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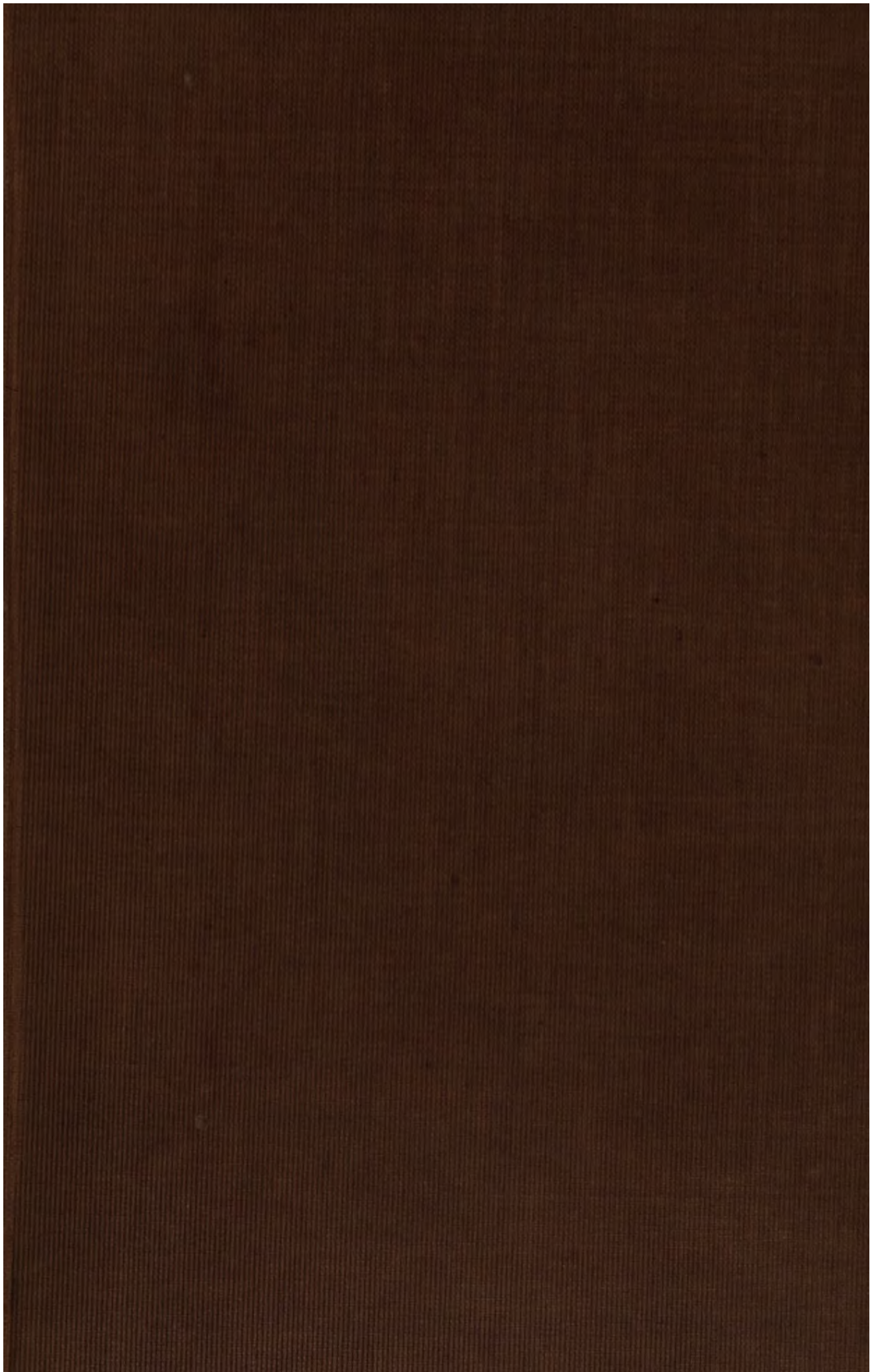
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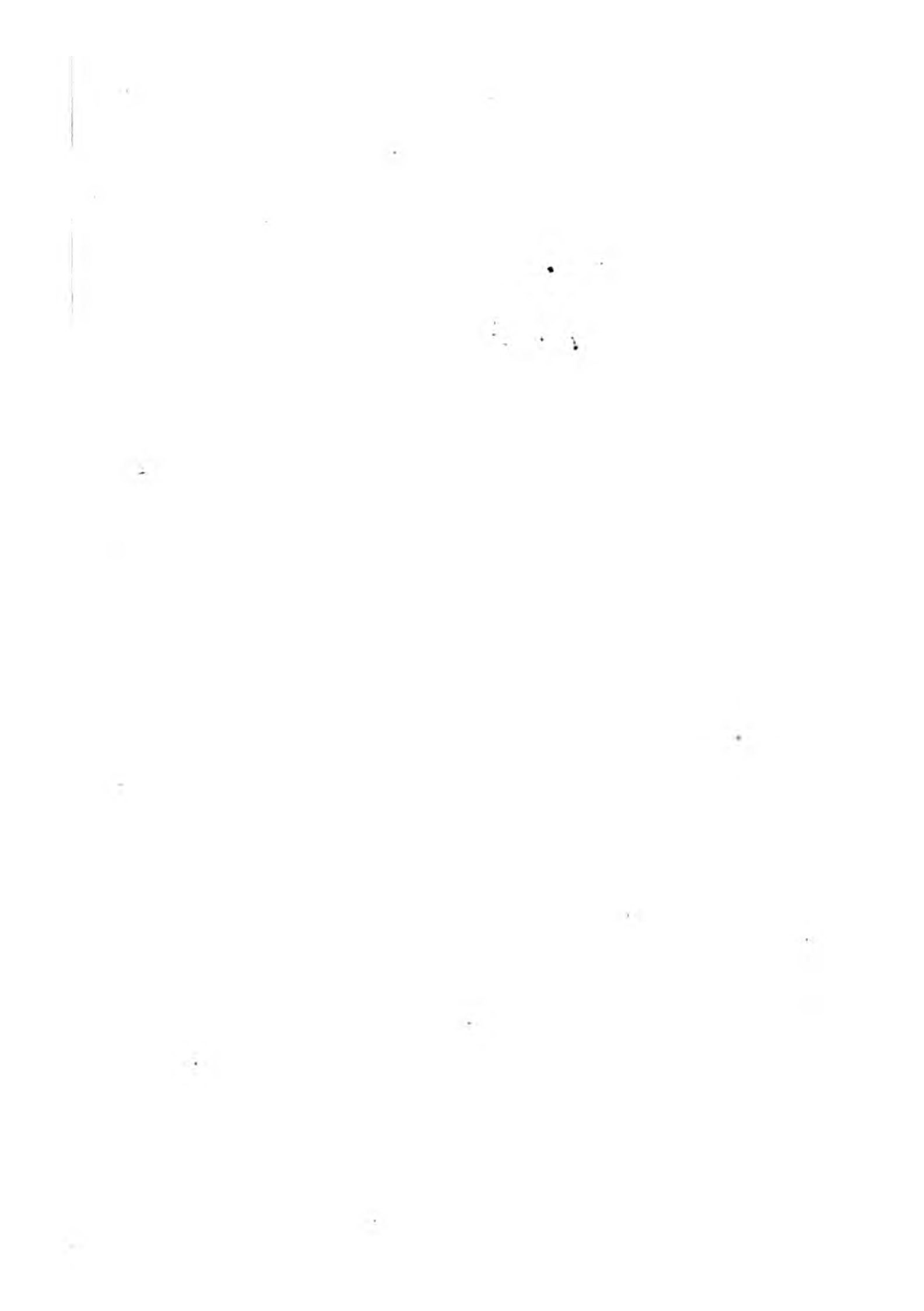




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HESPERIDES
OR THE WORKS BOTH HUMANE
AND DIVINE OF ROBERT
HERRICK ESQ.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

HESPERIDES
OR THE WORKS BOTH HUMANE
AND DIVINE OF ROBERT
HERRICK ESQ.

VOL. II.



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING

1846

996.





Hesperides.

To his Booke.



BE bold, my Booke, nor be abasht, or
feare [Brow severe.
The cutting Thumb-naile, or the
But by the *Muses* sweare, all here is
If but well read ; or ill read, understood. [good,

His Prayer to Ben. Johnson.

WHen I a Verse shall make,
Know I have praid thee,
For old *Religions* fake,
Saint *Ben*, to aide 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 fway, 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 Shepherds, fung, 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 forrowing.
 Sick is the Land to'th' heart ; and doth endure
 More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.
 But if that golden Age wo'd come again,
 And *Charles* here Rule, as he before did Raign ;
 If smooth and unperplext the Seasons were,
 As when the *Sweet Maria* lived here :
 I sho'd delight to have my Curles halfe drown'd
 In *Tyrian Dewes*, and Head with *Roses* crown'd.

And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)
Knock at a Starre with my exalted Head.

To Vulcan.

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

Like Pattern, like People.

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

To the Maids to walke abroad.

Come fit we under yonder Tree,
 Where merry as the Maids we'l be.

And as on *Primroses* we sit,
We'l venter (if we can) at wit :
If not, at *Draw-gloves* we will play ;
So spend some minutes of the day :
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at *Questions* and *Commands* :
Or tell what strange Tricks Love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will sit and talke ; but tell
No cruell truths of *Philomell*,
Or *Phillis*, whom hard Fate forc't on,
To kill her selfe for *Demophon*.
But Fables we'l relate ; how *Jove*
Put on all shapes to get a Love :
As now a *Satyr*, then a *Swan* ;
A *Bull* but then ; and now a man.
Next we will aēt, how young men wooe ;
And sigh, and kifs, as Lovers do :
And talke of Brides ; & who shall make
That wedding-smock, this Bridal-Cake ;
That Drefs, 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 Poffet shall be made

With Cream of Lillies (not of Kine)
 And *Maiden's-blush*, for spiced wine.
 Thus, having talkt, we'l next commend
 A kifs 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 confes) 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 Loves 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 pitch't ; 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'-Wispæ* 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 I'le 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 Minutes space how I
Can runne mad, and Prophefie.

Then if any Peece proves new,
And rare, Ile say, my dearest *Crew*,
It was full enspir'd by you.

Good Luck not lasting.

IF well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast :
The happy fortune will not alwayes 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 soft'ring fathers be to you.
If not; expect to be no less
Ill us'd, 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 Coblers Catch.

COME sit we by the fires side;
 And roundly drinke we here;

Till that we see our cheekes Ale-dy'd
And noses tann'd with Beere.

Upon Bran. Epig.

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 worst, 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 bleffings 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 this night.
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 discri'd
 To encourage on the Bride ;
 And to these we have espi'd,
 Not a kissing *Cupid* flies
 Here about, but has his eyes,
 To imply your Love is wife.

Chorus Pastorum.

Here we present a fleece
 To make a peece
 Of cloth ;
 Nor, Faire, must you be loth
 Your Finger to apply
 To hufwiferie.
 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 Hufwives thread
 The Larder fils with meat ; the Bin with bread.

Chorus Senum.

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,
And not by any fordid shift :

'Tis haste

Makes waste :

Extreames have still their fault ;

The softest Fire makes the sweetest Mault.

*Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand,
Holds none at all, or little in his hand.*

Chorus Virginum.

Goddesse of Pleasure, Youth, and Peace,
Give them the blessing of encrease :

And thou, *Lucina*, that do'st heare

The 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 Ravens 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,
 Looke ye not wan, or colourlesse for feare.
 Trust me, I will not hurt ye ; or once shew
 The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you :
 Nor shall the Tapers when I'm there, burn blew.
 This I may do, perhaps, as I glide by,
 Cast on my Girles a glance, and loving eye :
 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.

AChrifall 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, though enchas'd with Pearls, contain
 A deadly draught in them.

And thou, O *Cupid!* come not to
 My Threshold, since I see,
 For all I have, or else can do,
 Thou still wilt cozen me.

Upon Gander. Epig.

Since *Gander* did his prettie 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.

L*ungs*, 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 Mousse
 Over-fowr'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 Beggars use.
 But if this may seem too much
 For an Almes ; then give me such
 Little bits, that nestle there
 In the Pris'ners *Panier*.
 So a blessing light upon
 You, and mighty *Oberon* :
 That your plenty last till when,
 I return your Almes agen.

An End decreed.

L Et'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 filent, and not ftirre
 Th' eafie earth that covers her.

Painting fometimes permitted.

IF Nature do deny
 Colours, let Art fupply.

Farwell Frost, or welcome Spring.

FLed are the Frofts, and now the Fields appear
 Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant Diaper.
 Thaw'd are the fnowes, and now the lufly Spring
 Gives to each Mead a neat enameling.
 The Palms put forth their Gemmes, and every
 Now fwaggers in her Leavy gallantry. [Tree
 The while the *Daulian Minftrell* fweetly fings
 With warbling Notes, her *Tyrrean* sufferings.
 What gentle Winds perfpire? As if here
 Never had been the *Northern Plunderer*
 To ftrip the Trees, and Fields, to their diftreffe,
 Leaving them to a pittied nakedneffe.
 And look how when a frantick Storme doth tear
 A ftubborn Oake, or Holme (long growing there)

But lul'd to calmness, then succeeds a breeze
 That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of Trees :
 So when this War, which tempest-like doth spoil
 Our salt, our Corn, our Honie, Wine, and Oile,
 Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
 His inconsiderate Frenzie off (at last)
 The gentle Dove may, when these turmoils cease,
 Bring in her Bill, once more, *the Branch of Peace.*

The 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 hufht 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 weekes) 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 finners
 brine,
 Above they are the Angels spiced wine.

Phyfitians.

PHyfitians 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 shooes, 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 there withall.

Upon Skoles. Epig.

S*Koles* 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-croft 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 clos'd ; and being shut, & seal'd,
 Be it, O be it, never more reveal'd !
 Keep here still, *Closet-gods*, 'fore whom I've set
 Oblations oft, of sweetest Marmelet.

A Bacchanalian Verse.

Fill me a mighty Bowle
 Up to the brim :
 That I may drink
 Unto my *Johnsons* soule.
 Crowne it agen agen ;
 And thrice repeat
 That happy heat ;
 To drink to Thee my *Ben*.
 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 blithfull, while ye
The morrowes life too late is, Live to-day. [may :

Never too late to dye.

NO man comes late unto that place from
Never man yet had a regredience. [whence

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 Rosés 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, Dews and
Showers ; [of Flowers :
No more of Groves, Meades, Springs, and wreaths
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 prittie ;
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'ft this Book that I have writ,
And can'ft 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 Oceans foame
To seek, and bring rough Pepper home :
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched Clove.
Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the Ingot from the West.
No, thy Ambition's Master-piece
Flies no thought higher 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 th' extent
Of Land makes life, but sweet content.

When now the Cock (the Plow-mans Horne)
Calls forth the lilly-wristed Morne ;
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,
Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know,
That the best compost for the Lands
Is the wise Masters Feet, and Hands.
There at the Plough thou find'st thy Teame,
With a Hind whistling there to them :
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The Kingdoms portion *is the Plow*.
This done, then to th' enameld Meads
Thou go'st ; and as thy foot there treads,
Thou see'st 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 Wolfe and Fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool.
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A Shepherd piping on a hill.
For Sports, for Pagentrie, and Playes,
Thou hast thy Eves, and Holydayes :
On which the young men and maids meet,

To exercise their dancing feet :
Tripping the comely country round,
With Daffadils and Daifies crown'd.
Thy Wakes, thy Quintels, here thou hast,
Thy May-poles too with Garlands grac't :
Thy Morris-dance ; thy Whitfun-ale ;
Thy Sheering-feast, which never faile.
Thy Harvest home ; thy Waffaile bowle,
That's toft up after Fox i'th' Hole.
Thy Mummeries ; thy Twelfe-tide Kings
And Queenes ; thy Christmas revellings :
Thy Nut-browne mirth ; thy Ruffet 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 Trammell net :
Thou hast thy Cockrood, and thy Glade
To take the precious Phefant 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 defunt —

To Electra.

I Dare not ask a kisse ;
 I dare not beg a smile ;
 Lest having that, or this,
 I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
 Of my desire, shall be
 Onely to kisse that Aire,
 That lately kissed thee.

To his worthy Friend, M. Arthur Bartly.

WHen after many Lusters thou shalt be
 Wrapt up in Seare-cloth with thine An-
 cestrie :

When of thy ragg'd *Escutcheons* shall be seene
 So little left, as if they ne'r had been : [trust,
 Thou shalt thy Name have, and thy Fames best
 Here with the Generation of my Just.

What kind of Mistresse he would have.

BE the Mistresse of my choice,
 Cleane in manners, cleere in voice :
 Be she witty, more then wise ;
 Pure enough, though not Precise :
 Be she shewing in her 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 her self held fast by none.
 Let her *Lucrece* all day be,
Thais in the night, to me.
 Be she such, as neither will
Famish me, nor over-fill.

Upon Zelot.

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* shoves
 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
 Why then, forsooth, a Carcanet is shewn [els?
 Of teeth, as deaf as nuts, and all her own.

Upon Crab, Epigr.

CRab faces gownes with sundry Furses ; 'tis
 known,
 He keeps the Fox-furre for to face his own.

*A Paraneticall, 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 Ass
 By noone, and let thy good dayes passe,
 Not knowing This, that *Jove* decrees
 Some mirth, t'adulce mans miseries ?
 No ; 'tis a life, to have thine oyle,
 Without extortion, from thy foyle :
 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.

For gladding so my hearth here,
 With inoffensive mirth here ;
 That while the Wassaile Bowle here
 With *North-down* Ale doth troule here,
 No fillable 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 maintain'd by wealth ; when all is spent,
Adversity then breeds the discontent.

To Fortune.

TUMBLE me down, and I will fit
 Upon my ruines (smiling yet :)
 Teare me to tatters ; yet I'le be
 Patient in my necessitie.
 Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun
 Me, as a fear'd infection :

Yet scarre-crow-like I'le 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.

N*Ero* commanded ; but withdrew his eyes
From the beholding Death, and cruelties.

Perseverance.

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

Upon his Verses.

WHAT off-spring other men have got,
The how, where, when, I question not.
These are the Children I have left ;
Adopted some ; none got by theft.

But all are toucht, like lawfull plate,
And no Verſe illegitimate.

Distance betters Dignities.

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

Health.

Heaith is no other, as the learned hold,
But a juſt meaſure both of Heat and Cold.

To Dianeme. A Ceremonie in Gloceſter.

ILe 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 ſaſhes 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 fighting stood
The sweet, and flowrie Sifterhood.
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 strike 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 *Tanfie* let us pay,
 The losse or thine, or mine.

If thou, my Deere, a winner be
 At trundling of the Ball,
 The wager 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.

L Et 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, Epigr.

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

Upon Tuck, Epigr.

A T Post and Paire, or Slam, *Tom Tuck* would
 play
 This Christmas, but his want wherwith, sayes Nay.

Biting of Beggars.

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

The May-pole.

T He May-pole is up,
 Now give me the cup ;
 I'le drink to the Garlands a-round it :

But first unto those
 Whose hands did compose
 The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my Girles,
 Whose husbands may Earles
 Or Lords be, (granting my wishes)
 And when that ye wed
 To the Bridall Bed,
 Then multiply all, like to Fishes.

Men mind no State in Sicknesse.

THAT flow of Gallants which approach
 To kisse thy hand from out the coach ;
 That fleet of 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 *axeltree*.
 Thy Wife, thy Children, and the state
 Of *Persian* Loomes, and *antique* Plate :
 All these, and more, shall then afford
 No joy to thee their sickly Lord.

Adversity.

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

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.

IPreſt 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're-
thrown,
He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.

Upon Trigg, Epig.

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

Upon Smeaton.

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

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.

'**T**Is 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 re-
nown'd;
Chose first, confirm'd next, & at last are crown'd.

First Work, and then Wages.

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

Teares, and Laughter.

KNew'ft 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, [praise.
Then a mans frequent Fame, spoke out with

Possessions.

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

Laxare fibulam.

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

His returne to London.

FROM the dull confines of the drooping West,
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,

Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie
 To thee, blest place of my Nativitie !
 Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
 With thousand blessings by thy Fortune crown'd.
 O fruitfull Genius ! that bestowest here
 An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.
 O *Place!* O *People!* Manners ! fram'd to please
 All *Nations, Customes, Kindreds, Languages!*
 I am a free-born *Roman* ; suffer then,
 That I amongst you live a Citizen.
 London my home is : though by hard fate sent
 Into a long and irksome banishment ;
 Yet since cal'd back ; henceforward let me be,
 O native countrey, repossess't by thee !
 For, rather then I'le to the West return,
 I'le beg of thee first here to have mine Urn.
 Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;
 Give thou my sacred Reliques Buriall.

Not every Day fit for Verse.

'TIs not ev'ry day, that I
 Fitted am to prophesie :
 No, but when the Spirit fills
 The fantastick Pannicles :
 Full of fier ; then I write
 As the Godhead doth indite.
 Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
 Like the *Sybells*, through the world.
 Look how next the holy fier

Either flakes, 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 **C**OME, 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 Disposereffe of the prize.

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

Chor. Why then begin, and let us heare

The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
That gently purles from eithers Oat.

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

Lal. The equall Umpire shall be I,
Who'l hear, and so judge righteoufly.

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 fuger'd note ! and found as sweet
As Kine, when they at milking meet.

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

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

- 2 To get thy Steerling, once again,
I'le play thee such another strain ;
That thou shalt swear, my Pipe do's raigne
Over thine Oat, as Sovereigne.

[*He sings.*

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

I Give me the prize : 2. The day is mine :
I Not so ; my Pipe has filenc't thine :
And hadst thou wager'd twenty Kine,
They were mine own. *Lal.* In love combine.

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

True safety.

'T Is not the Walls, or purple, that defends
A Prince from Foes ; but 'tis his Fort of
Friends.

A Prognostick.

AS many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse
Nought but a Kingdoms ill-affectednesse :
Ev'n so, those streets and houses do but show
Store of diseases, where Physitians flow.

Upon Julia's Sweat.

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

Proof to no purpose.

YOU see this gentle streame, that glides,
 Shov'd on, by quick succeeding Tides :
 Trie if this sober streame you can
 Follow to th' wilder Ocean :
 And see, if there it keeps unspent
 In that congeſting element.
 Next, from that world of waters, then
 By poares and cavernes back agen
 Induc't that inadultrate fame
 Streame to the Spring from whence it came.
 This with a wonder when ye do,
 As eaſie, and els eaſier too :
 Then may ye recollect the graines
 Of my particular Remaines ;
 After a thouſand Luſters hurld,
 By ruffling winds, about the world.

Fame.

'TIs ſtill obſerv'd, that Fame ne're ſings
 The order, but the Sum of things.

By Uſe comes Eaſineſſe.

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

To the Genius of his House.

COMmand the Roofe, great *Genius*, and from
 thence
 Into this house powre downe thy influence,
 That through each room a golden pipe may run
 Of living water by thy *Benizon*.
 Fulfill the Larders, and with strengthning bread
 Be evermore these Bynns replenished.
 Next, like a Bishop consecrate my ground,
 That luckie Fairies here may dance their Round :
 And after that, lay downe some silver pence,
 The Masters charge and care to recompence.
 Charme then the chambers; make the beds for ease,
 More then for peevish pining sickneses.
 Fix the foundation fast, and let the Roofe
 Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-prooffe.

His Grange, or private Wealth.

THough Clock,
 To tell how night drawes hence, I've none,
 A Cock,
 I have, to sing how day drawes on.
 I have
 A maid, my *Prew*, by good luck sent,
 To save
 That little, Fates me gave or lent.

A Hen

I keep, which creaking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay.

A goofe

I have, which, with a jealous eare,
Lets loose
Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare.

A Lamb

I keep (tame) with my morfells fed,
Whofe Dam
An Orphan left him (lately dead.)

A Cat

I keep, that playes about my Houfe,
Grown fat,
With eating many a miching Moufe.

To thefe

A *Trafy** 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, flight things do lightly please.

* His Spaniel.

Good Precepts, or Counsell.

IN all thy need, be thou posselt
 Still with a well-prepared brest :
 Nor let the shackles make thee sad ;
 Thou canst but have, what others had.
 And this for comfort thou must know,
 Times that are ill wo'nt still be so.
 Clouds will not ever powre down raine ;
A fullen 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 Taires 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 Uptales all ;
 And that's the part to be acted.

Upon Franck.

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

Upon Lucia dabled in the Deaw.

M*Y Lucia* in the deaw did go,
 And prettily bedabled so,
 Her cloaths held up, she shew'd withall
 Her decent legs, cleane, long and small.
 I follow'd after to descric
 Part of the nak't sincerity ;
 But still the envious Scene between
 Deni'd the Mask I wo'd have seen.

Charon and Phylomel, a Dialogue sung.

Ph. **C***Haron!* 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
foules.
- Ph.* Alas for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching
note,
That made me thus hoist faile, and bring my
Boat:
But Ile returne; what mischief brought thee
hither?
- Ph.* A deale of Love, and much, much Griefe to-
gether.
- Ch.* What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's
now beneath
Who fed my life, I'le follow her in death.
- Ch.* And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love I
pray thee, [me.
- Ch.* Talk not of love, all pray, but few foules pay
- Ph.* Ile give thee vows & tears. *Ch.* Can tears
pay skores
For mending fails, for patching Boat and
Oares?
- Ph.* I'le beg a penny, or Ile sing so long,
Till thou shalt say, I've paid thee with a song.
- Ch.* Why then begin, and all the while we make
Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian Lake,
Thou & I'le sing to make these dull Shades
merry,
Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown my
ferry.

Upon Paul. Epigr.

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

Upon Sibb. Epigr.

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

*A Ternarie of Littles, upon a Pipkin of
 Jellie sent to a Lady.*

A Little Saint best fits a little Shrine,
 A little prop best fits a little Vine,
 As my small Cruse best fits my little Wine.

A little Seed best fits a little Soyle,
 A little Trade best fits a little Toyle :
 As my small Jarre best fits my little Oyle.

A little Bin best fits a little Bread,
 A little Garland fits a little Head :
 As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.

A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,
 A little Chappell fits a little Quire,
 As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.

A little streame best fits a little Boat ;
 A little lead best fits a little Float ;
 As my small Pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little bellie,
 As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye,
 This little Pipkin fits this little Jellie.

Upon the Roses in Julia's Bosome.

THrice happie Roses, so much grac't, to have
 Within the Bosome of my Love your grave.
 Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne,
 Your Grave her Bosome is, the Lawne the Stone.

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 roasted, 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 Flowers *Sappha* went,
 And homeward she did bring
 Within her Lawnie Continent,
 The treasure of the Spring.

She smiling blusht, and blushing smil'd,
 And sweetly blushing thus,
 She lookt as she'd been got with child
 By young *Favonius*.

Her Apron gave (as she did passe)
 An Odor more divine,
 More pleasing too, then ever was
 The lap of *Proserpine*.

The Candor of Julia's Teeth.

WHite as *Zenobias* teeth, the which the Girles
 Of Rome did weare for their most precious
 Pearles.

Upon her weeping.

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

Another upon her weeping.

She by the River fate, 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
The *Hector* over *Aged Exeter*; [thee here
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 rock, and seven times circumflankt with
brasse,
Yet if thou wert not, *Berkley*, loyall prooffe,
The Senators down tumbling with the Rooffe,

Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,
 Leaving no shew, where stood the *Capitoll*.
 But thou art just and itchlesse, and dost please
 Thy *Genius* with two strength'ning *Buttresses*,
Faith, and *Affection*: which will never slip
 To weaken this thy great *Dictator-ship*.

To Electra. Love looks for Love.

Love love begets, then never be
 Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee.
 Tygers and Beares (I've heard some say)
 For profer'd love will love repay:
 None are so harsh, but if they find
 Softnesse in others, will be kind;
 Affection will affection move,
 Then you must like, because I love.

Regression spoiles Resolution.

Hast thou attempted greatnesse? then go on,
 Back-turning slackens Resolution.

Contention.

Discreet and prudent we that Discord call,
 That either profits, or not hurts at all.

Consultation.

COnfult ere thou begin'ft, that done, go on
 With all wife fpeed for execution.

Love diflikes nothing.

WHatsoever thing I fee,
 Rich or poore although it be ;
 'Tis a Miftrefle unto mee.

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

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

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

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

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

Our own Sinnes unſeen.

OTher mens fins wee ever beare in mind ;
None ſees the fardell of his faults behind.

No Paines, no Gaines.

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

Upon Slouch.

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

Vertue beſt united.

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

The eye.

A Wanton and laſcivious eye
 Betrayes the Hearts Adulterie.

To Prince Charles upon his coming to Exeter.

WHAT Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us
fee

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 wast 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 flay me by degrees,
 Is the height of Cruelties.
 What needs twenty stabs, when one
 Strikes me dead as any stone?
 O shew mercy then, and be
 Kind at once to murder mee.

Princes and Favourites.

PRinces and Fav'rites are most deere, while
 they
 By giving and receiving hold the play:
 But the Relation then of both growes poor,
 When These can aske, and Kings can give no
 more.

Examples, or like Prince, like People.

EXamples lead us, and wee likely see,
 Such as the Prince is, will his People be.

Potentates.

Love and the *Graces* evermore do wait
 Upon the man that is a Potentate.

The Wake.

Come, *Anthea*, let us two
 Go to Feast, as others do.
 Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes,

Are the Junketts still at Wakes :
 Unto which the Tribes resort,
 Where the businesse is the sport :
 Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
 Marian too in Pagentrie :
 And a Mimick to devise
 Many grinning properties.
 Players there will be, and those
 Base in action as in clothes :
 Yet with strutting they will please
 The incurious Villages.
 Neer the dying of the day,
 There will be a *Cudgell-Play*,
 Where a *Coxcomb* will be broke,
 Ere a good *word* can be spoke :
 But the anger ends all here,
 Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.
 Happy Rusticks, best content
 With the cheapest Merriment :
 And possesse no other feare,
 Then to want the Wake next Yeaere.

The Peter-penny.

Fresh strowings 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 Croffe,
 Must fit 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 fend 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 Alablafter.

NOr art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd
 (Amongst mine honour'd) Thee (almost)
 the last :

In great Proceffions 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 foule, 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 un-
 feal'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 Conjuratiō, 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 drifling 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 *Sorcereffe*,
While juice she straines, and pith
To make her Philters with :
By Time, that hastens on
Things to perfection :
And by your self, the best
Conjurement of the rest :
O my *Electra* ! be
In love with none, but me.

Courage cool'd.

I Cannot love, as I have lov'd before :
 For I'm grown old &, with mine age, grown
 poore :

Love must be fed by wealth : this blood of mine
 Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

The Spell.

HOly Water come and bring ;
 Cast in Salt, for feasoning :
 Set the Brush for sprinkling :
 Sacred Spittle bring ye hither ;
 Meale and it now mix together ;
 And a little Oyle to either :
 Give the Tapers here their light,
 Ring the *Saints-Bell*, to affright
 Far from hence the evill Sp'rite.

His Wish to Privacie.

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

A good Husband.

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

A Hymne to Bacchus.

I Sing thy praise, *Iacchus*,
 Who with thy *Thyrse* dost thwack us :
 And yet thou so dost back us
 With boldness that we feare
 No *Brutus* entring here ;
 Nor *Cato* the severe.
 What though the *Lictors* threat us,
 We know they dare not beate us ;
 So long as thou dost heat us.
 When we thy *Orgies* sing,
 Each 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 Puffe and her Prentice. Epig.

Puffe 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 fit !
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 meafures ravifhing.

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

Upon Julia's Clothes.

WHen as in filks my *Julia* goes,
 Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flowes
 That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I caft mine eyes and fee
 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.
 Loves thornie Tapers yet neglected lye :
 Speak thou the word, they'l kindle by and by.
 The nimble howers wooe us on to wed,
 And *Genius* waits to have us both to bed.

Behold, for us the *Naked Graces* stay
 With maunds of roses for to strew the way :
 Besides, the most religious Prophet stands
 Ready to joyne, as well our hearts as hands.
Juno yet smiles ; but if she chance to chide,
 Ill luck 'twill bode to th' Bridegroome and the
 Bride.

Tell me, *Anthea*, dost thou fondly dread
 The los 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 lauitious 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 less then Aromatick Wine

Of *Maydens-blush*, commixt with *Jessimine*.
 Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet ;
 Which wanting *Lar*, and smoke, hung weeping
 wet ;

At last, i'th'noone of winter, did appeare
 A ragd-fouft-neats-foot with sick vineger :
 And in a burnisht Flagonet stood by
 Beere small as Comfort, dead as Charity.
 At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food,
 How cold it was, and how it child my blood ;
 I curst the master ; and I damn'd the souce ;
 And swore I'de got the ague of the house.
 Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
 I'le bring a Fever ; since thou keep'ft no fire.

Ceremonies for Christmaffe.

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 Pfalltries 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 Pafte that's a kneading.

*Christmaffe-Eve, another
 Ceremonie.*

COME guard this night the Chriftnas-Pie,
 That the Thiefe, though ne'r fo flie,
 With his Flefh-hooks, don't come nie
 To catch it.

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

Another to the Maids.

WASH your hands, or elfe the fire
 Will not teend to your defire ;
 Unwafht hands, ye Maidens, know,
 Dead the Fire, though ye blow.

Another.

WAffaile the Trees, that they may beare
 You many a Plum, and many a Peare :

For more or lesse fruits they will bring,
As you doe give them Waffailing.

Power and Peace.

'**T**Is never, or but seldome knowne,
Power and Peace to keep one Throne.

*To his deare Valentine, Mistresse
Margaret Falconbrige.*

NOw is your turne, my Dearest, to be fet
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 fay
Love thou dost, though Love sayes Nay.
Speak me faire ; for Lovers be
Gently kill'd by Flatterie.

Verses.

WHo will not honour Noble Numbers, when
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men ?

Happinesse.

THat Happines do's ftill the longeſt thrive,
Where Joyes and Griefs have Turns Alter-
native.

Things of Choice, long a comming.

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

Poetry perpetuates the Poet.

HEre I my ſelfe might likewise die,
And utterly forgotten lye,
But that eternall Poetrie
Repullulation gives me here
Unto the thirtieth thouſand yeere,
When all now dead ſhall re-appeare.

Upon Bice.

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

Upon Trencherman.

T*Om* 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.

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

*Upon Comely a good Speaker but
an ill Singer, Epig.*

C*omely* Acts well ; and when he speaks his part,
He doth it with the sweetest tones of Art :
But when he sings a *Psalme*, ther's none can be
More curst for singing out of tune then he.

Any Way for Wealth.

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

Upon an old Woman.

OLd widdow *Prouse* to do her neighbours evill
 Wo'd give (some say) her soule unto the
 Devill.
 Well, when sh'as kild that Pig, Goose, Cock or
 Hen,
 What wo'd she give to get that soule agen ?

Upon Pearch. Epig.

THou writes in Prose, how sweet all Virgins be ;
 But ther's not one, doth praise the smell of
 thee.

To Sapho.

S*Apho*, I will chuse to go
 Where the Northern winds do blow

Endlesse Ice, and endlesse Snow :
 Rather then I once wo'd see,
 But a Winters face in thee,
 To benumme my hopes and me.

*To his faithfull Friend, Master John Crofts,
 Cup-bearer to the King.*

FOR all thy many courtesies to me,
 Nothing I have, my *Crofts*, to send to Thee
 For the requitall ; save this only one
 Halfe of my just remuneration.
 For since I've travail'd all this Realm throughout
 To seeke, and find some few *Immortals* out
 To *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 Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art,
Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part.

Penitence.

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

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 Kathern Peares,
 And Apricocks, in youthfull yeares :
 So Corrolls looke more lovely Red,
 And Rubies lately polished :
 So purest Diaper doth shine,
 Stain'd by the Beames of Clarret wine :
 As *Julia* looks when she doth dres
 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' *intrin* 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.

SEeal'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.

ISaw a Flie within a Beade
 Of Amber cleanly buried :
 The Urne was little, but the room
 More rich then *Cleopatra's* Tombe.

To my dearest Sister M. Mercie Herrick.

WHen ere I go, or what so ere befalls
 Me in mine Age, or forraign Funerals,

This Blessing I will leave thee, ere I go,
 Prosper thy Basket, and therein thy Dow.
 Feed on the paste of Filberts, or else knead
 And Bake the floure of Amber for thy bread.
 Balm may thy Trees drop, and thy Springs runne
 oyle,
 And everlasting Harvest crown thy Soile !
 These I but wish for ; but thy selfe shall see,
 The Blessing fall in mellow times on Thee.

The Transfiguration.

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 fay ;
 But it skills not ; go your way ;
 He that wants a buriall roome
For a Stone, ha's Heaven his Tombe.

Upon Nodes.

WHERE ever *Nodes* do's in the Summer come,
 He prays his Harveſt may be well brought
 home.

What ſtore of Corn has carefull *Nodes*, thinke you,
 Whoſe Field his foot is, and whoſe Barn his ſhooe ?

TO THE KING,

Upon his taking of *Leiceſter*.

THIS Day is Yours, *Great CHARLES!* and
 in this War

Your Fate, and Ours, alike Victorious are.
 In her white Stole ; now Victory do's reſt
Enſpher'd with Palm on Your Triumphant Creſt.
 Fortune is now Your Captive ; other Kings
Hold but her hands ; You hold both hands and wings.

To Julia, in her Dawn, or Day-breake.

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

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

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
 A Lawn, that thou mayst looke
 As purest Pearles, or Pebles do
 When peeping through a Brooke.

As Lillies shrin'd in Christall, so
 Do thou to me appeare ;
 Or Damask Roses when they grow
 To sweet acquaintance there.

Counsell.

'**T**Was *Cesars* saying : *Kings no lesse Conquerors*
are
By their wise Counsell, then they be by Warre.

Bad Princes pill their People.

LIke those infernall Deities which eate
 The best of all the sacrificed meate ;

And leave their servants, but the smoak & sweat :
 So many *Kings*, and *Primates* too there are,
 Who claim the Fat, and Fleshie for their share,
 And leave their Subjects but the starved ware.

Most Words, lesse Workes.

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 & Stings,
 I have in my poore Brest ;
 Yet ne'r can see that salve which brings
 My Passions any rest.

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

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

Upon Tap.

T*Ap* (better known then trusted) as we heare,
 Sold his old Mothers Spectacles for Beere :
 And not unlikely ; rather too then fail,
 He'l sell her Eyes, and Nose, for Beere and Ale.

His Losse.

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

Draw, and Drinke.

Milk ftill 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 fo.

To Oenone.

THou sayest Loves Dart
 Hath prickt thy heart ;

And thou do'st languish too :
 If one poore prick,
 Can make thee sick,
 Say, what wo'd many do ?

Upon Blinks. Epig.

T*Om Blinks*, his Nose is full of wheales, and these
Tom calls not pimples, but *Pimpleides* :
 Sometimes, in mirth, he faves each whelk's a sparke
 (When drunke with Beere) to light him home,
 i'th'dark.

Upon Adam Peapes. Epig.

P*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 cheefe full ripe with Teares, with Bread as
 sad.

To Electra.

SHall I go to Love and tell,
 Thou art all turn'd ificle ?
 Shall I say her Altars be
 Difadorn'd, and scorn'd by thee ?
 O beware ! in time submit ;
 Love has yet no wrathfull fit :

If her patience turns to ire,
Love is then consuming fire.

To Mistresse Amie Potter.

A I me! I love, give him your hand to kisse
Who both your wooer and your Poet is.
Nature has pre-compos'd us both to Love;
Your part's to grant; my Scean must be to move.
Deare, can you like, and liking love your Poet?
If you say, I, Blush-guiltinesse will shew it.
Mine eyes must wooe you, though I figh the
while,

True Love is tonguelesse as a Crocodile.

And you may find in Love these differing Parts;
Woers have Tongues of Ice, but burning hearts.

Upon a Maide.

Here she lyes, in Bed of Spice,
Faire as *Eve* in Paradise:
For her beauty it was such
Poets co'd not praise too much.
Virgins, come, and in a Ring
Her supreamest *Requiem* sing;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

Upon Love.

Love is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere ;
From good to good, revolving here & there.

Beauty.

Beauti'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.

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

Upon Peafon. Epig.

Long Locks of late our *Zelot Peafon* 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 :
 Left rapt from hence, I see thee lye
 Torn for the use of Pasterie :
 Or see thy injur'd Leaves serve well,
 To make loose Gownes for Mackarell :
 Or see the Grocers in a trice,
 Make hoods of thee to serve out Spice.

Readinesse.

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

Writing.

When words we want, Love teacheth to en-
 dite ;
 And what we blush to speake, she bids us write.

Society.

Two things do make society to stand ;
 The first *Commerce* is, & the next *Command*.

Upon a Maid.

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

Satisfaction for Sufferings.

FOr all our Workes, a Recompence is sure :
'Tis sweet to thinke on what was hard t' endure.

The delaying Bride.

WHy so slowly do you move
 To the centre of your love ?
 On your niceness though we wait,
 Yet the Houres say 'tis late :
Coyneffe takes us to a measure ;
But o'raçted deads the pleasure.
 Go to Bed, and care not when
 Cheerfull day shall spring agen.
 One *Brave Captain* did command,
 By his word, the Sun to stand :
 One short charme if you but say
 Will enforce the Moon to stay,
 Till you warn her hence, away,
 T'ave your blushes seen by day.

To M. Henry Lawes, the excellent Composer
of his Lyricks.

TOuch but thy Lire, my *Harrie*, and I heare
From thee some raptures of the rare *Gotire*.
Then if thy voice commingle with the String,
I heare in thee the *Laniere* to sing ;
Or curious *Wilson* : Tell me, canst thou be
Lefs then *Apollo*, that usurp'ft such Three ?
Three, unto whom the whole world give applaufe ;
Yet their Three praises, praise but One ; that's
Lawes.

Age unfit for Love.

MAidens tell me I am old ;
Let me in my Glaffe behold
Whether smooth or not I be,
Or if haire remains to me.
Well, or be't or be't not fo,
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 haft made many Houfes 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.

A *Nthea*, 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,
 Wisbeth his body, not his soule, good speed.

To Julia.

I Am zealleffe ; prethee pray
 For my well-fare, *Julia*,
 For I thinke the gods require
 Male perfumes, but Female fire.

On Julia's Lips.

Sweet are my *Julia's* lips, and cleane
 As if or'e washt in Hippocrene.

Twilight.

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

To his Friend, Master J. Jincks.

Love, love me now, because I place
Thee here among my righteous race :
The bastard Slips may droop and die
Wanting both Root, and Earth ; but thy
Immortall selfe shall boldly trust
To live for ever, with my Just.

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 peacefull Urnes at home,
Where we may snug, and close together lye,
By the dead bones of our deare Ancestrie.

Kings and Tyrants.

'**T**Wixt Kings & Tyrants there's this differ-
ence known ;
Kings seek their Subjects' good : Tyrants their owne.

Crosses.

Our Crosses are no other then the rods,
And our Diseases, Vultures of the Gods :

Each griefe we feele, that likewise is a Kite
Sent forth by them, our flesh to eate, or bite.

Upon Love.

LOve brought me to a filent 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 filk, and gold,
That he reacht forth unto me :
No otherwise, then if he would
By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that Neck-lace 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 ;
Yone as my Lady is as good i'th' dark.

The Body.

THe Body is the Soules poore house, or home,
Whose Ribs the Laths are, & whose Flesh
the Loame.

To Sapho.

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

Out of Time, out of Tune.

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

To his Booke.

TAke mine advise, and go not neere
Those faces, sower as Vineger.
For these, and Nobler numbers can
Ne'r please the *supercillious* man.

To his honour'd Friend, Sir Thomas Heale.

STand by the *Magick* of my powerfull Rhymes
 'Gainst all the indignation of the Times.
 Age shall not wrong thee; or one jot abate
 Of thy both Great, and everlasting fate.
 While others perish, here's thy life decreed
 Because begot of my *Immortall* seed.

*The Sacrifice, by way of Discourse betwixt
 Himselfe and Julia.*

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

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

Herr. All is well; now next to these
 Put we on pure Surplices;
 And with Chaplets crown'd, we'll roste
 With perfumes the Holocauft:

And, while we the gods invoke,
Reade acceptance by the smoake.

To Apollo.

THou mighty Lord and Master of the Lyre,
Unshorn *Apollo*, come, and re-inspire
My fingers so, the Lyrick-strings to move,
That I may play, and sing a Hymne to Love.

On Love.

LOve is a kind of warre: Hence those who
feare;
No cowards must his royall Ensignes beare.

Another.

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

An Hymne to Cupid.

THou, thou that bear'st the sway
With whom the Sea-Nymphs play;
And *Venus*, every way:
When I embrace thy knee;
And make short pray'rs to thee:
In love, then prosper me.
This day I goe to woove;

Instruct me how to doe
 This worke thou put'st me too.
 From shame my face keepe free,
 From scorne I begge of thee,
 Love to deliver me :
 So shall I sing thy praise ;
 And to thee Altars raise,
 Unto the end of daies.

To Electra.

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

How his soule came ensnared.

MY soule would one day goe and seeke
 For Roses, and in *Julia's* cheeke
 A riches of those sweets she found,
 As in an other *Rosamond*.
 But gathering Roses as she was ;
 Not knowing what would come to passe,
 It chanst a ringlet of her haire,
 Caught my poore soule, as in a snare :
 Which ever since has been in thrall ;
 Yet freedome, shee enjoyes withall.

Factions.

THe factions of the great ones call,
To side with them, the Commons all.

Kisses Loathsome.

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

Upon Reape.

R*Eapes* eyes so rawe are, that, it seemes, the
flies
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.

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

*Upon Julia's Haire, bundled up in a
golden net.*

TELL me, what needs those rich deceits,
 These golden Toyles, and Trammel-nets,
 To take thine haire when they are knowne
 Already tame, and all thine owne ?
 'Tis I am wild, and more then haire
 Deserve these Masnes 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 fet for them, then spread for me.

Upon Truggin.

TRuggin a Footman was ; but now, growne
 lame,
 Truggin now lives but to belye his name.

The Showre of Blossomes.

LOve in a showre of Blossomes came
 Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same :
 The Blooms that fell were white and red ;
 But with such sweets commingled,
 As whether, this, I cannot tell
 My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell :

But true it was, as I rowl'd there,
 Without a thought of hurt, or feare ;
 Love turn'd himselfe into a Bee,
 And with his Javelin wounded me :
 From which mishap this use I make,
Where most sweets are, there lyes a Snake :
Kisses and Favours are sweet things ;
But Those have thorns, and These have stings.

Upon Spenke.

S*penke* has a strong breath, yet short Prayers
 faith :
 Not out of want of breath, but want of faith.

A Defence for Women.

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

Upon Lulls.

Lulls swears he is all heart ; but you'l suppose
By his *Proboffis* that he is all nose.

Slavery.

'**T**Is liberty to serve one Lord ; but he
Who many serves, serves base servility.

Charmes.

BRing the holy cruft 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 goffips in the towne,
This 'mongst other myftick 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 furer thing.

Another Charme for Stables.

HAng up Hooks, and Sheers to scare
 Hence the Hag, that rides the Mare,
 Till they be all over wet,
 With the mire, and the sweat :
 This observ'd, the Manes shall be
 Of your horses, all knot-free.

Ceremonies for Candlemasse Eve.

DOwn with the Rosemary and Bayes,
 Down with the Mistleto ;
 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 Easters Eve appeare.

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

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,
 And many Flowers beside ;
 Both of a fresh, and fragrant kinne
 To honour Whitfontide.

Green Rufhes then, and sweetest Bents,
 With cooler Oken boughs ;
 Come in for comely ornaments,
 To re-adorn the house.

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

The Ceremonies for Candlemasse day.

Kindle the Christmas Brand and then
 Till Sunne-set, let it burne ;
 Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
 Till Christmas next returne.

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

Upon Candlemasse Day.

ENd now the White-loafe, & the Pye,
 And let all sports with Christmas dye.

Surfeits.

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

Upon Nis.

NIs, he makes Verses; but the Lines he writes,
Serve but for matter to make Paper-kites.

To Biancha, to blesse him.

WO'd I woove, and wo'd I winne,
Wo'd I well my worke begin?
Wo'd I evermore be crown'd
With the end that I propound?
Wo'd I frustrate, or prevent
All Aspects malevolent?
Thwart all Wizzards, and with these
Dead all black contingencies :
Place my words, and all works else
In most happy Parallels?
All will prosper, if so be
I be kift, 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 wife,
 By those who serve the Child-bed misteries.
 Burn first thine incense ; next, when as thou see'st
 The candid Stole thrown ore the *Pious Priest* ;
 With reverend Curtsies come, and to him bring
 Thy free, and not decurted offering.
 All Rites well ended, with faire Auspice come,
 As to the breaking of a Bride-Cake, home :
 Where ceremonious *Hymen* shall for thee
 Provide a second *Epithalamie*.
She who keeps chastly to her husband's side
Is not for one, but every night his Bride :
And stealing still with love and feare to Bed,
Brings him not one, but many a Maiden-head.

To his Book.

BEfore the Press scarce one co'd see
 A little-peeping-part of thee :
 But since th'art Printed, thou dost call
 To shew thy nakedness to all.
 My care for thee is now the less,
 Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness :
 Go with thy Faults and Fates ; yet stay
 And take this sentence, then away ;
 Whom one belov'd will not suffice,
 She'l runne to all adulteries.

Teares.

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

To his Friend to avoid contention of words.

WOrds beget Anger; Anger brings forth
 blowes:
 Blowes make of dearest friends immortall Foes.
 For which prevention, Sociate, let there be
 Betwixt us two no more *Logomachie*.
 Farre better 'twere for either to be mute,
 Then for to murder friendship, by dispute.

Truth.

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

Upon Prickles. Epig.

P*rickles* 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-wit-
nesses.

Want.

WAnt is a softer Wax, that takes thereon,
This, that, and every base impressiion.

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 losf, brave man ! whose Numbers have been
hurl'd,
And no lesf 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 crosse 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,
 Eat thou not all, but taste on some :
 For if thou eat'st it to excess ;
 That sweetness turnes to Loathsomness.
 Taste it to Temper ; then 'twill be
 Marrow, and Manna unto thee.

Vpon Ben. Johnson.

Here lyes *Johnson* with the rest
 Of the Poets ; but the Best.

Reader, wo'dst thou more have known ?
 Aske his Story, not this Stone.
 That will speake what this can't tell
 Of his glory. *So farewell.*

An Ode for him.

A H *Ben!*
 Say how, or when
 Shall we thy Guest
 Meet at those *Lyrick Feasts,*
 Made at the *Sun,*
 The *Dog,* the triple *Tunne?*
 Where we such clusters had,
 As made us nobly wild, not mad ;
 And yet each Verse of thine
 Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

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

Upon a Virgin.

Spend, Harmless Shade, thy nightly Houres,
 Selecting here, both Herbs, and Flowers;
 Of which make Garlands here, and there,
 To dress thy silent sepulchre.
 Nor do thou feare the want of these,
In everlasting Properties.
 Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,
 Farre faster then the first can wither.

Blame.

IN Battailles what disasters fall,
 The King he beares the blame of all.

A Request to the Graces.

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

Upon Himselfe.

I Lately fri'd, but now behold
 I freeze as fast, and shake for cold.
 And in good faith I'd thought it strange
 T'ave found in me this sudden change ;
 But that I understood by dreames,
 These only were but Loves 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 Verfe,
 Contemne to recommend a Cruse,
 But fend to her a Tearce.

*Happinesse to Hospitalitie, or a hearty
 to good House-keeping.*

First, may the hand of bounty bring
 Into the daily offering
 Of full provision ; such a store,
 Till that the Cooke cries, Bring no more.
 Upon your hogheads never fall
 A drought of wine, ale, beere, at all ;
 But, like full clouds, may they from thence
 Diffuse their mighty influence.
 Next, let the Lord, and Ladie here
 Enjoy a Christning yeare by yeare ;
 And this *good blessing* back them still,
 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 *Lusters* few they may,
 By laughing too, and lying downe,
 People a *City* or a *Towne*.

Cunctation in Correction.

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

Present Government grievous.

M*En 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.

M*Ans 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.

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

Cloathes, are Conspirators.

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

Cruelty.

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

Faire after Foule.

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

Hunger.

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

Bad Wages for Good Service.

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

The End.

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

The Bondman.

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

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

Choose for the best.

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

To Silvia.

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

Faire Shewes deceive.

Smooth was the Sea, and seem'd to call
 To prettie girles to play withall:

Who padding there, the Sea soone frown'd,
 And on a suddē both were drown'd.
 What credit can we give to seas,
 Who, kissing, kill such Saints as these?

His Wish.

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

Upon Julia's washing her self in the river.

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

A Meane in our Meanes.

THough Frankinsense the *Deities* require,
 We must not give all to the ballowed fire.

Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,
As for our selves to leave some frankinfence.

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 *Fefs*, this *Cheveron* ;
This *Manch*, that *Moone* ; this *Martlet*, and that
Mound ;

This counterchange of *Perle* and *Diamond*.
What joy can *Clun* have in that Coat, or this,
When as his owne still out at elboes is ?

Upon Cupid.

Love, like a Beggar, came to me
With Hose and Doublet torne :
His Shirt bedangling from his knee,
With Hat and Shooes out-worne.

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

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

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

Vpon Blisse.

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

Vpon Burr.

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

Vpon Megg.

M *Egg* yesterday was troubled with a Pose,
 Which, this night hardned, foddors up her
 nose.

An Hymne to Love.

I Will confesse
 With Cheerfulnesse,
 Love is a thing so likes me,
 That let her lay
 On me all day,
 Ile kifs 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 pain ;
 Ile entertaine
 The wounds of love with finging.

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'ft what we doe
 write,
 And giv'ft our Numbers *Euphonie*, and weight.

Tel'ft when a Verfe springs high, how understood
 To be, or not borne of the Royall-Blood.
 What State above, what *Symmetrie* below,
 Lines have, or fhould have, thou the beft canft fhew.
 For which, my *Charles*, it is my pride to be,
 Not fo much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee.
 Long may I live fo, and my wreath of *Bayes*,
 Be leffe anothers *Laurell*, then thy praife.

Women ufeleffe.

W^Hat need we marry Women, when
 Without their ufe we may have men?
 And fuch as will in fhort time be,
 For murder fit, or mutinie;
 As *Cadmus* once a new way found,
 By throwing teeth into the ground;
 From which poore feed, and rudely fown,
 Sprung up a War-like Nation.
 So let us Yron, Silver, Gold,
 Braffe, Leade, or Tinne, throw into th' mould;
 And we fhall fee in little fpace
 Rife up of men, a fighting race.
 If this can be, fay then, what need
 Have we of Women or their feed?

Love is a Sirrup.

L^Ove is a *sirrup*; and who er'e we fee
 Sick and furcharg'd with this facietie:

Shall by this pleasing trespassse quickly prove,
Ther's loathsomnesse e'en in the sweets of love.

Leven.

Love is a Leven, and a loving kisse
 The Leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

Repletion.

PHyfitians say Repletion springs
 More from the sweet then fower things.

On Himselfe.

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

No Man without Money.

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

On Himselfe.

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

To M. Leonard Willan his peculiar Friend.

I Will be short, and having quickly hurl'd
 This line about, live Thou throughout the
 world ;
 Who art a man for all Sceanes ; unto whom,
 What's hard to others, nothing's troublesome.
 Can'st write the *Comick*, *Tragick* straine, and fall
 From these to penne the pleasing Pastorall :
 Who si'st at all heights : Prose and Verse run'st
 through ;
 Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespasse too :
 For which I might extoll thee, but speake lesse,
 Because thy selfe art comming to the Presse :
 And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow,
 Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

*To his worthy Friend M. John Hall,
 Student of Grayes-Inne.*

Tell me, young Man, or did the Muses bring
 Thee lesse to taste, then to drink up their
 spring ;
 That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be
 A Poet, or a Poet-like but Thee ?
 What was thy Birth, thy starre that makes thee
 knowne,
 At twice ten yeares, a prime and publike one ?

Tell us thy Nation, kindred, or the whence
 Thou had'st, and hast thy *mighty influence*,
 That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,
 And no lesse prais'd, then of the maides admir'd,
 Put on thy Laurell then; and in that trimme
 Be thou *Apollo*, or the type of him:
 Or let the *Unshorne God* lend thee his Lyre,
 And next to him, be Master of the Quire.

To Julia.

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

To the most comely and proper M. Elizabeth
 Finch.

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

Upon Ralph.

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

To his Booke.

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 fearfulness ;
 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 carcase 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, Phi-
 sitian to the Colledge of Westminster.*

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

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

Upon his Spaniell Tracie.

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

The Deluge.

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

Upon Lupes.

L *Upes* for the outside of his suite has paid ;
 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.

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

Strength to support Sovereignty.

L Et Kings and Rulers learne this line from me ;
Where power is weake, unsafe is Majestie.

Upon Tubbs.

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

Crutches.

T Hou seeft me, *Lucia*, this year droope,
 Three *Zodiaks* fill'd more I shall ftoope ;
 Let Crutches then provided be
 To shore up my debilitie.

Then while thou laugh'ft ; Ile, fighting, crie,
 A *Ruine underpropt* am I :
 Do'n will I then my *Beadsmans* gown,
 And when so feeble I am grown,
 As my weake fhoulders cannot beare
 The burden of a *Grashopper* :
 Yet with the bench of aged fires,
 When I and they keep tearmly fires ;
 With my weake voice I'le fing, or fay
 Some Odes I made of *Lucia* :
 Then will I heave my wither'd hand
 To *Jove* the Mighty for to ftand
 Thy faithfull friend, and to poure downe
 Upon thee many a *Benizon*.

To Julia.

HOly waters hither bring
 For the facred fprinkling :
 Baptize me and thee, and fo
 Let us to the Altar go.
 And, ere we our rites commence,
 Wash our hands in innocence.
 Then I'le be the *Rex Sacrorum*,
 Thou the Queen of *Peace and Quorum*.

Upon Cafe.

C*Ase* is a Lawyer, that near pleads alone,
 But when he hears the like confufion,

As when the difagreeing Commons throw
 About their House, their clamorous I, or No :
 Then *Cafe*, as loud as any *Serjant* there,
 Cries out, My Lord, my Lord, the Cafe is clear :
 But when all's hush'd, *Cafe* 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. Sufanna Herrick.

THe Person crowns the Place ; your lot doth
 fall
 Last, yet to be with these a Principall.
 How ere it fortun'd ; know for Truth, I meant
 You a fore-leader in this Testament.

Upon the Lady Crew.

THis Stone can tell the storie of my life,
 What was my Birth, to whom I was a Wife :
 In teeming years, how soon my Sun was set,
 Where now I rest, these may be known by *Jet*.

For other things, my many Children be
The best and truest *Chronicles* of me.

On Tomasin Parsons.

GRow up in Beauty, as thou do'st begin,
And be of all admired, *Tomasin*.

Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve.

DOwn with the Rosemary, and so
Down with the Baies, & misletoe :
Down with the Holly, Ivie, all,
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall :
That so the superstitious find
No one least Branch there left behind :
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many *Goblins* you shall see.

Suspicion makes secure.

HE that will live of all cares dispossess't,
Must shun the bad, I, and suspect the best.

Upon Spokes.

S*Pokes*, 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
Th'ast got a place here, standing candidate ;
It matters not, since thou art chosen one
Here of my great and good foundation.

A Bucolick betwixt Two : Lacon and Thyrsis.

Lacon. **F**Or a kifs or two, confesse,
What doth cause this pensiveness,
Thou most lovely Neat-heardeffe ?
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'ft aile ?

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

Lacon. Tell, and I'le lay down my Pipe.

Thyr. I have lost my lovely steere,
That to me was far more deer
Then these kine, which I milke here.

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

Lacon. Alack, for grief !

Thyr. But I'le be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call
 Me, and my sad Play-mates all,
 To his Ev'ning Funerall.
 Live long, *Lacon*, so 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 shepherds *God*,
His wife to death whipt with a *Mirtle Rod*.
The Rod, perhaps, was better'd by the name ;
But had it been of Birch, the death's the fame.

The Quintell.

UP with the Quintill, that the Rout,
May fart for joy, as well as shout :
Either's welcome, Stinke or Civit,
If we take it, as they give it.

A Bachanalian Verse.

DRinke up
Your Cup,
But not spill Wine ;
For if you
Do,
'Tis an ill signe ;

That we
Foresee,
You are cloy'd here,
If so, no
Hoe,
But avoid here.

Care a good keeper.

CAre keeps the Conquest ; 'tis no lesse renowne,
To keepe a Citie, then to winne a Towne.

Rules for our Reach.

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

To Biancha.

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

To the handsome Mistresse Grace Potter.

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

Anacreontike.

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

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

More modest, more manly.

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

Not to covet much where little is the charge.

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

Anacreontick Verse.

B Risk methinks I am, and fine,
 When I drinke my capring wine :
 Then to love I do encline,

When I drinke my wanton wine :
 And I wish all maidens mine,
 When I drinke my sprightly wine :
 Well I sup, and well I dine,
 When I drinke my frolick wine :
 But I languish, lowre, and pine,
 When I want my fragrant wine.

Upon Pennie.

Brown bread *Tom Pennie* eats, and must of
 right,
 Because his stock will not hold out for white.

Patience in Princes.

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

Feare gets Force.

Despaire takes heart, when ther's no hope to
 speed :
 The Coward then takes *Armes*, and do's the deed.

Parcell-gil't Poetry.

Let's strive to be the best ; the Gods, we
 know it,
 Pillars and men, hate an indifferent Poet.

Upon Love, by way of question and answer.

I Bring ye Love. *Quest.* What will Love do ?

Ans. Like, and dislike ye :

I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?

Ans. Stroake ye to strike ye.

I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?

Ans. Love will be-foole ye :

I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?

Ans. Heate ye to coole ye :

I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?

Ans. Love gifts will fend ye :

I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?

Ans. Stock ye to spend ye :

I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?

Ans. Love will fulfill ye :

I bring ye Love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?

Ans. Kisse ye, to kill ye.

*To the Lord Hopton, on his fight in
Cornwall.*

GO on, brave *Hopton*, to effectuate that
Which wee, and times to come, shall wonder at.

Lift up thy Sword ; next, suffer it to fall,
And by that *One blow* set an end to all.

His Grange.

HOW well contented in this private *Grange*
 Spend I my life, that's subject unto change :
 Under whose Roofe with *Mosse-worke* wrought,
 there I
 Kisse my *Brown wife*, and *black Posterity*.

Leprosie in Houses.

WHEN to a House I come, and see
 The *Genius* wastefull, more then free :
 The servants *thumbleffe*, 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 descric,
 A House spred through with *Leprosie*.

Good Manners at Meat.

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

Anthea's Retraction.

A *Nthea* laught, and fearing lest excesse
 Might stretch the cords of civill comelineffe :
 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.

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

Rest.

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

Leprosie in Cloathes.

WHen flowing garments I behold
 Enspir'd with *Purple, Pearle, and Gold* ,
 I think no other but I see
 In them a glorious leprosie,

That do's infect, and make the rent
 More mortall in the vestiment.
*As flowrie vestures doe descrie
 The wearers rich immodestie ;
 So plaine and simple cloathes doe show
 Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.*

Upon Buggins.

Buggins is drunke all night, all day he sleepe ;
 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 fatisfaction.

His Answer to a Friend.

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

The Begger.

SHall I a daily Begger be,
 For loves sake asking almes of thee ?
 Still shall I crave, and never get
 A hope of my desired bit ?

Ah cruell maides ! Ile goe my way,
 Whereas, perchance, my fortunes may
 Finde out a Threshhold 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 distres,
 Has made me like a wildernes :
 Or, discompos'd, I'm like a rude,
 And all confused multitude :
 Out of my comely manners worne ;
 And as in meanes, in minde all torne.

The Vision.

ME thought I saw, as I did dreame in bed,
 A crawling Vine about *Anacreon's* head :
 Flusht was his face ; his haire with oyle did shine ;
 And as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with wine.
 Tiplid he was ; and tipling lispt withall ;
 And lisping reeld, and reeling like to fall.

A young *Enchantresse* close by him did stand
 Tapping his plump thighes with a *mirtle* wand :
 She smil'd ; he kist ; and kissing, cull'd her too ;
 And being cup-shot, more he co'd not doe.
 For which, me thought, in prittie anger she
 Snatcht off his Crown, and gave the wreath to me :
 Since when, me thinks, my braines about doe
 swim,
 And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

A Vow to Venus.

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

On his Booke.

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

A Sonnet of Perilla.

Then did I live when I did see
Perilla smile on none but me.
 But, ah ! by starres malignant crost,
 The life I got I quickly lost :

But yet a way there doth remaine,
 For me embalm'd to live againe ;
 And that's to love me ; in which state
 Ile live as one *regenerate*.

Bad may be better.

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

Posting to Printing.

LEt others to the Printing Presse run fast,
 Since after death comes glory, *Ile not haste.*

Rapine brings Ruine.

WHat's got by Justice is establisht sure ;
No Kingdomes got by Rapine long endure.

*Comfort to a Youth that had
 lost his Love.*

WHat needs complaints,
 When she a place
 Has with the race
 Of Saints ?
 In endlesse mirth,
 She thinks not on

What's said or done
 In earth :
 She sees no teares,
 Or any tone
 Of thy deep grone
 She heares :
 Nor do's she minde,
 Or think on't now,
 That ever thou
 Wast kind.
 But chang'd above,
 She likes not there,
 As she did here,
 Thy Love.
 Forbeare therefore,
 And lull asleepe
 Thy woes, and weep
 No more.

Upon Boreman. Epig.

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

*Saint Distaff's Day, or the Morrow after
 Twelfth Day.*

PArtly worke and partly play
 Ye must on S. *Distaff's day* :

From the Plough soone free your teame ;
 Then come home and fother them.
 If the Maides a spinning goe,
 Burne the flax, and fire the tow :
 Scorch their plackets, but beware
 That ye finge no maiden-haire.
 Bring in pailles of water then,
 Let the Maides bewash the men.
 Give S. *Distaffe* all the right,
 Then bid Christmas sport *good night* ;
 And next morrow, every one
 To his owne vocation.

Sufferance.

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

His Teares to Thamafis.

I Send, I send here my supremest kifs
 To thee, my *silver-footed Thamafis*.
 No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,
 Whereon so many Stately Structures stand :
 Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,
 To bath in thee, as thousand others doe,
 No more shall I a long thy christall glide,
 In Barge, with boughes and rushes beautif'd,
 With soft-smooth Virgins, for our chaste disport,
 To *Richmond, Kingstone*, and to *Hampton-Court* :

Never againe shall I with Finnie-Ore
 Put from, or draw unto the faithfull shore :
 And Landing here, or safely Landing there,
 Make way to my *Beloved Westminster* :
 Or to the *Golden-cheap-side*, where the earth
 Of *Julia Herrick* gave to me my Birth.
 May all clean *Nymphs* and curious water Dames,
 With Swan-like-state, flote up & down thy
 streams :

No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
 To make them Leane, and languishing at all.
 No ruffling winds come hither to discease
 Thy pure, and *Silver-wristed Naides*.
 Keep up your state, ye streams ; and as ye spring,
 Never make sick your Banks by surfeiting.
 Grow young with Tydes, and though I see ye
 never,
 Receive this vow, *so fare-ye-well for ever*.

Pardons.

T *Hose ends in War the best contentment bring,*
Whose Peace is made up with a Pardoning.

Peace not Permanent.

G *reat Cities seldome rest : If there be none*
T'invade from far ; They'l finde worse foes at
home.

Truth and Errour.

T*Wixt Truth and Errour, there's this difference known,
Errour is fruitfull, Truth is onely one.*

Things mortall still mutable.

T*Hings are uncertain, and the more we get,
The more on ycie pavements we are set.*

Studies to be supported.

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

Wit punisht, prospers most.

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

Twelfe Night, or King and Queene.

N*ow, 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 Twelwe-day *Queene* for the night here.

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

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

Give then to the *King*
And *Queene* wassailing ;
And though with ale ye be 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 Councill.

KNow when to speake ; for many times it
 brings
 Danger to give the best advice to Kings.

Moderation.

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

Advice the best Actor.

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

Conformity is comely.

Conformity gives comelineffe 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 kinde ;
Chaste words proceed still from a bashfull
minde.

His Hope or Sheat-Anchor.

AMong these Tempests great and manifold
My Ship has here one only Anchor-hold ;
That is my hope ; which if that slip, I'm one
Wildred in this vast watry *Region*.

Comfort in Calamity.

TIs no discomfort in the world to fall,
When the great Crack not Crushes one,
but all.

Twilight.

THe Twi-light is no other thing, we say,
Then Night now gone, and yet not sprung
the Day.

False Mourning.

HE who wears Blacks, and mournes not for
the Dead,
Do's but deride the Party buried.

*The Will makes the Work, or Consent
makes the Cure.*

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

Diet.

IF wholsome Diet can re-cure a man,
What need of Physick, or Phyfitian ?

Smart.

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

The Tinkers Song.

A Long, come along,
 Let's meet in a throng
 Here of Tinkers ;
 And quaffe up a Bowle
 As big as a Cowle
 To Beer Drinkers.
 The pole of the Hop
 Place in the Ale-shop
 To Bethwack us ;
 If ever we think
 So much as to drink
 Unto *Bacchus*,
 Who frolick will be,
 For little coft 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 Veffell, left ye foure
 What ever Liquor in ye powre.

To Anthea.

SICK is *Anthea*, fickly is the spring,
 The Primrose fick, and fickly 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 fell ye,
 So not one crofs 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 favory bit,
 Paying but common thanks for it.

Yet sho'd I chance, my *Wicks*, to see
 An over-leven look in thee,
 To foure 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 eat the Oile ?
 Reward, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.

On Fortune.

THis is my comfort, when she's most unkind,
 She can but spoile me of my Meanes, not
 Mind.

*To Sir George Parrie, Doctor of the
 Civill Law.*

I Have my Laurel Chaplet on my head,
 If 'mongst these many Numbers to be read,
 But one by you be hug'd and cherished.

Peruse my Measures thoroughly, and where
 Your judgement finds a guilty Poem, there
 Be you a Judge; but not a Judge severe.

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

Stand forth, Brave Man, here to the publique
 fight;
 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 Cruft :
For that holy piece of Bread
Charmes the danger, and the dread.

Upon Gorgonius.

UNto *Pasillus* 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.

Gentleneſſe.

T*hat Prince muſt govern with a gentle hand,
Who will have love comply with his com-
mand.*

*A Dialogue betwixt Himſelfe and Miſtreſſe
Eliza: Wheeler, under the name
of Amarillis.*

M*Y 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 Poefies, ſince 'tis fitter
For thee with richeſt Jemmes to ſhine,
And like the Starres to glitter.*

Amaril. You fet too high a rate upon
A Shepheardefs fo homely.

Her. Believe it, deareft, ther's not one
I'th' Court that's halfe fo comly.

I prithee ftay. *Amaril.* I muft away ;
Lets kifs firft, then we'l fever.

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

To Julia.

HElp me, *Julia*, for to pray,
Mattens fing, or Mattens fay :
This I know, the Fiend will fly
Far away, if thou beeft by.
Bring the Holy-water hither ;
Let us wafh, and pray together :
When our Beads are thus united,
Then the Foe will fly affrighted.

To Rofes in Julia's Bofome.

ROfes, you can never die,
Since the place wherein ye lye,
Heat and moifture mixt are fo,
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. **I**Nſtru&ct me now, what Love will do ;
2. 'Twill make a tongueſſ man to woove.

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

Upon Trap.

T*rap*, of a Player turn'd a Priest now is ;
 Behold a suddaine *Metamorphosis*.
 If Tythe-pigs faile, then will he shift the scian,
 And, from a Priest, turne Player once again.

Upon Grubs.

G*rubs* loves his Wife and Children, while
 that they
 Can live by love, or else grow fat by Play :
 But when they call or cry on *Grubs* for meat ;
 Instead of Bread, *Grubs* gives them stones to eat.
 He raves, he rends, and while he thus doth tear,
 His Wife and Children fast to death for fear.

Upon Dol.

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

Upon Hog.

HOg has a place i'th' Kitchen, and his share
The flimsie Livers, and blew Gizzards are.

*The School or Perl of Putney, the Mistress
of all singular Manners, Mistresse
Portman.*

WHether I was my selfe, or else did see
Out of my self that *Glorious Hierarchie* !
Or whether those, in orders rare, or these
Made up One State of *Sixtie Venuses* ;
Or whether *Fairies, Syrens, Nymphes* they were,
Or *Muses*, on their mountaine sitting there ;
Or some enchanted Place, I do not know,
Or *Sharon*, where eternall Roses grow.
This I am sure ; I Ravisht stood, as one
Confus'd in utter Admiration.
Me thought I saw them stir, and gently move,
And look as all were capable of Love :
And in their motion smelt much like to flowers
Enspir'd by th' Sun-beams after dews & showers.
There did I see the *Reverend Rectresse* stand,
Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,
Those spirits rais'd ; and with like precepts then,
As with a *Magick*, laid them all agen :
A happy Realme ! When no compulsive Law,
Or fear of it, but Love keeps all in awe.

Live you, *great Mistresse* of your Arts, and be
 A nursing Mother so to Majesty ;
 As those your Ladies may in time be seene,
 For Grace and Carriage, every one a Queene.
 One Birth their Parents gave them ; but their new,
 And better Being, they receive from You.
*Mans former Birth is grace-lesse ; but the state
 Of life comes in, when he's Regenerate.*

To Perenna.

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

On Himselfe.

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

On Love.

THat love 'twixt men do's ever longest last
 Where War and Peace the Dice by turns
 doe cast.

Another on Love.

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

Upon Gut.

SCience puffs up, faves *Gut*, when either Peafe
Make him thus fwell, or windy Cabbages.

Upon Chub.

WHen *Chub* brings in his harvest, ftill he
cries,
Aha my boyes ! heres wheat for Chriftnas Pies !
Soone after, he for beere fo fcores his wheat,
That at the tide, he has not bread to eate.

Pleasures Pernicious.

WHere Pleasures rule a Kingdome, never
there
Is fober virtue, feen to move her fphere.

On Himfelf.

AWearied Pilgrim, I have wandred here
Twice five and twenty, bate me but one
yeer ;
Long I have lafted in this world ; 'tis true,
But yet thofe yeers that I have liv'd, but few.
Who by his gray Haires, doth his lufters tell,
Lives not thofe yeers, but he that lives them well.

One man has reach't his sixty yeers, but he
 Of all those three-score, has not liv'd halfe three :
*He lives, who lives to virtue : men who cast
 Their ends for Pleasure, do not live, but last.*

To M. Laurence Swetnaham.

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

His Covenant or Protestation to Julia.

WHy do'st thou wound, & break my heart,
 As if we sho'd for ever part ?
 Hast thou not heard an Oath from me,
 After a day, or two, or three,
 I wo'd come back and live with thee ?
 Take, if thou do'st distrust, that Vowe ;
 This second Protestation now.
 Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd Teare,
 Which fits 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 kifs,
 I can no longer stay ;
 The way of all Flesh is,
 That I must go this day :
 Since longer I can't live,
 My frolick Youths adieu ;
 My Lamp to you Ile give,
 And all my troubles too.

*To the most accomplisht Gentleman Master
 Michael Oulsworth.*

NOr thinke that Thou in this my Booke art
 worst,
 Because not plac't here with the midst, or first.
 Since Fame that sides with these, or goes before
 Those, that must live with Thee for evermore.
 That Fame, and Fames rear'd Pillar, thou shalt see
 In the next sheet, *Brave Man*, to follow Thee.
 Fix on That Columne then, and never fall ;
 Held up by Fames *eternall Pedestall*.

To his Girles who would have him sportfull.

A Las ! 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.

T *Ruth by her own simplicity is known ;
 Falsehood by Varnish and Vermillion.*

His last Request to Julia.

I Have been wanton, and too bold I feare,
 To chafe o're much the Virgins cheek or eare :
 Beg for my Pardon, *Julia* ; *He doth winne
 Grace with the Gods, who's sorry for his sinne.*
 That done, my *Julia*, dearest *Julia*, come,
 And go with me to chuse my Buriall roome :
 My Fates are ended ; when thy *Herrick* dyes,
 Claspe thou his Book, then close thou up his Eyes.

On Himselfe.

O Ne 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.

K*ings must be dauntlesse : Subjects will con-*
temne
Those, who want Hearts, and weare a Diadem.

To his Girles.

W*Anton 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.

S*Pur jingles now, and fweares 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 Goddesse, people did conferre
Worship, and not to'th' Assè that carried her.

To his Brother Nicolas Herrick.

W*Hat others have with cheapnesse seene, and*
eafe,
In Varnisht maps ; by'th' helpe of Compasses :

Or reade in Volumes, and those Bookes, with all
 Their large Narrations, *Incanonicall*,
 Thou hast beheld those seas, and Countries farre ;
 And tel'ft to us, what once they were, and are.
 So that with bold truth, thou canst now relate
 This Kingdomes fortune, and that Empires fate :
 Canst talke to us of *Sharon* ; where a spring
 Of Roses have an endlesse flourishing.
 Of *Sion*, *Sinai*, *Nebo*, and with them,
 Make knowne to us the new *Jerusalem*.
 The Mount of *Olives* ; *Calverie*, and where
 Is, and hast seene, *thy Saviours Sepulcher*.
 So that the man that will but lay his eares,
 As *Inapostate*, to the thing he heares,
 Shall be his hearing quickly come to see
 The truth of Travails lesse in bookes then Thee.

The Voice and Violl.

R Are 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 Sovereignty.

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 wafts 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 Shopter.

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'ft me, *Deb*, in none of these.

Excesse.

EXcesse is fluttish : keepe the meane ; for why ?
 Vertue's clean Conclave is sobriety.

Upon Croot.

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

The Soul is the Salt.

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

Upon Flood, or a thankfull Man.

F*Lood*, 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 *faile-free*.
 Thus have, or have not, all alike is good,
 To this our poore, yet ever patient *Flood*.

Upon Pimpe.

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

Upon Lufke.

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.

R*ush* saves his shoos, 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 shoos.

Abstinence.

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive vertue, Abstinence.

No Danger to Men desperate.

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

Sauce for Sorrowes.

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

To Cupid.

I Have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold ;
Thou kil'st with heate, and I strike dead with
Let's trie of us who shall the first expire ; [cold.
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire :
*Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike,
And bring to'th' heart destruction both alike.*

Distrust.

What ever men for Loyalty pretend,
'Tis Wisdomes part to doubt a faithfull friend.

The Hagg.

THe staffe is now greas'd,
And very well pleas'd,
She cockes out her Arse at the parting,
To an old Ram Goat,

That rattles i' th' throat,
Halfe choakt with the stink of her farting.

In a dirtie Haire lace
She leads on a brace
Of black-bore-cats to attend her ;
Who scratch at the Moone,
And threaten at noone
Of night from Heaven for to rend her.

A hunting she goes ;
A crackt horne she blowes ;
At which the hounds fall a bounding ;
While th' Moone in her sphere
Peepes trembling for feare,
And night's afraid of the sounding.

The Mount of the Muses.

After thy labour take thine ease,
Here with the sweet *Pierides*.
But if so be that men will not
Give thee the Laurell Crowne for lot ;
Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one
Not subject to corruption.

On Himselfe.

IL'e 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 wifh twas ended,
And that my duft 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 fend
Thee a kinsman, or a friend,
That may harbour thee, when I,
With my fates neglected lye.
If thou know'ft not where to dwell,
See, the fier's by : *Farewell.*

The End of his Worke.

PArt of the worke remaines ; one part is paff :
And here my fhip rides having Anchor caft.

To Crowne it.

MY wearied Barke, O let it now be Crown'd !
The Haven reacht to which I firft was
bound.

On Himfelfe.

THe worke is done : young men and maidens,
fet
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.

FAmes pillar here, at last, we set,
 Out-during *Marble, Brasse, or Jet,*
 Charm'd and enchanted so,
 As to withstand the blow
 Of overthrow :
 Nor shall the seas,
 Or O U T R A G E S
 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 chaste.

HIS
NOBLE NUMBERS:
OR,
HIS PIOUS PIECES.

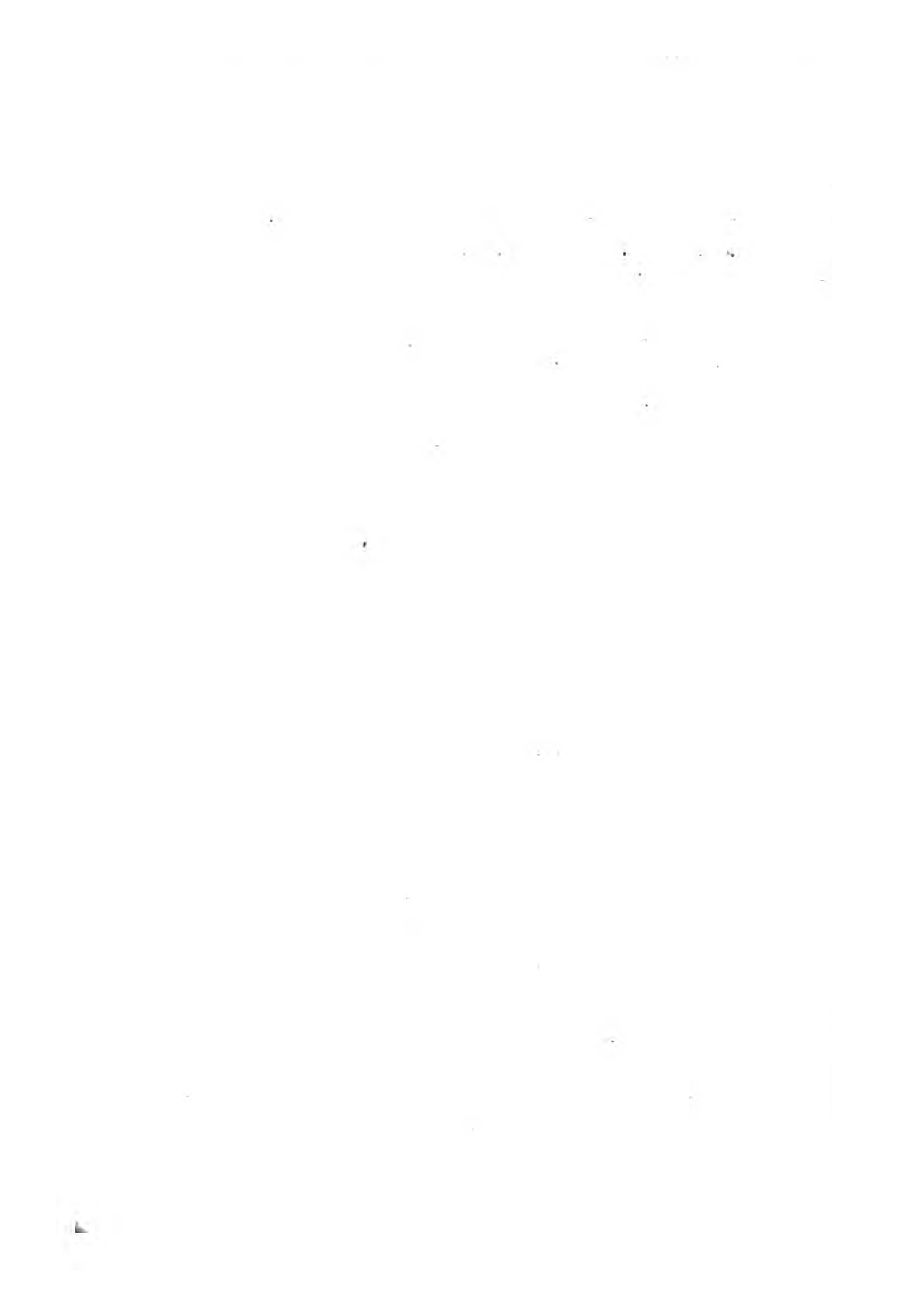
Wherein (amongst other things)
He sings the Birth of his CHRIST:
and fighes for his *Saviours*
suffering on the
Crosse.

HESIOD.

"Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.
"Ἴδμεν 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 wat'rie Theater ;
 And tast thou them as saltlesse there,
 As in their Channell first they were.
 Tell me the People that do keep
 Within the Kingdomes of the Deep ;
 Or fetch me back that Cloud againe,
 Beshiver'd into seeds of Raine ;
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares
 Of Corn, when Summer shakes his eares ;
 Shew me that world of Starres, and whence
 They noiselesse spill their Influence :
 This if thou canst ; then shew me Him
 That rides the glorious *Cherubim*.

What God is.

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

Upon God.

GOD is not onely said to be
An *Ens*, but *Supraentitie*.

Mercy and Love.

GOD hath two wings, which He doth ever
move,
The one is Mercy, and the next is Love :
Under the first the Sinners ever trust ;
And with the last he still directs the Just.

Gods Anger without Affection.

GOD when He's angry here with any one,
His wrath is free from perturbation ;
And when we think His looks are sowre and grim,
The alteration is in us, not Him.

God not to be comprehended.

'**T**Is hard to finde God, but to comprehend
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

Gods part.

PRayers and Praises are those spotlesse two
Lambs, by the Law, which God requires as
due.

Affliction.

GOD n'ere afflicts us more then our desert,
 Though He may seem to over-act His part :
 Somtimes 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 bleffings, and unload from fins.

Gods Mercy.

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

Prayers must have Poise.

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

*To God: an Anthem, sung in the Chappell at
 White-Hall, before the King.*

Verse. **M**Y God, I'm wounded by my sin,
 And fore 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'le endure
 The utmost smart, so Thou wilt cure.

Upon God.

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

Calling, and Correcting.

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

No Escaping the Scourging.

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

The Rod.

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

God has a twofold part.

GOD when for sin He makes His Children
 smart,
 His own He acts not, but anothers part :

But when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis
known,
He comes to play the part that is His own.

God is One.

GOD, as He is most Holy knowne ;
So He is said to be most One.

Persecutions profitable.

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

To God.

DO with me, God ! as Thou didst deal with
John,
(Who writ that heavenly *Revelation*) ;
Let me, like him, first cracks of thunder heare ;
Then let the Harps enchantments strike mine eare ;
Here give me thornes ; there, in thy Kingdome, set
Upon my head the golden coronet ;
There give me day ; but here my dreadfull night :
My sackcloth here ; but there my *Stole* of white.

Whips.

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

Gods Providence.

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

Temptation.

THose Saints, which God loves best,
The Devill tempts not least.

His Ejaculation to God.

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

Gods Gifts not soone granted.

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

Persecutions purifie.

GOD strikes His Church, but 'tis to this in-
tent,
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
fin ;
But never those that persevere therein.

An Ode of the Birth of our Saviour.

IN Numbers, and but these few,
I sing Thy Birth, Oh JESU !
Thou prettie Babie, borne here,
With sup'rabundant scorn here :
Who for Thy Princely Port here,

Hadst for Thy place
Of Birth, a base
Out-stable for thy Court here.

Instead of neat Inclosures
Of inter-woven Ofiers ;
Instead of fragrant Posies
Of Daffadills, and Roses ;
Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,
As Gospell tells,
Was nothing els,
But, here, a homely manger.

But we with Silks, not Cruells,
With fundry 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 fin 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 beggars part,
 Who hath thee in his mouth, not in his heart.
 He who asks almes in that so sacred Name,
 Without due reverence, playes the cheaters game.

To God.

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

His Letanie, to the Holy Spirit.

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 decaid ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

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

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

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

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

Thanksgiving.

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

Cock-crow.

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

All things run well for the Righteous.

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

Paine 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-feat :
 When I am there, this then I'le do,
 Give Thee a Dart, and Dagger too ;
 Next, when I have my faults confest,
 Naked I'le shew a fighting brest ;
 Which if that can't Thy pittie woove,
 Then let Thy Justice do the rest,
 And strike it through.

A Thanksgiving to God, for his House.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell ;
 A little house, whose humble Roof
 Is weather-proof ;
 Under the sparres of which I lie
 Both soft, and drie ;
 Where Thou my chamber for to ward
 Hast set a Guard
 Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me, while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my Fate,
 Both void of state ;
 And yet the threshold of my doore
 Is worn by th' poore,

Who thither come, and freely get
 Good words, or meat :
Like as my Parlour, so my Hall
 And Kitchin's small :
A little Butterie, and therein
 A little Byn,
Which keeps my little loafe of Bread
 Unchipt, unflead :
Some brittle sticks of Thorne or Briar
 Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coale I sit,
 And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
 The Pulse is Thine,
And all those other Bits, that bee
 There plac'd by Thee ;
The Worts, the Purflain, and the Messe
 Of Water-creffe,
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 foiles my land ;
And giv'st me, for my Bushell sowne,
 Twice ten for one :

Thou mak'st my teeming Hen to lay
 Her egg each day :
 Besides my healthfull Ewes to beare
 Me twins each yeare :
 The while the conduits of my Kine
 Run Creame, for Wine.
 All these, and better Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankfull heart ;
 Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne,
 As wholly Thine ;
 But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee.

To God.

MAKE, make me Thine, my gracious God,
 Or with thy staffe, or with thy rod ;
 And be the blow too what it will,
 Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill :
 Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,
 Yet, in torments, I'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 frowne away to die,
 Ere Thou dost threat me.
 Lord, do not scourge me,
 If I by lies and oaths
 Have foil'd my selfe, or cloaths,
 But rather purge me.

None truly happy here.

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

To his ever-loving God.

CAn I not come to Thee, my God, for these
 So very-many-meeting hindrances,
 That slack my pace ; but yet not make me stay ?
 Who slowly goes, rids (in the end) his way.
 Cleere Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my
 miles,
 Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles :
 Since rough the way is, help me when I call,
 And take me up ; or els prevent the fall.

I kenn my home ; and it affords some ease,
 To see far off the smoaking Villages.
 Fain would I rest ; yet covet not to die,
 For feare of future-biting penurie :
 No, no, my God, Thou know'st my wishes be
 To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

Another.

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

To Death.

THou bidst me come away,
 And I'le no longer stay,
 Then for to shed some teares
 For faults of former yeares ;
 And to repent some crimes,
 Done in the present times :
 And next, to take a bit
 Of Bread, and Wine with it :
 To d'on my robes of love,
 Fit for the place above ;
 To gird my loynes about
 With charity throughout ;

And so to travaile hence
 With feet of innocence :
 These done, I'le onely crie
God mercy ; and so die.

Neutrality loathsome.

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

Welcome what comes.

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

To his angrie God.

THrough all the night
 Thou dost me fright,
 And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping ;
 And day, by day,
 My Cup can say,
 My wine is mixt with weeping.

Thou dost my bread
 With ashes knead,
 Each evening and each morrow :

Mine eye and eare
Do see, and heare
The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of Steele,
Ay me! I feele,
Upon me beating ever:
While my sick heart
With dismall smart
Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,
This can't endure;
But in short time 'twill please Thee,
My gentle God,
To burn the rod,
Or strike so as to ease me.

Patience, or Comforts in Crosses.

A Bundant plagues I late have had,
Yet none of these have made me sad:
For why, my Saviour, with the sense
Of suffering, 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 fway
 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 handfell too,
 That thou hast brought a Whistle new,
 Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
 To charme his cries, at time of need :
 Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast none ;
 But if thou hadst, He sho'd have one ;
 But poore thou art, and knowne to be
 Even as monileffe, 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 impressiion.

The New-yeeres Gift.

L Et others look for Pearle and Gold,
Tiffues, or Tabbies manifold :
One onely lock of that sweet Hay
Whereon the blessed Babie lay,
Or one poore Swadling-clout, shall be
The richest New-yeeres Gift to me,

To God.

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

God, and the King.

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

Gods Mirth, Mans Mourning.

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

Honours are hindrances.

GIve me Honours : what are these,
 But the pleasing hindrances ?
 Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come
 In the way 'twixt me, and home :
 Clear 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 feed ;
 Bread for our service, bread for shew ;
 Meat for our meales, and fragments too :

He gives not poorly, taking some
 Between the finger, and the thumb ;
 But, for our glut, and for our store,
 Fine flowre prest down, and running o're.

A will to be working.

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

Christs Part.

CHRIST, He requires still, wherefoere 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, wherefoere He sees,
On our part, wanting all abilities.

To his Conscience.

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be
 My private *Protonotarie*?
 Can I not wooe thee to passe by
 A short and sweet iniquity?
 I'le 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 feare the Judge, or thee.

To his Saviour.

LORD, I confesse, that Thou alone art able
 To purifie this my *Augean* stable :
 Be the Seas water, and the Land all Sope,
 Yet if Thy Bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

To God.

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

His Dreame.

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

Gods Bounty.

GODS Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse,
As men do wane in thankfulnesse.

To his sweet Saviour.

NIght hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep;
And Time seems then, not for to flie, but
creep;

Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.
Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray
The winds, to blow the tedious night away;
That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.
Sick is my heart! O Saviour! do Thou please
To make my bed soft in my sicknesse:
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'le come; say Thou, the when, and
where:
Draw me, but first, and after Thee I'le run,
And make no one stop, till my race be done.

His Creed.

I Do believe, that die I must,
And be return'd from out my dust:

I do believe, that when I rise,
 Christ I shall see, with these same eyes :
 I do believe, that I must come,
 With others, to the dreadfull Doome :
 I do believe, the bad must goe
 From thence, to everlasting woe :
 I do believe, the good, and I,
 Shall live with Him eternally :
 I do believe, I shall inherit
 Heaven, by Christs mercies, not my merit :
 I do believe, the One in Three,
 And Three in perfect Unitie :
 Lastly, that JESUS is a Deed
 Of Gift from God : *And heres my Creed.*

Temptations.

Temptations hurt not, though they have ac-
 cesse :
 Satan o'ercomes none, but by willingnesse.

The Lamp.

When a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead ;
 Then is the Lamp and oyle extinguished.

Sorrowes.

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

Penitencie.

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

*The Dirge of Jephthahs Daughter : sung
by the Virgins.*

O Thou, the wonder of all dayes !
O Paragon, and Pearle of praise !
O Virgin-martyr, ever blest
Above the rest
Of all the Maiden-Train ! 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'ft here,
Of Daughters all, the Deereft Deere ;
The eye of Virgins ; nay, the Queen
Of this smooth Green,
And all sweet Meades ; from whence we get
The Primrose, and the Violet.

Too soon, too deere did *Jephthah* buy,
 By thy sad losse, our liberty :
 His was the Bond and Cov'nant, yet
 Thou paid'st the debt,
 Lamented Maid ! he won the day,
 But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy Father brought with him along
 The Olive branch, and Victors Song :
 He slew the Ammonites, we know,
 But to thy woe ;
 And in the purchase of our Peace,
 The Cure was worse then the Disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine,
 We offer here, before thy Shrine,
 Our sighs for Storax, teares for Wine ;
 And to make fine,
 And fresh thy Herse-cloth, we will, here,
 Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.

Receive, for this thy praise, our teares :
 Receive this offering of our Haires :
 Receive these Christall Vialls fil'd
 With teares, distil'd
 From teeming eyes ; to these we bring,
 Each Maid, her silver Filleting,

To guild thy Tombe ; besides, these Caules,
 These Laces, Ribbands, and these Faules,

These Veiles, wherewith we use to hide
 The Bashfull Bride,
 When we conduct her to her Groome :
 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 Cowflip balls,
 Or chaines of Columbines shall make,
 For this, or that occasions fake.

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

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of Spice ;
 And make this place all Paradise :
 May Sweets grow here ! & smoke from hence,
 Fat Frankincense :
 Let Balme, and Cassia send their scent
 From out thy Maiden-Monument.

May no Wolfe howle, or Screech-Owle stir
 A wing about thy Sepulcher !
 No boysterous winds, or stormes, come hither,
 To starve, or wither

Thy soft sweet Earth ! but, like a spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shie Maids, at wonted hours,
Come forth, to strew thy Tombe with flow'rs :
May Virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male-Incense burn

Upon thine Altar ! then return,
And leave thee sleeping in thy Urn.

To God, on his sicknesse.

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

Sins loath'd, and yet lov'd.

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

Sin.

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

Upon God.

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

Faith.

WHat here we hope for, we shall once inherit :
 By Faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit.

Humility.

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

Teares.

OUr present Teares here, not our present
 laughter,
 Are but the handfells of our joyes hereafter.

Sin and Strife.

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

An Ode, or Psalm, to God.

DEer God,
 If thy smart Rod
 Here did not make me forrie,
 I sho'd not be
 With Thine, or Thee,
 In Thy eternall Glorie.

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

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

Graces for Children.

WHat God gives, and what we take,
 'Tis a gift for Christ His sake :
 Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,
 God be thank'd for those, and these :

Have we flesh, or have we fish,
 All are Fragments from His dish.
 He His Church save, and the King,
 And our Peace here, like a Spring,
 Make it ever flourishing.

God to be first serv'd.

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

Another Grace for a Child.

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

*A Christmas Caroll, sung to the King in the
 Prefence at White-Hall.*

Chor. **W**HAT 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, fay ;
The why, and wherefore all things here
Seem like the Spring-time of the yeere ?

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

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

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

Chor. Which we will give Him ; and bequeath
This Hollie, and this Ivie Wreath,

To do Him honour ; who's our King,
And Lord of all this Revelling.

*The Muscull Part was composed by
M. Henry Lawes.*

*The New-yeeres Gift, or Circumcisions Song,
sung to the King in the Presence at
White-Hall.*

- 1 **P**Repare for Songs ; He's come, He's
come ;
And be it fin here to be dumb,
And not with Lutes to fill the roome.
- 2 Cast Holy Water all about,
And have a care no fire gos out,
But 'cense the porch, and place throughout.
- 3 The Altars all on fier be ;
The Storax fries ; and ye may see,
How heart and hand do all agree,
To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all lefs 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'ft His whimp'ring, and His cries ;
How canst thou this Babe circumcise ?

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

1 Touch gently, gently touch ; and here
 Spring Tulips up through all the yeere ;
 And from His sacred Bloud, here shed,
 May Roses grow, to crown His own deare Head.

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

Now singing, homeward let us carrie
 The Babe unto His Mother *Marie* ;
 And when we have the Child commended
 To her warm bosome, then our Rites are ended.

Composed by M. *Henry Lawes.*

*Another New-yeeres Gift, or Song for
 the Circumcision.*

- 1 **H**ENCE, hence, prophane, and none ap-
 peare
 With any thing unhallowed, here :
 No jot of Leven must be found
 Conceal'd in this most holy Ground :
- 2 What is corrupt, or fowr'd with sin,
 Leave that without, then enter in ;

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

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

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

4 Come then, and gently touch the Birth
 Of Him, who's Lord of Heav'n and Earth ;

5 And softly handle Him : y'ad need,
 Because the *prettie Babe* do's bleed.
 Poore-pittied Child ! who from Thy Stall
 Bring'ft in Thy Blood, a Balm, that shall
 Be the best New-yeares Gift to all.

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

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

Gods Pardon.

WHen I shall sin, pardon my trespass here ;
 For, once in hell, none knowes Remission
 there.

Sin.

SIn once reacht up to Gods eternall Sphere,
 And was committed, not remitted there.

Evill.

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

*The Star-Song : a Caroll to the King ;
 sung at White-Hall.*

The Flourish of Musick : then followed the Song.

1 **T**ELL us, thou cleere and heavenly
 Tongue,
 Where is the Babe but lately sprung ?
 Lies He the Lillie-banks among ?

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

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

Star. No, this ye need not do ;
But only come, and see Him rest
A Princely Babe in's Mothers Brest.

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

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

Chor. And when night comes, wee'l give Him
waffailing :
And that His treble Honours may be seen,
Wee'l chuse Him King, and make His Mother
Queen.

To God.

W Ith 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,
 Than 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'ft 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 chaste Soule
 In long white stole,
 And Palmes in hand,
 Do ravisht stand;
 So in a ring,
 The praises sing
 Of Three in One,
 That fill the Throne;

While Harps, and Violls then
To Voices, say, *Amen.*

The Summe, and the Satisfaction.

LAst night I drew up mine Account,
And found my Debits to amount
To such a height, as for to tell
How I sho'd pay, 's impossible:
Well, this I'le do; my mighty score
Thy mercy-feat I'le lay before;
But therewithall I'le bring the Band,
Which, in full force, did daring stand,
Till my Redeemer, on the Tree,
Made void for millions, as for me.
Then, if Thou bidst me pay, or go
Unto the prison, I'le 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 loft, that co'd be rapt from me ;
 And fare it well : yet, *Herrick*, if fo be
 Thy Deereft Saviour renders thee but one
 Smile, that one fmile's full reftitution.

To God.

Pardon me God, once more I Thee intreat,
 That I have plac'd Thee in fo meane a feat,
 Where round about Thou feeft but all things vaine,
 Uncircumcis'd, unfeafon'd, and prophane.
 But as Heavens publike and immortall Eye
 Looks on the filth, but is not foil'd thereby ;
 So Thou, my God, may'ft on this impure look,
 But take no tincture from my finfull Book :
 Let but one beame of Glory on it fhine,
 And that will make me, and my Work divine.

To God.

LOrd, I am like to *Mistletoe*,
 Which has no root, and cannot grow,
 Or prosper, but by that fame tree
 It clings about ; fo I by Thee.
 What need I then to feare at all,
 So long as I about Thee craule ?

But if that Tree sho'd fall, and die,
Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

His Wish to God.

I Would to God, that mine old age might have
Before my last, but here a living grave,
Some one poore Almes-house ; there to lie, or stir,
Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher ;
A little piggin, and a pipkin by,
To hold things fitting my necessity ;
Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and place,
Might me excite to fore, and after-grace.
Thy Crosse, my *Christ*, fixt 'fore mine eyes sho'd
be,
Not to adore that, but to worship Thee.
So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend,
Reading Thy Bible, and my Book ; *so end.*

Satan.

W^Hen 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.

H^Ell 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,
 Cufft with those watrie favages,
 And therewithall, behold, it hath
 In all that way no beaten path ;
 Then, with a wonder, I confesse,
 Thou art our way i'th wildernesse :
 And while we blunder in the dark,
 Thou art our candle there, or spark.

Great Grief, great Glory.

THe leffe our sorrowes here and suffrings cease,
 The more our Crownes of Glory there in-
 crease.

Hell.

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

The Bell-man.

A Long the dark, and silent night,
 With my Lantern, and my Light,
 And the tinkling of my Bell,
 Thus I walk, and this I tell :

Death and dreadfulneſſe 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 foule to ſwallow,
 But by the peep of light
 A gentle calme did follow.

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

The Widdowes Teares: or, Dirge of Dorcas.

Come pitie us, all ye, who see
 Our Harps hung on the Willow-tree :
 Come pitie us, ye Passers by,
 Who see, or heare poor Widdowes crie :
 Come pitie us ; and bring your eares,
 And eyes, to pitie Widdowes teares.

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

For *Tabitha*, who dead lies here,
 Clean washt, and laid out for the Beere ;
 O modest Matrons, weep and waile !
 For now the Corne and Wine must faile :
 The Basket and the Bynn of Bread,
 Wherewith so many foules were fed

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

Woe worth the Time, woe worth the day,
 That reav'd us of thee, *Tabitha* !
 For we have lost, with thee, the Meale,
 The Bits, the Morfells, and the deale
 Of gentle Pafte, and yeelding Dow,
 That Thou on Widdowes didst bestow.

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

Ah *Dorcas, Dorcas!* now adieu
 We bid the Creuse and Pannier too :
 I and the flesh, for and the fish,
 Dol'd to us in That Lordly dish.
 We take our leaves now of the Loome,
 From whence the house-wives cloth did come :

Chor. The web affords now nothing ;
 Thou being dead,
 The woofed 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
Ha's taken wing,
And our late spring
Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.

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

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

And though thou here li'ft dead, we see
A deale of beauty yet in thee.
How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,
Thy lips with all diffused grace !
Thy hands, though cold, yet spotlesse, white,
And comely as the Chrysolite.

Chor. Thy belly like a hill is,
Or as a neat
Cleane heap of wheat,
All set about with Lillies.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we
Will shew these garments made by thee ;

These were the Coats, in these are read
 The monuments of *Dorcas* dead.
 These were thy Acts, and thou shalt have
 These hung, as honours o're thy Grave,
Chor. And after us, distressed,
 Sho'd fame be dumb ;
 Thy very Tomb
 Would cry out, *Thou art blessed.*

To God, in Time of Plundering.

R Apine 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-years Gift.

T Hat little prettie bleeding part
 Of Foreskin send to me :
 And Ile returne a bleeding Heart,
 For New-years gift to thee.

Rich is the Jemme that thou did'st send,
 Mine's faulty too, and small :
 But yet this Gift Thou wilt commend,
 Because I send Thee *all.*

Doomes-Day.

L Et not that Day Gods Friends and Servants
 scare :
 The Bench is then their place ; and not the Barre.

The Poores Portion.

T He 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.

I N this world, the *Isle of Dreames*,
 While we sit by sorrowes streames,
 Teares and terrors are our theames
 Reciting :

But when once from hence we flie,
 More and more approaching nigh
 Unto young Eternitie
 Uniting :

In that *whiter Island*, where
 Things are evermore sincere ;
 Candor here, and lustre there
 Delighting :

There no monstrous fancies shall
 Out of hell an horrour call,
 To create, or cause at all,
 Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
 We our eyes shall never steep ;
 But eternall watch shall keep,
 Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue
 Me immortaliz'd, and you ;
 And fresh joyes, as never too
 Have ending.

To Christ.

I Crawle, I creep ; my *Christ*, I come
 To Thee, for curing *Balsamum* :
 Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the Tree,
 Affording salve of Soveraigntie.
 My mouth I'le lay unto Thy wound
 Bleeding, that no Blood touch the ground :
 For, rather then one drop shall fall
 To wast, my JESU, I'le take all.

To God.

GOD ! to my little meale and oyle,
 Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle :
 And Thou my Pipkinnet shalt see,
 Give a *wave-offring* unto Thee,

Free Welcome.

GOD He refuseth no man ; but makes way
 For All that now come, or hereafter may.

Gods Grace.

GODS Grace deserves here to be daily fed,
 That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

Coming to Christ.

TO him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go,
 Celerity even it self is slow.

Correction.

GOD had but one Son free from sin ; but
 none
 Of all His sonnes free from correction.

Gods Bounty.

GOD, as He's potent, so He's likewise known,
To give us more then Hope can fix upon.

Knowledge.

SCience in God, is known to be
A Substance, not a Qualitie.

Salutation.

CHRI^ST, I have read, did to His Chaplains
say,
Sending them forth, *Salute no man by' th way* ;
Not, that He taught His Ministers to be
Unsmooth, or sowre, to all civilitie ;
But to instruct them, to avoid all snares
Of tardidation in the Lords Affaires.
Manners are good : but till his errand ends,
Salute we must, nor Strangers, Kin, or Friends.

Lasciviousnesse.

LAsciviousnesse is known to be
The sifter to faturitie.

Teares.

GOD from our eyes all tearcs hereafter wipes,
 And gives His Children kifles then, not
 ftripes.

Gods Bleffing.

IN vain our labours are, whatfoe're they be,
 Unleffe God gives the *Benedicite*.

God, and Lord.

GOD, is His Name of Nature; but that
 word
 Implies His Power, *when He's cal'd the LORD.*

The Judgment-Day.

GOD hides from man the reck'ning Day, that
 He
 May feare it ever for uncertaintie :
 That being ignorant of that one, he may
 Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

Angells.

ANgells are called Gods; yet of them, none
 Are Gods, but by *participation*:
 As Just Men are intituled Gods, yet none
 Are Gods, of them, but by Adoption.

Long life.

THe longer thred of life we spin,
 The more occasion still to fin.

Teares.

THe teares of Saints more sweet by farre,
 Then all the songs of finners are.

Manna.

THat Manna, which God on His people cast,
 Fitted it self to ev'ry Feeders tast.

Reverence.

TRue rev'rence is, as *Cassiodore* doth prove,
 The feare of God, commixt with cleanly
 love.

Mercy.

MERCY, the wise Athenians held to be
Not an Affection, but a *Deitie*.

Wages.

AFter this life, the wages shall
Not shar'd alike be unto all.

Temptation.

GOD tempteth no one, as S. *Aug'stine* saith,
For any ill ; but, for the proof of Faith :
Unto temptation God exposeth some ;
But none, of purpose, to be overcome.

Gods Hands.

GODS Hands are round, & smooth, that gifts
may fall
Freely from them, and hold none back at all.

Labour.

LAbour we must, and labour hard
I'th *Forum* here, or *Vineyard*.

Mora Sponfi, the Stay of the Bridegroom.

THe time the Bridegroom stays from hence,
Is but the time of penitence.

Roaring.

ROaring is nothing but a weeping part,
Forc'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

The Eucharist.

HE that is hurt seeks help : sin is the wound ;
The salve for this i'th Eucharist is found.

Sin severely punisht.

GOD in His own Day will be then severe,
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt
here.

*Montes Scripturarum, the Mounts of the
Scriptures.*

THe Mountains of the Scriptures are, some say,
Moses, and Jesus, called Joshua :
The *Prophets* Mountains of the Old are meant ;
The *Apostles* Mounts of the *New Testament.*

Prayer.

A Prayer, that is said alone,
 Starves, having no companion.
 Great things ask for, when thou dost pray,
 And those great are, which ne're decay.
 Pray not for silver, rust eats this ;
 Ask not for gold, which metall is :
 Nor yet for houses, which are here
 But earth : *such vowes nere reach Gods eare.*

Christs Sadnesse.

CHrist was not sad, i'th garden, for His own
 Passion, but for His sheeps disperfion.

God heares us.

GOD, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence ;
 If not to'th found, 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 *Dooome.*

Comforts in Contentions.

THe fame, who crownes the Conquerour, will
be
A Coadjutor in the Agonie.

Heaven.

HEav'n is most faire ; but fairer He
That made that fairest Canopie.

God.

IN God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be
Ev'n God Himself, in perfect *Entitie*.

His Power.

GOD can do all things, save but what are
known
For to imply a contradiction.

*Christs Words on the Crosse, My God,
My God.*

CHRIST, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse
upon,
Had, as it were, a *Dereliction* ;
In this regard, in those great terrors He
Had no one *Beame* from Gods sweet Majestie.

JEHOVAH.

JEHOVAH, as *Boëtius* saith,
No number of the *Plurall* hath.

Confusion of Face.

GOD then confounds mans face, when He
not hears
The Vowes of those, who are Petitioners.

Another.

THE shame of mans face is no more
Then prayers repel'd, sayes *Cassiodore*.

Beggars.

Jacob Gods Beggar was ; and so we wait,
Though ne're so rich, all beggars at His Gate.

Good, and bad.

THE Bad among the Good are here mixt ever :
The Good without the Bad are here plac'd
never.

Sin.

S*In no Existence ; Nature none it hath,
Or Good at all, as learn'd Aquinas saith.*

Martha, Martha.

T*He repetition of the name made known
No other, then Christs full Affection.*

Youth, and Age.

G*OD on our Youth bestowes but little ease ;
But on our Age most sweet Indulgences.*

Gods Power.

G*OD is so potent, as His Power can
Draw out of bad a soveraigne good to man.*

Paradise.

P*aradise is, as from the Learn'd I gather,
A quire of blest Soules circling in the Father.*

Observation.

THe Jewes, when they built Houfes, I have
 read,
 One part thereof left ftill unfinished :
 To make them, thereby, mindfull of their own
 Cities moft sad and dire destruction.

The Affe.

GOD did forbid the Israelites, to bring
 An Affe unto Him, for an *offering* :
 Onely, by this dull creature, to exprefle
 His deteftation to all flothfulneffe.

Observation.

THe Virgin-Mother ftood at diftance there,
 From her Sonnes Croffe, not fhedding once
 a teare :
 Becauſe the Law forbad to fit and crie
 For thoſe, who did as malefactors die.
 So ſhe, to keep her mighty woes in awe,
 Tortur'd her love, not to tranſgreſſe the Law.
 Obſerve we may, how *Mary Joſes* then,
 And th' other *Mary, Mary Magdalen*,
 Sate by the Grave ; and ſadly fitting 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'ral pomp, but this importance have ;
 That soules departed are not put out quite ;
 But, as they walk't here in their *vestures* white,
 So live in Heaven, in everlasting light.

Christs Birth.

ONe Birth our Saviour had ; the like none yet
 Was, or will be a *second* like to it.

The Virgin Mary.

TO work a *wonder*, God would have her
 shown,
 At once, a Bud, and yet a *Rose full-blowne*.

Another.

AS Sun-beames pierce the glasse, and stream-
 ing 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 impressi^on of effect.

Another.

GOD is *Jehovah* cal'd ; which name of His
Implies or *Essence*, or the *He* that Is.

Gods Presence.

GOD'S evident, and may be said to be
Present with just men, to the veritie :
But with the wicked if He doth comply,
'Tis, as S. *Bernard* saith, but seemingly.

Gods Dwelling.

GOD'S said to dwell there, wheresoever He
Puts down some prints of His high Majestie :
As when to man He comes, and there doth place
His *holy Spirit*, or doth plant His *Grace*.

The Virgin Mary.

THE *Virgin Marie* was, as I have read,
 The *House of God*, by *Christ* inhabited ;
 Into the which He enter'd : but, the Doore
 Once shut, was never to be 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 *Maries* Faith was small,
Christ did her *Woman*, not her *Mary* call :
 But no more *Woman*, being strong in Faith ;
 But *Mary* cal'd then, as *S. Ambrose* saith.

North and South.

THE *Jewes* their beds, and offices of ease,
 Plac't *North* and *South*, for these cleane
 purposes ;

That mans uncomely froth might not molest
 Gods wayes and walks, which lie still East and
 West.

Sabbaths.

S *Abbaths* 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.

N *Oah* the first was, as Tradition sayes,
 That did ordaine the Fast of forty Dayes.

Sin.

T Here 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.

G OD 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.

Eafe.

GOD gives to none fo absolute an Eafe,
 As not to know, or feel some *Grievances*.

Beginnings and Endings.

P*Aul*, he began ill, but he ended well ;
Judas began well, but he foulely fell :
 In godlineffe, not the beginnings, fo
 Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

Temporall Goods.

THefe temp'rall goods God, the moft Wife,
 commends
 To th' good and bad, in common, for two ends :
 Firft, that thefe goods none here may o're eſteem,
 Becauſe the wicked do partake of them :
 Next, that theſe illſ none cowardly may ſhun ;
 Being, oft here, the juſt mans portion.

Hell Fire.

THe fire of Hell this strange condition hath,
To burn, not shine, as learned *Basil* saith.

Abels Bloud.

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.

Gods Prefence.

GOD'S present ev'ry where ; but most of all
 Present by Union *Hypostaticall* :
 God, He is there, where's nothing else, Schooles
 fay,
 And nothing else is there, *where He's away.*

The Resurrection possible, and probable.

FOR each one Body, that i'th earth is fowne,
 There's an up-rising but of one for one :
 But for each Graine, that in the ground is thrown,
 Threescore or fourescore spring up thence for one :
 So that the wonder is not halfe so great,
 Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

Christs Suffering.

JUSTLY our *dearest Saviour* may abhorre us,
 Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for
 us.

Sinners.

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way,
 Either as when (the learned Schoolemen fay)
 Mens fins destroyed are, when they repent ;
 Or when, for fins, 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; &
gaines
The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.

Gods Price, and Mans Price.

GOD bought man here with his hearts blood
expençe ;
And man fold God here for base *thirty pence*.

Christs Aetion.

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.

P *Redestination* is the Cause alone
Of many standing, but of fall to none.

Another.

A Rt 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.

S In never flew a soule, unlesse there went
Along with it some tempting blandishment.

Another.

S In is an act so free, that if we shall
Say, 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

Another.

S In is the cause of death ; and sin's alone
The cause of Gods *Predestination* :
And from Gods *Prescience* of mans sin doth flow
Our *Destination* to eternall woe.

Prescience.

GODS *Prescience* makes none *sinfull*; but th'
 offence
 Of man's the chief cause of Gods *Prescience*.

Christ.

TO all our wounds, here, whatfoe're they be,
Christ is the one sufficient *Remedie*.

Christs Incarnation.

CHRI^ST 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*.

Gods Keyes.

GOD has *four* 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'ft,
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 shew
 A down-cast look, and sowe?

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 Times succeſſion.

His Meditation upon Death.

BE thoſe few hours, which I have yet to ſpend,
 Bleſt with the Meditation of my end :
 Though they be few in number, I'm content ;
 If otherwiſe, I ſtand indifferent :
 Nor makes it matter, *Neftors* 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'le thinke I'm going to be buried :
 So ſhall the Blankets which come over me,
 Preſent thoſe Turfs, which once muſt cover me :
 And with as firme behaviour I will meet
 The ſheet I ſleep in, as my Winding-ſheet.
 When ſleep ſhall bath his body in mine eyes,
 I will believe, that then my body dies :

And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,
 I'le have in mind my Refurrection,
 Which muſt produce me to that *Gen'rall Doome*,
 To which the Peſant, ſo the Prince muſt come,
 To heare the Judge give ſentence on the Throne,
 Without the leaſt hope of affection.
 Teares, at that day, ſhall make but weake defence ;
 When Hell and Horreur fright the Conſcience.
 Let me, though late, yet at the laſt, begin
 To ſhun the leaſt Temptation to a ſin ;
 Though to be tempted be no ſin, untill
 Man to th' alluring object gives his will.
 Such let my life aſſure me, when my breath
 Goes theeving from me, I am ſafe in death ;
 Which is the height of comfort, when I fall,
 I riſe triumphant in my Funerall.

Cloaths for Continuance.

THOſe Garments laſting evermore,
 Are works of mercy to the poore,
 Which neither Tettar, Time, or Moth
 Shall fray that filke, 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 fullen clouds bound up his head.
 No, lay thy stately terrours by,
 To talke with me familiarly ;
 For if Thy thunder-claps I heare,
 I shall lesse swoone, then die for feare.
 Speake thou of love and I'll reply
 By way of *Epithalamie*,
 Or sing of *mercy*, and I'll suit
 To it my Violl and my Lute :
 Thus let Thy lips but love distill,
 Then come my God, and hap what will.

The Soule.

WHen once the Soule has lost her way,
 O then, how restlesse do's she stray !
 And having not her God for light,
 How do's she erre in endlesse night !

The Judgement-day.

IN doing justice, God shall then be known,
 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.

Paine and Pleasure.

GOD suffers not His Saints, and Servants
deere,
To have continuall paine, or pleasure here :
But look how night succeeds the day, so He
Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

Gods Presence.

GOD is *all-present* to what e're we do,
And as *all-present*, so *all-filling* too.

Another.

THat there's a God, we all do know,
But what God is, we cannot show.

The poore Mans Part.

TELL me rich man, for what intent
Thou load'ft with gold thy vestiment ?
When as the poore crie out, to us
Belongs all gold superfluous.

The right Hand.

GOD has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft
Of that, which we do nominate the Left.

The Staffe and Rod.

TWO instruments belong unto our God ;
 The one a *Staffe* is, and the next a *Rod* :
 That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart,
 The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

God sparing in scourging.

GOD still rewards us more then our desert :
 But when He strikes, He quarter-acts His
 part.

Confession.

CONFession twofold is, as *Austine* sayes,
 The first of *sin* is, and the next of *praise* :
 If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse :
 If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerfulness.

Gods Descent.

GOD is then said for to descend, when He
 Doth, here on earth, some thing of novitie ;
 As when, in humane nature He works more
 Then ever, yet, the like was done before.

No coming to God without Christ.

Good and great God! How sho'd I feare
 To come to Thee, if *Christ* not there!
 Co'd I but think, He would not be
 Present, to plead my cause for me;
 To Hell I'd rather run, then I
 Wo'd see Thy Face, and He not by.

Another, to God.

THough Thou beest all that *Active Love*,
 Which heats those ravisht Soules above;
 And though all joyes spring from the glance
 Of Thy most winning countenance;
 Yet sowre and grim Thou'dst seem to me;
 If through my *Christ* I saw not Thee.

The Resurrection.

THat *Christ* did die, the *Pagan* faith;
 But that He rose, that's *Christians* Faith.

Coheires.

WE are Coheires with *Christ*; nor shall His
 own
Heire-ship be lesse, by our adoption:
 The number here of Heires, shall from the state
 Of His great *Birth-right* nothing derogate.

The number of two.

GOD hates the *Duall Number* ; being known
 The lucklesse number of division :
 And when He blest each sev'rall Day, whereon
 He did His *curious operation* ;
 'Tis never read there, as the Fathers say,
 God blest His work done on the *second day* :
 Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,
 Or by our selves, or from the Pulpit read.

Hardning of Hearts.

GOD's said our hearts to harden then,
 When as His grace not supples men.

The Rose.

BEfore Mans fall, the Rose was born,
S. Ambrose says, without the Thorn :
 But, for Mans fault, then was the Thorn,
 Without the fragrant Rose-bud, born ;
 But ne're the Rose without the Thorn.

Gods Time must end our Trouble.

GOD doth not promise here to man, that He
 Will free him quickly from his miserie ;
 But in His own time, and when He thinks fit,
 Then He will give a happy end to it.

Baptisme.

THe strength of *Baptisme*, that's within ;
It saves the soule, by drowning sin.

Gold and Frankincense.

Gold serves for Tribute to the King ;
The *Frankincense* for Gods Offring.

To God.

GOD, who me gives a will for to repent ;
Will add a power, to keep me innocent ;
That I shall ne're that trespasse recommit,
When I have done true Penance here for it.

The Chewing the Cud.

WHen well we speak, & nothing do that's
good,
We not divide the *Hoof*, but chew the *Cud* :
But when good words, by good works, have their
proof,
We then both chew the *Cud*, and cleave the
Hoof.

Christs twofold Coming.

THY former coming was to cure
 My foules most desp'rate *Calenture* ;
 Thy second *Advent*, that must be
 To heale my Earths infirmitie.

To God, his gift.

AS my little Pot doth boyle,
 We will keep this *Levell-Coyle* ;
 That a *Wave*, and I will bring
 To my God, a *Heave-offering*.

Gods Anger.

GOD can't be wrathfull ; but we may con-
 clude,
 Wrathfull He may be, by fimilitude :
 God's wrathfull said to be, when He doth do
 That without *wrath*, which wrath doth *force*
us to.

Gods Commands.

IN Gods Commands, ne're ask the reason why ;
 Let thy *obedience* be the best Reply.

To God.

IF I have plaid the *Truant*, or have here
 Fail'd in my part ; O ! Thou that art my *deare*,
 My *mild*, my *loving Tutor*, *Lord and God* !
 Correct my errors gently with Thy Rod.
 I know, that faults will many here be found,
 But where sin swells, there let Thy grace abound.

To God.

THe work is done ; now let my *Lawrell* be
 Given by none, but by Thy selfe, to me :
 That done, with Honour Thou dost me create
 Thy *Poet*, and Thy *Prophet Lawreat*.

*Good Friday : Rex Tragicus, or Christ going
 to His Crosse.*

PUt off Thy Robe of *Purple*, then go on
 To the sad place of execution :
 Thine hour is come ; and the Tormentor stands
 Ready, to pierce Thy tender Feet, and Hands.
 Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude,
 Th'inconstant, and unpurged Multitude
 Yawne for Thy coming ; some e're this time crie,
 How He deferres, how loath He is to die !

Amongst this scumme, the Souldier, with his
 speare,
 And that sowre Fellow, with his *vineger*,
 His *spunge*, and *stick*, do ask why Thou dost stay?
 So do the *Skurfe* and *Bran* too: Go Thy way,
 Thy way, Thou guiltlesse man, and fatisfie
 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 bleffe
 Thee in Thy severall parts of bitternesse;

That those, who see Thee nail'd unto the Tree,
 May, though they scorn Thee, praise and pitie
 Thee.

And we, Thy Lovers, while we see Thee keep
 The Lawes of Action, will both sigh, and weep ;
 And bring our Spices, to embalm Thee dead ;
 That done, wee'l see Thee sweetly buried.

His Words to Christ, going to the Crosse.

WHen Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,
 All Thy Disciples Thee forfook, and fled.
 Let their example not a pattern be
 For me to flie, but now to follow Thee.

Another, to his Saviour.

IF Thou bee'st taken, *God* forbid,
 I flie from Thee, as others did :
 But if Thou wilt so honour me,
 As to accept my companie,
 I'le follow Thee, hap, hap what shall,
 Both to the *Judge*, and *Judgment-Hall* :
 And, if I see Thee posted there,
 To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,
 I'le take my share ; or els, my God,
 Thy stripes I'le kisse, or burn the *Rod*.

His Saviours Words, going to the Crosse.

HAve, have ye no regard, all ye
Who passe this way, to pitie me,
Who am a man of miserie !

A man both bruis'd, and broke, and one
Who suffers not here for mine own,
But for my friends *transgression* !

Ah ! *Sions Daughters*, do not feare
The *Crosse*, the *Cords*, the *Nailes*, the *Speare*,
The *Myrrhe*, the *Gall*, the *Vineger* :

For *Christ*, your loving Saviour, hath
Drunk up the wine of Gods fierce wrath ;
Onely, there's left a little froth,

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew,
What bitter cups had been your due,
Had He not drank them up for *you*.

His Anthem, to Christ on the Crosse.

WHen I behold Thee, almost flain,
With one, and all parts, full of
pain :
When I Thy gentle Heart do see

NOBLE NUMBERS.

Pierc't through, and dropping bloud,
for me,
I'le call, and cry out, Thanks to Thee.

Verf. 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
Doth JESUS beare,
Who sweet'ned first,
The Death accurs't.*

Here all things ready are, make hast, make hast away;
For, long this work will be, & very short this Day.
Why then, go on to act: Here's wonders to be done,
Before the last least sand of Thy ninth houre be run;
Or e're dark Clouds do dull, or dead the Mid-dayes Sun.

Act when Thou wilt,
Bloud will be spilt;
Pure Balm, that shall
Bring Health to All.
Why then, Begin
To powre first in
Some Drops of Wine,
In stead of Brine,
To search the Wound,
So long unsound:
And, when that's done,
Let Oyle, next, run,
To cure the Sore
Sinne made before.
And O! Deare Christ,
E'en as Thou di'st,
Look down, and see
Us weepe for Thee.
And tho, Love knows,
Thy dreadfull Woes
Wee cannot ease;
Yet doe Thou please,
Who Mercie art,
T'accept each Heart,
That gladly would
Helpe, if it could.
Meane while, let mee,
Beneath this Tree,
This Honour have,
To make my grave.

To his Saviours Sepulcher : his Devotion.

HAile holy, and all-honour'd Tomb,
 By no ill haunted ; here I come,
 With shoes put off, to tread thy Roome.
 I'le not prophane, by foile 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'le here and there
 Dresse Thee with flowrie Diaper.
 How sweet this place is ! as from hence
 Flow'd all *Panchaia's* Frankincense ;
 Or rich *Arabia* did commix,
 Here, all her rare *Aromaticks*.
 Let me live ever here, and stir
 No one step from this *Sepulcher*.
 Ravisht I am ! and down I lie,
 Confus'd, in this brave Extasie.
 Here let me rest ; and let me have
 This for my *Heaven*, that was Thy *Grave* :
 And, coveting no higher sphere,
 I'le my Eternitie spend here.

His Offering, with the rest, at the Sepulcher.

TO joyn with them who here confer
 Gifts to my Saviours Sepulcher ;
 Devotion bids me hither bring
 Somewhat for my Thank-Offering.
 Loe ! thus I bring a Virgin-Flower,
 To dresse my maiden-Saviour.

His coming to the Sepulcher.

HENCE they have born my Lord ; behold ! the
 Stone
 Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.
 Tell me, white Angell, what is now become
 Of Him we lately seal'd up in this Tombe ?
 Is He, from hence, gone to the shades beneath,
 To vanquish Hell, as here he conquer'd Death ?
 If so, I'le thither follow, without feare,
 And live in Hell, if that my Christ stayes there.

OF all the good things whatsoe're we do,
 God is the APXH, and the ΤΕΛΟΣ too.





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