man by th' way ;

Not that He taught his ministers to be
 Unsmooth or sowre to all civilitie ;
 But to instruct them, to avoid all snares
 Of tardidation in the Lord's affaires.
 Manners are good ; but till his errand ends,
 Salute we must, nor strangers, kin, or friends.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE is knowne to be
 The sister to saturitie.

TEARES.

God from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes,
 And gives his children kisses then, not stripes.

GOD'S BLESSING.

IN vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,
 Unless God gives the Benedicite.

GOD AND LORD.

God in 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 entitled Gods, yet none
Are Gods, of them, but by adoption.

LONG LIFE.

THE longer thread of life we spin,
The more occasion still to sin.

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 itself to ev'ry feeder's tast.

REVERENCE.

TRUE rev'ence is, as Cassiadore 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.

GOD'S HANDS.

GOD's 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 Iesus, called Ioshua ;
The Prophet's mountains of the Old are meant,
The Apostle's 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 God's eare.

CHRIST'S SADNESSE.

CHRIST was not sad, i'th' garden, for His own
Passion, but for His sheep's dispersion.

GOD HEARES US.

GOD, who's in heav'n, will here 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.

CHRIST'S 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 God's sweet majestic.

JEHOVAH.

JEHOVAH, as Boetius saith,
No number of the plurall hath.

CONFUSION OF FACE.

GOD then confounds man's face, when He not hears
The vows of those who are petitioners.

ANOTHER.

The shame of man's face is no more
Then prayers repel'd, sayes Cassiodore.

BEGGARS.

JACOB, God's beggar was; and so we wait,
Though ne're so rich, all beggars at His gate.

GOOD AND BAD.

THE bad among the good are here mixt ever;
The good without the bad are here plac'd never.

SIN.

SIN no existence; Nature none it hath,
Or good at all, as learn'd Aquinas saith.

MARTHA, MARTHA. :

THE repetition of the name, made known
No other than Christ's full affection.

YOUTH AND AGE.

GOD on our youth bestowes but little ease;
But on our age most sweet indulgences.

GOD'S POWER.

GOD is so potent, as His power can
Draw out of bad a soveraigne good to man.

PARADISE.

PARADISE is, as from the learn'd I gather,
A quire of blest soules circling in the Father.

OBSERVATION.

THE Jewes, when they built houses, I have read,
 One part thereof left still unfinished;
 To make them thereby 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 slothfulnessse.

OBSERVATION.

THE Virgin-mother stood at distance there
 From her soune's 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 awc,
 Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the law.
 Observe, we may, how Mary Joses then,
 And the 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.

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

ONE birth our Saviour had; the like none yet
Was, or will be a second like to it.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

To work a wonder, God would have her shown
At once a bud, and yet a rose full-blowne.

ANOTHER.

As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in,
No crack or schisme leave i'th' subtill 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.

GOD'S PRESENCE.

GOD's evident, and may be said to be
 Present with just men to the veritie;
 But with the wicked, if he doth comply,
 'Tis, as S. Bernard saith, but seemingly.

GOD'S DWELLING.

GOD's said to dwell there, wheresoever He
 Puts down some prints of His high majestie;
 As when to man He comes, and their doth place
 His holy Spirit, or doth plant His grace.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE Virgin Mary was, as I have read,
 The House of God, by Christ inhabited;

Into the which He entered; but the doore
Once shut, was never to be open'd 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 Marie's 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 man's uncomely froth might not molest
God's 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
Drawes 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 man's portion.

HELL FIRE.

THE fire of hell this strange condition hath,
 To burn, not shine, as learned Basil saith.

ABEL'S BLOOD.

SPEAK, did the bloud of Abel cry
 To God for vengeance ? Yes, say I,
 Ev'n as the sprinkled bloud 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.

GOD'S PRESENCE.

God's presence 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.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING.

JUSTLY our dearest Saviour may abhorre us,
Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for us.

SINNERS.

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way,
Either as when, the learned schoolemen say,
Men's sins destroyed are when they repent ;
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

TEMPTATIONS.

No man is tempted so, but may o'ecome,
If that he has a will to masterdome.

PITTIE AND PUNISHMENT.

GOD doth embrace the good with love ; and gaines
The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.

GOD'S PRICE AND MAN'S PRICE.

GOD bought man here with his heart's blood expence ;
And man sold God here for base thirty pence.

CHRIST'S 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 God's predestination ;
And from God's prescience of man's sin doth flow
Our destination to eternall woe.

PRESCIENCE.

God's prescience makes none sinfull ; but th' offence
Of man's the chief cause of God's prescience.

CHRIST.

To all our wounds here, whatsoe're they be,
Christ is the one sufficient remedie.

CHRIST'S INCARNATION.

CHRIST took our nature on him, not that he
'Bove all things lov'd it, for the 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.

GOD'S KEYES.

GOD has foure keyes, which he reserves alone ;
The first of raine ; the key of hell next known ;
With the third key He opes and shuts the wombe ;
And with the fourth key He unlocks the tombe.

SIN.

THERE'S no constraint to do amisse,
Whereas but one enforcement is.

ALMES.

GIVE unto all, lest He, whom thou deni'st,
May chance to be no other man but Christ.

HELL FIRE.

ONE onely fire has hell ; but yet it shall,
Not after one sort, there excruciate all :
But look, how each transgressor onward went
Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is 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 houres we all live here ; in heaven is known
 No spring of time, or time's 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, Nestor's 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 with-stood,
 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'll think I'm going to be buried ;
So shall the blankets which come over me,
Present those turfs which once must cover me ;
And with as 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'ral 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 mountains quak'd for dread,
 And sullen clouds bound up his head.
 No, lay thy stately terrors by,
 To talke with me familiarly;
 For if Thy thunder-claps I heare,
 I shall lesse swoone then die for fear.
 Speake thou of love, and I'll reply
 By way of Epithalamie;
 Or sing of mercy, and I'll suit
 To it my viol 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,
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 continual paine or pleasure here ;
But look how night succeeds the day, so He
Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

GOD' S 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 MAN'S 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 a 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 two-fold 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 God's praise with cheerfulness.

GOD'S 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 please 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;

NOBLE NUMBERS.

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 Christian's 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 ourselves, 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 man's fall the Rose was born,
S. Ambrose sayes, without the thorn ;
But, for man's fault, then was the thorn,
Without the fragrant rose-bud, born ;
But ne're the rose without the thorn.

GOD'S 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 God's offering.

TO GOD.

God, who me gives a will for to repent,
 Will add a power to keep me innocent ;
 That I shall ne're that trespasse recommit,
 When I have done true penance here for it.

THE CHEWING THE CUD.

WHEN well we speak, and nothing do that's good,
 We not divide the hoof, but chew the cud ;
 But when good words, by good works, have their proof,
 We then both chew the cud and cleave the hoof.

CHRIST'S TWOFOLD COMING.

THY former coming was to cure
 My soule's most desp'rate calenture ;
 Thy second advent, that must be
 To heale my earth's infirmitie.

TO GOD, HIS GIFT.

As my little pot doth boyle,
 We will keep this level-coyle ;
 That a wave, and I will bring
 To my God a heave offering.

GOD'S ANGER.

God can't be wrathful, but we may conclude,
Wrathful He may be by similitude ;
God's wrathful said to be, when He doth do
That without wrath, which wrath doth force us to.

GOD'S COMMANDS.

IN GOD's commands ne're ask the reason why ;
Let thy obedience be the best reply.

TO GOD.

IF I have plaid the truant, or have here
Fail'd in my part, 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 dwells, there let thy grace abound.

TO GOD.

THE work is done ; now let thy lawrell be
Given by none but by thyselfe to me ;
That done, with honour thou dost me create
Thy poet, and thy prophet lawreat.

GOOD FRIDAY; REX TRAGICUS, OR CHRIST GOING
TO HIS CROSSE.

PUT off thy robe of purple; then go on
 To the sad place of execution;
 Thine houre is come, and the tormentor stands
 Ready to pierce thy tender feet and hands.
 Long before this the base, the dull, the rude,
 Th' inconstant, and 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 embalme 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'll follow thee, hap, hap what shall,
Both to the judge and judgment-hall ;

And if I see thee posted there,
 To be all-flayed with whipping-cheere,
 I'll take my share, or els, my God,
 Thy stripes I'll kisse, or burn the rod.

HIS SAVIOUR'S 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 friend's transgression !

Ah ! Sion's 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 God's 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'le call and cry out, Thanks to thee.

Verse. 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'le not see thee to drink all
The vineger, 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
 DOTTH 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, and 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-daye's sun.

Act when thou wilt,
 Bloud will be spilt ;
 Pure balme, 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 SAVIOUR'S 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 Saviour's 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'll thither follow, without feare,
And live in hell, if that my Christ stayes there.

OF all the good things whatsoe're we do,
God is the APXH and the TEAOΣ too.

FINIS.

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