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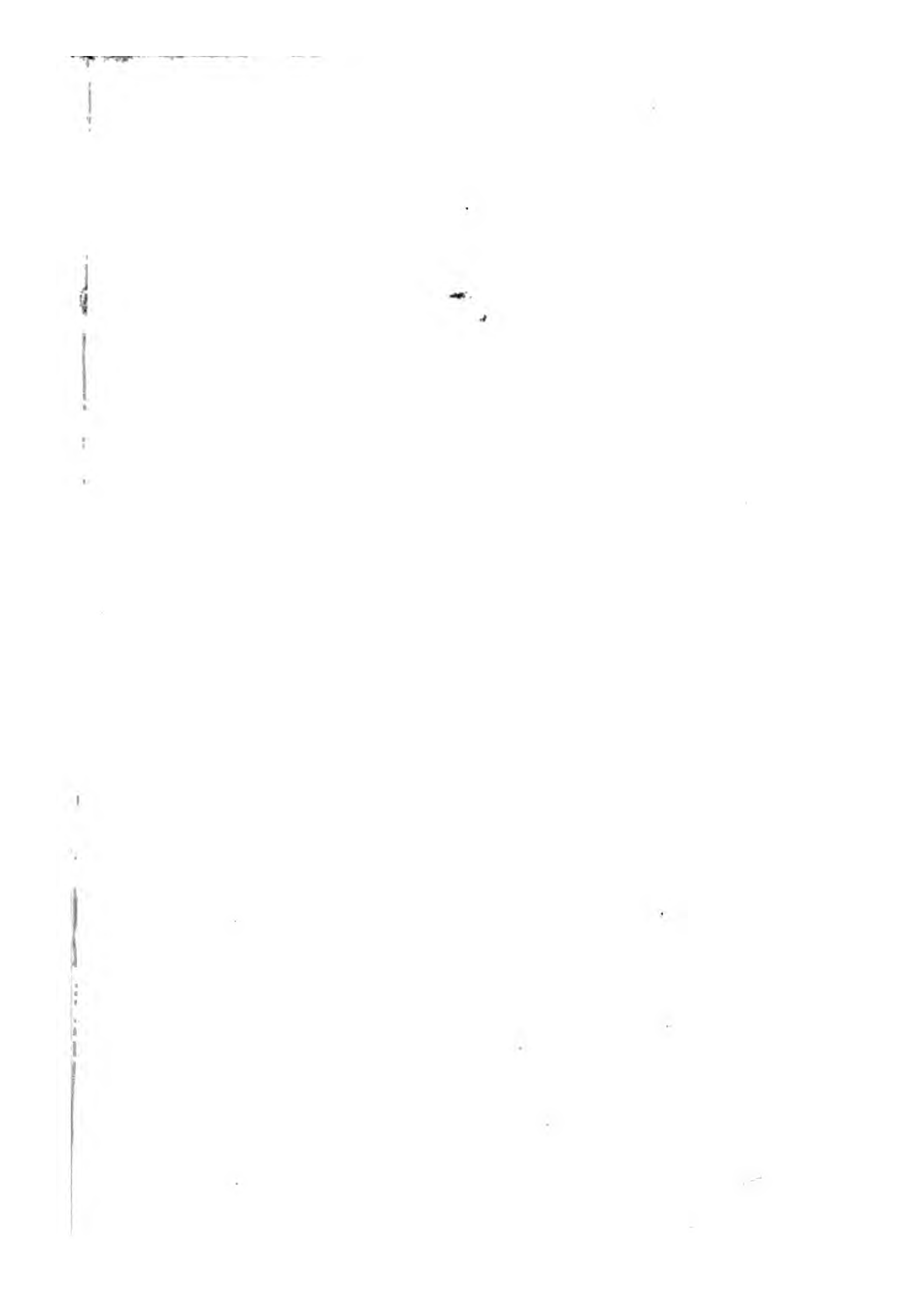


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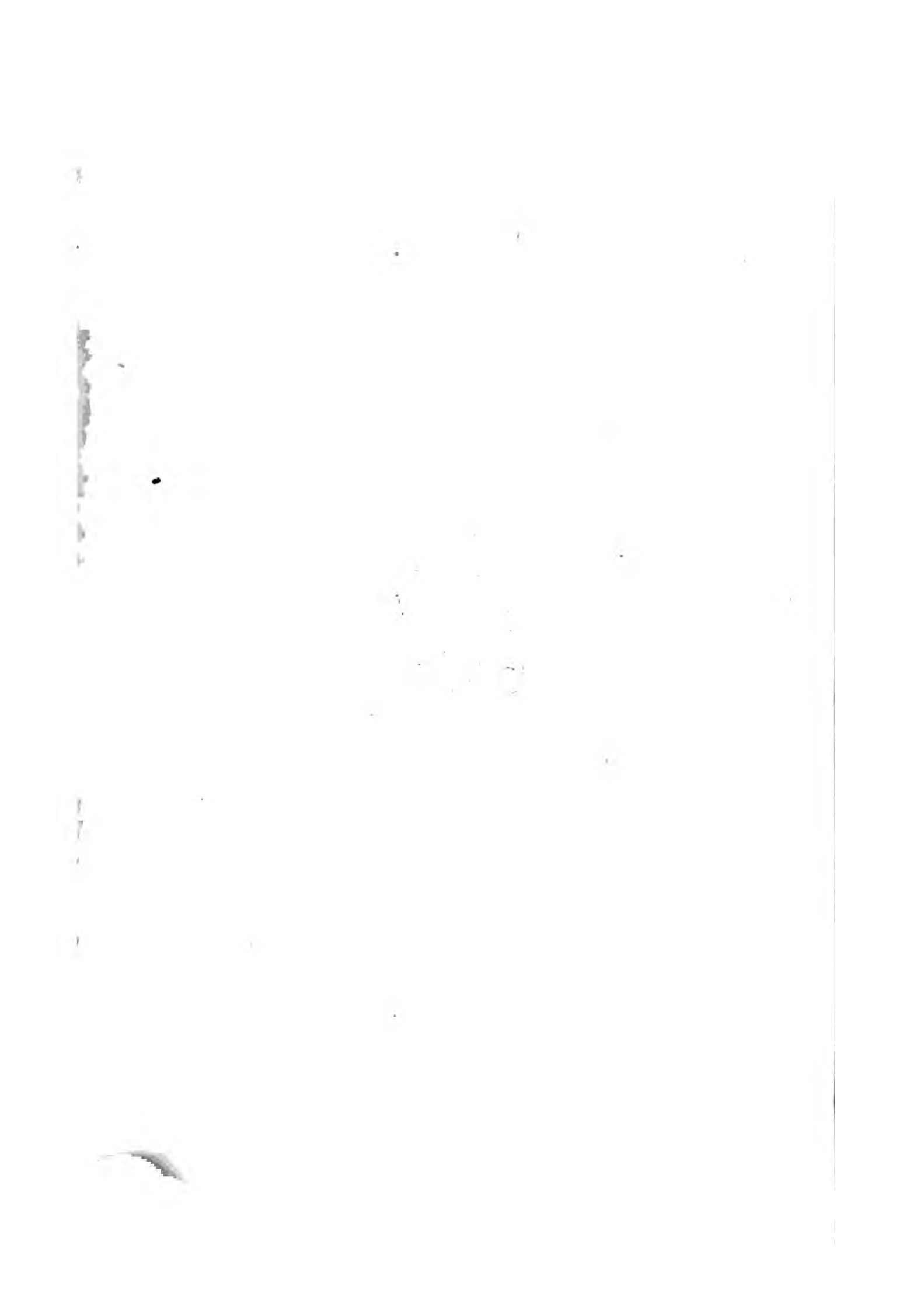


HESPERIDES
OR THE WORKS BOTH HUMANE
AND DIVINE OF ROBERT
HERRICK ESQ.



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.







Robert Hearick.

Published by William Pickering, Chancery Lane, 1826.

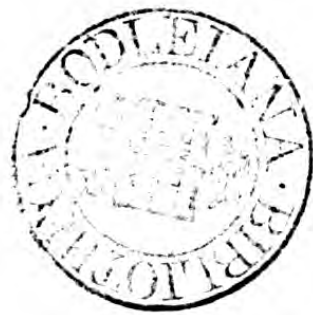
HESPERIDES
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VOL. I.



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING

1846





Preface.



OF the *Hesperides* of Herrick it has been said with truth, that "there is no collection of poetry in our language, which, in some respects, more nearly resembles the *Carmina* of Catullus," both in beauties and defects; but our countryman has the advantage of the poet of Verona, that in addition to his festive and amatory spirit, we are often charmed with pictures of country life and manners, notices of old customs and popular superstitions, and with playful incursions into Fairyland. Indeed, the versatility of Herrick in catching the spirit of Anacreon, of Horace, or the pathos of Tibullus, as the occasion required, gives a varied charm to his volume which it is to be regretted should ever be disturbed by pollutions which were the common vice of his age.

Our poet was descended in the male line from an ancient and honourable family in Leicestershire, Robert Eyrick, of Haughton, who lived in

the middle of the fifteenth century, being his immediate ancestor, many of whose descendants of mark are recorded in the ample account of the family collected by the diligence of the worthy John Nichols, in his History of Leicestershire. Thomas Eyrick settled in Leicester, and became a member of the Corporation in 1511. John Eyrick was admitted a freeman of the town in 1535, and afterwards held the office of Mayor; of whom Nicholas Heryck, the poet's father, was the second son. Nicholas, it appears, was articled about the year 1556, to a goldsmith in Cheapside, in which place and trade he afterwards himself settled, marrying, in 1582, Julian, daughter of William Stone, of Seghenoe, in Bedfordshire. The poet was one of the fruits of this union; he was born in Cheapside, and baptized at the church of St. Nicholas Vedast, August 24, 1591. His father did not survive his birth much more than a year, for he died November 9th, 1592, of the injuries received in a fall from an upper window of his house into the street, and the circumstance of his will having been made but two days before this event, makes it more than probable that the fall was not accidental. Though not extremely wealthy, he appears to have been in very good circumstances, if we consider the difference in the value of money at that time. He estimated his property at 3000*l.* but it realised upwards of 5000*l.* The

poet's mother was then left a widow, and at the time of her husband's death was enceinte, giving birth to a posthumous son, *William*, in 1593.*

By his father's will the children were left to the guardianship of their uncle, afterwards Sir William Heyrick, of Beaumanor, and there is therefore no reason to presume that the poet's "education as a boy was neglected." His youth appears to have been passed in London, and from more than one allusion to his "beloved Westminster" in the following poems, we may fairly presume that this venerable seminary of education may add him to her list of worthies.†

* He appears to have had two elder brothers, Thomas, who was placed with Mr. Massam, a merchant in London, but in 1610 appears to have retired into the country, and to have been afterwards settled in a small farm. To him the poem of *A Country Life* is addressed. This Thomas, it is believed, was the father of Thomas, who in 1688 resided at Market Harborough, and grandfather of Thomas, curate of that town, who published in 1691 a volume of poems; he was of Peter House, Cambridge, and dedicated his poems to Katharine, third wife of Lord Roos, afterwards Duke of Rutland. The principal poem in the volume, *The Submarine Voyage*, is inscribed to the young Lord Roos.

Another brother, Nicholas, was a Levant merchant, and married Susanna, daughter of Dr. William Salter.

The verses "TO HIS DYING BROTHER" were addressed to this posthumous child, William.

† In his *Tears to Thamysis*, he thus expresses his regret

So uncertain were the few circumstances recorded of Herrick's life, that Anthony a Wood lays claim to him as an Oxford worthy, though he could find no entry of his name upon the registers: Mr. Nichols has shewn that he was entered as a fellow commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1615, and from several letters to his uncle,† chiefly for pecuniary assistance in the purchase of books, it appears that he remained at St. John's about three years, and then removed to Trinity Hall, with the intention of studying for the law, but where, as he says, "by reason of the privacie of the house, the quantitie of expence will be shortened." It does not appear that his legal studies were long persevered in, as before he quitted the University he took his degree not in *law* but in *arts*.

He subsequently entered into holy orders, and

at leaving the scenes of his youth :

*Never again shall I with finny oar
Put from or draw unto the faithful shore ;
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster ;
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julian Herrick gave to me my birth.*

† Four letters by the poet, which were selected from a great number addressed to his uncle, mostly for a remittance of money, have been printed by Mr. Nichols, in his *History of Leicestershire*, and are subjoined to this preface.

having obtained the patronage of the Earl of Exeter, it appears that by his recommendation he was presented by the King to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, in 1629, which became vacant by the promotion of Dr. Barnaby Potter to the see of Carlisle. Here he passed the next nineteen years of his life, and Wood tells us, that “ he here exercised his muse as well in poetry as in other learning, and became much beloved by the gentry in those parts for his florid and witty discourses.”

Whether he had acquired habits which made the tranquil life of a country clergyman irksome to him, or from whatever cause, if we may judge from passages in his poems, it would appear that he was not quite reconciled to the dulness and obscurity of his retirement. The river of Deanbourn, near which he resided, he describes as *rockie* and *rude*, and the inhabitants of its vicinity are characterized as

*A people currish ; churlish as the seas ;
And rude, almost, as rudest salvages.*

And in another place he says :

*More discontents I never had,
Since I was born, than here ;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire.*

Yet it was during this period of his life that, thrown upon the resources of his imagination, the beauties of surrounding nature seem to have awakened in his mind the love of song, and, as it has been happily said, "he acquired that love of flowers and of fragrance, which imparted to his verse the beauty of the one, and the sweetness of the other." He himself seems to be sensible of this, for he adds,

*Yet justly, too, I must confess
I ne'er invented such
Ennobled numbers for the press
Than where I loath'd so much.*

The greater part of the poems contained in his *Hesperides* bear evidence of having been composed during his first residence at Dean Prior; many of the most beautiful are upon rural subjects, and others are addressed to natives of Devonshire, and we may fairly conjecture, that many of the impurities, which sully the brightness of his wreath, were added during his residence in London,* in compliance with the taste and in emula-

* Yet we may also gather that some of them are to be attributed to the period previous to his taking orders, for he himself says :

*Before I went
To banishment*

tion of the fashion of the wits about town, and, from some misgivings of his own mind, let us hope contrary to its better dictates.

In 1648, he was ejected from his vicarage by the predominant puritan party, to whom it is obvious that his loyal spirit must have rendered him obnoxious, but it appears that his departure from Dean Prior was accompanied by the regrets of all his flock.

If we may give credit to his own effusions upon this occasion, he rather hailed his expulsion as a deliverance than viewed it as a misfortune: he had probably long sighed for the intercourse of more congenial spirits, and the excitement attendant upon the wit-combats at the Mermaid; and for the converse of such men as Ben Jonson, Selden, Charles Cotton, Denham, and others, with whom he appears to have lived in habits of intimacy: and he thus exults in the prospect of exchanging what he considered as his banishment for more congenial scenes:

*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 fly*

*Into the loathed West,
I could rehearse
A lyric verse,
And speak it with the best.*

*To thee blest place of my nativity ;
London my home is : though by hard fate sent
Into a long and dreary banishment.*

With little expectation of being restored to his living, and perhaps with no wish to return, on his arrival in London, he took up his residence in St. Anne's, Westminster, and assumed the lay habit. The payment of fifths of the revenues of his vicarage, which was customary upon ejection, was soon cruelly discontinued, and Walker, in his *Sufferings of the Clergy*, states that he was subsisted by charity. The idea of collecting and publishing his poems at this period, therefore, may have originated in an honest desire to contribute to his own necessities. It is obvious that a volume by Robert Herrick, *Esquire*, would be received by those for whom it was intended with more favour than if he had styled himself the *Reverend*; and as he wrote for bread, we may charitably hope that it was rather from necessity than choice, that, to suit it to the depraved taste of the times, some things were now written and introduced, which under other circumstances his better feelings would have prompted him to omit.

There is a tradition at Dean Prior, that Herrick was the originator of Poor Robin's Almanack, and Nichols remarks, that his poverty during his residence in London renders this not impro-

bable ; but it appears that this almanack was first published in 1661 or 1662, so that if Herrick was the author, it can scarcely be attributed to his poverty, as he was then restored to his vicarage. That he may have engaged in other literary pursuits during his sojourn in London is highly probable, but none of the fruits of his labour are upon record. From an entry on the Stationers' Books in 1639 of "His Mistres's Shade by Robert Herrick," it appears that an earlier publication must have been intended. The entry, which probably relates to the *Hesperides*, was made in 1640, under the title of "The several Poems written by Robert Herrick," but the volume itself was not published before 1648, though the "Noble Numbers" included in it are dated 1647.

Herrick's name is yet known to the older inhabitants of Dean Prior, and Mr. Nichols found that the "Farewell to Dean Bourn" was still traditionally remembered, though imperfectly, as it had never been committed to writing, but conveyed from father to son by oral instruction.

On the publication of Dr. Nott's Selections from Herrick's *Hesperides* in 1810, an article appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for August of that year, which, upon internal evidence, we may with some degree of certainty attribute to the pen of Southey, and as the account of a visit he made to Dean Prior in quest of traditional information

about our poet is brief and interesting, it may with propriety find a place here.

“ Being in Devonshire during the last summer, we took an opportunity of visiting Dean Prior, for the purpose of making some inquiries concerning Herrick, who, from the circumstance of having been vicar of that parish (where he is still talked of as a poet, a wit, and a hater of the country,) for twenty years, might be supposed to have left some unrecorded memorials of his existence behind him.

“ We found many persons in the village who could repeat some of his lines, and none who were not acquainted with his ‘ Farewell to Dean Bourn,’ which they said he uttered as he crossed the brook, upon being ejected by Cromwell from the vicarage to which he had been presented by Charles the First. But they added, with an air of innocent triumph, ‘ he did see it again ;’ as was the fact after the Restoration. And, indeed, though he calls Devonshire ‘ dull,’ yet as he admits at the same time, that he never invented such ennobled numbers for the press, as in that ‘ loathed spot,’ the good people of Dean Prior have not much reason to be dissatisfied.

“ The person, however, who knows more of Herrick than all the rest of the neighbourhood, we found to be a poor woman in the 99th year of her age, named Dorothy King. She repeated to

us, with great exactness, five of his "Noble Numbers," among which was the beautiful Litany. These she had learned from her mother, who was apprenticed to Herrick's successor in the vicarage. She called them her prayers, which, she said, she was in the habit of putting up in bed, whenever she could not sleep; and she therefore began the Litany at the second stanza:

When I lie within my bed, &c.

Another of her midnight orisons was the poem beginning

*Every night thou dost me fright,
And keep mine eyes from sleeping, &c.*

She had no idea that these poems had been printed, and could not have read them if she had seen them. She is in possession of few traditions as to the person, manners, and habits of life of the poet; but in return, she has a whole budget of anecdotes respecting his ghost; and these she details with a careless but serene gravity, which one would not willingly discompose by any hints at a remote possibility of their not being exactly true. Herrick, she says, was a bachelor, and kept a maidservant,* as his poems indeed discover, but she adds, which

* Prudence Baldwin, whose memory is enshrined in his verses, and who we may presume from her faithful services was deserving of the poet's esteem.

they do not discover, that he also kept a pet-pig, which he taught to drink out of a tankard. And this important circumstance, together with a tradition that he one day threw his sermon at the congregation, with a curse for their inattention, forms almost the sum total of what we could collect of the poet's life. After his death, indeed, he furnished more ample materials for biography, and we could fill a volume with the fearful achievements of his wandering spirit ;

*But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.*

These traditionary tales of two centuries old, serve to shew the respect in which a literary man is held even by the vulgar and uneducated."

Herrick was succeeded in the Vicarage of Dean Prior by John Sym, who held the incumbency from 1648 to 1660, soon after which it was restored to the author of the *Hesperides*, who died there, but we have no record of these his later years. It has been conjectured that his death took place in 1674, that being the year in which his successor was inducted into the living of Dean Prior.

As a loyalist and sufferer in the cause, there can be no doubt that Herrick was popular with the Cavalier party, and that his poems were received with the favour they deserved by his contempora-

ries, for that they were popular must be inferred from the number of them which were set to music by Henry Lawes, Lanier, Wilson, and Ramsay ; it is somewhat difficult to account for the seeming neglect which they experienced in after times. He is very briefly noticed by the earlier writers on English poetry ; the short notices of Phillips, Winstanley and Anthony a Wood, manifest that they were very slightly acquainted with his works, and the first of these unjustly represents him as inspired by no goddess but his maid Prue, but he quaintly adds, " A pretty flowry and pastoral gale of fancy, a vernal prospect of some hill, cave, rock, or fountain, but for the interruption of other trivial passages, might have made up none of the worst poetic landscapes."

Wood speaks more favourably of his poetry ; but Granger, in his Biographical History, after re-echoing Phillips, says flippantly enough, that " Prue was but indifferently qualified to be a tenth muse."

About the year 1796, Mr. Nichols, in his diligent researches after the worthies of Leicestershire, was naturally led to the examination of Herrick's poetry, and gave some notices in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1796 and 1797, which were the first attempts to awaken attention to its merits in recent times. The first edition of Mr. George Ellis's Specimens of the Early English

Poets omits any notice of him ; but in the second edition, four extracts are given, not all of them the best that might have been adduced.

At length, in 1798, Dr. Drake, in his *Literary Hours*, published three papers on the *Life, Writings, and Genius of Robert Herrick*, in which numerous specimens of his poetry were given, with such particulars of his life as he could collect, and an accurate and dispassionate critique upon his merits.

In the year 1810, Dr. Nott, a physician of Bristol, published a small volume containing *Selections from the Hesperides*, but as he had been anticipated by Dr. Drake in his notices of the poet, his preface is very brief ; he however added a few notes to the poems, which are principally illustrative, with an occasional critical remark, briefly calling the attention of the reader to their merits, and pointing out the classical imitations.

This publication was noticed in the article in the *Quarterly Review* for August 1810, which has been attributed to Southey, and which must no doubt have tended to make the poet's merits and defects more generally known.

It was not until 1823, that an entire reprint of the *Hesperides* was given, to which was prefixed a judicious preface, wherein the editor justly observes, that "*Selections* from the writings of an author are not popular. Readers, and above all,

readers of poetry, are fond of exercising their own judgment in *selecting*, upon which they naturally place greater reliance than upon that of any editor whatever. In this view, it has been thought advisable to republish the whole of the *Hesperides*, although the work certainly contains much that might have been omitted without injury to the fame of the author, and probably without diminishing the pleasure of the generality of his readers. At the same time, it has never been considered necessary with a view to publication to exclude the *Miller*, the *Reve*, or the *Wife of Bath*, with her facetious prologue, from the *Canterbury Pilgrimage*; or to prune the exuberance of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, or Dryden,—in all of whose writings as much of impurity is to be found as in the *Hesperides*. There is no good reason why Herrick should be differently dealt with, more especially as his poetry is generally illustrative of the taste and manners of the times. These must ever be subjects of interest, and the *Hesperides* is therefore now given precisely as it was presented by the author to the public in 1648.”

“It appears to us,” says a writer already cited, “that Herrick trifled in this way solely in compliment to the taste of the age; and that whenever he wrote to please himself he wrote from the heart to the heart.”

His "*Night-piece*," his *Corinna going a Maying*, his *Gather ye rose buds while ye may*, and his *Mad Maid's Song*, are not greater proofs of his taste and feeling than of his genius. Such real poetry as is to be found in his *When he would have his Verses read*, *No bashfulness in Begging*, *Upon his departure hence*, *His wish to Privacy*, *His Alms*, *His Winding Sheet*, and the *Epitaph on a Child*,

But born and like a short delight,

His Thanksgiving to God for his House, and *His Litany*, are "Noble Numbers" indeed.

Herrick possessed a vigour of fancy, a warmth of feeling, a soundness of sense, and an ease of verification, sufficient to rank him very high in the scale of English minor poets; and we are quite convinced that when the list of these is made out in future his name will not be forgotten."

"Herrick," says Mr. Campbell, "were we to fix our eyes on a small portion of his works, might be pronounced a writer of delightful Anacreontic spirit. He has passages where the thought seems to dance into numbers from his very heart, and where he frolics like a being made up of melody and pleasure, as where he sings,

Gather ye rose buds while ye may, &c.

In the same spirit are his verses 'To Anthea,' concluding,

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

But his beauties are deeply involved in surrounding coarseness and extravagance. What is divine has much of poetry, that which is human has the frailty of flesh."

But his most enthusiastic admirer and warmest panegyrist, is a writer in the *Retrospective Review*, published in August 1823,* and who gave, in that miscellany, selections from the *Hesperides* which abundantly justify the following eulogium :

"While the phlegmatic grace and pedantry of Waller, and the grace without pedantry of Carew, have been the subjects of general observation, the varied modulation and exquisite harmony of Herrick's muse have been totally neglected. He who excels both, not only in structure of his verse, but in the more essential requisites of poetry, is less known than either. But forgetting the impurities of our author, and estimating the chaster effusions of his felicitous genius, we do not hesitate to pronounce him **THE VERY BEST OF ENGLISH LYRIC POETS**. He is the most joyous and gladsome of bards, singing like the grasshopper, as if he would never grow old. He is as fresh as the spring, as

* Vol. v. p. 156.

blithe as the summer, and as ripe as the autumn. We know of no English poet who is so *abandonné*, as the French term it, who so wholly gives himself up to his present feelings, who is so much heart and soul in what he writes, and this not on one subject only, but on all subjects alike. The spirit of song dances in his veins, and flutters around his lips—now bursting into the joyful and hearty voice of the epicurean ; sometimes breathing forth strains soft as the sigh of ‘buried love,’ and sometimes uttering feelings of the most delicate pensiveness. It is that delicate pathos, which is at the same time natural and almost playful, which most charms us in the writings of Herrick. As for his versification, it presents one of the most varied specimens of rhythmical harmony in the language, flowing with an almost wonderful grace and flexibility.”

The same writer observes, that “Herrick had so very high a notion of the value of his compositions, that he conceived it necessary only to mention his friends in this volume, in order to confer immortality upon them. He constituted himself high priest of the temple of fame, and assumed the power of apotheosizing such writers as he conceived deserving of that honour, never once dreaming of the possibility of both himself and his works being neglected or forgotten. Many addresses to his friends and relations, avowing his potency in this high vocation, are scattered through his works.

Some of them, however, have juster titles to immortality than the lay of the poet can confer—such as Selden and Ben Jonson, &c.”

Having indicated to the reader, and in some cases adduced the testimony to the claim our poet has to his attention, he can well dispense with any further observations on our part, and we cannot do better than to take our leave of him and the poet in the words of his most ardent admirer.

“ And now farewell, young Herrick ! for young is the spirit of thy poetry, as thy wisdom is old : mayest thou flourish in immortal youth, thou boon companion and most jocund songster ! May thy purest poems be piped from hill to hill, throughout England ; and thy spirit, tinged with superstitious lore, be gladdened by the music ! May the flowers breathe incense to thy fame, for thou hast not left one of them un Sung ! May the silvery springs and circumambient air murmur thy praises, as thou hast warbled theirs ! And may those, who live well, sing, and those, who love well, sing sweet panegyrics to thy memory ! Ours shall not be wanting, for we have read thee much, and like thee much.”

*Thou shalt not all die ; for, while Love's fire shines
Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines.*

S. W. S.

MICKLEHAM, FEB. 1846.

** * * The following LETTERS of the Poet to Sir William Herrick, were selected by Mr. Nichols, and published in his History of Leicestershire, from a great number, most of them requesting a remittance of cash.*

1. " Sir, my dutie remembred to yourself and Lady; the cause essentiall is this: That I would entreat you to paye to this bringer to Mr. Adrian Marius, bookfeller, in the Black Friers, the some of *XL*. the which my tutor hath receaved, to be payde at London. I have busines that drawes me from prolixitie; and I crave pardon for this rudeness, still expecting the sun-shine of youre favoure and the daye of happines. I end with my prayers for your preservation and health, the best terrestriall good. Long lyf and the aspections of Heaven fall upon you. Your ever obsequious, R. Hearick. Cambridge, 11th of October."

2. " Sir, I presume againe to present another embassador, who, in the best eloquence that was taught him, aboundly thanks you for the larg extent of your favor and kindness; which, though present time denies to mak any ostentation of desert, yet future . . . crownes the expectation of the hopefull; and because the urgent extreamite and unexpected occasion of chamber-roome instigate me to such importunate demands, I am bold to entreat you that the mony might this week be sent me, for necessitie fervently requires it; and I am forrie to be the subject of so great a molestation to your Worship; but, trusting on your patience, I am bold to saye that generous minds still have the best contentment, and willingly heelp where there is an evidencie of want. Thus hoping to triumph in the victorie of my wishes, by being not frustrated in my expectation, I take my leave, and eternally thank you; living to be commanded by you and yours to the end of mortallitie, ever most obsequious, R. Hearick.

“Be it known to all, that I Robert Hearick, fellow-commoner of St. John’s Colledg in Cambridg, acknowledged myself to stand indebted unto my uncle, Sir William Hearick, Knight in the some of tenn pounds, for so much received of him; to be repayed unto him at all times, I saye, received tenn pounds. Robert Hearick.”

3. From *St. John’s in Cambridge*.—“*Qui timidè rogat, negare docet*.—Are the minds of men immutable? and will they rest in one opinion without the least perspicuous shewe of chaing? O, no, they cannot; for, *tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis*: it is an old, but yet yoong, saying in our age, ‘as times chaing, so men’s minds are altered.’ Oh! would weere seene, for then some pittying planet would with a *drop of dew* refresh my withered hopes, and give a lyfe to that which is about to die. The bodie is preserved by foode, and lyfe by hope; which, but wanting either of these conservers, faint, feare, fall, frease, and die. ’Tis in your power to cure all, to infuse by a profusion a duple lyf into a single body. *Homo homini Deus*; man should be foe, and he is commanded so; but fraile and glasslik man proves brittle in many things. How kind Arcefilaus the philosopher was unto Apelles the painter, Plutarch in his *Morals* will tell you; which should I here depaint, the length of my letter would hide the light of my labour; which that it may not, I bridle-in my quill, and mildly, and yet I fear too rashely and too boldly, make knowne and discover, which modestie would conceale, and this is all: my studie craves but your assistance to furnish hir with books, wherein she is most desirous to labour. Blame not her modest boldnes; but suffer the asperitions of your love to distill upon hir; and, next to Heaven, she will consecrate hir laboures unto you; and because that Time hath devoured some yeers, I am the more importunate in the craving. Suffer not the distance to hinder that which I know your disposition will not denie; and now is the time (that *florida aetas*), which promises fruitfulness for hir former barrenness, and wisheth all to hope. As every thing will have in time an end; so this, which though it would extend itself and overflow its bounds, I forcebly withstand it; wishing this world’s happines to follow and attend you in this lyf; and that

with a triumphant crown of glorie you maye bee crowned in the best world to come. Robert Hearick."

4. "After my abundant thanks for your last great love (worthie Sir), proud of your favoure and kindness shewne by my Ladie to my unworthie selfe, thus I laye open myself; that, for as much as my continuance will not long consist in the spheare where I now move, I make known my thoughts, and modestly crave your counsell, whether it were better for me to direct my study towards the Lawe or not; which if I should (as it will not be impertinent), I can with facilitie laboure myself into another Colledg appointed for the like end and studye, where I assure myself the charge will not be so great as where I now exist; I make bold freely to acquaint you with my thoughts; and I entreat you answere me: this being most which checks me, that my time (I trust) beeing short, it may be to a lesser end and smaller purpose; but that shall be as you shall lend direction. Nothing now remaines but my perfect thankfullness and remembrance of your hopeful promises; which when Heaven, working with you, shall bring them to performance, I shall triumph in the victorie of my wishes; till when, my prayers shall invoke Heaven to powre upon you and your posteritie the utmost of all essentiall happiness. Yours, ever-servicable, R. Hearick."

5. "Sir, the confidence I have of your both virtuous and generous disposition makes me (though with some honest reluctance) the seldomer to sollicite you; for, I have so incorporated beleef into me, that I cannot chuse but persuade myself that (though absent) I stand imprinted in your memorie; and the remembrance of my last beeing at London servd for an earnest motive (which I trust lives yet unperisht) to the effectuating of my desire, which is not but in modesty ambitious, and consequently virtuous; but, where freeness is evident, there needs no feere for forwardness; and I doubt not (because fayth gives boldness) but that Heaven, together with yourself, will bring my ebbing estate to an indifferent tyde; meanwhile I hope I have (as I presume you know) changed my Colledg for one where the quantitie of expence will be shortned, by reason of the privacie of the house, where I propose to live

recluse till time contract me to some other calling, striving now with myself (retayning upright thoughts) both sparingly to live, thereby to shun the current of expence. This is my desire (which I entreat may be performd), that Mr. Adrian Marius, bookseller, of the Blackfryers, maye be payd ten pounds as heretofore, and to take his acquittance. Trusting whereto, Ile terminate your fight, and end; hoping to see your dayes many and good; and prosperitie to crown yourself and issue. Ever serviceable to your virtues,
R. Hearick. Trinitie Hall, Cam."

"Sir, that which makes my letter to be abortive and borne before maturitie, is and hath been my Commencement, which I have now overgrown, though I confesse with many a throe and pinches of the purse; but it was necessarie, and the prize was worthie the hazarde; which makes me les sensible of the expence, by reason of a titular prerogative—*est bonum est prodire in bono*. The essence of my writing is (as heretofore) to entreat you to paye for my use to Mr. Arthour Johnson, bookseller, in Paule's Churchyard, the ordinarie sume of tenn pounds, and that with as much sceleritie you maye, though I could wish chardges had leaden wings and tortice feet to come upon me; *sed votis puerilibus opto*. Sir, I fix my hopes on Time and you; still gazing for an happie flight of biroles, and the refreshing blast of a second winde, doubtfull as yet of either fortunes: I live, hoarding up provision against the assault of either. Thus I salute your vertues.

"Hopefull R. Hearick, Cambr. April 1617."

Prefixed to the original edition of the *Hesperides* is an engraved portrait of Herrick by Marshall, surrounded by emblematic devices ; under which is inscribed the following complimentary lines :—

Tempora cinxisset foliorum densior umbra :

Debetur genio laurea sylvæ tuo.

Tempora et illa tibi mollis redimisset oliva ;

Scilicet excludis versibus arma tuis.

Admisces antiqua novis, jucunda severis :

Hinc juvenis discat, fœmina, virgo, senex.

Ut solo minores Phœbo, sic majores unus

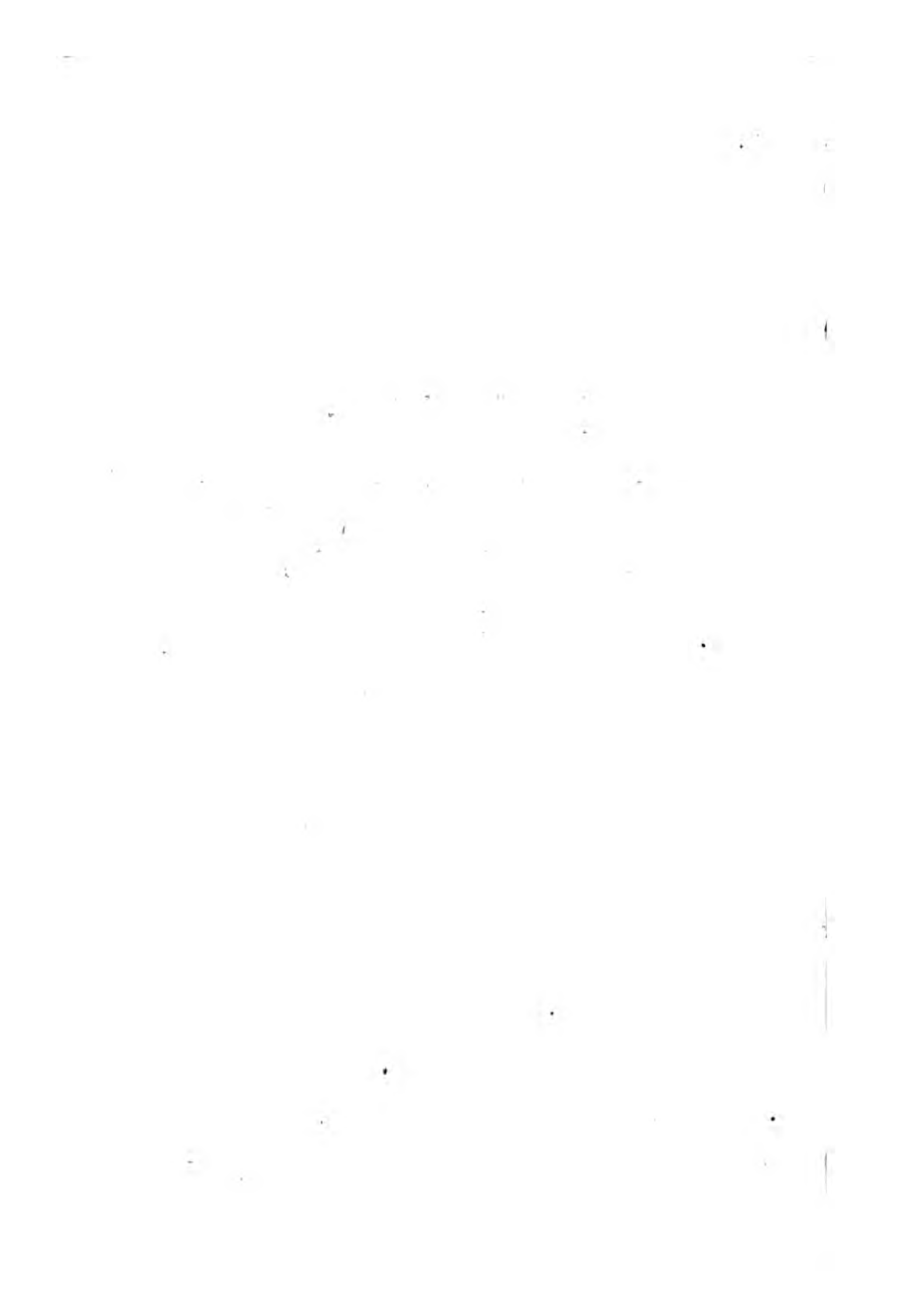
Omnibus, ingenio, mente, lepore, stylo.

J. H. C.

Hesperides :
Or, the Works both Humane and
Divine of *Robert Herrick*,
Esq.

OVID.

Effugient avidos Carmina nostra Rogos.



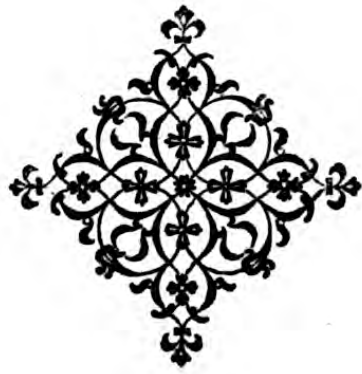


To the
Most Illustrious and Most Hopefull
PRINCE, CHARLES, PRINCE
of WALES.



Ell may my Book come forth like Pub-
lique Day,
When such a *Light* as *You* are leads
the way :

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





Hesperides.

The Argument of his Book.



Sing of *Brooks*, of *Blossomes*, *Birds*, and
Bowers :

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

I sing of *May-poles*, *Hock-carts*, *Wassails*, *Wakes*,
Of *Bride-grooms*, *Brides*, and of their *Bridall-cakes*.

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

I sing of *Dewes*, of *Raines*, and piece by piece
Of *Balme*, of *Oyle*, of *Spice*, and *Amber-Greece*.

I sing of *Times trans-shifting* ; and I write
How *Roses* first came *Red*, and *Lillies White*.

I write of *Groves*, of *Twilights*, and I sing
The Court of *Mab*, and of the *Fairie-King*.

I write of *Hell* ; I sing, and ever shall,
Of *Heaven*, and hope to have it after all.

To his Muse.

WHither, *mad Maiden*, wilt thou roame ?
 Farre safer 'twere to stay at home ;
 Where thou mayst sit, and piping please
 The poore and private *Cottages*.
 Since *Coats* and *Hamlets* best agree
 With this thy meaner *Minstrallie*.
 There with the Reed, thou mayst expresse
 The Shepherds Fleecie happinesse :
 And with thy *Eclogues* intermixe
 Some smooth and harmlesse *Beucolicks*.
 There on a Hillock thou mayst sing
 Unto a handsome Shephardling ;
 Or to a Girle (that keeps the Neat)
 With breath more sweet then Violet.
 There, there, perhaps, such Lines as These
 May take the simple *Villages*.
 But for the Court, the Country wit
 Is despicable unto it.
 Stay then at home, and doe not goe
 Or flie abroad to seeke for woe.
 Contempts in Courts and Cities dwell ;
 No *Critick* haunts the Poore mans Cell :
 Where thou mayst hear thine own Lines read
 By no one tongue, there, censured.
 That man's unwise will search for Ill,
 And may prevent it, sitting still.

To his Booke.

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

Another.

TO read my Booke the Virgin shie
 May blush, while *Brutus* standeth by:
 But when He's gone, read through what's writ,
 And never staine a cheek for it.

Another.

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

To the Soure Reader.

IF thou dislik'st the Piece thou light'st on first;
 Thinke that of All, that I have writ, the worst:

But if thou read'st my Booke unto the end,
 And still do'st this, and that verse, reprehend :
 O Perverse man ! If All disgustfull be,
 The Extreame Scabbe take thee, and thine, for me.

To his Booke.

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

When he would have his Verses read.

IN sober mornings, doe not thou reherse
 The holy incantation of a verse ;
 But when that men have both well drunke, and fed,
 Let my Enchantments then be sung, or read.
 When Laurell spirts i' th' fire, and when the Hearth
 Smiles to it selfe, and guilds the roofe with mirth ;
 When up the *Thyrse** is rais'd, and when the sound
 Of sacred *Orgies*† flyes, A round, A round.
 When the *Rose* raignes, and locks with ointments
 Let rigid *Cato* read these Lines of mine. [shine,

Upon Julia's Recovery.

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

* A *Javelin* twind with *Ivy*.

† Songs to *Bacchus*.

Now strength, and newer Purple get,
 Each here declining *Violet*.
 O *Primroses* ! let this day be
 A Resurrection unto ye ;
 And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
 Or sworn to that sweet Sister-hood :
 For Health on *Julia's* cheek hath shed
 Clarret, and Creame commingled.
 And those her lips doe now appeare
 As beames of *Corrall*, but more cleare.

To Silvia to wed.

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

The Parliament of Roses to Julia.

I Dreamt the Roses one time went
 To meet and sit in Parliament :
 The place for these, and for the rest
 Of flowers, was thy spotlesse breast :
 Over the which a State was drawne
 Of Tiffanie, or Cob-web Lawne ;

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

No Bashfulnesse in Begging.

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

The Frozen Heart.

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

To Perilla.

AH, my *Perilla* ! do'ft thou grieve to see
 Me, day by day, to steale away from thee ?
 Age cals me hence, and my gray haire bid come,
 And haste away to mine eternal home ;
 'Twill not be long, *Perilla*, after this,
 That I must give thee the *supremest* kisse :
 Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring

Part of the creame from that *Religious Spring* ;
 With which, *Perilla*, wash my hands and feet ;
 That done, then wind me in that very sheet
 Which wrapt thy smooth limbs (when thou didst
 implore
 The Gods protection, but the night before) ;
 Follow me weeping to my Turfe, and there
 Let fall a *Primrose*, and with it a teare :
 Then lastly, let some weekly-strewings be
 Devoted to the memory of me :
 Then shall my *Ghost* not walk about, but keep
 Still in the coole and silent shades of sleep.

A Song to the Maskers.

1. **C**OME down, and dance ye in the toyle
 Of pleasures, to a Heate ;
 But if to moisture, let the oyle
 Of Roses be your sweat.
2. Not only to your selves assume
 These sweets, but let them fly ;
 From this to that, and so Perfume
 E'ne all the standers by.
3. As Goddesse *Isis*, when she went,
 Or glided through the street,
 Made all that touch't her, with her scent,
 And whom she touch't, turne sweet.

To Perenna.

WHEN I thy Parts runne o're, I can't espie
 In any one, the least indecencie :
 But every Line and Limb diffused thence,
 A faire and unfamiliar excellence :
 So that the more I look, the more I prove,
 Ther's still more cause, why I the more should love.

Treason.

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

Two Things Odious.

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

To his Mistresses.

HELPE me ! helpe me ! now I call
 To my pretty *Witchcrafts* all :
 Old I am, and cannot do
 That, I was accustom'd to.
 Bring your *Magicks, Spels, and Charmes,*
 To enflsh my thighs, and armes :
 Is there no way to beget
 In my limbs their former heat ?

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

The Wounded Heart.

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

No Loathsomnesse in Love.

WHAT I fancy, I approve,
No Dislike there is in Love :
 Be my *Mistresse* short or tall,
 And distorted there-withall :
 Be she likewise one of those,
 That an *Acre* hath of Nose :

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

To Anthea.

IF, deare *Anthea*, my hard fate it be
 To live some few-sad-howers after thee :
 Thy *sacred Corse* with *Odours* I will burne ;
 And with my *Lawrell* crown thy *Golden Vrne*.
 Then holding up, there, such religious Things,
 As were, time past, thy holy *Filitings* :
 Nere to thy *Reverend Pitcher* I will fall
 Down dead for grief, and end my woes withall :
 So three in one small plat of ground shall ly,
Anthea, *Herrick*, and his *Poetry*.

The Weeping Cherry.

I Saw a *Cherry* weep, and why ?
 Why wept it ? but for shame,
 Because my *Julia's* lip was by,
 And did out-red the same.
 But, pretty Fondling, let not fall
 A teare at fall or that :

Which *Rubies, Corralls, Scarlets*, all
For tincture, wonder at.

Soft Musick.

THe mellow touch of musick most doth wound
The soule, when it doth rather figh, then found.

*The Difference betwixt
Kings and Subiects.*

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

His Answer to a Question.

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

Upon Julia's Fall.

JULIA was carelesse, and withall,
 She rather took, then got a fall :
 The wanton *Ambler* chanc'd to see
 Part of her leggs finceritie :
 And ravish'd thus, it came to passe,
 The Nagge, like to the *Prophets Ass*,
 Began to speak, and would have been
 A telling what rare fights h'ad seen :
 And had told all ; but did refraine,
 Because his Tongue was ty'd againe.

Expences Exhaust.

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

Love what it is.

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

Presence and Absence.

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

No Spouse but a Sister.

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

The Pomander Bracelet.

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

The Shooe-tying.

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

The Carkanet.

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

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

His sailing from Julia.

WHen that day comes, whose evening faves I'm
 Unto that watrie Desolation : [gone
 Devoutly to thy *Closet-gods* then pray,
 That my wing'd Ship may meet no *Remora*.
 Those Deities which circum-walk the Seas,
 And look upon our dreadfull passages,
 Will from all dangers re-deliver me,
 For one *drink-offering* poured out by thee.
Mercie and *Truth* live with thee ! and forbear
 In my short absence, to unfluce a teare :
 But yet for Loves-fake, let thy lips doe this,
 Give my dead picture one engendring kisse :
 Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
 In thy remembrance, *Julia*. So farewell.

*How the Wall-flower came first, and
 why so called.*

WHy this Flower is now call'd so,
 Lift, sweet maids, and you shal know.
 Understand, this First-ling was
 Once a brisk and bonny Lasse,
 Kept as close as *Danae* was :

Who a sprightly *Springall* lov'd,
 And to have it fully prov'd,
 Up she got upon a wall,
 Tempting down to slide withall :
 But the silken twist unty'd,
 So she fell, and bruif'd, she dy'd.
 Love, in pittty of the deed,
 And her loving-luckleffe speed,
 Turn'd her to this Plant, we call
 Now, *The Flower of the Wall*.

Why Flowers change colour.

THEse fresh beauties, we can prove,
 Once were Virgins sick of love,
 Turn'd to Flowers. Still in some
 Colours goe, and colours come.

*To his Mistresse objecting to him neither
 Toying or Talking.*

YOU say I love not, 'cause I doe not play
 Still with your curles, and kisse the time away.
 You blame me too, because I cann't devise
 Some sport, to please those Babies in your eyes :
 By *Loves Religion*, I must here confesse it,
 The most I love, when I the least expresse it.
Small griefs find tongues : Full Casques are ever
 To give, if any, yet but little found. [found
Deep waters noyse-lesse are ; and this we know,

That chiding streams betray small depth below.
 So when Love speechlesse is she doth expresse
 A depth in love, and that depth, bottomlesse.
 Now since my love is tongue-lesse, know me such,
 Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

Upon the Losse of his Mistresses.

I Have lost, and lately, these
 Many dainty Mistresses :
 Stately *Julia*, prime of all ;
Sapho next, a principall :
 Smooth *Anthea*, for a skin
 White, and Heaven-like Chrystalline :
 Sweet *Electra*, and the choice
Myrba, for the Lute, and Voice.
 Next, *Corinna*, for her wit,
 And the graceful use of it :
 With *Perilla* : All are gone ;
 Onely *Herrick's* left alone,
 For to number sorrow by
 Their departures hence, and die.

The Dream.

ME thought, last night, Love in an anger came,
 And brought a rod, so whipt me with the
 fame :
Mirtle the twigs were, meerly to imply ;
 Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle crueltie.

Patient I was : Love pitifull grew then,
 And stroak'd the stripes, and I was whole agen.
 Thus like a Bee, *Love-gentle* stil doth bring
 Hony to salve, where he before did sting.

The Vine.

I Dream'd this mortal part of mine
 Was Metamorphoz'd to a Vine ;
 Which crawling one and every way,
 Enthrall'd my dainty *Lucia*.
 Me thought, her long small legs & thighs
 I with my *Tendrils* did surprize ;
 Her Belly, Buttocks, and her Waste
 By my soft *Nerv'lits* were embrac'd :
 About her head I writhing hung,
 And with rich clusters (hid among
 The leaves) her temples I behung :
 So that my *Lucia* seem'd to me
 Young *Bacchus* ravisht by his tree.
 My curles about her neck did craule,
 And armes and hands they did enthrall :
 So that she could not freely stir,
 (All parts there made one prifoner).
 But when I crept with leaves to hide
 Those parts, which maids keep unefpy'd,
 Such fleeting pleasures there I took,
 That with the fancie I awook ;
 And found (Ah me !) this flesh of mine
 More like a *Stock*, then like a *Vine*.

To Love.

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

On Himselfe..

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

Love's play at Push-pin.

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

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

The Rosarie.

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

Upon Cupid.

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

The Parcæ, or, Three dainty Destinies.

The Armilet.

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

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

Sorrowes succeed.

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

Cherry-pit.

JULIA and I did lately fit
 Playing for sport, at Cherry-pit:
 She threw; I cast; and having thrown,
 I got the Pit, and she the Stone.

To Robin Red-brest.

LAid out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be
 With leaves and mosse-work for to cover me:
 And while the Wood-nymphs my cold corps inter,
 Sing thou my Dirge, sweet-warbling Chorister!
 For Epitaph, in Foliage, next write this,
Here, here the Tomb of Robin Herrick is.

Discontents in Devon.

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

To his Paternall Countrey.

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

Cherrie-ripe.

CHERRIE-Ripe, Ripe, Ripe, I cry,
 Full and faire ones ; come, and buy :
 If so be, you ask me where
 They doe grow ? I answer, There,
 Where my *Julia's* lips doe smile ;
 There's the Land, or Cherry-Ile :
 Whose Plantations fully show
 All the yeere, where Cherries grow.

To his Mistresses.

PUt on your filks ; and piece by piece
 Give them the scent of Amber-Greece :
 And for your breaths too, let them smell
 Ambrosia-like, or *Nectarell* :
 While other Gums their sweets perspire,
 By your owne jewels set on fire.

To Anthea.

NOw is the time, when all the lights wax dim ;
 And thou, *Anthea*, must withdraw from him
 Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me
 Under that *Holy-oke*, or *Gospel-tree* :
 Where, though thou see'st not, thou may'st think
 Me, when thou yeerly go'st Procession : [upon
 Or for mine honour, lay me in that Tombe
 In which thy sacred Reliques shall have roome :
 For my Embalming, sweetest, there will be
 No Spices wanting, when I'm laid by thee.

The Vision to Electra.

I Dream'd we both were in a bed
 Of Roses, almost smothered :
 The warmth and sweetnes had me there
 Made lovingly familiar ;
 But that I heard thy sweet breath say,

Faults done by night, will blush by day :
 I kist thee panting, and I call
 Night to the Record ! that was all.
 But ah ! if empty dreames so please,
 Love, give me more such nights as these.

Dreames.

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

Ambition.

IN Man, Ambition is the common'st thing :
 Each one, by nature, loves to be a King.

His request to Julia.

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

Money gets the masterie.

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

The Scar-fire.

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

Upon Silvia, a Mistresse.

WHen some shall say, Faire once my *Silvia* was ;
 Thou wilt complaine, False now's thy Look-
 ing-glasse :
 Which renders that quite tarnisht, which was green ;
 And Priceless now, what Peerless once had been :
 Upon thy Forme more wrinkles yet will fall,
 And comming downe, shall make no noise at all.

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

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

Once poore, still penurious.

GOes the world now, it will with thee goe hard :
 The fattest Hogs we greafe the more with
To him that has, there shall be added more ; [Lard.
Who is penurious, he shall still be poore.

Sweetnesse in Sacrifice.

'**T**Is not greatnes they require,
 To be offer'd up by fire :
 But 'tis sweetnes that doth please
Those Eternall Essences.

Steame in Sacrifice.

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

Upon Julia's Voice.

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

Againe.

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

All things decay and die.

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

The Succession of the foure sweet months.

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

No Shipwrack of Vertue. To a friend.

THou fail'ft with others in this *Argus* here ;
 Nor wrack or *Bulging* thou haft cause to
 But trust to this, my noble passenger ; [feare :
 Who swims with Vertue, he shall still be sure
Ulyffes-like, all tempests to endure ;
 And 'midft a thousand gulfs to be secure.

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

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

Of Love. A Sonet.

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

To Anthea.

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

*The Rock of Rubies : and The Quarrie
 of Pearls.*

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

Conformitie.

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

*To the King, upon his comming with his
 Army into the West.*

WElcome, most welcome to our Vowes and us,
 Most great, and univerrall *Genius* !
 The Drooping West, which hitherto has stood
 As one, in long-lamented-widow-hood,
 Looks like a Bride now, or a bed of flowers,
 Newly refresh't, both by the Sun, and showers.
 War, which before was horrid, now appears
 Lovely in you, brave Prince of Cavaliers !
 A deale of courage in each bosome springs
 By your accessse ; *O you the best of Kings* !
 Ride on with all white *Omens* ; so, that where
 Your Standard's up, we fix a Conquest there.

Upon Roses.

UUnder a Lawne, then skyes more cleare,
 Some ruffled Roses nestling were ;
 And snugging there, they seem'd to lye
 As in a flowrie Nunnery :

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

*To the King and Queene, upon their
 unhappy distances.*

WOe, woe to them, who, by a ball of strife,
 Doe, and have parted here a Man and wife :
 CHARLS the best Husband, while MARIA strives
 To be, and is, the very best of Wives :
 Like Streams, you are divorc'd ; but 't will come,
 These eyes of mine shall see you mix agen. [when
 Thus speaks the *Oke*, here ; *C.* and *M.* shall meet,
 Treading on *Amber*, with their silver-feet :
 Nor wil't be long, ere this accomplish'd be ;
 The words found true, *C. M.* remember me.

Dangers wait on Kings.

AS oft as Night is banish'd by the Morne,
 So oft, we'll think, we see a King new born.

*The Cheat of Cupid : Or, The ungentle
 Guest.*

ONe silent night of late,
 When every creature rested,

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

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

For I a Boy am, who
By Moonlesse nights have swerved ;
And all with showrs wet through,
And e'en with cold half starved.

I pittifull arose,
And soon a Taper lighted ;
And did my selfe disclose
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a Bow,
And Wings too, which did shiver ;
And looking down below,
I spy'd he had a Quiver.

I to my Chimney's shine
Brought him, as Love professes,
And chaf'd his hands with mine,
And dry'd his dropping Tresses :

But when he felt him warm'd,
Let's try this bow of ours,
And string, if they be harm'd,
Said he, with these late showrs.

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

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

To the reverend Shade of his religious Father.

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

Delight in Disorder.

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

To his Muſe.

WERE I to give thee *Baptiſme*, I wo'd chuſe
 To *Chriſten* thee, the *Bride*, the *Baſhfull*
 Or *Muſe of Roſes* : ſince that name does fit [*Muſe*,
 Beſt with thoſe *Virgin-Verſes* thou haſt writ :
 Which are ſo cleane, ſo chaſt, as none may feare
Cato the *Cenſor*, ſho'd he ſcan each here.

Upon Love.

LOVE ſcorch'd my finger, but did ſpare
 The burning of my heart ;

To signifie, in Love my share
Sho'd be a little part.

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

Dean-bourn, *a rude River in Devon,*
by which sometimes he lived.

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

Kissing Usurie.

B *Iancha*, let
Me pay the debt

I owe thee for a kisse
 Thou lend'ft to me ;
 And I to thee
 Will render ten for this :

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

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

To Julia.

HOW rich and pleasing thou, my *Julia*, art,
 In each thy dainty, and peculiar part !
 First, for thy *Queen-ship* on thy head is set
 Of flowers a sweet commingled Coronet :
 About thy neck a Carkanet is bound,
 Made of the *Rubie*, *Pearle*, and *Diamond* :
 A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb :
 About thy wrist, the rich * *Dardanium*.

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

Between thy Breast, then Doune of Swans more
 white,
 There playes the *Saphire* with the *Chrysolite*.
 No part besides must of thy selfe be known,
 But by the *Topaz*, *Opal*, *Calcedon*.

To Laurels.

A Funerall stone,
 Or Verse, I covet none ;
 But onely crave
 Of you, that I may have
 A sacred Laurel springing from my grave :
 Which being seene,
 Blest with perpetuall greene,
 May grow to be
 Not so much call'd a tree,
 As the eternall monument of me.

His Cavalier.

GIVE me that man, that dares bestride
 The active Sea-horse, & with pride,
 Through that huge field of waters ride :
 Who, with his looks too, can appease
 The ruffling winds and raging Seas,
 In mid'ft of all their outrages.
 This, this a virtuous man can doe,
 Saile against Rocks, and split them too ;
 I ! and a world of Pikes passe through.

Zeal required in Love.

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

The Bag of the Bee.

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

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

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

Love kill'd by Lack.

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

To his Mistresse.

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

Promife, and keep your vowes,
 Or vow ye never :
 Loves doctrine difallowes
 Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promife twice
 Deare, to undoe me ;
 If you prove faithleffe thrice,
 None then will woe you.

To the generous Reader.

SEe, and not fee ; and if thou chance t'efpie
 Some Aberrations in my Poetry ;
 Wink at fmall faults, the greater, ne'rtheleffe
 Hide, and with them, their Father's nakednefs.
 Let's doe our beft, our Watch and Ward to keep :
Homer himfelf, in a long work, may fleep.

To Criticks.

ILe write, becaufe Ile give
 You Criticks means to live :

For sho'd I not supply
The Cause, th'effect wo'd die.

Duty to Tyrants.

Good Princes must be pray'd for : for the bad
They must be borne with, and in rev'ence
had.

Doe they first pill thee, next, pluck off thy skin ?
Good children kisse the rods, that punish sin.
Touch not the Tyrant ; Let the Gods alone
To strike him dead, that but usurps a Throne.

Being once blind, his request to Biancha.

When Age or Chance has made me blind,
So that the path I cannot find :
And when my falls and stumblings are
More then the stones i'th'street by farre :
Goe thou afore ; and I shall well
Follow thy Perfumes by the smell :
Or be my guide ; and I shall be
Led by some light that flows from thee.
Thus held, or led by thee, I shall
In wayes confus'd, nor slip or fall.

Upon Blanch.

Blanch swears her Husband's lovely ; when a
scald

Has blear'd his eyes : besides, his head is bald.
 Next, his wilde eares, like Lethern Wings full
 Flutter to flie, and beare away his head. [spread,

No want where there's little.

TO Bread and Water none is poore ;
 And having these, what need of more ?
 Though much from out the Cefs be spent,
Nature with little is content.

Barly-Break : or, Last in Hell.

WE two are last in Hell : what may we feare
 To be tormented, or kept Pris'ners here ?
 Alas ! if kissing be of plagues the worst,
 We'll wish, in Hell we had been Last and First.

The Definition of Beauty.

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

To Dianeme.

DEare, though to part it be a Hell,
 Yet, *Dianeme*, now farewell :
 Thy frown, last night, did bid me goe ;
 But whither, onely Grief do's know.
 I doe beseech thee, ere we part,

(If mercifull, as faire thou art ;
 Or else desir'ft that Maids sho'd tell
 Thy pittie by Loves-Chronicle)
 O *Dianeme*, rather kill
 Me, then to make me languish stil !
 'Tis cruelty in thee to'th'height,
 Thus, thus to wound, not kill out-right :
 Yet there's a way found, if thou please,
 By sudden death to give me ease :
 And thus devis'd, doe thou but this,
 Bequeath to me one parting kisse :
 So sup'rabundant joy shall be
 The Executioner of me.

To Anthea lying in bed.

SO looks *Anthea*, when in bed she lyes,
 Orecome, or halfe betray'd by Tiffanies :
 Like to a Twi-light, or that simpring Dawn,
 That Roses shew, when misted o're with Lawn.
 Twilight is yet, till that her Lawnes give way ;
 Which done, that Dawne, turnes then to perfect
 day.

To Electra.

More white then whitest Lillies far,
 Or Snow, or whitest Swans you are :
 More white then are the whitest Creames,
 Or Moone-light tinfelling the streames :

More white then *Pearls*, or *Juno's* thigh ;
Or *Pelops* Arme of *Yvorie*.

True, I confesse ; such Whites as these
May me delight, not fully please :
Till, like *Ixion's* Cloud, you be
White, warme, and soft to lye with me.

A Country life : To his Brother,
M. Tho: Herrick.

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

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

That plague ; because thou art content
With that Heav'n gave thee with a warie hand,
(More blessed in thy Brasse, then Land)

To keep cheap Nature even, and upright ;
To coole, not cocker Appetite.

Thus thou canst tearcely live to fatisfie
The belly chiefly ; not the eye :

Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
Lesse with a neat, then needfull diet.

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

Whom, Stars consenting with thy Fate, thou hast
Got, not so beautifull, as chaste :

By whose warme side thou dost securely sleep,
While Love the Centinell doth keep,

With those deeds done by day, which n'er affright
Thy silken slumbers in the night.

Nor has the darknesse power to usher in
Feare to those sheets, that know no sin.

But still thy wife, by chaste intentions led,
Gives thee each night a Maidenhead.

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

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

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

Then dream, ye heare the Lamb by many a bleat
 Woo'd to come suck the milkie Teat :
 While *Faunus* in the Vifion comes to keep,
 From rav'ning wolves, the fleecie ſheep.
 With thouſand ſuch enchanting dreams, that meet
 To make ſleep not ſo ſound, as ſweet :
 Nor can theſe figures ſo thy reſt endeare,
 As not to riſe when *Chanticleere*
 Warnes the laſt Watch ; but with the Dawne doſt
 To work, but firſt to ſacrifice ; [riſe
 Making thy peace with Heav'n, for ſome late fault,
 With Holy-meale, and ſpirting-falt.
 Which done, thy painfull Thumb this ſentence tells
 Jove for our labour all things ſells us. [us,
 Nor are thy daily and devout affaires
 Attended with thoſe deſp'rate cares,
 Th'induſtrious Merchant has ; who for to find
 Gold, runneth to the Weſtern Inde,
 And back again ; tortur'd with fears, doth fly,
 Untaught, to ſuffer Poverty.
 But thou at home, bleſt with ſecureſt eaſe,
 Sitt'ſt, and beleev'ſt that there be ſeas,
 And watrie dangers ; while thy whiter hap,
 But ſees theſe things within thy Map.
 And viewing them with a more ſafe ſurvey,
 Mak'ſt eaſie Feare unto thee ſay,
A heart thrice wall'd with Oke, and Braſſe, that
 Had, firſt, durſt plow the Ocean. [man
 But thou at home without or tyde or gale,
 Canſt in thy Map ſecurely faile :

Seeing those painted Countries ; and so guesse
By those fine Shades, their Substances :
And from thy Compasse taking small advice,
Buy'ft Travell at the lowest price.
Nor are thine eares so deafe, but thou canst heare,
Far more with wonder, then with feare,
Fame tell of States, of Countries, Courts, and
And beleeve there be such things : [Kings ;
When of these truths, thy happyer knowledge lyes,
More in thine eares, then in thine eyes.
And when thou hear'ft by that too-true-Report,
Vice rules the Most, or All at Court :
Thy pious wishes are, though thou not there,
Vertue had, and mov'd her Sphere.
But thou liv'ft fearlessse ; and thy face ne'r shewes
Fortune when she comes, or goes.
But with thy equall thoughts, prepar'd dost stand,
To take her by the either hand :
Nor car'ft which comes the first, the foule or faire ;
A wise man ev'ry way lies square.
And like a surly *Oke* with storms perplex ;
Growes still the stronger, strongly vext.
Be so, bold spirit ; stand Center-like, unmov'd ;
And be not onely thought, but prov'd
To be what I report thee ; and inure
Thy selfe, if want comes to endure :
And so thou dost : for thy desires are
Confin'd to live with private *Larr* :
Not curious whether Appetite be fed,
Or with the first, or second bread.

Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates :
 Hunger makes coorse meats, delicates.
 Can'st, and unurg'd, forsake that Larded fare,
 Which Art, not Nature, makes so rare ;
 To taste boyl'd Nettles, Colworts, Beets, and eate
 These, and sowre herbs, as dainty meat ?
 While soft Opinion makes thy *Genius* say,
 Content makes all Ambrosia.
 Nor is it, that thou keep'st this stricter sise
 So much for want, as exercise : [haste it,
 To numb the sence of Dearth, which sho'd sinne
 Thou might'st but onely see't, not taste it.
 Yet can thy humble rooffe maintaine a Quire
 Of singing Crickets by thy fire :
 And the brisk Mouse may feast her selfe with crums,
 Till that the green-ey'd Kitling comes.
 Then to her Cabbin, blest she can escape
 The sudden danger of a Rape.
 And thus thy little-well-kept-stock doth prove,
 Wealth cannot make a life, but Love.
 Nor art thou so close-handed, but can'st spend
 (Counsell concurring with the end)
 As well as spare : still conning o'r this Theame,
 To shun the first, and last extreame.
 Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,
 Or to exceed thy Tether's reach :
 But to live round, and close, and wisely true
 To thine owne selfe ; and knowne to few.
 Thus let thy Rurall Sanctuary be
 Elizium to thy wife and thee ;

There to disport your selves with golden measure :
For seldome use commends the pleasure.
 Live, and live blest ; thrice happy Paire ; Let
 But lost to one, be th'others death. [Breath,
 And as there is one Love, one Faith, one Troth,
 Be so one Death, one Grave to both.
 Till when, in such assurance live, ye may
 Nor feare, or wish your dying day.

Divination by a Daffadill.

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

To the Painter, to draw him a Picture.

Come, skilfull *Lupo*, now, and take
 Thy *Bice*, thy *Vmber*, *Pink*, and *Lake* ;
 And let it be thy Pensil's strife,
 To paint a Bridgeman to the life :
 Draw him as like too, as you can,
 An old, poore, lying, flatt'ring man :
 His cheeks be-pimpled, red and blue ;
 His nose and lips of mulbrie hiew.
 Then for an easie fansie, place
 A Burling iron for his face :

Next, make his cheeks with breath to swell,
 And for to speak, if possible :
 But do not so ; for feare, lest he
 Sho'd by his breathing, poyson thee.

Upon Cuffe. Epig.

C*Uffe* comes to Church much ; but he keeps
 his bed
 Those Sundayes onely, when as Briefs are read.
 This makes *Cuffe* dull ; and troubles him the most,
 Because he cannot sleep i'th'Church, free-coft.

Upon Fone a School-master. Epig.

F*One* sayes, those mighty whiskers he do's weare,
 Are twigs of Birch, and willow, growing there :
 If so, we'll think too, when he do's condemne
 Boyes to the lash, that he do's whip with them.

A Lyrick to Mirth.

WHile the milder Fates consent,
 Let's enjoy our merriment :
 Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play ;
 Kisse our *Dollies* night and day :
 Crown'd with clusters of the Vine ;
 Let us fit, and quaffe our wine.
 Call on *Bacchus* ; chaunt his praise ;
 Shake the *Thyrse*, and bite the *Bayes* :

Rouze *Anacreon* from the dead ;
 And return him drunk to bed :
 Sing o're *Horace* ; for ere long
 Death will come and mar the fong :
 Then fhall *Wilson* and *Gotiere*
 Never fing, or play more here.

To the Earle of Westmerland.

When my Date's done, and my gray Age
 muft die ;
 Nurfe up, great Lord, this my Pofterity :
 Weak though it be ; long may it grow, and ftand,
 Shor'd up by you, (*Brave Earle of Westmerland.*)

Against Love.

When ere my heart, Love's warmth, but en-
 tertaines,
 O Frost ! O Snow ! O Haile ! forbid the Banes.
 One drop now deads a spark ; but if the fame
 Once gets a force, Floods cannot quench the flame.
 Rather then love, let me be ever loft ;
 Or let me 'gender with eternall frost.

Upon Julia's Riband.

As fhews the Aire, when with a Rain-bow grac'd ;
 So fmiles that Riband 'bout my *Julia's* waste :
 Or like — Nay 'tis that *Zonulet* of love,
 Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.

The Frozen Zone : or, Julia disdainfull.

WHither? Say, whither shall I fly,
 To flack these flames wherein I frie?
 To the Treasures, shall I goe,
 Of the Raine, Frost, Haile, and Snow?
 Shall I search the under-ground,
 Where all Damps, and Mists are found?
 Shall I seek, for speedy ease,
 All the floods, and frozen seas?
 Or descend into the deep,
 Where eternall cold does keep?
 These may coole; but there's a Zone
 Colder yet then any one:
 That's my *Julia's* breast; where dwels
 Such destructive Yficles;
 As that the Congelation will
 Me sooner starve, then those can kill.

An Epitaph upon a sober Matron.

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

To the Patron of Poets, M. End: Porter.

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

The sadnesse of Things for Sapho's Sicknesse.

L Illies will languish ; Violets look ill ;
 Sickly the Prim-rose ; pale the Daffadill :
 That gallant Tulip will hang down his head,
 Like to a Virgin newly ravished.
 Pansies will weep ; and Marygolds will wither ;
 And keep a Fast, and Funerall together,
 If *Sapho* droop ; Daisies will open never,
 But bid Good-night, and close their lids for ever.

Leanders Obsequies.

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

Sighs numberlesse he cast about,
 And all his Tapers thus put out :
 His head upon his hand he laid ;
 And sobbing deeply, thus he said,
 Ah, cruell Sea ! and looking on't,
 Wept as he'd drowne the Hellespont.
 And sure his tongue had more exprest,
 But that his teares forbad the rest.

Hope heartens.

NOne goes to warfare, but with this intent ;
 The gaines must dead the feare of detriment.

Foure Things make us happy here.

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

His Parting from Mrs Dorothy Keneday.

When I did goe from thee, I felt that smart,
 Which Bodies do, when Souls from them
 depart. [see
 Thou did'st not mind it ; though thou then might'st
 Me turn'd to tears ; yet did'st not weep for me.
 'Tis true, I kist thee ; but I co'd not heare
 Thee spend a sigh, t'accompany my teare.

Me thought 'twas strange, that thou so hard sho'dst
 prove, [love.
 Whose heart, whose hand, whose ev'ry part spake
 Prethee (lest Maids sho'd censure thee) but say
 Thou shed'st one teare, when as I went away ;
 And that will please me somewhat: though I know,
 And Love will swear't, my Dearest did not so.

The Teare sent to her from Stanes.

1. **G**Lide, gentle streams, and beare
 Along with you my teare
 To that coy Girle ;
 Who smiles, yet slayes
 Me with delayes ;
 And strings my tears as Pearle.
2. See ! see, she's yonder set,
 Making a Carkanet
 Of Maiden-flowers !
 There, there present
 This Orient,
 And Pendant Pearle of ours.
3. Then say, I've sent one more
 Jem to enrich her store ;
 And that is all
 Which I can send,
 Or vainly spend,
 For tears no more will fall.

4. Nor will I seek supply
Of them, the spring's once drie ;
But Ile devise,
(Among the rest)
A way that's best
How I may save mine eyes.
5. Yet say ; sho'd she condemne
Me to surrender them ;
Then say ; my part
Must be to weep
Out them, to keep
A poore, yet loving heart.
6. Say too, She wo'd have this ;
She shall : Then my hope is,
That when I'm poore,
And nothing have
To send, or save ;
I'm sure she'll ask no more.

*Upon one Lillie, who marryed with a Maid
call'd Rose.*

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

An Epitaph upon a Child.

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

Upon Scobble. Epig.

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

The Houre-glasse.

That Houre-glasse, which there ye see
 With Water fill'd, Sirs, credit me,
 The humour was, as I have read,
 But Lovers tears inchriftalled.
 Which, as they drop by drop doe passe
 From th'upper to the under-glasse,
 Do in a trickling manner tell,
 (By many a watrie syllable)
 That Lovers tears in life-time shed,
 Do restless run when they are dead.

His Fare-well to Sack.

FArewell, thou Thing, time-past so knowne, so
deare

To me, as blood to life and spirit : Neare,
Nay, thou more neare then kindred, friend, man,
Male to the female, soule to body : Life [wife,
To quick action, or the warme soft side
Of the resigning, yet resisting Bride.

The kisse of Virgins ; First-fruits of the bed ;
Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the Maiden-
head :

These, and a thousand sweets, co'd never be
So neare, or deare, as thou wast once to me.
O thou the drink of Gods, and Angels ! Wine
That scatter'ft Spirit and Lust ; whose purest shine,
More radiant then the Summers Sun-beams shows ;
Each way illustrious, brave ; and like to those
Comets we see by night ; whose shagg'd portents
Fore-tell the coming of some dire events :
Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires,
Throwing about his wild, and active fires.

'Tis thou, above Nectar, O Divinest soule !
(Eternall in thy self) that canst controule
That, which subverts whole nature, grief and care ;
Vexation of the mind, and damn'd Despaire.
'Tis thou, alone, who with thy Mistick Fan,
Work'ft more then Wisdome, Art, or Nature can,
To rouze the sacred madnesse ; and awake

The frost-bound-blood, and spirits ; and to make
Them frantick with thy raptures, flashing through
The soule, like lightning, and as active too.

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

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

Phæbean splendour ! and thou *Theſpian* spring !
Of which, sweet Swans must drink, before they sing
Their true-pac'd Numbers, and their Holy-Layes,
Which makes them worthy *Cedar*, and the *Bayes*.

But why ? why longer doe I gaze upon
Thee with the eye of admiration ?

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

But if thy whimpring looks doe ask me why ?
Then know, that Nature bids thee goe, not I.

'Tis her erroneous self has made a braine
Uncapable of such a Sovereigne,
As is thy powerfull selfe. Prethee not smile ;
Or smile more inly ; lest thy looks beguile
My vowes denounc'd in zeale, which thus much
show thee,

That I have sworn, but by thy looks to know thee.
Let others drink thee freely ; and desire
Thee and their lips espous'd ; while I admire,
And love thee ; but not taste thee. Let my Muse
Faile of thy former helps ; and onely use
Her inadult'rate strength : what's done by me
Hereafter, shall smell of the Lamp, not thee.

Upon Glafco. Epig.

G *Lasco* had none, but now some teeth has got ;
Which though they furre, will neither ake,
or rot.

Six teeth he has, whereof twice two are known
Made of a Haft, that was a Mutton-bone.
Which not for use, but meerly for the fight,
He weares all day, and drawes those teeth at night.

*Upon Mrs. Eliz: Wheeler, under the name
of Amarillis.*

Sweet *Amarillis*, by a Spring's
Soft and soule-melting murmurings,
Slept ; and thus sleeping, thither flew
A *Robin-Red brest* ; who at view,
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and mosse to cover her :
But while he, perking, there did prie
About the Arch of either eye ;
The lid began to let out day ;
At which poore *Robin* flew away :
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd ;
He chirpt for joy, to see himself disceav'd.

The Custard.

FOr second course, last night, a Custard came
To th'board, so hot, as none co'd touch the same :

Furze, three or foure times with his cheeks did blow
 Upon the Custard, and thus cooled so ;
 It seem'd by this time to admit the touch :
 But none co'd eate it, 'cause it stunk so much.

To Myrrha hard-hearted.

FOld now thine armes ; and hang the head,
 Like to a Lillie withered :
 Next, look thou like a sickly Moone ;
 Or like *Jocasta* in a swoone.
 Then weep, and sigh, and softly goe,
 Like to a widdow drown'd in woe :
 Or like a Virgin full of ruth,
 For the lost sweet-heart of her youth :
 And all because, Faire Maid, thou art
 Insensible of all my smart ;
 And of those evill dayes that be
 Now posting on to punish thee.
 The Gods are easie, and condemne
 All such as are not soft like them.

The Eye.

MAke me a heaven ; and make me there
 Many a lesse and greater spheare.
 Make me the straight, and oblique lines ;
 The Motions, Latitudes, and the Signes.
 Make me a Chariot, and a Sun ;
 And let them through a Zodiac run :

Next, place me Zones, and Tropicks there ;
 With all the Seasons of the Yeare.
 Make me a Sun-fet ; and a Night :
 And then present the Mornings-light
 Cloath'd in her Chamlets of Delight.
 To these, make Clouds to poure downe raine ;
 With weather foule, then faire againe.
 And when, wise Artift, that thou haft,
 With all that can be, this heaven grac't ;
 Ah ! what is then this curious skie,
 But onely my *Corinna's* eye ?

Upon the much lamented, Mr. J. Warr.

What Wisdome, Learning, Wit, or Worth,
 Youth, or sweet Nature, co'd bring forth,
 Rests here with him ; who was the Fame,
 The Volume of himselfe, and Name.
 If, Reader, then thou wilt draw neere,
 And doe an honour to thy teare ;
 Weep then for him, for whom laments
 Not one, but many Monuments.

Upon Gryll.

*G*ryll eates, but ne're sayes Grace ; To speak
 the troth,
Gryll either keeps his breath to coole his broth ;
 Or else because *Grill's* roste do's burn his Spit,
Gryll will not therefore say a Grace for it.

*The Suspicion upon his over-much Familiarity
with a Gentlewoman.*

AND must we part, because some say,
 Loud is our love, and loose our play,
 And more then well becomes the day?
 Alas for pittie! and for us
 Most innocent, and injur'd thus.
 Had we kept close, or play'd within,
 Suspicion now had been the sinne,
 And shame had follow'd long ere this,
 T'ave plagu'd, what now unpunisht is.
 But we as fearlesse of the Sunne,
 As faultlesse; will not wish undone,
 What now is done: since *where no sin*
Unbolts the doore, no shame comes in.
 Then, comely and most fragrant Maid,
 Be you more warie, then afraid
 Of these Reports; because you see
 The fairest most suspected be.
 The common formes have no one eye,
 Or eare of burning jealousie
 To follow them: but chiefly, where
 Love makes the cheek, and chin a sphere
 To dance and play in: Trust me, there
 Suspicion questions every haire.
 Come, you are faire; and sho'd be seen
 While you are in your sprightfull green:
 And what though you had been embrac't

By me, were you for that unchast ?
 No, no, no more then is yond' Moone,
 Which shining in her perfect Noone ;
 In all that great and glorious light,
 Continues cold, as is the night.
 Then, beauteous Maid, you may retire ;
 And as for me, my chaste desire
 Shall move t'wards you ; although I see
 Your face no more : So live you free
 From Fames black lips, as you from me.

Single Life most secure.

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

The Curse. A Song.

Goe, perjur'd man ; and if thou ere return
 To see the small remainders in mine Urne :
 When thou shalt laugh at my Religious dust ;
 And ask, Where's now the colour, forme and trust
 Of Woman's beauty ? and with hand more rude
 Rifle the Flowers which the Virgins strew'd :
 Know, I have pray'd to Furie, that some wind
 May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

The wounded Cupid. Song.

C*U*pid as he lay among
Roses, by a Bee was stung.
 Whereupon in anger flying
 To his Mother, said thus crying ;
 Help ! O help ! your Boy's a dying.
 And why, my pretty Lad, said she ?
 Then blubbering, replied he,
 A winged Snake has bitten me,
 Which Country people call a Bee.
 At which she smil'd ; then with her hairs
 And kisses drying up his tears :
 Alas ! said she, my Wag ! if this
 Such a pernicious torment is :
 Come tel me then, how great's the smart
 Of those, thou woundest with thy Dart !

To Dewes. A Song.

I Burn, I burn ; and beg of you
 To quench, or coole me with your Dew.
 I frie in fire, and so consume,
 Although the Pile be all perfume.
 Alas ! the heat and death's the same ;
 Whether by choice, or common flame :
 To be in Oyle of *Roses* drown'd,
 Or water ; where's the comfort found ?
 Both bring one death ; and I die here,

Unlesse you coole me with a Teare :
 Alas ! I call ; but ah ! I see
 Ye coole, and comfort all, but me.

Some Comfort in Calamity.

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

The Vision.

Sitting alone, as one forfook,
 Close by a Silver-shedding Brook ;
 With hands held up to Love, I wept ;
 And after sorrowes spent, I slept :
 Then in a Vision I did see
 A glorious forme appeare to me :
 A Virgins face she had ; her dresse
 Was like a sprightly *Spartaness*.
 A silver bow with green filk strung,
 Down from her comely shoulders hung :
 And as she stood, the wanton Aire
 Dandled the ringlets of her haire.
 Her legs were such *Diana* shows,
 When tuckt up she a hunting goes ;
 With Buskins shortned to descric
 The happy dawning of her thigh :
 Which when I saw, I made accesse
 To kisse that tempting nakednesse :
 But she forbad me, with a wand

Of Mirtle she had in her hand :
 And chiding me, said, Hence, remove,
Herrick, thou art too coorse to love.

Love me little, love me long.

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

Upon a Virgin kissing a Rose.

'**T**WAS but a single *Rose*,
 Till you on it did breathe ;
 But since, me thinks, it shows
 Not so much *Rose*, as Wreathe.

*Upon a Wife that dyed mad
 with Jealousie.*

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

*Upon the Bishop of Lincolne's
Imprisonment.*

NEver was Day so over-sick with showres,
 But that it had some intermitting houres.
 Never was Night so tedious, but it knew
 The Last Watch out, and saw the Dawning too.
 Never was Dungeon so obscurely deep,
 Wherein or Light, or Day, did never peep.
 Never did Moone so ebbe, or seas so wane,
 But they left Hope-seed to fill up againe.
 So you, my Lord, though you have now your stay,
 Your Night, your Prison, and your Ebbe; you may
 Spring up afresh; when all these mists are spent,
 And Star-like, once more, guild our Firmament.
 Let but That Mighty *Cesar* speak, and then,
 All bolts, all barres, all gates shall cleave; as when
 That Earth-quake shook the house, and gave the
 stout
 Apostles, way, unhackled, to goe out.
 This, as I wish for, so I hope to see;
 Though you, my Lord, have been unkind to me:
 To wound my heart, and never to apply,
 When you had power, the meanest remedy:
 Well; though my griefe by you was gall'd, the
 more;
 Yet I bring Balme and Oile to heal your fore.

Diffusions from Idleneſſe.

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

Upon Strut.

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

*An Epithalamie to Sir Thomas Southwell
 and his Ladie.*

I.

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

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

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

II.

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

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

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

III.

These Precious-Pearly-Purling teares,
 But spring from ceremonious feares.

And 'tis but Native shame,
 That hides the loving flame :
 And may a while controule
 The soft and am'rous soule ;
 But yet, Loves fire will waft
 Such bashfulnesse at last.

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

IV.

Night now hath watch'd her self half blind ;
Yet not a Maiden-head resign'd !
Tis strange, ye will not flie
To Love's sweet myserie.
Might yon Full-Moon the sweets
Have, promis'd to your sheets ;
She soon wo'd leave her spheare,
To be admitted there.

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

V.

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

VI.

Behold ! how *Hymen's* Taper-light
Shews you how much is spent of night.

See, see the Bride-groom's Torch
 Halfe wasted in the porch.
 And now those Tapers five,
 That shew the womb shall thrive :
 Their silv'rie flames advance,
 To tell all prosp'rous chance
 Still shall crown the happy life
 Of the good man and the wife.

VII.

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

VIII.

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

For that, Matrons say, a measure
Of that Passion sweetens Pleasure.

IX.

You, you that be of her neereſt kin,
Now o're the threshold force her in.

But to avert the worſt ;
Let her, her fillets firſt
Knit to the poſts : this point
Remembring, to anoint
The ſides : for 'tis a charme
Strong againſt future harme :
And the evil deads, the which
There was hidden by the Witch.

X.

O *Venus!* thou, to whom is known
The beſt way how to looſe the Zone
Of Virgins ! tell the Maid,
She need not be afraid :
And bid the Youth apply
Cloſe kiſſes, if ſhe cry :
And charge, he not forbears
Her, though ſhe wooe with teares.
Tel them, now they muſt adven-
ſure, ſince that Love and Night bid enter.

XI.

No Fatal Owle the Bedſted keeps,
With direful notes to fright your ſleeps :

HESPERIDES.

No Furies, here about,
 To put the Tapers out,
 Watch, or did make the bed :
 'Tis *Omen* full of dread :
 But all faire signs appeare
 Within the Chamber here.
Juno here, far off, doth stand
 Cooling sleep with charming wand.

XII.

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

XIII.

Now barre the doors, the Bride-groom puts
 The eager Boyes to gather Nuts.
 And now, both Love and Time
 To their full height doe clime :
 O ! give them active heat
 And moisture, both compleat :
 Fit Organs for encrease,
 To keep, and to release

That, which may the honour'd Stem
Circle with a Diadem.

XIV. •

And now, Behold ! the Bed or Couch
That ne'r knew Brides, or Bride-grooms touch,
Feels in it selfe a fire ;
And tickled with Desire,
Pants with a Downie brest,
As with a heart posselt :
Shrugging as it did move,
Ev'n with the soule of love.
And, oh ! had it but a tongue,
Doves, 'two'd fay, yee bill too long.

XV.

O enter then ! but see ye shun
A sleep, untill the act be done.
Let kisses, in their close,
Breathe as the Damask Rose :
Or sweet, as is that gumme
Doth from *Panchaia* come.
Teach Nature now to know,
Lips can make Cherries grow
Sooner, then she, ever yet,
In her wisdome co'd beget.

XVI.

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

That good, which Heav'n can give
 To make you bravely live ;
 Fall, like a spangling dew,
 By day, and night on you.
 May Fortunes Lilly-hand
 Open at your command ;
 With all luckie Birds to fide
 With the Bride-groom, and the Bride.

XVII.

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

Teares are Tongues.

WHen *Julia* chid, I stood as mute the while,
 As is the fish, or tonguelesse Crocodile.
 Aire coyn'd to words, my *Julia* co'd not heare ;
 But she co'd see each eye to stamp a teare :
 By which, mine angry Mistresse might descry,
 Teares are the noble language of the eye.

And when true love of words is destitute,
The Eyes by tears speak, while the Tongue is mute.

Upon a young Mother of many Children.

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

To Electra.

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

His Wish.

IT is sufficient if we pray
To *Jove*, who gives, and takes away :
Let him the Land and Living finde ;
Let me alone to fit the mind.

His Protestation to Perilla.

NOone-day and Midnight shall at once be seene :
 Trees, at one time, shall be both sere and
 Fire and water shall together lye [greene :
 In one-self-sweet-conspiring sympathye :
 Summer and Winter shall at one time show
 Ripe eares of corne, and up to th'eares in snow :
 Seas shall be sandlesse ; Fields devoid of grasse ;
 Shapelesse the world, as when all *Chaos* was,
 Before, my deare *Perilla*, I will be
 False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

Love perfumes all parts.

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

To Julia.

PErmit me, *Julia*, now to goe away ;
 Or by thy love, decree me here to stay.

If thou wilt fay, that I fhall live with thee ;
 Here fhall my endless Tabernacle be :
 If not, as banifht, I will live alone
 There, where no language ever yet was known.

On Himfelfe.

L Ove-fick I am, and muft endure
 A desp'rate grief, that finds no cure.
 Ah me ! I try ; and trying, prove,
No Herbs have power to cure Love.
 Onely one Sovereign falve I know,
 And that is Death, the end of Woe.

Vertue is fenfible of fuffering.

T Hough a wife man all preffures can fultaine ;
 His vertue ftill is fenfible of paine :
 Large fhoulders though he has, and well can beare,
 He fees when Packs do pinch him ; and the where.

The cruell Maid.

A Nd, Cruell Maid, becaufe I fee
 You scornfull of my love, and me :
 Ile trouble you no more ; but goe
 My way, where you fhall never know
 What is become of me : there I
 Will find me out a path to die ;
 Or learne fome way how to forget

You, and your name, for ever : yet
 Ere I go hence ; know this from me,
 What will, in time, your Fortune be :
 This to your coyneffe I will tell ;
 And having spoke it once, Farewell.
 The Lillie will not long endure ;
 Nor the Snow continue pure :
 The Rose, the Violet, one day
 See, both these Lady-flowers decay :
 And you must fade, as well as they.
 And it may chance that Love may turn,
 And, like to mine, make your heart burn
 And weep to see't ; yet this thing doe,
 That my last Vow commends to you :
 When you shall see that I am dead,
 For pittie let a teare be shed ;
 And, with your Mantle o're me cast,
 Give my cold lips a kisse at last :
 If twice you kisse, you need not feare,
 That I shall stir, or live more here.
 Next, hollow out a Tombe to cover
 Me ; me, the most despised Lover :
 And write thereon, *This, Reader, know,*
Love kill'd this man. No more but so.

To Dianeme.

SWeet, be not proud of those two eyes,
 Which Star-like sparkle in their skies :
 Nor be you proud, that you can see

All hearts your captives ; yours, yet free :
 Be you not proud of that rich haire,
 Which wantons with the Love-sick aire :
 When as that *Rubie*, which you weare,
 Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,
 Will last to be a precious Stone,
 When all your world of Beautie's gone.

To the King, To cure the Evill.

TO find that Tree of Life, whose Fruits did
 feed,
 And Leaves did heale, all sick of humane seed :
 To finde *Bethesda*, and an Angel there,
 Stirring the waters, I am come ; and here,
 At last, I find, after my much to doe,
 The Tree, Bethesda, and the Angel too :
 And all in Your Blest Hand, which has the powers
 Of all those suppling-healing herbs and flowers.
 To that soft *Charm*, that *Spell*, that *Magick Bough*,
 That high Enchantment I betake me now :
 And to that Hand, the Branch of Heavens faire
 Tree,
 I kneele for help ; O ! lay that hand on me,
 Adored *Cesar* ! and my Faith is such,
 I shall be heal'd, if that my *KING* but touch.
 The Evill is not Yours : my sorrow sings,
 Mine is the Evill, but the Cure, the *KINGS*.

His misery in a Mistresse.

WAter, Water I espie :
Come, and coole ye ; all who frie
In your loves ; but none as I.

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

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

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

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

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

Upon Jollie's Wife.

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

*To a Gentlewoman, objecting to him
his gray haire.*

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

To Cedars.

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

Upon Cupid.

LOve, like a Gypsie, lately came ;
And did me much importune

To see my hand ; that by the fame
He might fore-tell my Fortune.

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

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

How Primroses came green.

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

To Jos : Lo : Bishop of Exeter.

WHOM sho'd I feare to write to, if I can
Stand before you, my learn'd *Diocesan* ?
And never shew blood-guiltinesse, or feare
To see my Lines *Excathedrated* here.
Since none so good are, but you may condemne ;
Or here so bad, but you may pardon them.
If then, my Lord, to sanctifie my Muse
One onely Poem out of all you'l chuse ;

And mark it for a Rapture nobly writ,
'Tis Good Confirm'd ; for you have Bishop't it.

*Upon a black Twist, rounding the Arme of
the Countesse of Carlile.*

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

On Himselfe.

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

Upon Pagget.

PAGGET, a School-boy, got a Sword, and then
 He vow'd Destruction both to Birch, and Men :
 Who wo'd not think this Yonker fierce to fight ?
 Yet comming home, but somewhat late, last night ;
 Untruffe, his Master bade him ; and that word
 Made him take up his shirt, lay down his sword.

A Ring presented to Julia.

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

Close though it be,
 The joynt is free :
 So when Love's yoke is on,
 It must not gall,
 Or fret at all
 With hard oppreffion.

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

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

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

To the Detraeter.

WHere others love, and praise my Verses ; still
 Thy long-black-Thumb-nail marks 'em out
 for ill :

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

Upon the same.

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

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

Julia's *Petticoat*.

THy Azure Robe, I did behold,
 As ayrie as the leaves of gold ;
 Which erring here, and wandring there,
 Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where :
 Sometimes 'two'd pant, and sigh, and heave,
 As if to stir it scarce had leave :
 But having got it ; thereupon,
 'Two'd make a brave expansion.
 And pounc't with Stars, it shew'd to me
 Like a *Celestiall Canopie*.
 Sometimes 'two'd blaze, and then abate,
 Like to a flame growne moderate :
 Sometimes away 'two'd wildly fling ;
 Then to thy thighs so closely cling,
 That some conceit did melt me downe,
 As Lovers fall into a swoone :
 And all confus'd, I there did lie
 Drown'd in Delights ; but co'd not die.
 That Leading Cloud, I follow'd still,
 Hoping t'ave seene of it my fill ;
 But ah ! I co'd not : sho'd it move
 To Life Eternal, I co'd love.

To Musick.

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

Distrust.

TO safe-guard Man from wrongs, there no-
 thing must
 Be truer to him, then a wise Distrust.
 And to thy selfe be best this sentence knowne,
Heare all men speak ; but credit few or none.

Corinna's going a Maying.

GEt up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.
 See how *Aurora* throwes her faire
 Fresh-quilted colours through the aire :
 Get up, sweet-Slug-a-bed, and see
 The Dew-bespangling Herbe and Tree.
 Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,
 Above an houre since ; yet you not drest,
 Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?

When all the Birds have Mattens feyd,
 And fung their thankfull Hymnes : 'tis fin,
 Nay, profanation to keep in,
 When as a thousand Virgins on this day,
 Spring, fooner then the Lark, to fetch in May.

Rife ; and put on your Foliage, and be feene
 To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and
 And sweet as *Flora*. Take no care [greene ;
 For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire :
 Feare not ; the leaves will ftrew
 Gemms in abundance upon you :
 Befides, the childhood of the Day has kept,
 Againft you come, some *Orient Pearls* unwept :
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night :
 And *Titan* on the Eastern hill
 Retires himfelfe, or elfe ftands ftill [ing :
 Till you come forth. Wash, drefse, be briefe in pray-
 Few Beads are beft, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my *Corinna*, come ; and comming, marke
 How each field turns a ftreet ; each ftreet a Parke
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees : fee how
 Devotion gives each Houfe a Bough,
 Or Branch : Each Porch, each doore, ere this,
 An Arke a Tabernacle is
 Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove ;
 As if here were thofe cooler fhades of love.
 Can fuch delights be in the ftreet,
 And open fields, and we not fee't ?

Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obey
 The Proclamation made for May :
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
 But, my *Corinna*, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
 A deale of Youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with *White-thorn* laden home.
 Some have dispatcht their Cakes and Creame,
 Before that we have left to dreame :
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted
 Troth,
 And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
 Many a green-gown has been given ;
 Many a kisse, both odde and even :
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, Love's Firmament :
 Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying
 This night, and Locks pickt, yet w'are not a
 Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime ;
 And take the harmlesse follie of the time.
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short ; and our dayes run
 As fast away as do's the Sunne :
 And as a vapour, or a drop of raine
 Once lost, can ne'r be found againe :
 So when or you or I are made

A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying ;
 Come, my *Corinna*, come, let's goe a Maying.

On Julia's breath.

BReathe, *Julia*, breathe, and Ile protest,
 Nay more, Ile deeply sweare,
 That all the Spices of the East
 Are circumfused there.

Upon a Child. An Epitaph.

BUt borne, and like a short Delight,
 I glided by my Parents sight.
 That done, the harder Fates deny'd
 My longer stay, and so I dy'd.
 If pittying my sad Parents Teares,
 You'll spil a tear, or two with theirs :
 And with some flowrs my grave bestrew,
 Love and they'l thank you for't. Adieu.

*A Dialogue betwixt Horace and Lydia,
 Translated Anno 1627. and set
 by Mr. Ro: Ramsfey.*

Hor. **W**Hile, *Lydia*, I was lov'd of thee,
 Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me

To hug thy whitest neck: Then I,
The Persian King liv'd not more happily.

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

Hor. Now *Thracian Cloe* governs me,
Skilfull i' th' Harpe, and Melodie:
For whose affection, *Lydia*, I,
So Fate spares her, am well content to die.

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

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

Lyd. Though mine be brighter then the Star;
Thou lighter then the Cork by far:
Rough as th' *Adratick sea*, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

The captiv'd Bee: or, The little Filcher.

AS *Julia* once a slumb'ring lay,
It chanc't a Bee did flie that way,

After a dew, or dew-like flower,
 To tipple freely in a flower.
 For some rich flower, he took the lip
 Of *Julia*, and began to sip;
 But when he felt he suckt from thence
 Hony, and in the quintessence:
 He drank so much he scarce co'd stir;
 So *Julia* took the Pilferer.
 And thus surpriz'd, as Filchers use,
 He thus began himselfe t'excuse:
 Sweet *Lady-Flower*, I never brought
 Hither the least one theeving thought:
 But taking those rare lips of yours
 For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers;
 I thought I might there take a taste,
 Where so much sirrop ran at waste.
 Besides, know this, I never sting
 The flower that gives me nourishing:
 But with a kisse, or thanks, doe pay
 For Honie, that I beare away.
 This said, he laid his little *scrip*
 Of hony, 'fore her Ladiship:
 And told her, as some tears did fall,
 That, that he took, and that was all.
 At which she smil'd; and bade him goe
 And take his bag; but thus much know,
 When next he came a pilfring so,
 He sho'd from her full lips derive,
 Hony enough to fill his hive.

Upon Prig.

PRIG now drinks Water, who before drank
Beere :

What's now the cause? we know the cause is cleere:
Look in *Prig's* purse, the chev'rell there tells you
Prig many wants, either to buy, or brew.

Upon Batt.

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

*An Ode to Master Endymion Porter,
upon his Brother's death.*

NOt all thy flushing Sunnes are set,
Herrick, as yet :
Nor doth this far-drawn Hemisphere
Frown, and look fullen ev'ry where.
Daies may conclude in nights ; and Suns may rest,
As dead, within the West ;
Yet the next Morne, re-guild the fragrant East.

Alas for me ! that I have lost
E'en all almost :
Sunk is my fight ; set is my Sun ;
And all the loome of life undone :
The staffe, the Elme, the prop, the shelt'ring wall,

Whereon my Vine did cawle,
Now, now, blowne downe ; needs must the old
stock fall.

Yet, *Porter*, while thou keep'ft alive,
In death I thrive :
And like a *Phenix* re-aspire
From out my *Narde*, and Fun'rall fire :
And as I prune my feather'd youth, so I
Doe mar'l how I co'd die,
When I had Thee, my chiefe Preserver, by.

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

To his dying Brother, Master
William Herrick.

Life of my life, take not so soone thy flight,
But stay the time till we have bade Good night.
Thou hast both wind and Tide with thee ; Thy way
As soone dispatcht is by the Night, as Day.
Let us not then so rudely henceforth goe
Till we have wept, kist, sigh't, shook hands, or so.

There's paine in parting ; and a kind of hell,
 When once true-lovers take their last Fare-well.
 What? shall we two our endlesse leaves take here
 Without a sad looke, or a solemne teare?
 He knowes not Love, that hath not this truth proved,
Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.
 Pay we our Vowes, and goe ; yet when we part,
 Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart
 Into thy loving hands : For Ile keep none
 To warme my Breaſt, when thou my Pulse art gone.
 No, here Ile laſt, and walk, a harmleſs ſhade,
 About this Urne, wherein thy Duſt is laid,
 To guard it ſo, as nothing here ſhall be
 Heavy, to hurt thoſe ſacred ſeeds of thee.

The Olive Branch.

SAdly I walk't within the field,
 To ſee what comfort it wo'd yeeld :
 And as I went my private way,
 An Olive-branch before me lay :
 And ſeeing it, I made a ſtay.
 And took it up, and view'd it ; then
 Kiffing the *Omen*, ſaid Amen :
 Be, be it ſo, and let this be
 A Divination unto me :
 That in ſhort time my woes ſhall ceaſe ;
 And Love ſhall crown my End with Peace.

Upon Much-more. Epig.

MUCH-MORE provides, and hoords up like
 an Ant ;
 Yet *Much-more* still complains he is in want.
 Let *Much-more* justly pay his tythes ; then try
 How both his Meale and Oile will multiply.

To Cherry-blossomes.

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

How Lillies came white.

WHite though ye be ; yet, Lillies, know,
 From the first ye were not so :
 But Ile tell ye
 What befell ye ;
Cupid and his Mother lay
 In a Cloud ; while both did play,
 He with his pretty finger prest
 The rubie niplet of her breast ;
 Out of the which, the creame of light,
 Like to a Dew,
 Fell downe on you.
 And made ye white.

To Pansies.

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

On Gelli-flowers begotten.

WHat was't that fell but now
 From that warme kisse of ours ?
 Look, look, by Love I vow
 They were two *Gelli-flowers*.
 Let's kisse, and kisse agen ;
 For if so be our closes
 Make *Gelli-flowers*, then
 I'm sure they'l fashion *Roses*.

The Lilly in a Christal.

YOU have beheld a smiling *Rose*
 When Virgins hands have drawn
 O'r it a Cobweb-Lawne :
 And here, you see, this Lilly shows,
 Tomb'd in a *Christal* stone,

More faire in this transparent case,
 Then when it grew alone ;
 And had but single grace.

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

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

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

Thus Lillie, Rose, Grape, Cherry, Creame,
 And Straw-berry do stir
 More love, when they transfer
 A weak, a soft, a broken beame ;
 Then if they sho'd discover
 At full their proper excellence ;
 Without some Scean cast over,
 To juggle with the sence.

Thus let this *Christal'd Lillie* be
 A Rule, how far to teach,
 Your nakednesse must reach :
 And that, no further, then we see
 Those glaring colours laid
 By Arts wise hand, but to this end
 They sho'd obey a shade ;
 Lest they too far extend.

So though y'are white as Swan, or Snow,
 And have the power to move
 A world of men to love :
 Yet, when your Lawns & Silks shal flow ;
 And that white cloud divide
 Into a doubtful Twi-light ; then,
 Then will your hidden Pride
 Raise greater fires in men.

To his Booke.

Like to a Bride, come forth, my Book, at last,
 With all thy richest jewels over-cast :

Say, if there be 'mongst many jems here ; one
 Deserveleffe of the name of *Paragon* :
 Blush not at all for that ; since we have set
 Some *Pearls* on *Queens*, that have been counterfet.

Upon some Women.

THou who wilt not love, doe this ;
 Learne of me what Woman is.
 Something made of thred and thrumme ;
 A meere Botch of all and some.
 Pieces, patches, ropes of haire ;
 In-laid Garbage ev'ry where.
 Out-side filk, and out-side Lawne ;
 Sceanes to cheat us neatly drawne.
 False in legs, and false in thighes ;
 False in breast, teeth, haire, and eyes :
 False in head, and false enough ;
 Onely true in shreds and stuffe.

Supreme Fortune falls soonest.

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

The Welcome to Sack.

SO soft streams meet, so springs with gladder
 smiles
 Meet after long divorcement by the Iles :

When Love, the child of likenesse, urgeth on
Their Chrifal natures to an union.

So meet stolne kifles, when the Moonie nights
Call forth fierce Lovers to their wifht Delights :
So *Kings & Queens* meet, when Defire convinces
All thoughts, but fuch as aime at getting Princes,
As I meet thee. Soule of my life, and fame !
Eternall Lamp of Love ! whose radiant flame
Out-glares the Heav'ns *Ofiris* ;* and thy gleams
Out-fhine the splendour of his mid-day beams.
Welcome, O welcome my illuftrious Spoufe ;
Welcome as are the ends unto my Vowes :
I ! far more welcome then the happy foile,
The Sea-fcourg'd Merchant, after all his toile,
Salutes with tears of joy ; when fires betray
The fmoakie chimneys of his *Ithaca*.

Where haft thou been fo long from my embraces,
Poore pittyed Exile ? Tell me, did thy Graces
Flie discontented hence, and for a time
Did rather choofe to bleffe another clime ?
Or went'ft thou to this end, the more to move me,
By thy fhort abfence, to defire and love thee ?
Why frowns my Sweet ? Why won't my Saint
Favours on me, her fierce Idolater ? [confer
Why are Thofe Looks, Thofe Looks the which
have been

Time-paft fo fragrant, fickly now drawn in
Like a dull Twi-light ? Tell me ; and the fault

* The Sun.

Ile expiate with Sulphur, Haire, and Salt :
 And, with the Chrystal humour of the spring,
 Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.
 Wo't thou not smile, or tell me what's amisse ?
 Have I been cold to hug thee, too remisse,
 Too temp'rate in embracing ? Tell me, ha's desire
 To thee-ward dy'd i'th'embers, and no fire
 Left in this rak't-up Ash-heap, as a mark
 To testifie the glowing of a spark ?
 Have I divorc't thee onely to combine
 In hot Adult'ry with another Wine ?
 True, I confesse I left thee, and appeale
 'Twas done by me, more to confirme my zeale,
 And double my affection on thee ; as doe those,
 Whose love growes more enflam'd, by being Foes.
 But to forsake thee ever, co'd there be
 A thought of such like possibilitie ?
 When thou thy selfe dar'st say, thy Iles shall lack
 Grapes, before *Herrick* leaves Canarie Sack.
 Thou mak'st me ayrie, active to be born,
 Like *Iphyclus*, upon the tops of Corn.
 Thou mak'st me nimble, as the winged howers,
 To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,
 And ride the Sun-beams. Can there be a thing
 Under the heavenly *Isis*,* that can bring
 More love unto my life, or can present
 My *Genius* with a fuller blandishment ?
 Illustrious Idoll ! co'd th' *Ægyptians* seek

* The Moon.

Help from the *Garlick*, *Onyon*, and the *Leek*,
 And pay no vowes to thee? who waſt their beſt
 God, and far more tranſcendent then the reſt?
 Had *Caffius*, that weak *Water-drinker*, known
 Thee in thy *Vine*, or had but taſted one
 Small *Chalice* of thy frantick liquor; He
 As the wiſe *Cato* had approv'd of thee.
 Had not *Joves** ſon, that brave *Tyrinthian* Swain,
 (Invited to the *Theſbian* banquet) ta'ne
 Full goblets of thy gen'rous blood; his ſpright
 Ne'r had kept heat for fifty *Maids* that night.
 Come, come and kiſſe me; Love and luſt com-
 mends
 Thee, and thy beauties; kiſſe, we will be friends
 Too ſtrong for Fate to break us: Look upon
 Me, with that full pride of complexion,
 As *Queenes* meet *Queenes*; or come thou unto me,
 As *Cleopatra* came to *Anthonie*;
 When her high carriage did at once preſent
 To the *Triumvir*, Love and Wonderment.
 Swell up my nerves with ſpirit; let my blood
 Run through my veines, like to a haſty flood.
 Fill each part full of fire, active to doe
 What thy commanding ſoule ſhall put it to.
 And till I turne Apoſtate to thy love,
 Which here I vow to ſerve, doe not remove
 Thy *Fiers* from me; but *Apollo's* curſe
 Blaſt theſe-like actions, or a thing that's worſe;

* Hercules.

When these Circumstants shall but live to see
 The time that I prevaricate from thee.
 Call me *The sonne of Beere*, and then confine
 Me to the Tap, the Tost, the Turfe; Let Wine
 Ne'r shine upon me; May my Numbers all
 Run to a sudden Death, and Funerall.
 And last, when thee, deare Spouse, I disavow,
 Ne'r may Prophetique *Daphne* crown my Brow.

Impossibilities to his Friend.

MY faithful friend, if you can see
 The Fruit to grow up, or the Tree:
 If you can see the colour come
 Into the blushing Peare, or Plum:
 If you can see the water grow
 To cakes of Ice, or flakes of Snow:
 If you can see, that drop of raine
 Loft in the wild sea, once againe:
 If you can see, how Dreams do creep
 Into the Brain by easie sleep:
 Then there is hope that you may see
 Her love me once, who now hates me.

Upon Luggs. Epig.

LUGGS, by the Condemnation of the Bench,
 Was lately whipt for lying with a Wench.
 Thus Paines and Pleasures turne by turne succeed:
He smarts at last, who do's not first take heed.

Upon Gubbs. Epig.

GUBBS calls his children *Kitlings* : and wo'd
bound
(Some say) for joy, to see those *Kitlings* drown'd.

To live merrily, and to trust to Good Verses.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Faire Dayes : or, Dawnes deceitfull.

FAire was the Dawne ; and but e'ne now the
 Skies
 Shew'd like to Creame, enspir'd with Strawberries :
 But on a sudden, all was chang'd and gone
 That smil'd in that first-sweet complexion.
 Then Thunder-claps and Lightning did conspire
 To teare the world, or set it all on fire.
 What trust to things, below when as we see,
 As Men, the Heavens have their Hypocrisie ?

Lips Tonguelesse.

FOR my part, I never care
 For those lips, that tongue-ty'd are :
 Tell-tales I wo'd have them be
 Of my Mistresse, and of me.
 Let them prattle how that I
 Sometimes freeze, and sometimes frie :
 Let them tell how she doth move
 Fore or backward in her love :
 Let them speak by gentle tones,
 One and th'other's passions :
 How we watch, and seldome sleep ;

How by Willowes we doe weep :
 How by stealth we meet, and then
 Kisse, and sigh, so part agen.
 This the lips we will permit
 For to tell, nor publish it.

To the Fever, not to trouble Julia.

TH'ast dar'd too farre; but, Furie, now forbear
 To give the least disturbance to her haire :
 But lesse presume to lay a Plait upon
 Her skins most smooth, and cleare expansion.
 'Tis like a Lawnie-Firmament as yet
 Quite dispossess'd of either fray, or fret.
 Come thou not neere that Filmne so finely spread,
 Where no one piece is yet unlevelled.
 This if thou dost, woe to thee Furie, woe,
 Ile send such Frost, such Haile, such Sleet, and Snow,
 Such Flesh-quakes, Palsies, and such Feares as shall
 Dead thee to th' most, if not destroy thee all.
 And thou a thousand thousand times shalt be
 More shak't thy selfe, then she is scorch't by thee.

To Violets.

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

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

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

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

Upon Bunce. Epig.

MOny thou ow'ft me ; Prethee fix a day
 For payment promif'd, though thou never
 pay :

Let it be Doomes-day ; nay, take longer fcope ;
 Pay when th'art honeft ; let me have fome hope.

To Carnations. A Song.

STay while ye will, or goe ;
 And leave no fcent behind ye :
 Yet trust me, I fhall know
 The place, where I may find ye :

Within my *Lucia's* cheek,
 Whose Livery ye weare,

Play ye at *Hide* or *Seek*,
I'm fure to find ye there.

To the Virgins, to make much of Time.

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

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

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

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

Safety to look to one's selfe.

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

'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.
 He who to the ground do's fall,
Has not whence to sink at all.

To his Friend, on the untuneable Times.

PLay I co'd once ; but, gentle friend, you see
 My Harp hung up, here on the Willow tree.
 Sing I co'd once ; and bravely too enspire,
 With luscious Numbers, my melodious Lyre.
 Draw I co'd once, although not stocks or stones,
Amphion-like, men made of flesh and bones,
 Whether I wo'd ; but, ah ! I know not how,
 I feele in me, this transmutation now. [strung ;
 Griefe, my deare Friend, has first my Harp un-
 Wither'd my hand, and palsie-struck my tongue.

His Poetrie his Pillar.

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

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

O Time that cut't down all !
 And scarce leav'ft here
 Memoriall
 Of any men that were.

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

Safety on the Shore.

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

*A Pastorall upon the Birth of Prince Charles,
 presented to the King, and Set by
 Mr. Nic : Laniere.*

The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, and Amarillis.

Amin. **G**Ood day, *Mirtillo*. *Mirt.* And to you
 no lesse:

And all faire Signs lead on our Shepardeffe.

Amar. With all white luck to you. *Mirt.* But
 fay, what news

Stirs in our Sheep-walk? *Amin.* None, save that
my Ewes,

My Weathers, Lambes, and wanton Kids are well,
Smooth, faire, and fat; none better I can tell:

Or that this day *Menalchas* keeps a feast

For his Sheep-shearers. *Mir.* True, these are the

But, dear *Amintas*, and, sweet *Amarillis*, [least.

Rest but a while here, by this bank of Lillies.

And lend a gentle eare to one report

The Country has. *Amint.* From whence? *Amar.*

[From whence? *Mir.* The Court.

Three dayes before the shutting in of *May*,

(With whitest Wool be ever crown'd that day!)

To all our joy, a sweet-fac't child was borne,

More tender then the childhood of the Morne.

Chor. *Pan* pipe to him, and bleats of lambs and
Let Lullaby the pretty Prince asleep! [sheep,

Mirt. And that his birth sho'd be more singular,

At Noone of Day, was seene a silver Star, [them

Bright as the Wife-men's Torch, which guided

To God's sweet Babe, when borne at *Bethlehem*;

While Golden Angels (some have told to me)

Sung out his Birth with Heav'nly Minstralsie.

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

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

Mir. Not so, not so. *Chor.* But if it chance to

At most a fault, 'tis but a fault of love. [prove

Amar. But, deare *Mirtillo*, I have heard it told,

Those learned men brought *Incense*, *Myrrhe*, and

Gold,

From Countries far, with store of Spices, sweet,
And laid them downe for Offerings at his feet.

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

Amar. A Garland for my Gift shall be
Of flowers, ne'r suckt by th'theeving Bee :
And all most sweet ; yet all lesse sweet then he.

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

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

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

To the Lark.

GOOD speed, for I this day
Betimes my Mattens say :
Because I doe
Begin to wooe :
Sweet singing Lark,
Be thou the Clark,
And know thy when
To say, *Amen.*

And if I prove
 Blest in my love ;
 Then thou shalt be
 High-Priest to me,
 At my returne,
 To Incense burne ;
 And so to solemnize
 Love's, and my Sacrifice.

The Bubble. A Song.

TO my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares,
 Flie, thou made Bubble of my sighs and tears.
 In the wild aire, when thou hast rowl'd about,
 And, like a blasting Planet, found her out ;
 Stoop, mount, passe by to take her eye, then glare
 Like to a dreadfull Comet in the Aire :
 Next, when thou dost perceive her fixed sight,
 For thy revenge to be most opposite ;
 Then like a Globe, or Ball of Wild-fire, flie,
 And break thy self in shivers on her eye.

A Meditation for his Mistresse.

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

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

You are a full-spread faire-fet Vine,
 And can with Tendrills love intwine,
 Yet dry'd, ere you distill your Wine.

You are like Balme inclosed, well,
 In *Amber*, or some *Chrystall* shell,
 Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty *Violet*,
 Yet wither'd, ere you can be set
 Within the Virgin's Coronet.

You are the *Queen* all flowers among,
 But die you must, faire Maid, ere long,
 As He, the maker of this Song.

*The bleeding Hand: or, The Sprig of
 Eglantine given to a Maid.*

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

Lyrick for Legacies.

GOld I've none, for use or show,
 Neither Silver to bestow
 At my death ; but thus much know,
 That each Lyrick here shall be
 Of my love a Legacie,
 Left to all posterity.
 Gentle friends, then doe but please,
 To accept such coynes as these ;
 As my last Remembrances.

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

I.

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

II.

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

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

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

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

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

To Perenna, a Mistresse.

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

Great Boast, small Roast.

OF Flanks and Chines of Beefe doth *Gorrell*
 boast
 He has at home ; but who tafts boil'd or roast ?
 Look in his Brine-tub, and you shall find there
 Two stiffe blew Pigs-feet, and a sow's cleft eare.

Upon a Bleare-ey'd Woman.

Wlther'd with yeeres, and bed-rid *Mamma*
 lyes ;
 Dry-rosted all, but raw yet in her eyes.

The Fairie Temple : or, Oberon's Chappell.
Dedicated to Mr. John Merrifield,
Counsellor at Law.

R Are Temples thou hast seen, I know,
 And rich for in and outward shew :
 Survey this Chappell, built, alone,
 Without or Lime, or Wood, or Stone :
 Then say, if one th'ast seene more fine
 Then this, the Fairies once, now *Thine*.

The Temple.

A Way enchac't with glasse & beads
 There is, that to the Chappel leads :
 Whose structure, for his holy rest,
 Is here the *Halcion's* curious nest :
 Into the which who looks shall see
 His *Temple of Idolatry* :
 Where he of *God-heads* has such store,
 As *Rome's Pantheon* had not more.
 His house of *Rimmon*, this he calls,
 Girt with small bones, instead of walls.

Firſt, in a *Neech*, more black then jet,
 His Idol-Cricket there is ſet :
 Then in a Polisht Ovall by
 There ſtands his *Idol-Beetle-flie* :
 Next in an Arch, akin to this,
 His *Idol-Canker* ſeated is :
 Then in a Round, is plac't by theſe,
 His golden god, *Cantharides*.
 So that where ere ye look, ye ſee,
 No *Capitoll*, no *Cornish* free,
 Or *Freeze*, from this fine Fripperie.
 Now this the Fairies wo'd have known,
 Theirs is a mixt Religion.
 And ſome have heard the Elves it call
 Part Pagan, part Papifticall.
 If unto me all Tongues were granted,
 I co'd not ſpeak the Saints here painted.
 Saint *Tit*, Saint *Nit*, Saint *Is*, Saint *Itis*,
 Who 'gainſt *Mabs-ſtate* plac't here right is.
 Saint *Will o'th' Wiſpe*, of no great bignes,
 But *alias* call'd here *Fatuus ignis*.
 Saint *Frip*, Saint *Trip*, Saint *Fill*, S. *Fillie*,
 Neither thoſe other-Saint-ſhips will I
 Here goe about for to recite
 Their number, almoſt, infinite,
 Which one by one here ſet downe are
 In this moſt curious Calendar.
 Firſt, at the entrance of the gate,
 A little-Puppet-Prieſt doth wait,
 Who ſqueaks to all the commers there,

Favour your tongues, who enter here.
Pure hands bring hither, without staine.
 A second pules, *Hence, hence, profane.*
 Hard by, i'th'shell of halfe a nut,
 The Holy-water there is put :
 A little brush of Squirrils haire,
 Compos'd of odde, not even paires,
 Stands in the Platter, or close by,
 To purge the Fairie Family.
 Neere to the Altar stands the Priest,
 There off'ring up the Holy-Grift :
 Ducking in Mood, and perfect Tense,
 With (much-good-do't him) reverence.
 The Altar is not here foure-square,
 Nor in a forme Triangular ;
 Nor made of glasse, or wood, or stone,
 But of a little Transverce bone ;
 Which boyes, and Bruckel'd children call
 (Playing for Points and Pins) *Cockall.*
 Whose Linnen-Drapery is a thin
 Subtile and ductile Codlin's skin ;
 Which o're the board is smoothly spred,
 With little Seale-work Damasked.
 The Fringe that circumbinds it too,
 Is Spangle-work of trembling dew,
 Which, gently gleaming, makes a show,
 Like Frost-work glitt'ring on the Snow.
 Upon this fetuous board doth stand
 Something for *Shew-bread*, and at hand
 (Just in the middle of the Altar)

Upon an end, the *Fairie-Psalter*,
 Grac't with the Trout-flies curious wings,
 Which serve for watched Ribbanings.
 Now, we must know, the Elves are led
 Right by the Rubrick, which they read.
 And if Report of them be true,
 They have their Text for what they doe ;
 I, and their Book of Canons too.
 And, as Sir *Thomas Parson* tells,
 They have their Book of Articles :
 And if that Fairie Knight not lies,
 They have their Book of Homilies :
 And other Scriptures, that designe
 A short, but righteous discipline.
 The Bason stands the board upon
 To take the Free-Oblation :
 A little Pin-duft ; which they hold
 More precious, then we prize our gold :
 Which charity they give to many
 Poore of the Parish, if there's any.
 Upon the ends of these neat Railes
 Hatcht, with the Silver-light of snails,
 The Elves, in formall manner, fix
 Two pure, and holy *Candlesticks* :
 In either which a small tall bent
 Burns for the Altar's ornament.
 For sanctity, they have, to these,
 Their curious *Copes* and *Surplices*
 Of cleanest *Cobweb*, hanging by
 In their *Religious Vesterie*.

They have their *Ash-pans*, & their *Brooms*
 To purge the Chappel and the rooms :
 Their many *mumbling Masse-priests* here,
 And many a dapper *Chorister*.
 Their ush'ring *Vergers*, here likewise,
 Their *Canons*, and their *Chaunteries* :
 Of *Cloyster-Monks* they have enow,
 I, and their *Abby-Lubbers* too :
 And if their legend doe not lye,
 They much affect the *Papacie* :
 And since the last is dead, there's hope,
Elve Boniface shall next be Pope.
 They have their *Cups* and *Chalices* ;
 Their *Pardons* and *Indulgences* :
 Their *Beads* of Nits, *Bels*, *Books*, & *Wax*
Candles, forsooth, and other knacks :
 Their *Holy Oyle*, their *Fasting-Spittle* ;
 Their *sacred Salt* here, not a little.
 Dry *chips*, old *shoes*, *rags*, *grease*, & *bones* ;
 Beside their *Fumigations*,
 To drive the Devill from the Cod-piece
 Of the Fryar, of work an odde-piece.
 Many a trifle too, and trinket,
 And for what use, scarce man wo'd think it.
 Next, then, upon the *Chanters* side
 An *Apples-core* is hung up dry'd,
 With ratling *Kirnils*, which is rung
 To call to Morn, and Even-Song.
 The Saint, to which the most he prayes
 And offers *Incense* Nights and dayes,

The *Lady* of the *Lobster* is,
 Whose foot-pace he doth stroak and kisse ;
 And, humbly, chives of Saffron brings,
 For his most cheerfull offerings.
 When, after these, h'as paid his vows,
 He lowly to the Altar bows :
 And then he dons the Silk-worms shed,
 Like a *Turks Turbant* on his head,
 And reverently departeth thence,
 Hid in a cloud of *Frankincense* :
 And by the glow-worms light wel guided,
 Goes to the Feast that's now provided.

*To Mistresse Katherine Bradshaw, the lovely,
 that crowned him with Laurel.*

MY Muse in Meads has spent her many houres,
 Sitting, and sorting severall sorts of flowers,
 To make for others garlands ; and to set
 On many a head here, many a Coronet :
 But, amongst All encircled here, not one
 Gave her a day of Coronation ;
 Till you, sweet Mistresse, came and enterwove
 A *Laurel* for her, ever young as love,
 You first of all crown'd her ; she must of due,
 Render for that, a crowne of life to you.

The Plaudite, or End of Life.

IF after rude and boystrous seas,
 My wearyed Pinnacle here finds ease :

If so it be I've gain'd the shore
 With safety of a faithful Ore :
 If having run my Barque on ground,
 Ye see the aged Veffell crown'd :
 What's to be done ? but on the Sands
 Ye dance, and fing, and now clap hands.
 The first Act's doubtfull, but we say,
 It is the last commends the Play.

*To the most vertuous Mistresse Pot, who
 many times entertained him.*

WHEN I through all my many Poems look,
 And see your selfe to beautifie my Book ;
 Me thinks that onely lustre doth appeare
 A Light ful-filling all the Region here.
 Guild still with flames this Firmament, and be
 A Lamp Eternall to my Poetrie.
 Which if it now, or shall hereafter shine,
 'Twas by your splendour, Lady, not by mine.
 The Oile was yours ; and that I owe for yet :
He payes the halfe, who do's confesse the Debt.

To Musique, to becalme his Fever.

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so
 With thy Delicious Numbers ;
 That being ravisht, hence I goe
 Away in easie slumbers.
 Ease my sick head,

And make my bed,
 Thou Power that canst sever
 From me this ill :
 And quickly still :
 Though thou not kill
 My Fever.

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

Fall on me like a filent dew,
 Or like those Maiden showrs,
 Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew
 A Baptime o're the flowers.
 Melt, melt my paines,
 With thy soft straines ;
 That having ease me given,
 With full delight,
 I leave this light ;
 And take my flight
 For Heaven.

Upon a Gentlewoman with a sweet Voice.

SO long you did not fing, or touch your Lute,
We knew 'twas Flesh and Blood, that there
fate mute.

But when your Playing, and your Voice came in,
'Twas no more you then, but a *Cherubin*.

Upon Cupid.

AS lately I a Garland bound,
'Mongst Roses, I there *Cupid* found :
I took him, put him in my cup,
And drunk with Wine, I drank him up.
Hence then it is, that my poore brest
Co'd never since find any rest.

Upon Julia's Breasts.

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

Best to be merry.

FOoles are they, who never know
How the times away doe goe :
But for us, who wisely see

Where the bounds of black Death be :
 Let's live merrily, and thus
 Gratifie the *Genius*.

The Changes. To Corinna.

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

No Lock against Letcherie.

BArre close as you can, and bolt fast too your
 doore,
 To keep out the Letcher, and keep in the whore :

Yet, quickly you'l see by the turne of a pin,
The Whore to come out, or the Letcher come in.

Neglect.

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

Upon himselfe.

MOp-ey'd I am, as some have said,
Because I've liv'd so long a maid :
But grant that I sho'd wedded be,
Sho'd I a jot the better see ?
No, I sho'd think, that Marriage might,
Rather then mend, put out the light.

Upon a Physitian.

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

Upon Sudds, a Laundresse.

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

To the Rose. Song.

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

Say, if she's fretfull, I have bands
 Of Pearle, and Gold, to bind her hands :
 Tell her, if she struggle still,
 I have Mirtle rods, at will,
 For to tame, though not to kill.

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

Upon Guesse. Epig.

G*Uesse* cuts his shooes, and limping, goes about
 To have men think he's troubled with the
 Gout :
 But 'tis no Gout, beleeeve it, but hard Beere,
 Whose acrimonious humour bites him here.

To his Booke.

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

Upon a painted Gentlewoman.

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

Upon a crooked Maid.

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

Draw Gloves.

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

To Musick, to becalme a sweet-sick-youth.

CHarms, that call down the moon from out
 her sphere,
 On this sick youth work your enchantments here :
 Bind up his senses with your numbers, so,
 As to entrance his paine, or cure his woe.
 Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep
 Lost in the civill Wildernesse of sleep :

That done, then let him, dispossess'd of paine,
Like to a slumbring Bride, awake againe.

*To the High and Noble Prince, GEORGE,
Duke, Marquesse, and Earle of
Buckingham.*

NEver my Book's perfection did appeare,
Til I had got the name of VILLARS here.
Now 'tis so full, that when therein I look,
I see a Cloud of Glory fills my Book.
Here stand it still to dignifie our Muse,
Your sober Hand-maid; who doth wisely chuse,
Your Name to be a *Laureat Wreathe* to Hir,
Who doth both love and feare you *Honour'd Sir*.

His Recantation.

Love, I recant,
And pardon crave,
That lately I offended,
But 'twas,
Alas,
To make a brave,
But no disdain'd intended.

No more Ile vaunt,
For now I see,
Thou onely hast the power,
To find,

And bind
 A heart that's free,
 And slave it in an hour.

The Comming of good luck.

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

The Present : or, The Bag of the Bee.

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

On Love.

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

The Hock-cart, or Harvest home :

*To the Right Honourable, Mildmay, Earle of
Westmorland.*

COME, Sons of Summer, by whose toile,
 We are the Lords of Wine and Oile :
 By whose tough labours, and rough hands,
 We rip up first, then reap our lands.
 Crown'd with the eares of corne, now come,
 And, to the Pipe, sing Harvest home.
 Come forth, my Lord, and see the Cart
 Dreft up with all the Country Art.
 See, here a *Maukin*, there a sheet,
 As spotlesse pure, as it is sweet :
 The Horses, Mares, and frisking Fillies,
 Clad, all, in Linnen, white as Lillies.
 The Harvest Swaines, and Wenches bound
 For joy, to see the *Hock-cart* crown'd.
 About the Cart, heare, how the Rout
 Of Rurall Younglings raise the shout ;
 Pressing before, some coming after,
 Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
 Some blesse the Cart ; some kisse the sheaves ;
 Some prank them up with Oaken leaves :
 Some crosse the Fill-horse ; some with great
 Devotion, stroak the home-borne wheat :
 While other Rusticks, lesse attent
 To Prayers, then to Merrymment,
 Run after with their breeches rent.

Well, on, brave boyes, to your Lord's Hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire ; where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and cheefe
Foundation of your Feast, Fat Beefe :
With Upper Stories, Mutton, Veale
And Bacon, which makes full the meale,
With sev'rall dishes standing by,
As here a Custard, there a Pie,
And here all tempting Frumentie.
And for to make the merry cheere,
If smirking Wine be wanting here,
There's that, which drowns all care, stout Beere ;
Which freely drink to your Lord's health,
Then to the Plough, the Common-wealth ;
Next to your Flailes, your Fanes, your Fatts ;
Then to the Maids with Wheaten Hats :
To the rough Sickle, and crookt Sythe,
Drink, frolick, boyes, till all be blythe.
Feed, and grow fat ; and as ye eat,
Be mindfull, that the lab'ring Neat,
As you, may have their fill of meat.
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient Oxe unto the Yoke,
And all goe back unto the Plough
And Harrow, though they'r hang'd up now.
And, you must know, your Lord's word's true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fils you.
And that this pleasure is like raine,
Not sent ye for to drowne your paine,
But for to make it spring againe.

The Perfume.

TO-morrow, *Julia*, I betimes must rise,
 For some small fault, to offer sacrifice :
 The Altar's ready ; Fire to consume
 The fat ; breathe thou, and there's the rich perfume.

Upon her Voice.

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

Not to love.

HE that will not love, must be
 My Scholar, and learn this of me :
 There be in Love as many feares,
 As the Summer's Corne has eares :
 Sighs, and sobs, and sorrowes more
 Then the sand, that makes the shore :
 Freezing cold, and fire heats,
 Fainting swoones, and deadly sweats ;
 Now an Ague, then a Fever,
 Both tormenting Lovers ever.
 Wod'st thou know, besides all these,
 How hard a woman 'tis to please ?
 Howrosse, how fullen, and how soone
 She shifts and changes like the Moone.
 How false, how hollow she's in heart ;

And how she is her owne leaft part :
 How high she's priz'd, and worth but fmall ;
 Little thou't love, or not at all.

To Musick. A Song.

MUfick, thou *Queen of Heaven*, Care-charm-
 That ftrik'ft a ftillneffe into hell : [ing fpel,
 Thou that tam'ft *Tygers*, and fierce ftorms, that
 With thy foule-melting Lullabies : [rife,
 Fall down, down, down, from thofe thy chiming
 fpheres,
 To charme our foules, as thou enchant'ft our eares.

To the Western Wind.

Sweet Western Wind, whose luck it is,
 Made rivall with the aire,
 To give *Perenna's* lip a kiffe,
 And fan her wanton haire.

Bring me but one, Ile promife thee,
 Inftead of common flowers,
 Thy wings fhall be embalm'd by me,
 And all befet with flowers.

Upon the Death of his Sparrow. An Elegie.

WHy doe not all frefh maids appeare
 To work Love's Sampler onely here,
 Where fpring-time fmiles throughout the yeare ?

Are not here *Rose-buds*, *Pinks*, all flowers,
 Nature begets by th' Sun and showers,
 Met in one Hearce-cloth, to ore-spred
 The body of the under-dead ?
Phill, the late dead, the late dead Deare,
 O ! may no eye distill a Teare
 For you once lost, who weep not here !
 Had *Lesbia*, too-too-kind, but known
 This Sparrow, she had scorn'd her own :
 And for this dead which under-lies,
 Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.
 But endlesse Peace, sit here, and keep
 My *Phill*, the time he has to sleep,
 And thousand Virgins come and weep,
 To make these flowrie Carpets show
 Fresh, as their blood ; and ever grow,
 Till passengers shall spend their doome,
 Not *Virgil's* Gnat had such a Tomb.

To Primroses fill'd with morning-dew.

WHY doe ye weep, sweet Babes ? can Tears
 Speak grieve in you,
 Who were but borne
 Just as the modest Morne
 Teem'd her refreshing dew ?
 Alas, you have not known that shower,
 That marres a flower ;
 Nor felt th'unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind ;

Nor are ye worne with yeares ;
 Or warpt, as we,
 Who think it strange to see,
 Such pretty flowers, like to Orphans young,
 To speak by Teares, before ye have a Tongue.

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

How Roses came red.

Roses at first were white,
 Till they co'd not agree,
 Whether my *Sapho's* breast,
 Or they more white sho'd be.
 But being vanquisht quite,
 A blush their cheeks bespred ;

Since which, beleeve the rest,
The *Roses* first came red.

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

DRy your sweet cheek, long drown'd with for-
rows raine ;
Since Clouds disperst, Suns guild the Aire again.
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boile ;
But turne soone after calme, as Balme, or Oile.
Winds have their time to rage ; but when they cease,
The leavie-trees nod in a still-born peace.
Your storme is over ; Lady, now appeare
Like to the peeping spring-time of the yeare.
Off then with grave clothes ; put fresh colours on ;
And flow, and flame, in your *Vermillion*.
Upon your cheek fate *Ysicles* awhile ;
Now let the Rose raigne like a Queene, and smile.

How Violets came blew.

LOve on a day, wise Poets tell,
Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the Violets sho'd excell,
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But *Venus* having lost the day,
Poore Girles, she fell on you ;

And beat ye so, as some dare say,
Her blowes did make ye blew.

Upon Groynes. Epig.

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

To the Willow-tree.

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

When once the Lover's Rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorne ;
Then Willow-garlands, 'bout the head,
Bedew'd with teares, are worne.

When with Neglect, the Lover's bane,
Poore Maids rewarded be,
For their love lost : their onely gaine
Is but a Wreathe from thee.

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

*Mrs. Eliz. Wheeler, under the name of the
Lost Shepardeffe.*

Among the *Mirtles*, as I walkt,
 Love and my sighs thus intertalkt :
 Tell me, said I, in deep distresse,
 Where I may find my Shepardeffe.
 Thou foole, said Love, know'ft thou not this ?
 In every thing that's sweet, she is.
 In yond' *Carnation* goe and seek,
 There thou shalt find her lip and cheek :
 In that enamel'd *Pansie* by,
 There thou shalt have her curious eye :
 In bloome of *Peach*, and *Roses* bud,
 There waves the Streamer of her blood.
 'Tis true, said I, and thereupon
 I went to pluck them one by one,
 To make of parts an union ;
 But on a sudden all were gone.
 At which I stopt ; Said Love, these be
 The true resemblances of thee ;
 For as these flowers, thy joyes must die,
 And in the turning of an eye ;
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,
 Like those short sweets ere knit together.

To the King.

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

As for to make this, that, or any one
 Number, Your owne, by free Adoption ;
 That Verse, of all the Verses here, shall be
 The Heire to This *great Realme of Poetry.*

To the Queene.

GOddeffe of Youth, and Lady of the Spring,
 Most fit to be the Consort to a King.
 Be pleas'd to rest you in *This Sacred Grove,*
 Befet with *Mirtles* ; whose each leafe drops Love.
 Many a sweet-fac't *Wood-Nymph* here is seene,
 Of which chaste *Order You* are now the *Queene* :
 Witnesse their *Homage*, when they come and strew
 Your Walks with Flowers, and give their Crowns
 to you.
 Your Leavie-Throne, with *Lilly-work*, possesse ;
 And be both *Princesse* here, and *Poetresse.*

*The Poet's good Wishes for the most hope-
 full and handsome Prince, the
 Duke of Yorke.*

MAy his pretty Duke-ship grow
 Like t'a Rose of *Jericho* :
 Sweeter far, then ever yet
 Showrs or Sun-shines co'd beget.
 May the Graces, and the Howers
 Strew his hopes, and Him with flowers :
 And so dresse him up with Love,

As to be the Chick of *Jove*.
 May the thrice-three-Sisters sing
 Him the Sovereigne of their Spring :
 And entitle none to be
 Prince of *Hellicon*, but He.
 May his soft foot, where it treads,
 Gardens thence produce and Meads :
 And those Meddowes full be set
 With the Rose, and Violet.
 May his ample Name be knowne
 To the last succeffion :
 And his actions high be told
 Through the world, but writ in gold.

*To Anthea, who may command him
 any thing.*

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

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

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

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

Bid me despaire, and Ile despaire,
 Under that *Cypresse* tree :
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en Death, to die for thee.

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

Prevision, or Provision.

T*hat Princetakes soone enough the Victor's roome,
 Who first provides, not to be overcome.*

Obedience in Subjects.

T*He Gods to Kings the Judgement give to sway ;
 The Subjects onely glory to obay.*

More potent, lesse peccant.

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

*Upon a Maid that dyed the day she was
married.*

THat Morne which saw me made a Bride,
The Ev'ning witnest that I dy'd.
Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the bashfull Bride,
Serv'd, but as Tapers, for to burne,
And light my Reliques to their Urne.
This *Epitaph*, which here you see,
Supply'd the *Epithalamie*.

Upon Pink an ill-fac'd Painter. Epig.

TO paint the Fiend, *Pink* would the Devill see;
And so he may, if he'll be rul'd by me:
Let but *Pink's* face i' th' Looking-glasse be showne,
And *Pink* may paint the Devill's by his owne.

Upon Brock. Epig.

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

To Meddowes.

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers:

And ye the Walks have been
Where Maids have spent their houres.

You have beheld, how they
With *Wicker Arks* did come
To kisse, and beare away
The richer Couflips home.

Y've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a Round:
Each Virgin, like a Spring,
With Hony-succles crown'd.

But now, we see, none here,
Whose silv'rie feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd Haire,
Adorn'd this smother Mead.

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

Crosses.

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

Miseries.

THough hourelly comforts from the Gods we see,
No life is yet life-prooffe from miserie.

Laugh and lie downe.

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

To his Houſhold-gods.

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

To the Nightingale, and Robin Red-breſt.

WHen I departed am, ring thou my knell,
Thou pittifull, and pretty *Philomel*:
And when I'm laid out for a Corſe; then be
Thou *Sexton, Red-breſt*, for to cover me.

*To the Yew and Cypreſſe to grace his
Funerall.*

BOth you two have
Relation to the grave:
And where
The *Fun'rall-Trump* founds, you are there.

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

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

I call and I call.

I Call, I call : who doe ye call ?
 The Maids to catch this Cowslip-ball :
 But since these Cowslips fading be,
 Troth, leave the flowers, and Maids, take me.
 Yet, if that neither you will doe,
 Speak but the word, and Ile take you.

On a perfum'd Lady.

YOU say y'are sweet ; how sho'd we know
 Whether that you be sweet or no ?
 From *Powders* and *Perfumes* keep free ;
 Then we shall smell how sweet you be.

*A Nuptiall Song, or Epithalamie, on Sir
 Clipseby Crew and his Lady.*

WHAT's that we see from far ? the spring of
 Day
 Bloom'd from the East, or faire Injewel'd May

Blowne out of April ; or some New-
Star fill'd with glory to our view,
Reaching at heaven,
To adde a nobler Planet to the seven ?
Say, or doe we not descric
Some Goddesse, in a cloud of Tiffanie
To move, or rather the
Emergent *Venus* from the Sea ?

'Tis she ! 'tis she ! or else some more Divine
Enlightned substance ; mark how from the Shrine
Of holy Saints she paces on,
Treading upon *Vermilion*
And *Amber* ; Spice-
ing the Chafte Aire with fumes of Paradise.
Then come on, come on, and yeeld
A favour like unto a blessed field,
When the bedabled Morne
Washes the golden eares of corne.

See where she comes ; and smell how all the street
Breathes Vine-yards and Pomgranats : O how sweet !
As a fir'd Altar, is each stone,
Perpiring pounded Cynamon.
The Phenix nest,
Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.
Who therein wo'd not consume
His soule to Ash-heaps in that rich perfume ?
Bestroaking Fate the while
He burnes to Embers on the Pile.

Himen, O Himen! tread the sacred ground;
Shew thy white feet, and head with Marjoram
crown'd :

Mount up thy flames, and let thy Torch
Display the Bridegroom in the porch,
In his desires

More towring, more disparkling then thy fires :
Shew her how his eyes do turne
And roule about, and in their motions burne
Their balls to Cinders : haste,
Or else to ashes he will waste.

Glide by the banks of Virgins then, and passe
The Shewers of Roses, lucky foure-leav'd grasse :
The while the cloud of younglings sing,
And drown yee with a flowrie Spring :

While some repeat
Your praise, and blefs you, sprinkling you with
While that others doe divine ; [Wheat :
Blest is the Bride, on whom the Sun doth shine ;
And thousands gladly wish
You multiply, as doth a Fish.

And beautious Bride we do confesse y'are wise,
In dealing forth these bashfull jealousies :

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

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

On then, and though you flow-
ly go, yet, howsoever, go.

And now y'are enter'd ; see the Codled Cook
Runs from his *Torrid Zone*, to prie, and look,
And blesse his dainty Mistresse : see,
The Aged point out, This is she,
Who now muft sway
The House (Love shield her) with her Yea and
And the smirk Butler thinks it [Nay :
Sin, in's Nap'rie, not to exprefs his wit ;
Each striving to devise
Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

To bed, to bed, kind Turtles, now, and write
This the fhort'ft day, and this the longeft night ;
But yet too fhort for you : 'tis we,
Who count this night as long as three,
Lying alone,
Telling the Clock ftrike Ten, Eleven, Twelve,
Quickly, quickly then prepare ; [One.
And let the Young-men and the Bride-maids share
Your Garters ; and their joynts
Encircle with the Bride-grooms Points.

By the Bride's eyes, and by the teeming life
Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no ftrife,
Farther then Gentlenes tends, gets place
Among ye, striving for her lace :
O doe not fall
Foule in thefe noble paffimes, left ye call

Discord in, and so divide
 The youthfull Bride-groom, and the fragrant Bride:
 Which Love fore-fend; but spoken,
 Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.

Strip her of Spring-time, tender whimpring maids,
 Now *Autumne's* come, when all those flowrie aids
 Of her Delayes must end; Dispose
 That *Lady-smock*, that *Pansie*, and that *Rose*
 Neatly apart;

But for *Prick-madam*, and for *Gentle-heart*;
 And soft *Maidens-blush*, the Bride
 Makes holy these, all others lay aside:
 Then strip her, or unto her
 Let him come, who dares undo her.

And to enchant yee more, see every where
 About the Roofe a *Syren* in a Sphere,
 As we think, singing to the dinne
 Of many a warbling *Cherubim*:
 O marke yee how
 The soule of Nature melts in numbers: now
 See, a thousand *Cupids* flye,
 To light their Tapers at the Bride's bright eye.
 To Bed; or her they'l tire,
 Were she an Element of fire.

And to your more bewitching, see, the proud
 Plumpe Bed beare up, and swelling like a cloud,
 Tempting the two too modest; can
 Yee see it brusle like a Swan,

And you be cold
 To meet it, when it woo's and seemes to fold
 The Armes to hugge it? throw, throw
 Your selves into the mighty over-flow
 Of that white Pride, and Drowne
 The night, with you, in floods of Downe.

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

If needs we must for Ceremonies-fake,
 Blesse a *Sack-poffet*; Luck go with it; take
 The Night-Charme quickly; you have spells,
 And magicks for to end, and hells,
 To passe; but such
 And of such Torture as no one would grutch
 To live therein for ever: Frie
 And consume, and grow again to die,
 And live, and in that case,
 Love the confusion of the place.

But since It must be done, dispatch, and sowe
 Up in a sheet your Bride, and what if so

It be with Rock, or walles of Brasse,
 Ye Towre her up, as *Danae* was ;
 Thinke you that this,
 Or hell it selfe a powerfull Bulwarke is ?
 I tell yee no ; but like a
 Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,
 And rend the cloud, and throw
 The sheet about, like flakes of snow.

All now is husht in silence ; *Midwife-moone*,
 With all her *Owle-ey'd* issue, begs a boon
 Which you must grant ; that's entrance ;
 Which extract, all we can call pith [with
 And quintiscence
 Of Planetary bodies ; so commence
 All faire *Constellations*
 Looking upon yee, that, That Nations
 Springing from two such Fires,
 May blaze the vertue of their Sires.

The silken Snake.

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

Upon himselfe.

I Am Sive-like, and can hold
 Nothing hot, or nothing cold.
 Put in Love, and put in too
 Jealousie, and both will through :
 Put in Feare, and Hope, and Doubt ;
 What comes in, runnes quickly out :
 Put in Secrecies withall,
 What ere enters, out it shall :
 But if you can stop the Sive,
 For mine own part I'de as lieve
 Maides sho'd say, or Virgins sing,
Herrick keeps, as holds nothing.

Upon Love.

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

Reverence to Riches.

Like to the Income must be our expence;
Man's Fortune must be had in reverence.

Devotion makes the Deity.

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

To all young Men that love.

I Could wish you all, who love,
 That ye could your thoughts remove
 From your Mistresses, and be,
 Wisely wanton, like to me.
 I could wish you dispossess
 Of that *Fiend that marres your rest;*
 And with Tapers comes to fright
 Your weake senses in the night.
 I co'd wish, ye all, who frie
 Cold as Ice, or coole as I.
 But if flames best like ye, then
 Much good do't ye, Gentlemen.
 I a merry heart will keep,
 While you wring your hands and weep.

The Eyes.

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

No Fault in Women.

NO fault in women to refuse
 The offer, which they most wo'd chuse.
 No fault in women, to confesse
 How tedious they are in their dresse.
 No fault in women, to lay on
 The tincture of *Vermillion* :
 And there to give the cheek a die
 Of white, where nature doth deny.
 No fault in women, to make show
 Of largeness, when th'are nothing so :
 When, true it is, the out-side swels
 With inward Buckram, little else.
 No fault in women, though they be
 But seldome from suspition free :
 No fault in womankind, at all,
 If they but slip, and never fall.

Upon Shark. Epig.

SHark when he goes to any publick feast,
 Eates to ones thinking, of all there, the least.
 What faves the master of the House thereby ?
 When if the servants search, they may descry
 In his wide Codpeece, dinner being done,
 Two Napkins cram'd up, and a silver Spooone.

Oberon's *Feast*.

Shapcot! to thee the Fairy State
 I, with discretion, dedicate.
 Because thou prizest things that are
 Curious, and un-familiar.
 Take first the feast; these dishes gone;
 Wee'l see the Fairy-Court anon.

A Little mushroome table spred,
 After short prayers, they set on bread;
 A Moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,
 With some small glit'ring gritt, to eate
 His choyce bitts with; then in a trice
 They make a feast lesse great then nice.
 But all this while his eye is ferv'd,
 We must not thinke his eare was sterv'd:
 But that there was in place to stir
 His Spleen, the chirring Grashopper;
 The merry Cricket, puling Flie,
 The piping Gnat for minstralcy.
 And now, we must imagine first,
 The Elves present to quench his thirst
 A pure seed-Pearle of Infant dew,
 Brought and besweetned in a blew
 And pregnant violet; which done,
 His kitling eyes begin to runne
 Quite through the table, where he spies
 The hornes of paperie Butterflies,

Of which he eates, and tastes a little
 Of that we call the Cuckoes spittle.
 A little Fuz-ball pudding stands
 By, yet not blessed by his hands,
 That was too coorse; but then forthwith
 He ventures boldly on the pith
 Of sugred Rush, and eates the fagge
 And well bestrutted Bees sweet bagge:
 Gladding his pallat with some store
 Of Emits eggs; what wo'd he more?
 But Beards of Mice, a Newt's stew'd thigh,
 A bloated Earewig, and a Flie;
 With the Red-capt worme, that's shut
 Within the concave of a Nut,
 Browne as his Tooth. A little Moth,
 Late fatned in a piece of cloth:
 With withered cherries; Mandrakes eares;
 Moles eyes; to these, the slain-Stags teares:
 The unctuous dewlaps of a Snaile;
 The broke-heart of a Nightingale
 Ore-come in musicke; with a wine,
 Ne're ravisht from the flattering Vine,
 But gently prest from the soft side
 Of the most sweet and dainty Bride,
 Brought in a dainty daizie, which
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch
 His blood to height; this done, commended
 Grace by his Priest; *The feast is ended.*

Event of Things not in our Power.

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

Upon her Blush.

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

Merits make the Man.

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

To Virgins.

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

Vertue.

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

The Bell-man.

From noise of Scare-fires rest ye free,
 From Murders *Benedicite.*
 From all mischances, that may fright
 Your pleasing slumbers in the night :
 Mercie secure ye all, and keep
 The Goblin from ye, while ye sleep.
 Past one aclock, and almost two,
 My Masters all, *Good day to you.*

Bashfulnesse.

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

*To the most accomplit Gentleman, Master
 Edward Norgate, Clark of the Signet
 to His Majesty. Epig.*

FOr one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts ;
 For one to whom espous'd are all the Arts ;
 Long have I sought for : but co'd never see
 Them all concenter'd in one man, but Thee.

Thus, thou that man art, whom the Fates conspir'd
To make but One, and that's thy selfe, admir'd.

Upon Prudence Baldwin her Sicknesse.

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

To Apollo. A short Hymne.

P*Hæbus!* when that I a Verse,
Of some numbers more rehearse ;
Tune my words, that they may fall,
Each way smoothly Musickall :
For which favour, there shall be
Swans devoted unto thee.

A Hymne to Bacchus.

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

Upon Bungie.

B*Ungie* do's fast ; looks pale ; puts Sack-cloth
 Not out of Conscience, or Religion : [on ;
 Or that this Yonker keeps so strict a Lent,
 Fearing to break the King's Commandement :
 But being poore, and knowing Flesh is deare,
 He keeps not one, but many Lents i'th'yeare.

On Himselfe.

Here down my wearyed limbs Ile lay ;
 My Pilgrims staffe ; my weed of gray :
 My Palmers hat ; my Scallops shell ;
 My Crosse ; my Cord ; and all farewell.
 For having now my journey done,
 Just at the setting of the Sun,
 Here I have found a Chamber fit,
 God and good friends be thank't for it,
 Where if I can a lodger be
 A little while from Trampers free ;
 At my up-rising next, I shall,
 If not requite, yet thank ye all.
 Meane while, the *Holy-Rood* hence fright
 The fouler Fiend, and evill Spright,
 From scaring you or yours this night.

Casualties.

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

Bribes and Gifts get all.

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

The End.

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

Upon a Child that dyed.

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

Upon Sneape. Epig.

SNeape has a face so brittle, that it breaks
Forth into blushes, whensoever he speaks.

Content, not Cates.

'TIS not the food, but the content
That makes the Table's merriment.
Where Trouble serves the board, we eate
The Platters there, as soone as meat.
A little Pipkin with a bit
Of Mutton, or of Veale in it,

Set on my Table, Trouble-free,
More then a Feast contenteth me.

*The Entertainment: or, Porch-verse, at the
Marriage of Mr. Hen. Northly, and
the most witty Mrs. Lettice Yard.*

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

Profane no Porch, young man and maid, for fear
Ye wrong the *Threshold-god*, that keeps peace here:
Please him, and then all good-luck will betide
You, the brisk Bridegroome, you, the dainty Bride.
Do all things sweetly, and in comely wise;
Put on your Garlands first, then Sacrifice:
That done; when both of you have seemly fed,
We'll call on Night, to bring ye both to Bed:
Where being laid, all Faire signes looking on,
Fish-like, encrease then to a million:
And millions of spring-times may ye have,
Which spent, on death, bring to ye both one Grave.

The Good-night or Blessing.

Blessings, in abundance come,
To the Bride, and to her Groome;
May the Bed, and this short night,
Know the fulness of delight!
Pleasures many here attend ye,
And ere long, a Boy Love send ye

Curld and comely, and so trimme,
 Maides, in time, may ravish him.
 Thus a dew of Graces fall
 On ye both ; Goodnight to all.

Upon Leech.

L *eech* boasts, he has a Pill, that can alone,
 With speed give sick men their salvation :
 'Tis strange, his Father long time has been ill,
 And credits Physick, yet not trusts his Pill :
 And why ? he knowes he must of Cure despaire,
 Who makes the slie Physitian his Heire.

To Daffadills.

FAire Daffadills, we weep to see
 You haste away so soone :
 As yet the early-rising Sun
 Has not attain'd his Noone.
 Stay, stay,
 Untill the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the Even-song ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will goe with you along.
 We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet Decay,
 As you, or any thing.

We die,
 As your hours doe, and drie
 Away,
 Like to the Summers raine ;
 Or as the pearles of Morning's dew
 Ne'r to be found againe.

To a Maid.

YOU fay, you love me ; that I thus must prove ;
 If that you lye, then I will fweare you love.

*Upon a Lady that dyed in child-bed, and left
 a Daughter behind her.*

AS Gilly flowers do but stay
 To blow, and feed, and so away ;
 So you sweet Lady, sweet as May,
 The gardens-glory liv'd a while,
 To lend the world your scent and smile.
 But when your own faire print was set
 Once in a Virgin *Flosculet*,
 Sweet as your selfe, and newly blown,
 To give that life, resign'd your own :
 But so, as still the mother's power
 Lives in the pretty Lady-flower.

*A New-yeares Gift sent to Sir Simeon
 Steward.*

NO newes of Navies burnt at Seas ;
 No noife of late spawn'd *Tittyries* :

No cloffet plot, or open vent,
 That frights men with a Parliament :
 No new devise, or late found trick,
 To read by th' Starres, the Kingdoms sick :
 No ginne to catch the State, or wring
 The free-born Nofthrills of the King,
 We fend to you ; but here a jolly
 Verfe crown'd with *Yvie*, and with *Holly* :
 That tels of Winters Tales and Mirth,
 That Milk-maids make about the hearth,
 Of Christmas sports, the *Waffell-boule*,
 That toft up, after *Fox-i'th'hole* :
 Of *Blind-man-buffe*, and of the care
 That young men have to fhooe the *Mare* :
 Of Twelf-tide Cakes, of Peafe, and Beanes
 Wherewith ye make thofe merry Sceanes,
 When as ye chufe your King and Queen,
 And cry out, *Hey, for our town green*.
 Of Afh-heapes, in the which ye use
 Husbands and Wives by ftreakes to chufe :
 Of crackling Laurell, which fore-founds,
 A Plentious harveft to your grounds :
 Of thefe, and fuch like things, for fhift,
 We fend in ftead of New-yeares gift.
 Read then, and when your faces fhine
 With buckfome meat and capring Wine :
 Remember us in Cups full crown'd,
 And let our Citie-health go round,
 Quite through the young maids and the men,
 To the ninth number, if not tenne ;

Untill the fired Chesnuts leape
 For joy, to see the fruits ye reape,
 From the plumpe Challice, and the Cup,
 That tempts till it be tossed up :
 Then as ye sit about your embers,
 Call not to mind those fled Decembers ;
 But think on these, that are t'appeare,
 As Daughters to the infant yeare :
 Sit crown'd with Rose-buds, and carouse,
 Till *Liber Pater* twirles the house
 About your eares ; and lay upon
 The yeare, your cares, that's fled and gon.
 And let the ruffet Swaines the Plough
 And Harrow hang up resting now ;
 And to the Bag-pipe all addresse ;
 Till sleep takes place of wearinesse.
 And thus, throughout, with Christmas playes
 Frolick the full twelve Holy-dayes.

Mattens, or Morning Prayer.

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

Evenfong. .

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

Jove's is the firſt and laſt : the Morn's his due,
The miſt is thine ; but *Joves* the Evening too ;
As ſure a *Mattins* do's to him belong,
So ſure he layes claime to the *Evenfong*.

The Braclet to Julia.

WHy I tye about thy wrift,
Julia, this my filken twiſt ;
For what other reaſon is't,
But to ſhew thee how in part,
Thou my pretty Captive art ?
But thy Bondſlave is my heart :
'Tis but filke that bindeth thee,
Knap the thread, and thou art free :
But 'tis otherwiſe with me ;
I am bound, and faſt bound ſo,
That from thee I cannot go,
If I co'd, I wo'd not ſo.

The Chriſtian Militant.

A Man prepar'd againſt all ills to come,
That dares to dead the fire of martirdome :
That ſleeps at home ; and ſaying there at eaſe,

Feares not the fierce sedition of the Seas :
 That's counter-prooffe againſt the Farms miſ-haps,
 Undreadfull too of courtly thunderclaps :
 That weares one face, like heaven, and never ſhowes
 A change, when Fortune either comes, or goes :
 That keeps his own ſtrong guard, in the deſpight
 Of what can hurt by day, or harme by night :
 That takes and re-delivers every ſtroake
 Of Chance, as made up all of rock, and oake :
 That fights at other's death ; ſmiles at his own
 Moſt dire and horrid crucifixion.
 Who for true glory ſuffers thus ; we grant
 Him to be here our *Chriſtian militant*.

A ſhort Hymne to Larr.

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

Another to Neptune.

MIghty *Neptune*, may it pleaſe
 Thee, the *Reſtor* of the Seas,
 That my Barque may ſafely runne
 Through thy watrie-region ;
 And a *Tunnie-fiſh* ſhall be
 Offer'd up, with thanks to thee.

Upon Greedy. Epig.

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

His Embalming to Julia.

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

Gold, before Goodnesse.

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

The Kisse. A Dialogue.

1. **A** Mong thy Fancies, tell me this,
 What is the thing we call a kisse ?
2. I shall resolve ye, what it is.

It is a creature born and bred
 Between the lips, all cherrie-red,

By love and warme desires fed,

Chor. And makes more soft the Bridall Bed.

2. It is an active flame, that flies,
First, to the Babies of the eyes ;
And charmes them there with lullabies ;

Chor. And stils the Bride too, when she cries.

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

Chor. And here, and there, and every where.

1. Has it a speaking virtue? 2. Yes.

1. How speaks it, say? 2. Do you but this,
Part your joyn'd lips, then speaks your kisse ;

Chor. And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body? 2. I, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings :
And as it flyes, it gently sings,

Chor. Love, honie yeelds ; but never stings.

The Admonition.

SEest thou those *Diamonds* which she weares
In that rich Carkanet ;
Or those on her dishevel'd haire,
Faire *Pearles* in order set ?
Beleeve, young man, all those were teares
By wretched Wooers sent,
In mournfull *Hyacinths* and *Rue*,
That figure discontent ;

Which when not warmed by her view,
 By cold neglect, each one,
 Congeal'd to Pearle and stone ;
 Which precious spoiles upon her,
 She weares as trophees of her honour.
 Ah, then consider what all this implies ; [eyes.
 She that will weare thy teares, wo'd weare thine

*To his honoured Kinsman Sir William
 Soame. Epig.*

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

On Himselfe.

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

To Larr.

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

The Departure of the good Dæmon.

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

Clemency.

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

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

AH *Posthumus* ! our yeares hence flye,
 And leave no found ; nor piety,

Or prayers, or vow
Can keepe the wrinkle from the brow :

But we muſt on,
As Fate do's lead or draw us ; none,
None, *Posthumus*, co'd ere decline
The doome of cruell *Proſerpine*.

The pleaſing wife, the houſe, the ground
Muſt all be left, no one plant found

To follow thee,
Save only the *Curſt-Cipreſſe* tree :

A merry mind
Looks forward, ſcornes what's left behind :
Let's live, my *Wickes*, then, while we may,
And here enjoy our Holiday.

W've ſeen the paſt-beſt Times, and theſe
Will nere return, we ſee the Seas,

And Moons to wain ;
But they fill up their Ebbs again :

But vaniſht man,
Like to a Lilly-loſt, nere can,
Nere can repullulate, or bring
His dayes to ſee a ſecond Spring.

But on we muſt, and thither tend,
Where *Anchus* and rich *Tullus* blend

Their ſacred ſeed :
Thus has *Infernall Jove* decreed ;
We muſt be made,
Ere long, a ſong, ere long, a ſhade.

Why then, since life to us is short,
Lets make it full up, by our sport.

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

 Then live we free,
As is the Air, and let us be
Our own fair wind, and mark each one
Day with the white and Luckie stone.

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

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

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

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

Say, we must part, sweet mercy bleffe,
 Us both i'th' Sea, Camp, Wilder nesse,
 Can we so farre
 Stray, to become lesse circular,
 Then we are now ?
 No, no, that selfe same heart, that vow,
 Which made us one, shall ne'r undoe ;
 Or ravell so, to make us two.

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

And with a teare compare these last
 Lame, and bad times, with those are past,
 While *Baucis* by,
 My old leane wife, shall kisse it dry :
 And so we'l fit
 By 'th' 'fire, foretelling snow and flit,

And weather by our aches, grown
Now old enough to be our own

True Calenders, as Puffes eare
Washt or's, to tell what change is neare :

Then to asswage
The gripings of the chine by age ;
I'le call my young

Iulus to sing such a song
I made upon my *Julia's* brest ;
And of her blush at such a feast.

Then shall he read that flowre of mine
Enclos'd within a christall shrine :

A Primrose next ;
A piece, then of a higher text :
For to beget

In me a more transcendant heate,
Then that insinuating fire,
Which crept into each aged Sire.

When the faire *Hellen*, from her eyes,
Shot forth her loving Sorceries :

At which I'le reare
Mine aged limbs above my chaire :
And hearing it,

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

Thus frantick crazie man, Got wot,
Ile call to mind things half forgot :

And oft between,

Repeat the Times that I have seen !

Thus ripe with tears,
And twisting my *Iulus* hairs ;
Doting, Ile weep and say, In Truth,
Baucis, these were my sins of youth.

Then next Ile cause my hopefull Lad,
If a wild Apple can be had,

To crown the Hearth,
Larr thus conspiring with our mirth,
Then to infuse
Our browner Ale into the cruse :
Which sweetly spic't, we'l first carouse
Unto the *Genius* of the house.

Then the next health to friends of mine,
Loving the brave *Burgundian wine*,

High fons of Pith,
Whose fortunes I have frolickt with :
Such as co'd well

Bear up the Magick bough, and spel :
And dancing 'bout the Mystick *Thyrse*,
Give up the just applause to verse :

To those, and then agen to thee
We'l drink, my *Wickes*, untill we be
Plump as the cherry,
Though not so fresh, yet full as merry
As the cricket ;

The untam'd Heifer, or the Pricket,
Untill our tongues shall tell our ears,
W'are younger by a score of years.

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

A short Hymne to Venus.

GOddeffe, I do love a Girle
 Rubie-lipt, and tooth'd with *Pearl*:
 If so be, I may but prove
 Luckie in this Maide I love:
 I will promise there shall be
Mirtles offer'd up to Thee.

To a Gentlewoman on just dealing.

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

The Hand and Tongue.

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

Upon a delaying Lady.

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

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

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

*To the Lady Mary Villars, Governesse to the
 Princesse Henretta.*

WHEN I of *Villars* doe but heare the name,
 It calls to mind, that mighty *Buckingham*,
 Who was your brave exalted Uncle here,
 Binding the wheele of Fortune to his Sphere ;
 Who spurn'd at Envie ; and co'd bring, with ease,

An end to all his stately purposes.
 For his love then, whose sacred Reliques show
 Their Resurrection, and their growth in you :
 And for my sake, whoever did prefer
 You, above all Those *Sweets of Westminster* :
 Permit my Book to have a free access
 To kisse your hand, most Dainty Governesse.

Upon his Julia.

Will ye heare, what I can say
 Briefly of my *Julia* ?
 Black and rowling is her eye,
 Double chinn'd, and forehead high :
 Lips she has, all Rubie red,
 Cheeks like Creame Enclarited :
 And a nose that is the grace
 And *Proscenium* of her face.
 So that we may guesse by these,
 The other parts will richly please.

To Flowers.

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

To my ill Reader.

Thou say'st my lines are hard ;
 And I the truth will tell ;

They are both hard, and marr'd,
If thou not read'ft them well.

The Power in the People.

LEt Kings Command, and doe the best they may,
The faucie Subjects ftill will beare the fway.

A Hymne to Venus, and Cupid.

SEa-born Goddeffe, let me be,
By thy fonne thus grac't, and thee ;
That when ere I woe, I find
Virgins coy, but not unkind.
Let me when I kiffe a maid,
Tafte her lips, fo over-laid
With Loves-firrop ; that I may,
In your Temple, when I pray,
Kiffe the Altar, and confefs
Ther's in love, no bitternefs.

On Julia's Picture.

HOW am I ravisht ! when I do but fee,
The Painter's art in thy *Sciography* ?
If fo, how much more fhall I dote thereon,
When once he gives it incarnation ?

Her Bed.

SEe'ft thou that Cloud as filver cleare,
Plump, foft, & swelling everywhere ?
'Tis *Julia's* Bed, and ſhe ſleeps there.

Her Legs.

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

Upon her Almes.

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

Rewards.

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

Nothing new.

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

The Rainbow.

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

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

COME with the Spring-time forth, Fair Maid,
This year again, the *medow's Deity*. [and be
Yet ere ye enter, give us leave to set
Upon your Head this flowry Coronet :
To make this neat distinction from the rest ;
You are the Prime, and Princeffe of the Feast :
To which, with silver feet lead you the way,
While sweet-breath Nymphs, attend on you this Day.
This is your houre ; and best you may command,
Since you are Lady of this Fairie land.
Full mirth wait on you ; and such mirth as shall
Cherrish the cheek, but make none blush at all.

The parting Verse, the Feast there ended.

LOth to depart, but yet at last, each one
Back must now go to's habitation :
Not knowing thus much, when we once do sever,
Whether or no, that we shall meet here ever.
As for my self, since time a thousand cares
And griefs hath fil'de upon my silver hairs ;
'Tis to be doubted whether I next yeer,
Or no, shall give ye a re-meeting here.
If die I must, then my last vow shall be,
You'l with a tear or two, remember me,
Your sometime Poet ; but if fates do give

Me longer date, and more fresh springs to live :
 Oft as your field, shall her old age renew,
Herrick shall make the meddow-verse for you.

Upon Judith. Epig.

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

Long and lazie.

That was the Proverb. Let my mistresse be
 Lacie to others, but be long to me.

Upon Ralph. Epig.

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

*To the right honourable, Philip, Earle of
 Pembroke, and Montgomerie.*

How dull and dead are books, that cannot show
 A *Prince of Pembroke*, and that *Pembroke*, you !
 You, who are High born, and a Lord no lesse
 Free by your fate, then Fortune's mightinesse,
 Who hug our Poems, Honour'd Sir, and then
 The paper gild, and Laureat the pen.

Nor suffer you the Poets to sit cold,
 But warm their wits, and turn their lines to gold.
 Others there be, who righteously will swear
 Those smooth-pac't Numbers, amble every where;
 And these brave Measures go a stately trot;
 Love those, like these; regard, reward them not.
 But you, my Lord, are One, whose hand along
 Goes with your mouth, or do's outrun your tongue;
 Paying before you praise; and cockring wit,
 Give both the Gold and Garland unto it.

An Hymne to Juno.

STately Goddesse, do thou please,
 Who art chief at marriages,
 But to dresse the Bridall-Bed,
 When my Love and I shall wed:
 And a *Peacock* proud shall be
 Offerd up by us, to thee.

Upon Mease. Epig.

M^{*Ease*} brags of Pullets which he eats: but
 Mease
 Ne'r yet set tooth in stump, or rump of these.

*Upon Sapho, sweetly playing, and sweetly
 singing.*

When thou do'st play, and sweetly sing,
 Whether it be the voice or string,

Or both of them, that do agree
 Thus to en-trance and ravish me :
 This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute ;
 And dye away upon thy Lute.

Upon Paske a Draper.

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

Chop-Cherry.

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

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

*To the most learned, wise, and Arch-Anti-
 quary, M. John Selden.*

I Who have favour'd many, come to be
 Grac't, now at last, or glorifi'd by thee.
 Loe, I, the Lyrick Prophet, who have set
 On many a head the Delphick Coronet,
 Come unto thee for Laurell, having spent,

My wreaths on those, who little gave or lent.
 Give me the *Daphne*, that the world may know it,
 Whom they neglected, thou hast crown'd a Poet.
 A City here of *Heroes* I have made,
 Upon the rock, whose firm foundation laid,
 Shall never shrink, where making thine abode,
 Live thou a *Selden*, that's a Demi-god.

Upon himself.

THou shalt not All die ; for while Love's fire
 shines
 Upon his Altar, men shall read thy lines ;
 And learn'd Musicians shall to honour *Herrick's*
 Fame, and his Name, both set, and sing his Lyrics.

Upon wrinkles.

WRinkles no more are, or no lesse,
 Then beauty turn'd to sowerneffe.

Upon Prigg.

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

Upon Moon.

MOon is an Usurer, whose gain,
 Seldome or never, knows a wain,

Onely Moon's conscience, we confesse,
That ebs from pittie lesse and lesse.

Pray and prosper.

First offer Incense, then thy field and meads
Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads.
The spangling Dew dreg'd o're the grasse shall be
Turn'd all to Mell, and Manna there for thee.
Butter of *Amber*, *Cream*, and *Wine*, and *Oile*
Shall run, as rivers, all throughout thy soyl.
Wod'st thou to sincere-silver turn thy mold?
Pray once, twice pray; and turn thy ground to gold.

His Lacrime or Mirth, turn'd to Mourning.

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

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

But Time, Ai me,
Has laid, I see,

My Organ fast asleep ;
 And turn'd my voice
 Into the noise
 Of those that sit and weep.

Upon Shift.

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

Upon Cuts.

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

Gain and Gettings.

WHen others gain much by the present cast,
 The coblers getting time, is at the Laft.

*To the most fair and lovely Mistris, Anne
 Soame, now Lady Abdie.*

SO smell those odours that do rise
 From out the wealthy spiceries :
 So smells the flowre of *blooming Clove* ;
 Or *Roses* smother'd in the stove :
 So smells the Aire of spiced wine ;
 Or *Essences* of *Jessimine* :
 So smells the Breath about the hives,

When well the work of hony thrives ;
 And all the *busie Factours* come
 Laden with wax and hony home :
 So smell those neat and woven Bowers,
 All over-archt with *Oringe flowers*,
 And *Almond blossoms*, that do mix
 To make rich these *Aromatikes* :
 So smell those bracelets, and those bands
 Of *Amber* chaf't between the hands,
 When thus enkindled they transpire
 A noble perfume from the fire.
 The wine of cherries, and to these,
 The cooling breath of *Respasses* ;
 The smell of mornings milk, and cream ;
 Butter of *Cowslips* mixt with them ;
 Of rosted warden, or bak'd peare,
 These are not to be reckon'd here ;
 When as the meanest part of her,
 Smells like the maiden-Pomander.
 Thus sweet she smells, or what can be
 More lik'd by her, or lov'd by mee.

*Upon his kinswoman Mistris Elizabeth
 Herrick.*

Sweet virgin, that I do not set
 The pillars up of weeping *Fet*,
 Or mournfull *Marble* ; let thy shade
 Not wrathfull seem, or fright the Maide,
 Who hither at her wonted howers

Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.
 No, know, blest Maide, when there's not one
 Remainder left of Brasse or stone,
 Thy living Epitaph shall be,
 Though lost in them, yet found in me.
 Dear, in thy *bed of Roses*, then,
 Till this world shall dissolve as men,
 Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
 Drawing thy curtains round : *Good night.*

A Panegerick to Sir Lewis Pemberton.

Till I shall come again, let this suffice,
 I send my salt, my sacrifice
 To Thee, thy Lady, younglings, and as farre
 As to thy *Genius* and thy *Larre*; [chin,
 To the worn Threshold, Porch, Hall, Parlour, Kit-
 The fat-fed smoking Temple, which in
 The wholesome favour of thy mighty Chines
 Invites to supper him who dines,
 Where laden spits, warp't with large Ribbs of Beefe,
 Not represent, but give reliefe
 To the lanke-Stranger, and the fowre Swain ;
 Where both may feed, and come againe :
 For no black-bearded *Vigil* from thy doore
 Beats with a button'd-staffe the poore :
 But from thy warm-love-hatching gates each may
 Take friendly morsels, and there stay
 To Sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,
 For thou no Porter keep'st who strikes.

No commer to thy Roofe his *Guest-rite* wants ;
 Or staying there, is scourg'd with taunts
 Of some rough Groom, who, yirkt with Corns,
 fayes, Sir,
 Y've dipt too long i'th Vinegar ;
 And with our Broth and bread, and bits ; Sir friend,
 Y've fared well, pray make an end ;
 Two dayes y've larded here ; a third, yee know,
 Makes guests and fish smell strong ; pray go
 You to some other chimney, and there take
 Essay of other giblets ; make
 Merry at another's hearth ; y'are here
 Welcome as thunder to our beere :
 Manners knowes distance, and a man unrude
 Wo'd soon recoile, and not intrude
 His Stomach to a second Meale. No, no,
 Thy house, well fed and taught, can show
 No such crab'd vizard : Thou hast learnt thy Train,
 With heart and hand to entertain :
 And by the Armes-full, with a Brest unhid,
 As the old Race of mankind did,
 When either's heart, and either's hand did strive
 To be the nearer Relative :
 Thou do'st redeeme those times ; and what was lost
 Of antient honesty, may boast
 It keeps a growth in thee ; and so will runne
 A course in thy Fames-pledge, *thy Sonne*.
 Thus, like a *Roman Tribune*, thou thy gate
 Early fetts ope to feast, and late :
 Keeping no *currish Waiter* to affright,

With blasting eye, the appetite,
 Which fain would waste upon thy Cates, but that
 The *Trencher-creature* marketh what
 Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by
 Some private pinch tels danger's nie,
 A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites
 Skin deepe into the Porke, or lights
 Upon some part of Kid, as if mistooke,
 When checked by the Butler's look.
 No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund Beere
 Is not reserv'd for *Trebius* here,
 But all, who at thy table seated are,
 Find equall freedome, equall fare ;
 And Thou, like to that *Hospitable God*,
 Jove, joy'ft when guests make their abode
 To eate thy Bullocks thighs, thy Veales, thy fat
 Weathers, and never grudged at. [*Raile*,
 The *Pheasant*, *Partridge*, *Gotwit*, *Reeve*, *Ruffe*,
 The *Cock*, the *Curlew*, and the *quaile* ;
 These, and thy choicest viands do extend
 Their taste unto the lower end
 Of thy glad table : not a dish more known
 To thee, then unto any one :
 But as thy meate, so thy *immortall wine*
 Makes the smirk face of each to shine,
 And spring fresh *Rose-buds*, while the salt, the wit
 Flowes from the Wine, and graces it :
 While Reverence, waiting at the bashfull board,
 Honours my Lady and my Lord.
 No scurrile jest ; no open Sceane is laid

Here, for to make the face affraid ;
 But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-
 ly that it makes the meate more sweet ;
 And adds perfumes unto the Wine, which thou
 Do'st rather poure forth, then allow
 By cruse and measure ; thus devoting Wine,
 As the *Canary* Isles were thine :
 But with that wisdome, and that method, as
 No One that's there his guilty glasse
 Drinks of distemper, or ha's cause to cry
 Repentance to his liberty.
 No, thou know'st order, Ethicks, and ha's read
 All Oeconomicks, know'st to lead
 A House-dance neatly, and can'st truly shew,
 How farre a Figure ought to go,
 Forward, or backward, side-ward, and what pace
 Can give, and what retract a grace ;
 What Gesture, Courtship ; Comlines agrees,
 With those thy primitive decrees,
 To give subsistence to thy house, and prooffe,
 What *Genii* support thy rooffe,
Goodnes and *Greatnes* ; not the oaken Piles ;
 For these, and marbles have their whiles
 To last, but not their ever : Vertues Hand
 It is, which builds, 'gainst Fate to stand.
 Such is thy house, whose firme foundations trust
 Is more in thee, then in her dust,
 Or depth, these last may yeeld, and yearly shrinke,
 When what is strongly built, no chinke
 Or yawning rupture can the same devoure,

But fixt it stands, by her own power,
 And well-laid bottome, on the iron and rock,
 Which tryes, and counter-stands the shock,
 And *Ramme* of time, and by vexation growes
 The stronger : *Vertue dies when foes*
Are wanting to her exercise, but great
And large she spreads by dust, and sweat
 Safe stand thy Walls, and Thee, and so both will,
 Since neithers height was rais'd by th'ill
 Of others ; since no Stud, no Stone, no Piece,
 Was rear'd up by the Poore-mans fleece :
 No Widowes Tenement was rackt to guild
 Or fret thy Seeling, or to build
 A *Sweating-Cloffet*, to annoint the filke-
 soft-skin, or bath in *Asses milke* :
 No *Orphans* pittance, left him, serv'd to set
 The Pillars up of *lasting Jet*, [eares,
 For which their cryes might beate against thine
 Or in the dampe Jet read their Teares.
 No *Planke* from *Hallowed Altar*, do's appeale
 To yond' *Star-chamber*, or do's seale
 A curse to Thee, or Thine ; but all things even
 Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.
 Go on directly so, as just men may
 A thousand times, more sweare, then say,
 This is that *Princely Pemberton*, who can
 Teach man to keepe a God in man :
 And when wise Poets shall search out to see
 Good men, *They find them all in Thee.*

To his Valentine, on S. Valentine's day.

OFt have I heard both Youths and Virgins say,
 Birds chuse their Mates, and couple too, this
 But by their flight I never can divine, [day :
 When I shall couple with my Valentine.

Upon Doll. Epig.

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

Upon Skrew. Epig.

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

Upon Linnit. Epig.

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

Upon M. Ben. Johnson. Epig.

After the rare Arch-Poet JOHNSON dy'd,
 The Sock grew loathsome, and the Buskins
 Together with the Stages glory stood [pride,
 Each like a poore and pitied widowhood.
 The Cirque prophan'd was ; and all postures rackt :

For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
 Then temper flew from words ; and men did
 squeake,
 Looke red, and blow, and bluster, but not speake :
 No Holy-Rage, or frantick-fires did stirre,
 Or flash about the spacious Theater.
 No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-prooffe
 Did crack the Play-house sides, or cleave her rooffe.
Artlesse the Sceane was ; and that monstrous sin
 Of deep and *arrant ignorance* came in ;
 Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hift
 At thy unequal'd Play, the *Alchymist* :
 Oh fie upon 'em ! Lastly too, all witt
 In utter darkenes did, and still will sit
 Sleeping the lucklesse Age out, till that she
 Her Resurrection ha's again with Thee.

Another.

THou had'st the wreath before, now take the
 Tree ;
 That henceforth none be *Laurel crown'd but Thee.*

*To his Nephew, to be prosperous in his art
 of Painting.*

ON, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get
 The Palme from *Urbin, Titian, Tintarret,*
Brugel and Coxu, and the workes out-doe,
 Of *Holben,* and That mighty *Ruben* too.

So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,
No, not the glory of the World, *Vandike*.

Upon Glasse. Epig.

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

A Vow to Mars.

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

To his maid Prew.

T Hese *Summer-Birds* did with thy Master stay
The times of warmth ; but then they flew
Leaving their Poet, being now grown old, [away ;
Expos'd to all the coming Winters cold.
But thou, *kind Prew*, did'st with my Fates abide,

As well the Winter's, as the Summer's tide :
 For which thy Love, live with thy Master here,
 Not two, but all the seasons of the yeare.

A Canticle to Apollo.

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

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

A just Man.

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

Upon a hoarse Singer.

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

How Pansies or Hearts-ease came first.

FRollick Virgins once these were,
 Over-loving, living here :
 Being here their ends deny'd

Ranne for Sweet-hearts mad, and dy'd.
 Love in pitie of their teares,
 And their losse in blooming yeares ;
 For their restlesse here-spent houres,
 Gave them *Hearts-ease* turn'd to Flow'rs.

*To his peculiar Friend Sir Edward Fish,
 Knight Baronet.*

Since for thy full deserts, with all the rest
 Of these chaste spirits, that are here possesst
 Of Life eternall, Time has made Thee one,
 For growth in this my rich Plantation :
 Live here : But know 'twas vertue, & not chance,
 That gave Thee this so high inheritance.
 Keepe it for ever ; grounded with the good,
 Who hold fast here an endlesse lively-hood.

Larr's Portion, and the Poet's Part.

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

Upon Man.

MAn is compos'd here of a two-fold part ;
 The first of Nature, and the next of Art :

Art presupposes Nature ; Nature shee
Prepares the way to man's docility.

Liberty.

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

Lots to be liked.

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

Griefes.

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

Upon Eeles. Epig.

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

The Dreame.

BY Dream I saw, one of the three
Sisters of Fate appeare to me.

Cloſe to my Beds ſide ſhe did ſtand
 Shewing me there a fire brand ;
 She told me too, as that did ſpend,
 So drew my life unto an end.
 Three quarters were conſum'd of it ;
 Onely remaind a little bit,
 Which will be burnt up by and by,
 Then *Julia* weep, for I muſt dy.

Upon Raſpe. Epig.

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

*Upon Center a Spectacle-maker with a
 flat Noſe.*

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

Clothes do but cheat and couſen us.

A Way with filks, away with Lawn,
 Ile have no Sceans, or Curtains drawn :
 Give me my Miſtreſſe, as ſhe is,
 Dreſt in her nak't ſimplicities :

For as my Heart, ene so mine Eye
Is wone with flesh, not *Drapery*.

To Dianeme.

SHew me thy feet ; shew me thy legs, thy thighes ;
Shew me Those *Fleshie Principalities* ;
Shew me that Hill (where smiling Love doth fit)
Having a living Fountain under it.
Shew me thy waste ; Then let me there withall,
By the *Affention* of thy Lawn, see All.

Upon Electra.

WHen out of bed my Love doth spring,
'Tis but as day a kindling :
But when She's up and fully drest,
'Tis then broad Day throughout the East.

To his Booke.

HAve I not blest Thee ? Then go forth ; nor
fear
Or spice, or fish, or fire, or close-stools here.
But with thy fair Fates leading thee, Go on
With thy most white *Predestination*.
Nor thinke these Ages that do hoarcely sing
The *farting Tanner*, and *familiar King* ;
The *dancing Frier*, tatter'd in the bush ;
Those monstrous lies of little *Robin Rush* :
Tom Chipperfeild, and pritty-lissing *Ned*,

That doted on a Maide of *Gingerbred* :
 The *flying Pilcher*, and the *frisiking Dace*,
 With all the rabble of *Tim-Trundells* race,
 (Bred from the dung-hils, and adulterous rhimes,)
 Shall live, and thou not superlast all times ?
 No, no, thy Stars have destin'd Thee to see
 The whole world die, and turn to dust with thee.
He's greedie of his life, who will not fall,
When as a publick ruine bears down All.

Of Love.

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

Upon himself.

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

Another.

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

Upon Skinns. Epig.

Skinns he din'd well to day ; how do you think ?
His Nails they were his meat, his Reume the
drink.

Upon Pievish. Epig.

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

Upon Jolly and Jilly. Epig.

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

The mad Maids song.

Good morrow to the Day so fair ;
Good morning, Sir, to you :
Good morrow to mine own torn hair
Bedabled with the dew.

Good morning to this Prim-rose too ;
Good morrow to each maid ;
That will with flowers the *Tomb* bestrew,
Wherein my Love is laid.

Ah ! woe is mee, woe, woe is me,
Alack and welladay !

For pittie, Sir, find out that Bee,
Which bore my Love away.

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

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

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

He's soft and tender (Pray take heed)
With bands of Cow-slips bind him ;
And bring him home ; but 'tis decreed,
That I shall never find him.

To Springs and Fountains.

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

Upon Julia's unlacing her jelf.

TELL, if thou canst, and truly, whence doth come
 This *Campfire*, *Storax*, *Spiknard*, *Galbanum*:
 These *Musks*, these *Ambers*, and those other smells,
 Sweet as the *Vestrie of the Oracles*.
 Ile tell thee; while my *Julia* did unlace
 Her silken bodies, but a breathing space:
 The passive Aire such odour then assum'd,
 As when to *Jove* Great *Juno* goes perfum'd.
 Whose pure-Immortall body doth transmit
 A scent, that fills both Heaven and Earth with it.

To Bacchus, a Canticle.

WHITHER dost thou whorry me,
Bacchus, being full of thee?
 This way, that way, that way, this,
 Here, and there a fresh Love is.
 That doth like me, this doth please;
 Thus a thousand Mistresses,
 I have now; yet I alone,
 Having All, injoy not *One*.

The Lawne.

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

The Frankincense.

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

Upon Patrick a footman, Epig.

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

Upon Bridget. Epig.

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

To Sycamores.

I'M sick of Love ; O let me lie
 Under your shades, to sleep or die !
 Either is welcome ; so I have
 Or here my Bed, or here my Grave.
 Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep
 Time with the tears, that I do weep ?
 Say, have ye sence, or do you prove
 What *Crucifixions* are in Love ?
 I know ye do ; and that's the why,
 You sigh for Love, as well as I.

A Pastorall sung to the King :

Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo, *Shepherds.*

Mon. **B**Ad are the times. *Sil.* And wors then
they are we. [the tree :

Mon. Troth, bad are both ; worfe fruit, and ill
The feast of Shepherds fail. *Sil.* None crowns the
Of *Wassaile* now, or sets the *quintell* up : [cup
And He, who us'd to leade the Country-round,
Youthfull *Mirtillo*, here he comes, Grief drownd.

Ambo. Lets cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him weep-
ing ripe.

Mirt. Ah ! *Amarillis*, farewell mirth and pipe ;
Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play,
To these smooth Lawns, my mirthfull Roundelay.
Dear *Amarillis* ! *Mon.* Hark ! *Sil.* mark : *Mir.*

this earth grew sweet

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

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

And sheep, grew more sweet, by that breth of
This flock of wooll, and this rich lock of hair,
This ball of *Cow-slips*, these she gave me here.

Sil. Words sweet as Love it self. *Montano*, Hark.

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

Mon. A sweet-sad passion.—

Mirt. In dewie-mornings when she came this way,

Sweet Bents wode bow, to give my Love the day :
 And when at night, she folded had her sheep,
Dayfies wo'd shut, and closing, sigh and weep.
 Besides, Ai me ! since she went hence to dwell,
 The voices Daughter nea'r spake fyllable.

But she is gone. *Sil. Mirtillo*, tell us whether,
Mirt. Where she and I shall never meet together.
Mont. Fore-fend it *Pan*, and *Pales* do thou please
 To give an end : *Mir.* To what ? *Scil.* such griefs
 as these.

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

Mont. Love for thy sake will bring her to these hills
 And dales again : *Mir.* No I will languish still ;
 And all the while my part shall be to weepe ;
 And with my sighs, call home my bleating sheep :
 And in the Rind of every comely tree
 Ile carve thy name, and in that name kisse thee :

Mont. Set with the Sunne, thy woes : *Scil.* The
 day grows old :
 And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

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

The Poet loves a Mistresse, but not to marry.

I Do not love to wed,
 Though I do like to woove ;

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

Upon Flimsy. Epig.

Why walkes *Nick Flimsy* like a Male-content?
 Is it because his money all is spent?
 No, but because the Ding-thrift now is poore,
 And knowes not where i'th world to borrow more.

Upon Shewbread. Epig.

Last night thou didst invite me home to eate;
 And shew'ft me there much Plate, but little
 meate.

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

The Willow Garland.

A Willow Garland thou did'st send
Perfum'd, last day, to me :
Which did but only this portend,
I was forfooke by thee.

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

As Beasts unto the Altars go
With Garlands drest, so I
Will, with my Willow-wreath also,
Come forth and sweetly dye.

A Hymne to Clipseby Crew.

'T Was not Lov's Dart ;
Or any blow
Of want, or foe,
Did wound my heart
With an eternall smart :

But only you,
My sometimes known
Companion,

My dearest *Crew*,
That me unkindly flew.

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

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

But though we Sever
My *Crew* shall see,
That I will be
Here faithlesse never;
But love my *Clypeby* ever.

Upon Roots. Epig.

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

Upon Crow.

Crow cracks in firrop; and do's stinking say,
Who can hold that, my friends, that will away?

Observation.

WHo to the North, or South, doth set
His Bed, Male children shall beget.

Empires.

EMpires of Kings, are now, and ever were,
As *Salust* saith, co-incident to feare.

Felicity, quick of flight.

EVery time seemes short to be,
That's measur'd by felicity :
But one halfe houre, that's made up here
With grieffe ; seemes longer then a yeare.

Putrefaction.

Putrefaction is the end
Of all that Nature doth entend.

Passion.

WEre there not a Matter known,
There wo'd be no Passion.

Jack and Jill.

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

Upon Parson Beanes.

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

The Crowd and Company.

IN holy meetings, there a man may be
 One of the crowd, not of the companie.

Short and long both likes.

THis Lady's short, that Mistresse she is tall ;
 But long or short, I'm well content with all.

Pollicie in Princes.

That Princes may possesse a surer feat,
 'Tis fit they make no One with them too great.

Upon Rook, Epig.

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

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breast.

HAve ye beheld, with much delight,
 A red-Rose peeping through a white ?

Or else a Cherrie, double grac't,
 Within a Lillie? Center plac't?
 Or ever mark't the pretty beam,
 A Strawberry shewes halfe drown'd in Creame?
 Or seen rich Rubies blushing through
 A pure smooth Pearle, and Orient too?
 So like to this, nay all the rest,
 Is each neate Niplet of her breaft.

To Daifies, not to shut so soone.

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

No Marigolds yet closed are;
 No shadowes great appeare;
 Nor doth the early Shepheards Starre
 Shine like a spangle here.

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

To the little Spinners.

YEe pretty Hufwives, wo'd ye know
 The worke that I wo'd put ye to?
 This, this it sho'd be, for to spin,

A Lawn for me, so fine and thin,
 As it might serve me for my skin.
 For cruell Love ha's me so whipt,
 That of my skin, I all am stript ;
 And shall dispaire, that any art
 Can ease the rawnesse, or the smart ;
 Unlesse you skin again each part.
 Which mercy if you will but do,
 I call all Maids to witnesse too
 What here I promise, that no Broom
 Shall now, or ever after come
 To wrong a *Spinner* or her Looome.

Oberon's *Palace*.

After the Feast, my *Shapcot*, see,
 The Fairie Court I give to thee :
 Where we'le present our *Oberon* led
 Halfe tipsie to the Fairie Bed,
 Where *Mab* he finds ; who there doth lie
 Not without mickle majesty.
 Which, done ; and thence remov'd the light,
 We'l wish both Them and Thee, good night.

Full as a Bee with Thyme, and Red,
 As Cherry harvest, now high fed
 For Lust and action ; on he'l go,
 To lye with *Mab*, though all say no.
 Lust ha's no eares ; He's sharpe as thorn ;
 And fretfull, carries Hay in's horne,

And lightning in his eyes ; and flings
 Among the Elves, if mov'd, the stings
 Of peltish wasps ; we'l know his Guard
Kings though th'are hated, will be fear'd.
 Wine lead him on. Thus to a Grove,
 Sometimes devoted unto Love,
Tinseld with Twilight, He, and They
 Lead by the shine of Snails ; a way
 Beat with their num'rous feet, which by
 Many a neat perplexity,
 Many a turn, and man' a crosse-
 Track they redeem a bank of mosse
 Spungie and swelling, and farre more
 Soft then the finest Lemster Ore.
 Mildly disparkling, like those fiers,
 Which break from the Injeweld tyres
 Of curious Brides ; or like those mites
 Of Candi'd dew in Moony nights.
 Upon this *Convex*, all the flowers,
 Nature begets by th' Sun, and showers,
 Are to a wilde digestion brought,
 As if Love's *Sampler* here was wrought :
 Or *Citherea's Ceston*, which
 All with temptation doth bewitch.
 Sweet Aires move here ; and more divine
 Made by the breath of great ey'd-kine,
 Who as they lowe empearl with milk
 The four-leav'd grasse, or mosse-like filk.
 The breath of *Munkies* met to mix
 With *Musk-flies*, are th' *Aromaticks*.

Which cense this Arch ; and here and there,
And farther off, and every where,
Throughout that *Brave Mosaick* yard
Those Picks or Diamonds in the Card :
With peeps of Harts, of Club and Spade,
Are here most neatly inter-laid.
Many a Counter, many a Die,
Half rotten, and without an eye,
Lies here abouts ; and for to pave
The excellency of this Cave,
Squirrils' and children's teeth late shed,
Are neatly here enchequered.
With brownest *Toadstones*, and the Gum
That shines upon the blewer Plum.
The nails faln off by Whit-flawes : Art's
Wife hand enchasing here those warts,
Which we to others, from our selves,
Sell, and brought hither by the Elves.
The tempting Mole, stoln from the neck
Of the shie Virgin, seems to deck
The holy Entrance ; where within
The roome is hung with the blew skin
Of shifted Snake : enfrez'd throughout
With eyes of Peacocks Trains, & Trout-
flies curious wings ; and these among
Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung.
The glow-wormes eyes ; the shining scales
Of silv'rie fish ; wheat-strawes, the snails
Soft Candle-light ; the Kitling's eyne ;

Corrupted wood ; serve here for shine.
 No glaring light of bold-fac't Day,
 Or other over radiant Ray
 Ransacks this roome ; but what weak beams
 Can make reflected from these jems,
 And multiply ; Such is the light,
 But ever doubtfull Day, or night.
 By this quaint Taper-light he winds
 His Errours up ; and now he finds
 His Moon-tann'd *Mab*, as somewhat fick,
 And, Love knowes, tender as a chick.
 Upon six plump *Dandillions*, high-
 Rear'd, lyes her Elvish-majestie :
 Whose woollie-bubbles seem'd to drowne
 Hir *Mab-ship* in obedient Downe.
 For either sheet, was spread the Caule
 That doth the Infants face enthrall,
 When it is born : (by some enstyl'd
 The luckie *Omen* of the child)
 And next to these two blankets ore-
 Cast of the finest *Goffamore*.
 And then a Rug of carded wooll,
 Which, *Spunge-like* drinking in the dull-
 Light of the Moon, seem'd to comply,
 Cloud-like, the *daintie Deitie*.
 Thus soft she lies : and over-head
 A *Spinners* circle is bespread,
 With Cob-web-curtains : from the roof
 So neatly funck, as that no proof
 Of any tackling can declare

What gives it hanging in the Aire.
 The Fringe about this, are those *Threads*
 Broke at the Loffe of *Maiden-heads* :
 And all behung with these pure Pearls,
 Dropt from the eyes of *ravisht Girles*
Or writhing Brides ; when, panting, they
 Give unto Love the straiter way.
 For Musick now ; He has the cries
 Of fained-lost-Virginities ;
 The which the *Elves* make to excite
 A more unconquer'd appetite.
 The King's undrest ; and now upon
 The Gnats-watch-word the *Elves* are gone.
 And now the bed, and *Mab* possessest
 Of this great-little-kingly-Guest.
 We'll nobly think, what's to be done,
 He'll do no doubt ; *This flax is spun.*

*To his peculiar Friend Master Thomas
 Shapcott, Lawyer.*

I'VE paid Thee, what I promis'd ; that's not All ;
 Besides I give Thee here a Verse that shall
 (When hence thy Circum-mortall-part is gon)
 Arch-like, hold up, *Thy Name's Inscription.*
Brave men can't die ; whose Candid Actions are
 Writ in the Poets Endlesse-Kalendar :
 Whose *velome*, and whose *volumne* is the Skie,
 And the pure Starres the praising Poetrie.
 Farewell.

To Julia in the Temple.

BEfides us two, i' th' Temple here's not one
 To make up now a Congregation.
 Let's to the *Altar of perfumes* then go,
 And say short Prayers ; and when we have done so,
 Then we shall see, how in a little space,
Saints will come in to fill each Pew and Place.

To Oenone.

WHat Conscience, say, is it in thee
 When I a Heart had one,
 To Take away that Heart from me,
 And to retain thy own ?

For shame or pitty now encline
 To play a loving part ;
 Either to send me kindly thine,
 Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both ; but if thou dost
 Resolve to part with neither ;
 Why ! yet to shew that thou art just,
 Take me and mine together.

His Weaknesse in Woes.

I Cannot suffer ; And in this, my part [*Heart.*
 Of Patience wants. *Grief breaks the stoutest*

Fame makes us forward.

TO Print our Poems, the propulsive cause
Is Fame, the breath of popular applause.

To Groves.

YEe filent shades, whose each tree here
Some Relique of a Saint doth weare :
Who for some sweet-hearts sake, did prove
The fire, and martyrdome of love.
Here is the Legend of those Saints
That di'd for love ; and their complaints :
Their wounded hearts ; and names we find
Encarv'd upon the Leaves and Rind.
Give way, give way to me, who come
Scorch't with the felfe-fame martyrdome :
And have deserv'd as much, Love knowes,
As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those,
Whose deeds, and deaths here written are
Within your *Greenie-Kalendar* :
By all those Virgins Fillets hung
Upon your Boughs, and Requiems sung
For Saints and Soules departed hence,
(Here honour'd still with Frankincense)
By all those teares that have been shed,
As a *Drink-offering*, to the dead :
By all those True-love-knots, that be
With Motto's carv'd on every tree,

By sweet S. *Phillis* ; pitie me :
 By deare S. *Iphis* ; and the rest,
 Of all those other Saints now blest ;
 Me, me, forsaken, here admit
 Among your Mirtles to be writ :
 That my poore name may have the glory
 To live remembred in your story.

An Epitaph upon a Virgin.

Here a solemne Fast we keepe,
 While all beauty lyes asleep,
 Husht be all things ; no noyse here,
 But the toning of a teare :
 Or a sigh of such as bring
 Cowslips for her covering.

*To the right gracious Prince, Lodwick, Duke
 of Richmond and Lenox.*

OF all those three-brave-brothers, faln i' th'
 Warre,
 Not without glory, Noble Sir, you are,
 Despite of all concussions left the Stem
 To shoot forth Generations like to them.
 Which may be done, if, Sir, you can beget
 Men in their substance, not in counterfeit.
 Such Essences as those Three Brothers ; known
 Eternall by their own production.

Of whom, from Fam's white Trumpet, This Ile
 Worthy their everlasting Chronicle, [Tell,
 Never since first *Bellona* us'd a Shield,
Such Three brave Brothers fell in Mars his Field.
 These were those Three *Horatii* Rome did boast,
Rom's where these *Three Horatii* we have lost.
 One *Cordelion* had that Age long since ;
 This, Three ; which Three, you make up Four
Brave Prince.

To Jealousie.

O *Jealousie*, that art
 The Canker of the heart :
 And mak'st all hell
 Where thou do'st dwell ;
 For pitie be
 No *Furie*, or no *Fire-brand* to me.

Farre from me Ile remove
 All thoughts of irksome Love :
 And turn to snow,
 Or Chrifall grow ;
 To keep ftill free
 O ! Soul-tormenting *Jealousie*, from Thee.

To live Freely.

L Et's live in haft ; use pleasures while we may :
 Co'd life return, 'twod never lose a day.

Upon Sponge. Epig.

S*Punge* makes his boasts that he's the onely man
 Can hold of Beere and Ale an Ocean ;
 Is this his Glory ? then his Triumph's Poore ;
 I know the *Tunne* of *Hidleberge* holds more.

His Almnes.

Here, here I live,
 And somewhat give,
 Of what I have,
 To those, who crave.
 Little or much,
 My Almnes is such :
 But if my deal
 Of Oyl and Meal
 Shall fuller grow,
 More Ile bestow :
 Mean time be it
 E'en but a bit,
 Or else a crum,
 The scrip hath some.

Upon Himself.

Come, leave this loathed Country-life, and then
 Grow up to be a Roman *Citizen*.
 Those mites of Time, which yet remain unspent,

Waste thou in that most Civill Government.
 Get their comportment, and the gliding tongue
 Of those mild Men, thou art to live among :
 Then being seated in that smother *Sphere*,
 Decree thy everlasting *Topick* there.
 And to the Farm-house nere return at all,
 Though Granges do not love thee, Cities shall.

To enjoy the Time.

WHile Fates permit us, let's be merry ;
 Passe all we must the fatall Ferry :
 And this our life too whirles away,
 With the Rotation of the Day.

Upon Love.

Love, I have broke
 Thy yoke ;
 The neck is free :
 But when I'm next
 Love vext,
 Then shackell me.

'Tis better yet
 To fret
 The feet or hands ;
 Then to enthrall,
 Or gall
 The neck with bands.

*To the right Honourable Mildmay, Earle
of Westmorland.*

YOU are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man,
Who writes sweet Numbers well as any can :
If so, why then are not These Verses hurld,
Like *Sybel's* Leaves, throughout the ample world ?
What is a Jewell if it be not set
Forth by a Ring, or some rich Carkanet ?
But being so ; then the beholders cry,
See, see a Jemme (as rare as *Bælus* eye.)
Then publick praise do's runne upon the Stone,
For a most rich, a rare, a precious One.
Expose your jewels then unto the view, [You.
That we may praise Them, or themselves prize
Vertue conceal'd, with *Horace* you'l confesse,
Differs not much from drowzie slothfullnesse.

The Plunder.

I Am of all bereft ;
Save but some few Beanes left,
Whereof, at last, to make,
For me, and mine a Cake :
Which eaten, they and I
Will say our grace, and die.

Littlenesse no Cause of Leannesse.

ONe feeds on Lard, and yet is leane ;
And I but feasting with a Beane,

Grow fat and smooth : The reason is,
Jove prospers my meat, more then his.

Upon One who said she was alwayes young.

YOU say y'are young ; but when your Teeth
 are told
 To be but three, Black-ey'd, wee'l thinke y'are old.

Upon Huncks. Epig.

HUncks ha's no money (he do's sweare, or say)
 About him, when the Taverns shot 's to pay.
 If he ha's none in 's pockets, trust me, *Huncks*
 Ha's none at home, in Coffers, Desks, or Trunks.

The Jimmall Ring, or True-love-knot.

THOU sent't to me a True-love-knot ; but I
 Return'd a Ring of Jimmals, to imply
 Thy Love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

*The parting Verse, or Charge to his supposed
 Wife when he travelled.*

GO hence, and with this parting kisse,
 Which joyns two souls, remember this ;
 Though thou beest young, kind, soft, and faire,
 And may't draw thousands with a haire :
 Yet let these glib temptations be
 Furies to others, Friends to me.

Looke upon all ; and though on fire
Thou fet'st their hearts, let chaste desire
Steere Thee to me ; and thinke, me gone,
In having all, that thou hast none.
Nor so immured wo'd I have
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave ;
But walke abroad, yet wisely well
Stand for my comming, Sentinell.
And think, as thou do'st walke the street,
Me, or my shadow thou do'st meet.
I know a thousand greedy eyes
Will on thy Feature tirannize,
In my short absence ; yet behold
Them like some Picture, or some Mould
Fashion'd like Thee ; which though 'tave eares
And eyes, it neither sees or heares.
Gifts will be sent, and Letters, which
Are the expressions of that itch,
And salt, which frets thy Suters ; fly
Both, lest thou lose thy liberty :
For that once lost, thou't fall to one,
Then prostrate to a million.
But if they wooe thee, do thou say,
As that chaste Queen of *Ithaca*
Did to her suitors, this web done
(Undone as oft as done) I'm wonne ;
I will not urge Thee, for I know,
Though thou art young, thou canst say no,
And no again, and so deny,
Those thy Lust-burning *Incubi*.

Let them enstile Thee Fairest faire,
 The Pearle of Princes, yet despaire
 That so thou art, because thou must
 Believe, Love speaks it not, but Lust ;
 And this their Flatt'rie do's commend
 Thee chiefly for their pleasures end.
 I am not jealous of thy Faith,
 Or will be ; for the Axiome faith,
 He that doth suspect, do's haste
 A gentle mind to be unchaste.
 No, live thee to thy selfe, and keep
 Thy thoughts as cold, as is thy sleep :
 And let thy dreames be only fed
 With this, that I am in thy bed.
 And thou then turning in that Sphere,
 Waking shalt find me sleeping there.
 But yet if boundlesse Lust must skaile
 Thy Fortrefs, and will needs prevaile ;
 And wildly force a passage in,
 Banish consent, and 'tis no sinne
 Of Thine ; so *Lucrece* fell, and the
 Chaste *Syracusan Cyane*.
 So *Medullina* fell, yet none
 Of these had imputation
 For the least trespasse ; 'cause the mind
 Here was not with the act combin'd.
The body sins not, 'tis the Will
That makes the Action, good, or ill.
 And if thy fall sho'd this way come,
 Triumph in such a Martirdome.

I will not over-long enlarge
 To thee, this my religious charge.
 Take this compression, so by this
 Means I shall know what other kisse
 Is mixt with mine ; and truly know,
 Returning, if't be mine or no :
 Keepe it till then ; and now my Spouse,
 For my wisht safety pay thy vowes,
 And prayers to *Venus* ; if it please
 The *Great-blew-ruler* of the Seas ;
 Not many full-fac't-moons shall waine,
 Lean-horn'd, before I come again
 As one triumphant ; when I find
 In thee, all faith of Woman-kind.
 Nor wo'd I have thee thinke, that Thou
 Had'st power thy selfe to keep this vow ;
 But having scapt temptations shelve,
 Know vertue taught thee, not thy selfe.

To his Kinsman, Sir Tho. Soame.

Seeing Thee *Soame*, I see a Goodly man,
 And in that Good, a great *Patrician*.
 Next to which Two ; among the City-Powers,
 And Thrones, thy selfe one of Those Senatours :
 Not wearing Purple only for the shew ;
 As many Conscriptes of the Citie do ;
 But for True Service, worthy of that Gowne,
 The *Golden* chain too, and the *Civick* Crown.

To Blossoms.

FAire pledges of a fruitfull Tree,
 Why do yee fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past ;
 But you may stay yet here a while,
 To blush and gently smile ;
 And go at last.

What, were yee borne to be
 An houre or half's delight ;
 And so to bid goodnight ?
 'Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth
 Meerly to shew your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely Leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'r so brave :
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like you a while : They glide
 Into the Grave.

Man's Dying-place uncertain.

MAn knowes where first he ships himselfe ;
 but he
 Never can tell, where shall his Landing be.

Nothing Free-coſt.

NOthing comes Free-coſt here ; *Jove* will not
 let
 His gifts go from him ; if not bought with ſweat.

Few fortunate.

MAny we are, and yet but few poſſeſſe
 Thoſe Fields of everlaſting happineſſe.

To Perenna.

HOw long, *Perenna*, wilt thou ſee
 Me languish for the love of Thee ?
 Conſent and play a friendly part
 To ſave ; when thou may'ſt kill a heart.

To the Ladyes.

TRuſt me, Ladies, I will do
 Nothing to diſtemper you ;
 If I any fret or vex,
 Men they ſhall be, *not your ſex*.

The old Wives Prayer.

HOly-Rood come forth and ſhield
 Us i'th' Citie, and the Field :
 Safely guard us, now and aye,
 From the blaſt that burns by day ;

And those sounds that us affright
 In the dead of dampish night.
 Drive all hurtfull Feinds us fro,
 By the Time the Cocks first crow.

Upon a cheap Laundresse. Epig.

F*Eacie*, some say, doth wash her clothes i'th'Lie
 That sharply trickles from her either eye.
 The *Laundresses*, They envie her good-luck,
 Who can with so small charges *drive the buck*.
 What needs she fire and ashes to consume,
 Who can scoure Linnens with her own salt *reeume*?

Upon his departure hence.

THus I
 Passe by,
 And die :
 As One,
 Unknown,
 And gon :
 I'm made
 A shade,
 And laid
 I'th grave,
 There have
 My Cave.
 Where tell
 I dwell,
Farewell.

The Wassaile.

GIve way, give way, ye Gates, and win
 An easie blessing to your Bin,
 And Basket, by our entring in.

May both with manchet stand repleat ;
 Your Larders too so hung with meat,
 That though a thousand, thousand eat ;

Yet, ere twelve *Moones* shall whirl about
 Their filv'rie Spheres, ther's none may doubt,
 But more's sent in, then was serv'd out.

Next, may your Dairies prosper so,
 As that your pans no Ebbe may know ;
 But if they do, the more to flow.

Like to a solemne sober Stream
 Bankt all with Lillies, and the Cream
 Of sweetest *Cow-slips* filling Them.

Then, may your Plants be prest with Fruit,
 Nor Bee, or Hive you have be mute ;
 But sweetly founding like a Lute.

Next may your Duck and teeming Hen
 Both to the Cocks-tread say *Amen* ;
 And for their two eggs render ten.

Last, may your Harrows, Shares and Ploughes,
 Your Stacks, your Stocks, your sweetest Mowes,
 All prosper by your Virgin-vowes.

Alas ! we bleſſe, but ſee none here,
That brings us either Ale or Beere ;
In a drie-houſe all things are neere.

Let's leave a longer time to wait,
Where Ruſt and Cobwebs bind the gate ;
And all live here with *needy Fate.*

Where Chimneys do for ever weepe,
For want of warmth, and Stomachs keepe
With noiſe, the ſervants eyes from ſleep.

It is in vain to ſing, or ſtay
Our free-feet here ; but we'l away :
Yet to the Lares this we'l ſay,

The time will come, when you'l be ſad,
And reckon this for fortune bad,
T'ave loſt the good ye might have had.

Upon a Lady faire, but fruitleſſe.

TWice has *Pudica* been a Bride, and led
By holy *Himen* to the Nuptiall Bed.
Two Youths ſha's known, thrice two, and twice
Yet not a Lillie from the Bed appears ; [3. yeares ;
Nor will ; for why, *Pudica*, this may know,
Trees never beare, unleſſe they firſt do blow.

How Springs came firſt.

THeſe Springs were Maidens once that lov'd,
But loſt to that they moſt approv'd :

My Story tells, by Love they were
 Turn'd to these Springs, which wee see here :
 The pretty whimpering that they make,
 When of the Banks their leave they take ;
 Tels ye but this, they are the same,
 In nothing chang'd but in their name.

To Rosemary and Baies.

Mwooing's ended: now my wedding's neere ;
 When Gloves are giving, *Guiled be you there.*

Upon Skurffe.

S*Kurffe* by his Nine-bones sweares, and well he
 All know a Fellon ate the Tenth away. [may,

Upon a Scarre in a Virgin's Face.

'**T**Is Heresie in others : In your face
 That Scarr's no *Schisme*, but the *sign of grace.*

Upon his Eye-sight failing him.

I Beginne to waine in sight ;
 Shortly I shall bid goodnight :
 Then no gazing more about,
 When the Tapers once are out.

To his worthy Friend, M. Tho. Falconbirge.

STand with thy Graces forth, brave man, and rise
 High with thine own *Auspitious Destinies* :

Nor leave the search, and prooffe, till Thou canst find
 These, or those ends, to which Thou wast design'd.
 Thy lucky *Genius*, and thy guiding *Starre*,
 Have made Thee prosperous in thy wayes, thus farre:
 Nor will they leave Thee, till they both have shown
 Thee to the World a *Prime* and *Publique One*.
 Then, when Thou see'st thine Age all turn'd to gold,
 Remember what thy *Herrick* Thee foretold,
 When at the holy Threshold of thine house,
He Boded good-luck to thy Selfe and Spouse.
 Lastly, be mindfull, when thou art grown great,
That Towers high rear'd dread most the lightnings
When as the humble Cottages not feare [threat:
The cleaving Bolt of Jove the Thunderer.

Upon Julia's Haire fill'd with Dew.

DEw fate on *Julia's* haire,
 And spangled too,
 Like Leaves that laden are
 With trembling Dew:
 Or glitter'd to my sight,
 As when the Beames
 Have their reflected light,
 Daunc't by the Streames.

Another on her.

HOW can I choose but love, and follow her,
 Whose shadow smels like milder *Pomander*!
 How can I chuse but kisse her, whence do's come
 The *Storax*, *Spiknard*, *Myrrhe*, and *Ladanum*.

Losse from the least.

Great men by small meanes oft are overthrowne:
He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.

Rewards and Punishments.

ALL things are open to these two events,
 Or to Rewards, or else to Punishments.

Shame, no Statist.

SHame is a bad attendant to a State:
He rents his Crown, that feares the Peoples hate.

To Sir Clifebie Crew.

SInce to th' Country first I came,
 I have lost my former flame:
 And, methinks, I not inherit,
 As I did, my ravisht spirit.
 If I write a Verse, or two,
 'Tis with very much ado;
 In regard I want that Wine,
 Which sho'd conjure up a line.
 Yet, though now of Muse bereft,
 I have still the manners left
 For to thanke you, Noble Sir,
 For those gifts you do conferre
 Upon him, who only can
 Be in Prose a *gratefull man.*

Upon Himselfe.

I Co'd never love indeed ;
 Never see mine own heart bleed :
 Never crucifie my life ;
 Or for Widow, Maid, or Wife.

I co'd never seeke to please
 One, or many Mistresses :
 Never like their lips, to sweare
Oyle of Roses still smelt there.

I co'd never breake my sleepe,
 Fold mine Armes, sob, sigh, or weep :
 Never beg, or humbly wooe
 With oathes, and lyes, as others do.

I co'd never walke alone ;
 Put a shirt of sackcloth on :
 Never keep a fast, or pray
 For good luck in love (that day.)

But have hitherto liv'd free,
 As the aire that circles me :
 And kept credit with my heart,
 Neither broke i'th whole, or part.

Fresh Cheefe and Cream.

WO'd yee have fresh Cheefe and Cream ?
Iulia's Breast can give you them :

And if more ; Each *Nipple* cries,
To your *Cream*, her's *Strawberries*.

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

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

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

Lyc. 'Tis thou, and only thou,
That art the cause, *Endimion* ;

End. For Love's-sake, tell me how.

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

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

I meane the Court : Let *Latmos* be
My lov'd *Endymions* Court ;

End. But I the Courtly State wo'd see :

Lyc. Then see it in report.

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

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

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

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

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

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

To a Bed of Tulips.

B Right Tulips, we do know,
 You had your comming hither ;

And Fading-time do's show,
That Ye must quickly wither.

Your *Sister-hoods* may stay,
And smile here for your houre ;
But dye ye must away :
Even as the meanest Flower.

Come, Virgins, then, and see
Your frailties ; and bemone ye ;
For lost like these, 'twill be,
As Time had never known ye.

A Caution.

THat Love last long ; let it thy first care be
To find a Wife, that is most fit for Thee.
Be She too wealthy, or too poore ; be sure,
Love in extreames, can never long endure.

*To the Water Nymphs, drinking at the
Fountain.*

REach, with your whiter hands, to me,
Some Christall of the Spring ;
And I, about the Cup shall see
Fresh Lillies flourishing.

Or else sweet Nymphs do you but this ;
To'th' Glasse your lips encline ;
And I shall see by that one kisse,
The Water turn'd to Wine.

To his Honoured Kinsman, Sir Richard Stone.

TO this *white Temple* of my *Heroes*, here
 Beset with stately Figures, every where,
 Of such rare *Saint-ships*, who did here consume
 Their lives in sweets, and left in death perfume.
 Come, thou *Brave man!* And bring with Thee a
 Unto thine own *Edification*. [Stone
 High are These Statues here, besides no lesse
 Strong then the Heavens for everlastingness:
 Where build aloft; and being fixt by These,
 Set up Thine own *eternall Images*.

Upon a Flie.

A Golden Flie one shew'd to me,
 Clos'd in a Box of Yvorie:
 Where both seem'd proud; the Flie to have
 His buriall in an yvorie grave:
 The yvorie tooke State to hold
 A Corps as bright as burnisht gold.
 One Fate had both; both equall Grace;
 The Buried, and the Burying-place.
 Not *Virgils Gnat*, to whom the Spring
 All Flowers sent to'is burying.
 Not *Marshals Bee*, which in a Bead
 Of *Amber* quick was buried.
 Nor that fine Worme that do's interre
 Her selfe i'th' *silken Sepulchre*.

Nor my rare *Phil*,* that lately was
 With Lillies Tomb'd up in a Glasse ;
 More honour had, then this same *Flie* ;
 Dead, and clos'd up in *Ivorie*.

Upon Jack and Jill. Epig.

When *Jill* complaines to *Jack* for want of
 meate ;
Jack kisses *Jill*, and bids her freely eate :
Jill sayes, of what ? sayes *Jack*, on that sweet kisse,
 Which full of Nectar and Ambrosia is,
 The food of Poets ; so I thought sayes *Jill*,
 That makes them looke so lanke, so Ghost-like
 Let Poets feed on aire, or what they will ; [still.
 Let me feed full, till that I fart, sayes *Jill*.

To Julia.

J*ulia*, when thy *Herrick* dies,
 Close thou up thy Poets eyes :
 And his last breath, let it be
 Taken in by none but Thee.

To Mistresse Dorothy Parsons.

IF thou aske me, Deare, wherefore
 I do write of thee no more :
 I must answer, Sweet, thy part
 Lesse is here, then in my heart.

* Sparrow.

Upon Parrat.

P*Arrat* protests 'tis he, and only he
 Can teach a man the *Art of memory* :
 Believe him not ; for he forgot it quite, [night-
 Being drunke, who 'twas that Can'd his Ribs last

How he would drinke his Wine.

Fill me my Wine in Christall ; thus, and thus
 I see't in's *puris naturalibus* :
 Unmixt. I love to have it smirke and shine,
 'Tis *sin* I know, 'tis *sin* to throtle Wine.
 What Mad-man's he, that when it sparkles so,
 Will coole his flames, or quench his fires with snow ?

How Marigolds came yellow.

J*Jealous Girles* these sometimes were,
 While they liv'd, or lasted here :
 Turn'd to *Flowers*, still they be
 Yellow, markt for Jealousie.

The broken Christall.

TO Fetch me Wine my *Lucia* went,
 Bearing a Christall *continent* :
 But making haste, it came to passe,
 She brake in two the purer Glasse,
 Then smil'd, and sweetly chid her speed ;
 So with a blush, beshrew'd the deed.

Precepts.

Good Precepts we must firmly hold,
By daily *Learning* we wax old.

*To the right Honourable Edward Earle of
Dorset.*

IF I dare write to You, my Lord, who are,
Of your own selfe, a *Publick Theater*.
And fitting, see the wiles, wayes, walks of wit,
And give a righteous judgement upon it.
What need I care, though some dislike me sho'd,
If *Dorset* say, what *Herrick* writes, is good?
We know y'are learn'd i'th'Muses, and no lesse
In our *State-sanctions*, deep, or bottomlesse.
Whose smile can make a Poet; and your glance
Dash all bad Poems out of countenance.
So, that an Author needs no other Bayes
For Coronation, then Your onely Praise.
And no one mischief greater then your frown,
To null his Numbers, and to blast his Crowne.
*Few live the life immortall. He ensures
His Fame's long life, who strives to set up Yours.*

Upon Himself.

TH'art hence removing, like a Shepherds Tent,
And walk thou must the way that others went:

Fall thou must first, then rise to life with These,
Markt in thy Book for faithfull Witnesse.

*Hope well and Have well : or, Faire after
Foule weather.*

WHat though the Heaven be lowring now,
And look with a contracted brow ?
We shall discover, by and by,
A Repurgation of the Skie :
And when those clouds away are driven,
Then will appeare a cheerfull Heaven.

Upon Love.

I Held Love's head while it did ake ;
But so it chanc't to be ;
The cruell paine did his forsake,
And forthwith came to me.

Ai me ! How shall my grieffe be stil'd ?
Or where else shall we find
One like to me, who must be kill'd
For being too-too-kind ?

To his Kinswoman, Mrs. Penelope Wheeler.

NExt is your lot, Faire, to be number'd one,
Here, in my Book's Canonization :
Late you come in ; but you a Saint shall be,
In Chiefe, in this Poetick Liturgie.

Another upon her.

First, for your shape, the curious cannot shew
 Any one part that's dissonant in you :
 And 'gainst your chaste behaviour there's no Plea,
 Since you are knowne to be *Penelope*.
 Thus faire and cleane you are, although there be
A mighty strife 'twixt Forme and Chastitie.

Kissing and Buffing.

Kissing and buffing differ both in this ; [kisse.
 We buffe our Wantons, but our Wives we

Crosse and Pile.

FAire and foule dayes trip Crosse and Pile ;
 The faire
 Far lesse in number, then our foule dayes are.

*To the Lady Crew, upon the Death of
 her Child.*

WHy, Madam, will ye longer weep,
 When as your Baby's lull'd asleep ?
 And, pretty Child, feeses now no more
 Those paines it lately felt before.
 All now is silent ; groanes are fled :
 Your Child lyes still, yet is not dead :

But rather like a flower hid here
To spring againe another yeare.

His Winding-sheet.

Come thou, who art the Wine, and wit
Of all I've writ :
The Grace, the Glorie, and the best
Piece of the rest.
Thou art of what I did intend
The All, and End.
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee my sheet.
Come then, and be to my chaste side
Both Bed, and Bride.
We two, as Reliques left, will have
One Rest, one Grave.
And, hugging close, we will not feare
Lust entring here :
Where all Desires are dead, or cold
As is the mould :
And all Affections are forgot,
Or Trouble not.
Here, here the Slaves and Pris'ners be
From Shackles free :
And weeping Widowes long opprest
Doe here find rest.
The wronged Client ends his Lawes
Here, and his Cause.
Here those long suits of Chancery lie

Quiet, or die :
 And all Star-chamber-Bils doe cease,
 Or hold their peace.
 Here needs no Court for our Request,
 Where all are best ;
 All wise ; all equall ; and all just
 Alike i'th' dust.
 Nor need we here to feare the frowne
 Of Court, or Crown.
Where Fortune bears no sway o're things,
 There all are Kings.
 In this securer place we'l keep,
 As lull'd asleep ;
 Or for a little time we'l lye,
 As Robes laid by ;
 To be another day re-worne,
 Turn'd, but not torn :
 Or like old Testaments ingroft,
 Lockt up, not lost :
 And for a while lye here conceal'd,
 To be reveal'd
 Next, at that great Platonick yeere,
 And then meet here.

To Mistresse Mary Willand.

ONe more by Thee, Love, and Defert have sent,
 T' enspangle this expansive Firmament.
 O Flame of Beauty ! come, appeare, appeare
 A Virgin Taper, ever shining here.

Change gives Content.

WHat now we like, anon we disapprove :
The new successor drives away old Love.

Upon Magot a Frequenter of Ordinaries.

M*Agot* frequents those houses of good-cheere,
 Talks most, eates most, of all the Feeders
 there.

He raves through leane, he rages through the fat;
 (What gets the master of the Meal by that?)
 He who with talking can devoure so much,
 How wo'd he eate, were not his hindrance such?

On Himselfe.

BOrne I was to meet with Age,
 And to walke Life's pilgrimage.
 Much I know of Time is spent,
 Tell I can't, what's Resident.
 Howsoever, cares, adue ;
 Ile have nought to say to you :
 But Ile spend my comming houres,
 Drinking wine, & crown'd with flowres.

Fortune favours.

Fortune did never favour one
 Fully, without exception ;

Though free she be, ther's something yet
Still wanting to her Favourite.

To Phillis to love, and live with him.

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures Ile prepare for thee :
What sweets the Country can afford
Shall blesse thy Bed, and blesse thy Board.
The soft sweet Mosse shall be thy bed,
With crawling Woodbine over-spread ;
By which the silver-shedding streames
Shall gently melt thee into dreames.
Thy clothing next, shall be a Gowne
Made of the Fleeces purest Downe.
The tongues of Kids shall be thy meate ;
Their Milke thy drinke ; and thou shalt eate
The Paste of Filberts for thy bread
With Cream of Cowslips buttered :
Thy Feasting-Tables shall be Hills
With *Daisies* spread, and *Daffadils* ;
Where thou shalt sit, and *Red-brest* by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
Ile give thee Chaines and Carkanets
Of *Primroses* and *Violets*.
A Bag and Bottle thou shalt have ;
That richly wrought, and This as brave ;
So that as either shall expresse
The Wearer's no meane Shepheardesse.
At Sheering-times, and yearely Wakes,
When *Themilis* his pastime makes,

There thou shalt be ; and be the wit,
Nay more, the Feast, and grace of it.
On Holy-dayes, when Virgins meet
To dance the Heyes with nimble feet ;
Thou shalt come forth, and then appeare
The *Queen of Roses* for that yeere.
And having danc't ('bove all the best)
Carry the Garland from the rest.
In Wicker-baskets Maids shal bring
To thee, my dearest Shepharling,
The blushing Apple, bashfull Peare,
And shame-fac't Plum, all simp'ring there,
Walk in the Groves, and thou shalt find
The name of *Phillis* in the Rind
Of every straight, and smooth-skin tree ;
Where kissing that, Ile twice kisse thee.
To thee a Sheep-hook I will send,
Be-pranckt with Ribbands, to this end,
This, this alluring Hook might be
Lesse for to catch a sheep, then me.
Thou shalt have Poffets, Waffails fine,
Not made of Ale, but spiced Wine ;
To make thy Maids and selfe free mirth,
All sitting neer the glitt'ring Hearth.
Thou sha't have Ribbands, Roses, Rings,
Gloves, Garters, Stockings, Shooes, and Strings
Of winning Colours, that shall move
Others to Lust, but me to Love.
These, nay, and more, thine own shal be,
If thou wilt love, and live with me.

To his Kinswoman, Mistresse Sufanna Herrick

WHen I confider, Deareft, thou doft ftay
 But here awhile, to languifh and decay ;
 Like to thefe Garden-glories, which here be
 The Flowrie-sweet refemblances of Thee :
 With grieve of heart, methinks, I thus doe cry,
 Wo'd thou haft ne'r been born, or might'ft not die.

*Upon Mistresse Sufanna Southwell
 her Cheeks.*

RAre are thy cheeks, *Sufanna*, which do fhow
 Ripe Cherries fmiling, while that others blow.

Upon her Eyes.

CLeere are her eyes,
 Like pureft Skies.
 Discovering from thence
 A Babie there
 That turns each Sphere,
 Like an Intelligence.

Upon her Feet.

HEr pretty feet
 Like fnailes did creep
 A little out, and then,
 As if they played at Bo-peep,
 Did foon draw in agen.

To his honoured Friend, Sir John Mince.

FOR civill, cleane, and circumcised wit,
 And for the comely carriage of it ;
 Thou art The Man, the onely Man best known,
 Markt for the *True-wit* of a Million :
 From whom we'l reckon. Wit came in, but since
 The *Calculation* of thy Birth, *Brave Mince*.

Upon his gray Haires.

FLy me not, though I be gray,
 Lady, this I know you'l say ;
 Better look the Roses red,
 When with white commingled.
 Black your haires are ; mine are white ;
 This begets the more delight,
 When things meet most opposite :
 As in Pictures we descry,
Venus standing *Vulcan* by.

Accusation.

IF Accusation onely can draw blood,
 None shall be guiltlesse, be he ne'r so good.

Pride allowable in Poets.

AS thou deserv'st, be proud ; then gladly let
 The Muse give thee the Delphick Coronet.

A Vow to Minerva.

GOddeffe, I begin an Art ;
 Come thou in, with thy best part,
 For to make the Texture lye
 Each way smooth and civilly :
 And a broad-fac't Owle shall be
 Offer'd up with Vows to Thee.

On Jone.

JOne wo'd go tel her haire ; and well she might,
 Having but seven in all ; three black, foure white.

Upon Letcher. Epig.

L*etcher* was Carted first about the streets,
 For false Position in his neighbours sheets :
 Next, hang'd for Theeving : Now the people say,
 His Carting was the *Prologue* to this Play.

Upon Dundrige.

D*undrige* his Issue hath ; but is not styl'd
 For all his Issue, Father of one Child.

To Electra.

'**T**Is Ev'ning, my Sweet,
 And dark ; let us meet ;

Long time w'ave here been a toying :
 And never, as yet,
 That season co'd get,
 Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

For pittie or shame,
 Then let not Love's flame,
 Be ever and ever a spending ;
 Since now to the Port
 The path is but short ;
 And yet our way has no ending.

Time flyes away fast ;
 Our houres doe waste :
 The while we never remember,
 How soone our life, here,
 Growes old with the yeere,
 That dyes with the next *December*.

Discord not disadvantageous.

Fortune no higher Project can devise,
 Then to sow Discord 'mongst the Enemies.

Ill Government.

Preposterous is that Government, and rude,
 When Kings obey the wilder Multitude.

To Marygolds.

Give way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun,
 And hang the head when as the Act is done,

Spread as He spreads ; wax lesse as He do's wane ;
And as He shuts, close up to Maids again.

To Dianeme.

GIVE me one kisse,
And no more ;
If so be, this
Makes you poore ;
To enrich you,
Ile restore
For that one, two
Thousand score.

To Julia, *the* Flaminica Dialis,
or Queen-Priest.

THOU know'st, my *Julia*, that it is thy turne
This Mornings Incense to prepare, and burne.
The Chaplet, and *Inarculum** here be,
With the white Vestures, all attending Thee.
This day, the *Queen-Priest*, thou art made t'ap-
Love for our very-many Trespaffes. [pease
One chiefe transgression is among the rest,
Because with Flowers her Temple was not drest:
The next, because her Altars did not shine
With daily Fyers : The last, neglect of Wine :

* A twig of a Pomgranat, which the queen-priest did use to weare
on her head at sacrificing.

For which, her wrath is gone forth to consume
 Us all, unlesse preserv'd by thy Perfume.
 Take then thy Censer ; Put in Fire, and thus,
 O *Pious-Priestresse!* make a Peace for us.
 For our neglect, Love did our Death decree,
 That we escape. *Redemption comes by Thee.*

Anacreontike.

Born I was to be old,
 And for to die here :
 After that, in the mould
 Long for to lye here.
 But before that day comes,
 Still I be Boufing ;
 For I know, in the Tombs
 There's no Caroufing.

Meat without Mirth.

Eaten I have ; and though I had good cheere,
 I did not sup, because no friends were there.
 Where Mirth and Friends are absent when we Dine
 Or Sup, there wants the Incense and the Wine.

Large Bounds doe but bury us.

ALL things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance ;
 The greatest mans Inheritance.
 Where ere the luckie Lot doth fall,
 Serves but for place of Buriall.

Upon Urfley.

U*Rfley*, she thinks those Velvet Patches grace
 The Candid Temples of her comely face :
 But he will say, who e'r those Circlets seeth,
 They be but signs of *Urfleys* hollow teeth.

An Ode to Sir Clipsebie Crew.

Here we securely live, and eate
 The Creame of meat ;
 And keep eternal fires,
 By which we sit, and doe Divine
 As Wine
 And Rage inspires.

If full we charme ; then call upon
Anacreon
 To grace the frantick Thyrse :
 And having drunk, we raise a shout
 Throughout
 To praise his Verse.

Then cause we *Horace* to be read,
 Which sung, or sey'd,
 A Goblet, to the brim,
 Of Lyrick Wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
 A Round
 We quaffe to him.

Thus, thus, we live, and spend the houres
 In Wine and Flowers :
 And make the frolick yeere,
 The Month, the Week, the instant Day
 To stay
 The longer here.

Come then, brave Knight, and see the Cell
 Wherein I dwell ;
 And my Enchantments too ;
 Which Love and noble freedome is ;
 And this
 Shall fetter you.

Take Horfe, and come ; or be so kind,
 To fend your mind
 (Though but in Numbers few)
 And I shall think I have the heart,
 Or part
 Of *Clipseby Crew*.

To his worthy Kinsman, Mr. Stephen Soame.

NOr is my Number full, till I inscribe
 Thee sprightly *Soame*, one of my righteous
 A Tribe of one Lip ; Leven, and of One [Tribe:
 Civil Behaviour, and Religion.
 A Stock of Saints ; where ev'ry one doth weare
 A stole of white, and Canonized here,
 Among which Holies, be Thou ever known,
 Brave Kinsman, markt out with the whiter stone :

Which feals Thy Glorie ; since I doe prefer
Thee here in my eternall Calender.

To his Tomb-maker.

GO I must ; when I am gone,
Write but this upon my Stone ;
Chaste I liv'd, without a wife,
That's the Story of my life.
Strewings need none, every flower
Is in this word, Batchelour.

Great Spirits supervive.

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

None free from fault.

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

Upon Himselfe being buried.

LEt me sleep this night away,
Till the Dawning of the day :
Then at th' opening of mine eyes,
I, and all the world shall rise.

Pitie to the prostrate.

TIs worse then barbarous cruelty to show
No part of pitie on a conquer'd foe.

Way in a Crowd.

ONce on a Lord-Mayors day, in Cheapside,
 when
Skulls co'd not well passe through that scum of men.
 For quick dispatch, *Sculls* made no longer stay,
 Then but to breath, and every one gave way :
 For as he breath'd, the People fwore from thence
 A Fart flew out, or a *Sir-reverence*.

His Content in the Country.

HERE, here I live with what my Board,
 Can with the smallest cost afford.
 Though ne'r so mean the Viands be,
 They well content my *Prew* and me.
 Or Pea, or Bean, or Wort, or Beet,
 What ever comes, content makes sweet :
 Here we rejoyce, because no Rent
 We pay for our poore Tenement :
 Wherein we rest, and never feare
 The Landlord, or the Ufurer.
 The Quarter-day do's ne'r affright
 Our Peacefull slumbers in the night.
 We eate our own, and batten more,
 Because we feed on no mans score :
 But pitie those, whose flanks grow great,
 Swel'd with the Lard of others meat.
 We blesse our Fortunes, when we see
 Our own beloved privacie :

And like our living, where w'are known
To very few, or else to none.

The Credit of the Conquerer.

HE who commends the vanquisht, speaks the
And glorifies the worthy Conquerer. [Power,

On Himselfe.

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

Upon one-ey'd Broomsted. Epig.

B*roomsted* a lameness got by cold and Beere ;
And to the *Bath* went, to be cured there :
His feet were helpt, and left his Crutch behind :
But home return'd, as he went forth, halfe blind.

The Fairies.

IF ye will with *Mab* find grace,
Set each Platter in his place :
Rake the Fier up, and get
Water in, ere Sun be set.
Wash your Pailes, and clense your Dairies ;
Sluts are loathsome to the Fairies :
Sweep your house : Who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

To his honoured Friend, M. John Weare,
Councillour,

DId I or love, or could I others draw
To the indulgence of the rugged Law :
The first foundation of that zeale sho'd be
By Reading all her *Paragraphs* in Thee.
Who dost so fitly with the Lawes unite,
As if You Two, were one *Hermophrodite* :
Nor courts thou Her because she's well attended
With wealth, but for those ends she was entended :
Which were, and still her offices are known,
Law is to give to ev'ry one his owne.
To shore the Feeble up, against the strong ;
To shield the Stranger, and the Poore from wrong :
This was the Founders grave and good intent,
To keepe the out-cast in his Tenement :
To free the Orphan from that Wolfe-like-man,
Who is his *Butcher* more then *Guardian*.
To drye the Widowest teares ; and stop her Swoones,
By pouring Balme and Oyle into her wounds.
This was the old way ; and 'tis yet thy course,
To keep those pious Principles in force.
Modest I will be ; but one word Ile say
(Like to a sound that's vanishing away)
Sooner the in-side of thy hand shall grow
Hisped, and hairie, ere thy Palm shall know
A *Postern-bribe* tooke, or a *Forked-Fee*
To fetter Justice, when She might be free.

Eggs Ile not shave : But yet, brave man, if I
 Was deffin'd forth to golden Sovereignty :
 A Prince I'de be, that I might Thee preferre
 To be my Counsell both, and Chancellor.

The Watch.

MAn is a Watch, wound up at first, but never
 Wound up again : Once down, He's down
 for ever.

The Watch once downe, all motions then do cease ;
 And Mans Pulse stopt, *All Passions sleep in Peace.*

*Lines have their Linings, and Bookes their
 Buckram.*

AS in our clothes, so likewise he who lookes,
 Shall find much farcing Buckram in our Books.

Art above Nature, to Julia.

WHen I behold a Forrest spread
 With filken trees upon thy head ;
 And when I see that other Dresse
 Of flowers set in comlineffe :
 When I behold another grace
 In the ascent of curious Lace,
 Which like a Pinnacle doth shew
 The top, and the top-gallant too.
 Then, when I see thy Tresses bound

Into an Ovall, square, or round ;
 And knit in knots far more then I
 Can tell by tongue ; or true-love tie :
 Next, when those Lawnie Filmes I see
 Play with a wild civility :
 And all those airie filks to flow,
 Alluring me, and tempting so :
 I must confesse, mine eye and heart
 Dotes les on Nature, then on Art.

Upon Sibilla.

With paste of Almonds, *Syb* her hands doth
 scoure ;
 Then gives it to the children to devoure.
 In Cream she bathes her thighs, more soft then silke,
 Then to the poore she freely gives the milke.

*Upon his Kinswoman Mistresse Bridget
 Herrick.*

Sweet *Bridget* blusht, & therewithall,
 Fresh blossoms from her cheekes did fall.
 I thought at first 'twas but a dream,
 Till after I had handled them ;
 And smelt them, then they smelt to me,
 As Blossomes of the *Almond* Tree.

Upon Love.

I Plaid with Love, as with the fire
 The wanton Satyre did ;
 Nor did I know, or co'd descry
 What under there was hid.

That Satyre he but burnt his lips ;
 (But min's the greater smart)
 For kissing Loves dissembling chips,
 The fire scorcht my heart.

Upon a comely, and curious Maide.

IF Men can say that beauty dyes ;
 Marbles will sweare that here it lyes.
 If, Reader, then thou canst forbear,
 In publique los to shed a Teare :
 The Dew of grieffe upon this stone
 Will tell thee *Pitie* thou hast none.

Upon the Losse of his Finger.

ONe of the five straight branches of my hand
 Is lopt already ; and the rest but stand
 Expecting when to fall : which soon will be ;
 First dyes the Leafe, the Bough next, next the Tree.

Upon Irene.

ANgry if *Irene* be
 But a Minutes life with me :
 Such a fire I espie
 Walking in and out her eye,
 As at once I freeze, and frie.

Upon Electra's Teares.

UPon her cheekes she wept, and from those
 flowers
 Sprang up a sweet *Nativity* of Flowres.

Upon Tooly.

THe Eggs of Pheasants wrie-nos'd *Tooly* fells ;
 But ne'r so much as licks the speckled shells :
 Only, if one prove addled, that he eates
 With superstition, as the Cream of meates.
 The Cock and Hen he feeds ; but not a bone
 He ever pickt, as yet, of any one.

A Hymne to the Graces.

WHen I love, (as some have told,
 Love I shall when I am old)
 O ye Graces ! Make me fit
 For the welcoming of it.

Clean my Roomes, as Temples be,
 T' entertain that Deity.
 Give me words wherewith to wooe,
 Suppling and successfull too :
 Winning postures ; and withall,
 Manners each way muscally :
 Sweetnesse to allay my fowre
 And unsmooth behaviour.
 For I know you have the skill
 Vines to prune, though not to kill,
 And of any wood ye see,
 You can make a *Mercury*.

To Silvia.

NO more, my *Silvia*, do I mean to pray
 For those good dayes that ne'r will come
 I want beliefe ; O gentle *Silvia*, be [away,
 The patient Saint, and send up vowes for me.

Upon Blanch. *Epig.*

I Have seen many Maidens to have haire ;
 Both for their comely need, and some to spare :
 But *Blanch* has not so much upon her head,
 As to bind up her chaps when she is dead.

Upon Umber. Epig.

U*Mber* was painting of a Lyon fierce,
 And working it, by chance from *Umbers* Erse
 Flew out a crack, so mighty, that the Fart,
 (As *Umber* sweares) did make his Lyon start.

The Poet hath lost his Pipe.

I Cannot pipe as I was wont to do,
 Broke is my Reed, hoarse is my finging too :
 My wearied Oat Ile hang upon the Tree,
 And give it to the *Silvan Deitie*.

True Friendship.

Wilt thou my true Friend be ?
 Then love not mine, but me.

*The Apparition of his Mistresse calling him
 to Elizium.**Defunt nonnulla —*

Come then, and like two Doves with silv'rie
 wings,
 Let our soules flie to'the'shades, where ever springs
 Sit smiling in the Meads ; where Balme and Oile,

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

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

Where both may rage, both drink and dance to-
 Then stately *Virgil*, witty *Ovid*, by [gether.
 Whom faire *Corinna* fits, and doth comply
 With Yvorie wrists, his Laureat head, and steeps
 His eye in dew of kisses, while he sleeps.

Then soft *Catullus*, sharp-fang'd *Martial*,
 And towring *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*,
 And Snakie *Perseus*, these, and those, whom Rage
 (Dropt for the jarres of heaven) fill'd t'engage
 All times unto their frenzies ; Thou shalt there
 Behold them in a spacious Theater.

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

Of late struck one ; and now I see the prime
 Of Day break from the pregnant East, 'tis time
 I vanish ; more I had to say ;
 But Night determines here, Away.

Life is the Bodies Light.

Life is the Bodies light ; which once declining,
 Those crimson clouds i'th' cheeks & lips leave
 shining.

Those counter-changed *Tabbies* in the ayre,
 The Sun once set, all of one colour are. [place,
 So, when Death comes, *Fresh tinctures* lose their
 And dismall Darknesse then doth smutch the face.

Upon Urles. Epig.

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

Upon Franck.

F*Ranck* ne'r wore silk she sweares ; but I reply,
 She now weares silk to hide her blood-shot eye.

Love lightly pleased.

L Et faire or foule my Mistresse be,
 Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me :
 Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
 The posture hers, I'm pleas'd with it.
 Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
 Gracefull is ev'ry thing from her.
 Or let her Grant, or else Deny,
My Love will fit each Historie.

The Primrose.

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

Ask me why this flower do's show
 So yellow-green, and sickly too ?
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break ?
 I will answer, These discover
 What fainting hopes are in a Lover.

The Tythe. To the Bride.

IF nine times you your Bride-groome kisse ;
 The tenth you know the Parsons is.
 Pay then your Tythe ; and doing thus,
 Prove in your Bride-bed numerous.
 If children you have ten, Sir *John*
 Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

A Frolick.

BRing me my Rose-buds, Drawer, come ;
 So, while I thus sit crown'd ;
 Ile drink the aged *Cecubum*,
 Untill the roofe turne round.

Change common to all.

ALL things subjected are to Fate ;
 Whom this Morne sees most fortunate,
 The Ev'ning sees in poore estate.

π
To Julia.

THe Saints-bell calls ; and, *Julia*, I must read
 The Proper Lessons for the Saints now dead :
 To grace which Service, *Julia*, there shall be
 One *Holy Collect*, said or sung for Thee.

Dead when thou art, Deare *Julia*, thou shalt have
 A *Tentrall* fung by Virgins o're thy Grave :
 Meane time we two will sing the Dirge of these ;
 Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

No Luck in Love.

I Doe love I know not what ;
 Sometimes this, & sometimes that :
 All conditions I aime at.

But, as lucklesse, I have yet
 Many shrewd difasters met,
 To gaine her whom I wo'd get.

Therefore now Ile love no more,
 As I've doted heretofore :
 He who must be, shall be poore.

In the Darke none dainty.

Night hides our thefts ; all faults then par-
 don'd be :

All are alike faire, when no spots we see.
Lais and *Lucrece*, in the night time are
 Pleasing alike ; alike both singular :
Jone, and my *Lady* have at that time one,
 One and the selfe-same priz'd complexion.
 Then please alike the Pewter and the Plate ;
 The chosen *Rubie*, and the *Reprobate*.

A Charme, or an Allay for Love.

IF so be a Toad be laid
 In a Sheeps-skin newly flaid,
 And that ty'd to man 'twil fever
 Him and his affections ever.

Upon a free Maid, with a foule Breath.

YOu say you'l kifs me, and I thanke you for it :
 But stinking breath, I do as hell abhorre it.

Upon Coone. Epig.

WHat is the reason *Coone* so dully smels ?
 His Nose is over-cool'd with Isicles.

*To his Brother in Law Master John
 Wingfield.*

FOr being comely, consonant, and free
 To most of men, but most of all to me :
 For so decreeing, that thy clothes expence
 Keeps still within a just circumference :
 Then for contriving so to loade thy Board,
 As that the Messes ne'r o'r-laid the Lord :
 Next for Ordaining, that thy words not swell
 To any one unsober *syllable*.
 These I co'd praise thee for beyond another,
 Wert thou a *Winckfield* onely, not a Brother.

The Head-ake.

MY head doth ake,
O Sappho! take
 Thy fillit,
 And bind the paine;
 Or bring some bane
 To kill it.

But lesse that part,
 Then my poore heart,
 Now is sick:
 One kisse from thee
 Will counsell be,
 And Phyfick.

On Himselfe.

LIve by thy Muse thou shalt; when others die,
 Leaving no Fame to long Posterity:
 When Monarchies transf-shifted are, and gone;
 Here shall endure thy vast Dominion.

Upon a Maide.

HENCE a blessed soule is fled,
 Leaving here the body dead:
 Which, since here they can't combine,
 For the Saint, we'l keep the Shrine.

Upon Spalt.

OF Pushes *Spalt* has such a knottie race,
He needs a Tucker for to burle his face.

Of Horne, a Comb-maker.

H*Orne* fells to others teeth ; but has not one
To grace his own Gums, or of Box, or bone.

Upon the troublesome Times.

O ! Times most bad,
Without the scope
Of hope
Of better to be had !

Where shall I goe,
Or whither run
To shun
This publique overthrow ?

No places are
(This I am sure)
Secure
In this our waisting Warre.

Some storms w'ave past ;
Yet we must all
Down fall,
And perish at the last.

Cruelty base in Commanders.

NOthing can be more loathsome, then to see
Power conjoyn'd with Natures Crueltie.

Upon a fowre-breath Lady. Epig.

Fie, (quoth my Lady) what a stink is here?
 When 'twas her breath that was the *Carrionere.*

Upon Lucia.

I Askt my *Lucia* but a kisse ;
 And she with scorne deny'd me this :
 Say then, how ill sho'd I have sped,
 Had I then askt her Maidenhead ?

Little and loud.

Little you are ; for Womans sake be proud ;
 For my sake next, (though little) *be not loud.*

Ship-wrack.

HE, who has suffer'd Ship-wrack, feares to faile
 Upon the Seas, though with a gentle gale.

Paines without Profit.

A Long-lifes-day I've taken paines
For very little, or no gaines :
The Ev'ning's come ; here now Ile stop,
And work no more ; but shut up Shop.

END OF VOL. I.



