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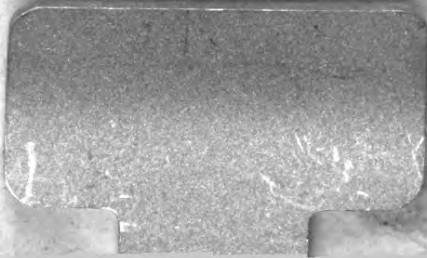
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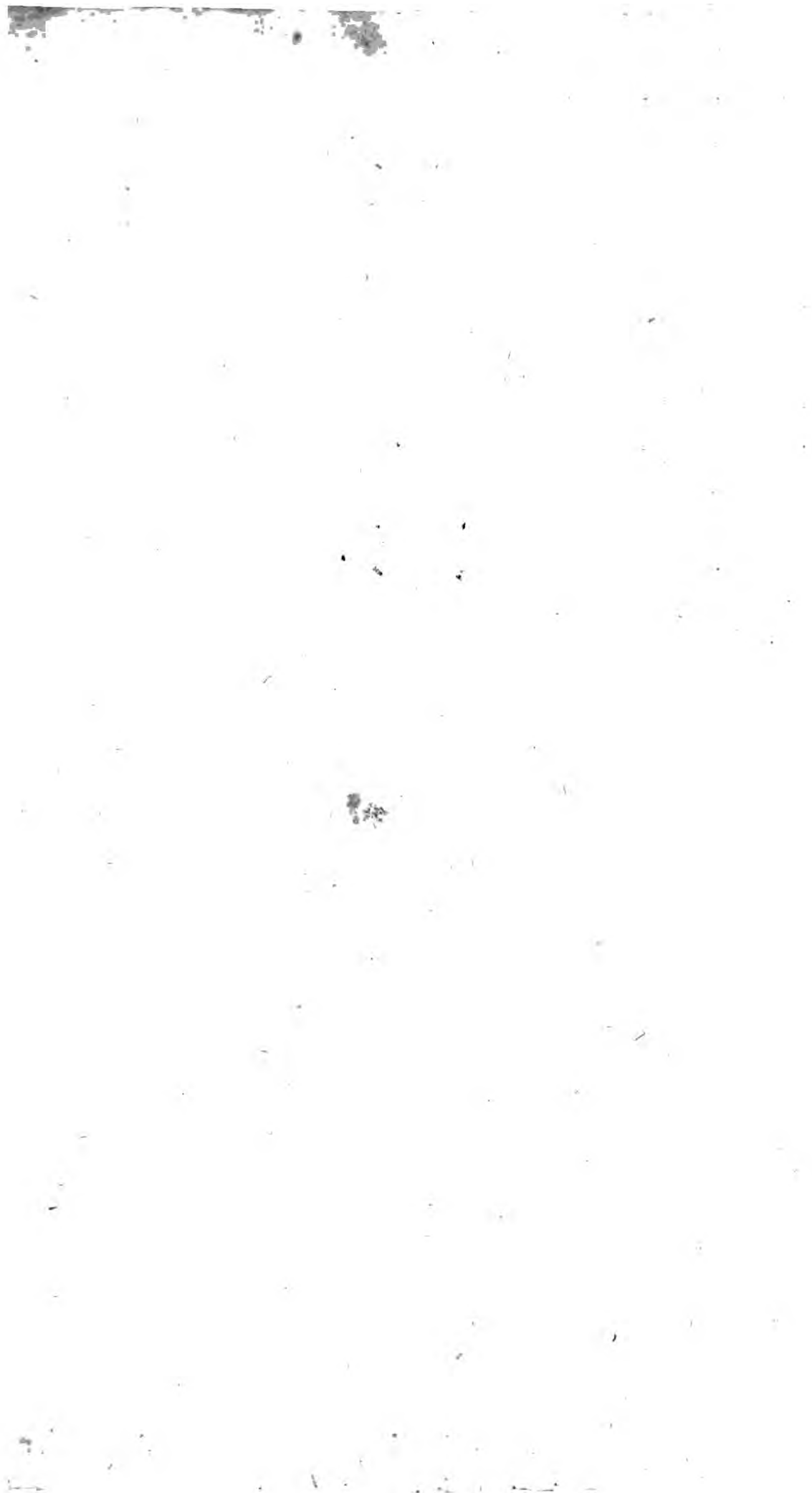
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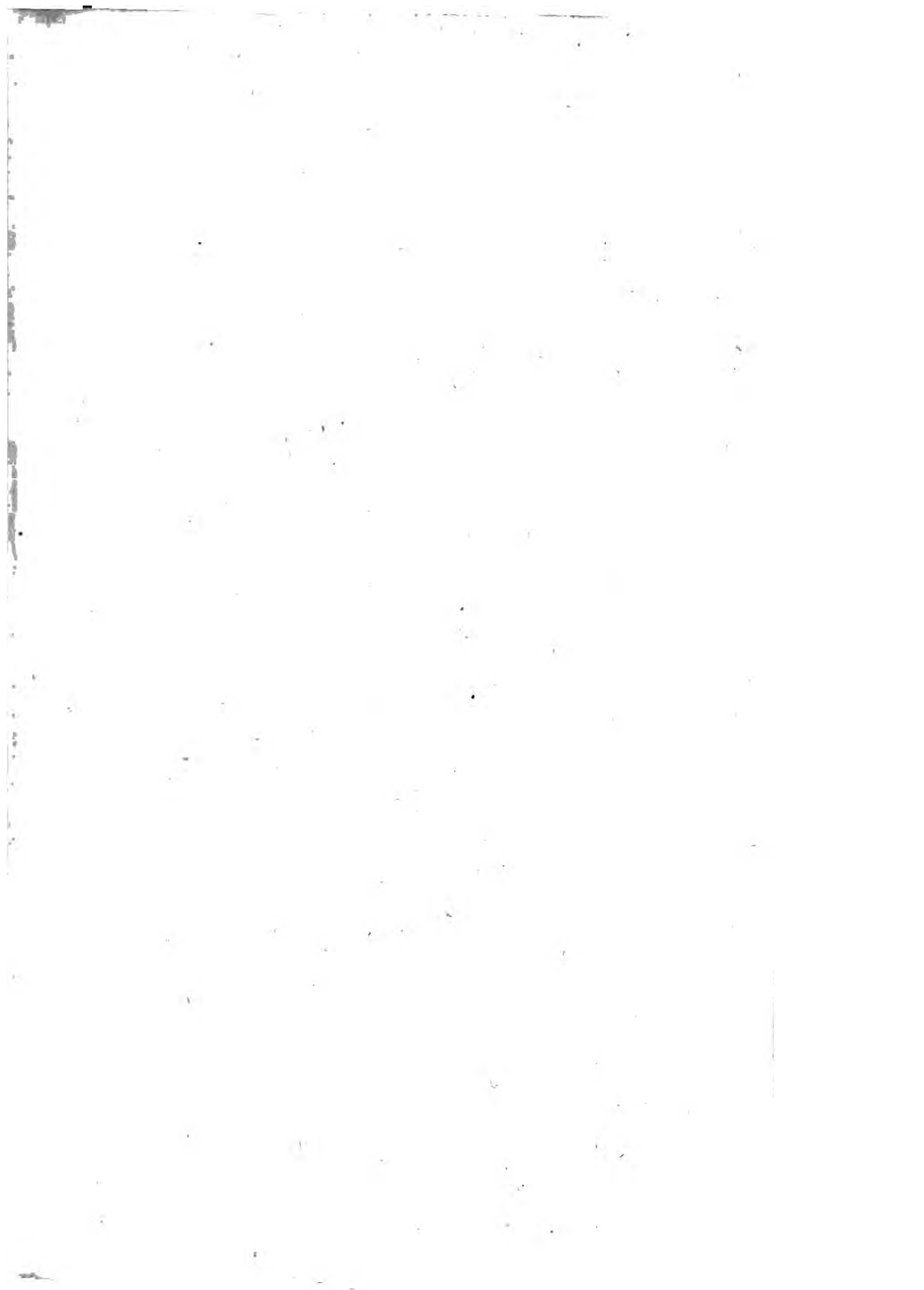
B.S.

A. 213



1885





Select Poems

FROM THE

Hesperides,

Ec.

To the Bodleian Library, from the editor.

[Dr. Nott, of Bristol, author of a translation of the
odes of Hafiz. a translation of Catullus Lond. 8°
1795. Selections of the Odes &c. of Petrarch 8° 1808.]





Robert Hearick. 

HIS AUTOGRAPHE, AND SEAL.

See Nichols' Leicestershire, Vol. 2, Part 2

SELECT
P O E M S
FROM THE
HESPERIDES,
OR
WORKS BOTH HUMAN AND DIVINE,
OF
ROBERT HERRICK, Esq.
WITH
OCCASIONAL REMARKS
BY
J. N.
ACCOMPANIED ALSO WITH THE HEAD,
AUTOGRAPHE, AND SEAL OF
THE POET.

Effugient avidos carmina nostra rogos.

OVID:

BRISTOL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. M. GUTCH,
15, SMALL STREET.
SOLD ALSO BY MESSRS. LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND
ORME, PATERNOSTER ROW,
AND I. MILLER, 72, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.



ADVERTISEMENT.

It is a matter of much surprise, and more regret, that the poets of the sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries should remain so long overlooked. A very few have been republished, but the generality have for years lain mouldering on the shelf. Of the many that were cotemporary, or nearly so, with the author I would now again introduce to public notice, Suckling, Carew, and Marvell are the principal who have hitherto been fortunate enough to claim a rescue from oblivion by republication; their poems entire having been reprinted by the late ingenious Thomas Davies, bookseller; the first in 1770, and the two last in 1772: indeed Marvell's works, since that period, have been very splendidly edited, by captain Edward Thompson, in three volumes 4to. 1776. But many other poets of distinguished merit, and of eminence flourished about their day, who are now little known, except by name; I will instance Shirley, Habington, Cokayn, Cartwright, Beedome, Lovelace, Stanley, Heath, and Hall (John). A long list of other deserving votaries of the muse might be adduced.

Had our late learned poetick biographer but preserved and illustrated the writings of those earlier bards, who, on examination, prove to be the sources from whence many of our first English poets of the last century drew some of their most delicious stores, how would he have served the cause of truth, and literature. Praiseworthy indeed had been his pen, if, instead of recording the names of Sprat, Blackmore, Duke, Yalden, Watts, with similar others, whose rays of genius so dimly shine, it had given further publicity to such as those of Surrey, Wyatt, Raleigh, Marlow, Wither, Carew, and Herrick. This is a subject that has been touched upon before by Mr. Headley, in the Introduction to his *Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry*.

It was in the year 1648, and rather in latter life, at the very period too, we may well presume, when he was ejected from his vicarage, as he signs himself *Esq.* that Robert Herrick published his *Hesperides, or Works both Human and Divine*; no portion of which till now, great as is their merit, have ever undergone a reprint; I say portion, for to republish all were unnecessary; many are better withdrawn from the publick eye. Like Catullus, this bard has indiscriminately blended pieces of the most beautiful, and delicate kind, with others of a far different description. Golden fruit, and delicious, can the *Hesperides* of Herrick afford the tasteful reader; though some of it may suffer a little from the blight of indelicacy.

When I first had in idea the republication of these poems, it was my design to preface them with a short sketch of the author's history ; and I had long since collected my scanty materials for the purpose from every known source : but, just as I was about to mould them into the form of a life, the last edition of Dr. Nathaniel Drake's ingenious and amusing work, *Literary Hours*, fell into my hands, in which I found that he had anticipated me : every circumstance I had obtained this gentleman was already in possession of ; and he had so elegantly inwove them with those three numbers* of his book, which he allots to Herrick, that for me to embody them again, thus recently, in a biographical shape, must have been considered as nothing short of plagiarism. Most of the few anecdotes, however, handed down to us, respecting the life of this poet, will be found interspersed throughout the remarks I shall have occasion to make on some of his pieces.

By the way, it is but justice to observe, in this place, that Dr. Drake is principally indebted for his information to Mr. John Nichols' laborious work of *Leicestershire*, in folio. See vol. 2, part 2, page 613. His observations also on the writings, and genius of Herrick are so judicious, sufficient, and satisfactory, that they leave nothing further for criticism to undertake. I may perhaps differ in opinion from him, when

* Nos. 42, 43, and 44.

he asserts, that out of the fourteen hundred poems, or better, of which Herrick's works consist, one hundred only could be selected by the hand of taste. In selecting with such limitation, too many beauties, I am persuaded, would be left behind: I have presented the public with nearly three times that number, and I trust the offering will not be thought intrusive; yet I will not say, but that I may have been too profuse in my display of these choice flowers, and have woven too luxuriant a wreath, incited by my partiality for their original cultivator.

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS, AND MOST
HOPEFUL PRINCE,

CHARLES,

PRINCE OF WALES*.



*WELL may my book come forth like public day,
When such a light as you are leads the way;
Who are my work's creator, and alone
The flame of it, and the expansion.
And look how all those heav'nly lamps acquire
Light from the sun, that inexhausted fire!
So all my morn, and ev'ning stars from you
Have their existence, and their influence too.
Full is my book of glories, but all these
By you become immortal substances.*

* Afterwards King Charles the Second.

SELECT POEMS,

&c.

I.

TO HIS MUSE.

WHITHER, mad maiden, wilt thou roam?
Far safer 'twere to stay at home ;
Where thou may'st sit, and piping please
The poor and private cottages :
Since cotes, and hamlets best agree
With this thy meaner minstrelsy :
There, with the reed, thou may'st express
The shepherd's fleecy happiness ;
And with thy eclogues intermix
Some smooth, and harmless bucolics ;
There, on a hillock thou may'st sing
Unto a handsome shepherdling ;

POEM I.] William Cleland, a poet of no small merit, though not very generally known, who wrote a short time after Herrick, and whose poems were first printed 1658, then again after his death 1697, has a beautiful ode to Fancy, where he speaks and advises in a similar tone :

Hollo, my Fancy, whither would'st thou go ?
In melancholy fancy
Out of thyself ?
All the world surveying,
Nowhere staying,
Just like a fairy elf ?

* * * * *

Hollo, my Fancy, hollo !
Stay, stay at home with me ;
I can no longer follow,
For thou hast betray'd me !

Scott, in the notes to his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. 3, page 201, mentions this writer, as a rigid non-conformist at the time of the revolution. He was slain in the field, 1689.

Or to a girl that keeps the neat,
 With breath more sweet than violet;
 There, there perhaps, such lines as these
 May take the simple villages :
 But for the court, the country wit
 Is despicable unto it.

*Stay then at home ; and do not go,
 Or fly abroad to seek for woe :
 Contempts in courts, and cities dwell ;
 No critic haunts the poor man's cell,
 Where thou may'st 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.

II.

UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY.

DROOP, droop no more, nor hang the head,
 Ye roses almost withered ;
 Now strength, and newer purple get,
 Each here-declining violet.
 O primroses ! let this day be
 A resurrection unto ye ;
 And to all flowers allied in blood,
 Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood :
 For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
 Claret, and cream commingled.
 And those her lips do now appear
 As beams of coral, but more clear.

* Thus too Petrarch addresses, and concludes his twenty-sixth *Canzone* :

*O poverella mia, come se' rozza ;
 Credo che tel conoschi ;
 Rimanti in questi boschi.*

III.

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 spotless breast,
Over the which a state was drawn
Of tiffany, or cobweb lawn :
Then, in that parley, all those pow'rs
Voted the rose the queen of flow'rs ;
But so, as that herself should be
The maid of honour unto thee.

IV.

TO PERILLA.

AH, my Perilla ! dost thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee ?
Age calls me hence ; and my grey hairs bid come,
And haste away to mine eternal home :
'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,
That I must give thee the supremest kiss :
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
Part of the cream 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 turf, and there
Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear ;
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 cool, and silent shades of sleep.

V.

A SONG TO THE MASKERS.

COME down, and dance ye in the toil
 Of pleasures to a heat ;
 But if to moisture, let the oil
 Of roses be your sweat.

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

As goddess Isis, when she went,
 Or glided through the street,
 Made all that touch'd her with her scent,
 And whom she touch'd, turn sweet.

VI.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

HELP me ! help me ! now I call
 To my pretty witchcrafts all :
 Old I am, and cannot do
 That I was accustom'd to :
 Bring your magics, spells, and charms,
 To en flesh my thighs, and arms.
 Is there no way to beget
 In my limbs their former heat ?
 Æson had, as poets feign,
 Baths to make him young again :
 Find that med'cine, if you can,
 For your dry, decrepid man,
 Who would fain his strength renew,
 Were it but to pleasure you.

VII.

NO LOATHSOMENESS IN LOVE.

WHAT I fancy I approve,
 No dislike there is in love :
 Be my mistress short, or tall,
 And distorted therewithal ;
 Be she likewise one of those,
 That an acre hath of nose ;
 Be her forehead, and her eyes
 Full of incongruities ;
 Be her cheeks so shallow too,
 As to shew her tongue wag through
 Be her lips ill hung, or set ;
 And her grinders black as jet ;
 Has she thin hair, hath she none ;
 She's to me a paragon.

VIII.

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 tear at all for that,
 Which rubies, corals, scarlets, all,
 For tincture, wonder at.

POEM VII.] Might not the ingenious author of *The Duenna* have had his eye upon this composition of Herrick's, when he wrote that sprightly song :

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
 But health and good humour, to make her his toast, &c. ?

IX.

THE CARCANET.

INSTEAD of orient pearls, of jet
 I sent my love a carcanet :*
 About her spotless neck she knit
 The lace, to honour me, or it :
 Then think how rapt was I, to see
 My jet t'inthrall such ivory !

X.

HOW THE WALLFLOWER CAME FIRST, AND
 WHY SO CALLED.

WHY this flow'r is now call'd so,
 List, sweet maids, and you shall know.
 Understand, this firstling was
 Once a brisk and bonny lass,
 Kept as close as Danæe was,
 Who a sprightly springal lov'd ;
 And, to have it fully prov'd,
 Up she got upon a wall,
 Tempting down to slide withal :
 But the silken twist untied,
 So she fell, and bruis'd, she died.
 Love, in pity of the deed,
 And her loving, luckless speed,
 Turn'd her to this plant, we call
 Now the flower of the wall.

*The carcanet was a gold, or other ornamental chain, worn round the neck. *Carcan* originally signified an iron collar to confine malefactors to a post. Nicot, in his *Grand Dictionnaire*, defines it, *ornement d'or qu'on mist au col des demoiselles*.

XI.

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

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your curls, and kiss the time away ;
You blame me too, because I can't devise
Some sport, to please those babies in your eyes* :
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love, when I the least express it !
Small griefs find tongues ; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound ;
Deep waters noiseless are ; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below :
So when love speechless is, it doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such,
Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

XII.

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESSES.

I have lost, and lately, these
Many dainty mistresses ;
Stately Julia, prime of all ;
Sappho next, a principal ;
Smooth Anthea, for a skin
White, and heaven-like crystalline ;

* This sportive conceit was imagined perhaps before, and
certainly since Herrick wrote.

See where little Cupid lies,
Looking babies in her eyes.

DRAYTON.

Thus in our looks some propagation lies,
For we make babies in each others eyes.

LITTLE, alias MOORE.

Sweet Electra ; and the choice
 Myrrha, for the lute, and voice ;
 Next, Corinna, for her wit,
 And the graceful use of it ;
 With Perilla : all are gone ;
 Only Herrick's left alone,
 For to number sorrow by
 Their departures hence, and die.

XIII.

THE DREAM.

METHOUGHT, last night Love in an anger came,
 And brought a rod, so whipp'd me with the same ;
 Myrtle the twigs were, merely to imply
 Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle cruelty.
 Patient I was ; Love pitiful grew then,
 And strok'd the stripes, and I was whole again.
 Thus, like a bee, Love gentle still doth bring
 Honey to salve, where he before did sting.

XIV.

ON HIMSELF.

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 lie
 Melting, and in fancy die ;
 And return to life, if she
 Claps my cheek, or kisseth me :
 Thus, and thus it now appears
 That our love outlasts our years.

XV.

LOVE'S PLAY AT PUSHPIN.

LOVE and myself, believe me, on a day
 At childish pushpin, for our sport, did play :
 I put, he push'd, and, heedless of my skin,
 Love prick'd my finger with a golden pin ;
 Since which it festers so, that I can prove
 'Twas but a trick to poison me with love :
 Little the wound was, greater was the smart ;
 The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

XVI.

THE ROSARY.

ONE ask'd me where the roses grew ?
 I bade him not go 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 stiletto pierc'd the skin :
 Which being done, the fretful pain
 Assuag'd, and he was well again.

XVIII.

THE PARCÆ, OR THE ARMLET.

THREE lovely sisters working were,
 As they were closely set,
 Of soft and dainty maiden hair,
 A curious armlet.

I smiling ask'd them what they did?
 Fair destinies, all three!
 Who told me they had drawn a thread
 Of life, and 'twas for me.

They shew'd me then how fine 'twas spun;
 And I reply'd thereto:
 I care not now how soon 'tis done,
 Or cut, if cut by you.

XIX.

TO ROBIN-RED-BREAST.

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

XX.

DISCONTENTS IN DEVON.

MORE discontents I never had,
 Since I was born, than here;

POEM XX.] As the nineteen years residence of our poet
 at his vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, to which he
 was presented by Charles the First, in 1629, seems so re-

Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire.

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

XXI.

CHERRY-RIPE.

CHERRY-ripe, ripe, ripe (I cry)
Full and fair ones ; come, and buy !
If so be you ask me, where
They do grow ? I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile ;
There's the land, or cherry isle ;
Whose plantations fully show,
All the year, where cherries grow.

XXII.

THE VISION. TO ELECTRA.

I dreamt we both were in a bed
Of roses, almost smothered ;

markable and distressful an era of his life, I have adduced this one little piece for a specimen of his querulous style. It was at this residence, says Dr. Drake, that he composed the greater part of his poems ; though I am inclined to think, from the last line but one of this poem, only his *Noble Numbers*, or *Pious Pieces*, as he denominates them for the seeming sake of alliteration. His Dialogue from Horace evidently bears an earlier date. What occasioned the discontents recorded, is not known ; the ejection from his vicarage in 1648, by reason of the civil wars, most likely produced still greater, from consequent poverty, till his reinstatement 12 years afterwards. One John Syms, according to the Register of Dean Prior, occupied the benefice in the interim. Poverty, the lot of the generality of poets, seems, by the way, to have often attached to poor Herrick, from the supplicatory letters to his more wealthy relatives, which Mr. Nichols has preserved to us. See his *Leicestershire*, vol. 2. part 2.

The warmth, and sweetness had me there
 Made lovingly familiar ;
 But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
 Faults done by night will blush by day.
 I kiss'd thee panting, and I call
 Night to the record ! that was all.
 But, ah, if empty dreams so please ;
 Love, give me more such nights as these !

XXIII.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR SWEET MONTHS.

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

XXIV.

OF LOVE.

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

XXV.

THE ROCK OF RUBIES, AND THE QUARRY 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 girl
 To part her lips, and shew them there
 The quarrelets of pearl.

XXVI.

UPON ROSES.

UNDER a lawn, than skies more clear,
 Some ruffled roses nestling were ;
 And, snugging there, they seem'd to lie
 As in a flow'ry nunnery ;
 They blush'd, and look'd more fresh than flow'rs
 Quicken'd of late by pearly show'rs ;
 And all because they were possest
 But of the heat of Julia's breast,
 Which, as a warm and moisten'd spring,
 Gave them their ever flourishing.

XXVII.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID, OR THE UNGENTLE
GUEST.

ONE silent night, of late,
 When ev'ry creature rested,

POEM XXVII.] Among the numerous translations, and imitations of this favourite ode of the Teian Bard, we shall

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

Who's that, said I, beats there,
And troubles thus the sleepy?
Cast off, said he, all fear,
And let not locks thus keep ye ;

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

I pitiful arose,
And soon a taper lighted,
And did myself 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 chaff'd his hands with mine,
And dried his dropping tresses.

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

perhaps find none excelling the present in what the French
denominate *la belle simple* :

Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὤραις, &c.

ANAC. *Od.* 3.

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

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

XXVIII.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A sweet disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness ;
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction ;
 An erring lace, which here and there
 Intralls the crimson stomacher ;
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby
 Ribands to flow confusedly ;
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat ;
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility ;
 Do more bewitch me, than when art
 Is too precise in every part.

XXIX.

KISSING USURY.

BIANCHA, let
 Me pay the debt

POEM XXIX.] These lines breathe of Catullus, and Secundus. See of the former *Carmen* 5; and of the latter *Basium* 6.

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

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

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

XXX.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

ABOUT the sweet bag of a bee
 Two cupids fell at odds ;
 And, whose the pretty prize should 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 myrtle whipt them.

POEM XXX.] This little elegant composition is likewise found in a collection of poetry entitled, *Wit a sporting in a pleasant Grove of new Fancies*, by H. B. 1657.

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

XXXI.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

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

* "the wantons," in *Wit a sporting, &c.*

POEM XXXI.] No chronicle affords us any satisfactory information respecting the rites of saint Valentine, a Roman bishop beheaded under the emperor Claudius, whose festival is observed on the fourteenth of February. There is a rural tradition, that about this period birds chuse their mates; and it is a very ancient custom, on the day of the festival, for young people, particularly among the lower orders, to select valentines, or sweethearts, by drawing of lots. To this ceremony no occurrence in the saint's life could have given rise, thinks Mr. Brand, who has searched the legend. See his *Observations on Popular Antiquities*.

Chaucer makes nature speak thus to the feathered tribe on this anniversary:

Ye know well, how on St. Valentine's day
 By my statute, and through my governaunce
 Ye doe chese your makes: and after flie away
 With hem, as I pricke you with pleasaunce.
Assemble of Foules.

And thus says John Lidgate's poem, written in praise of queen Catherine, consort to Henry the fifth:

Seynte Valentyne, of custom yeere by yeere,
 Men have an usaunce in this regioun
 To loke and serche Cupide's kalendere,
 And chuse their choyse hy grete affeccoun;
 Suche as ben prike with Cupide's mocioun,
 Takyng theyre choyse as their sort doth falle:
 But I love oon whiche excellith alle.

Promise, and keep your vows,
 Or vow ye never ;
 Love's doctrine disallows
 Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice,
 Dear, to undo me ;
 If you prove faithless thrice,
 None then will woo ye.

XXXII.

TO THE GENEROUS READER.

SEE, and not see ; and, if thou chance t' espy
 Some aberrations in my poetry,
 Wink at small faults, the greater ne'ertheless
 Hide, and with them their father's nakedness.
 Let's do our best, our watch and ward to keep :
 *Homer himself in a long work may sleep.

XXXIII.

TO ELECTRA.

MORE white than whitest lilies far,
 Or snow, or whitest swans, you are ;
 More white than are the whitest creams,
 Or moonlight tinselling the streams ;
 More white than pearls, or Juno's thigh,
 Or Pelops' arm of ivory.
 True, I confess, such whites as these
 May me delight, not fully please ;
 Till, like Ixion's cloud, you be
 White, warm, and soft to lie with me.

**Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus:*
 HORAT. Art. Poet. ver. 359.

XXXIV.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

TO HIS BROTHER, THOMAS HERRICK.

THRICE, and above blest, my soul's half, art thou
 In thy both last, and better vow ;
 Could'st leave the city, for exchange, to see
 The country's sweet simplicity,
 And it to know, and practice; with intent
 To grow the sooner innocent,
 By studying to know virtue; and to aim
 More at her nature, than her name :
 The last is but the least; the first doth tell
 Ways less to live, than to live well ;
 And both are known to thee, who now can'st live
 Led by thy conscience, to give
 Justice to soon-pleas'd nature, and to show
 Wisdom and she together go,
 And keep one centre; this with that conspires
 To teach man to confine desires,
 And know that riches have their proper stint
 In the contented mind, not mint ;
 And can'st instruct, that those who have the itch
 Of craving more are never rich :
 These things thou know'st to th' height, and dost
 prevent
 That plague, because thou art content

POEM XXXIV.] The brother, to whom these lines are addressed, was the third child of Nicholas Herrick, as our poet was the sixth; and, it is believed, was the father of the Thomas Herrick, who in 1668 resided at Market-Harborough, and issued a trader's token there; and grandfather to the Thomas, who was curate of Harborough, and published some sermons and poems; the latter were published in 4to. at Cambridge, 1791; among the most remarkable is the *Submarine Voyage*, of some length. See Nichols' *Leicestershire*, vol. 2. part 2. page 632.

With that Heav'n gave thee with a wary hand,
 More blessed in thy brass than land,
 To keep cheap nature even and upright ;
 To cool, not cocker appetite :
 Thus thou can'st tersely live to satisfy
 The belly chiefly, not the eye ;
 Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
 Less with a neat than needful diet.
 But that, which most makes sweet thy country life,
 Is the fruition of a wife ;
 Whom, stars consenting with thy fate, thou hast
 Got, not so beautiful as chaste ;
 By whose warm side thou dost securely sleep,
 While Love the centinel doth keep,
 With those deeds done by day, which ne'er affright
 Thy silken slumbers in the night.
 Nor has the darkness pow'r to usher in
 Fear to those sheets, that know no sin.
 The damask'd meadows, and the pebbly streams
 Sweeten, and make soft your dreams ;
 The purling springs, groves, birds, and well-weav'd
 bowr's,
 With fields enamelled with flow'rs,
 Present their shapes ; while fantasy discloses
 Millions of lilies mix'd with roses :
 Then dream ye hear the lamb by many a bleat
 Woo'd to come suck the milky teat ;
 While Faunus in the vision comes, to keep
 From rav'ning wolves the fleecy sheep :
 With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet
 To make sleep not so sound, as sweet :
 Nor can these figures so thy rest endear,
 As not to rise when chanticleer
 Warns the last watch ; but with the dawn dost rise

To work, but first to sacrifice ;
 Making thy peace with heav'n, for some late fault,
 With holy meal and spiriting salt ;
 Which done, thy painful thumb this sentence tells us,
 " Jove for our labour all things sells us."
 Nor are thy daily, and devout affairs,
 Attended with those desp'rate cares
 Th' industrious merchant has, who, for to find
 Gold, runneth to the Western Ind
 And back again ; tortur'd with fears, doth fly,
 Untaught to suffer poverty.
 But thou at home, blest with securest ease,
 Sitt'st, and believ'st that there be seas
 And wat'ry dangers ; while thy whiter hap
 But sees these things within thy map ;
 And, viewing them with a more safe survey,
 Mak'st easy fear unto thee say,
 " A heart thrice wall'd with oak and brass that man*
 " Had, first durst plough the ocean !"
 But thou at home, without or tide or gale,
 Can'st in thy map securely sail,
 Seeing those painted countries ; and so guess
 By those fine shades their substances ;
 And, from thy compass taking small advice,
 Buy'st travel at the lowest price.
 Nor are thine ears so deaf, but thou can'st hear,
 Far more with wonder than with fear,
 Fame tell of states, of countries, courts, and kings,
 And believe there be such things ;
 When of these truths, thy happier knowledge lies

* *Illi robur, et æs triplex
 Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
 Commisit pelago ratem
 Primus.*

HORAT. Ode 3. Lib. 1.

More in thine ears than in thine eyes.
 And when thou hear'st by that too true report
 Vice rules the most, or all at court ;
 Thy pious wishes are, though thou not there,
 Virtue had, and mov'd her sphere.
 But thou liv'st fearless ; and thy face ne'er shews
 Fortune when she comes, or goes ;
 But with thy equal thoughts prepar'd dost stand
 To take her by the either hand :
 Nor car'st which comes the first, the foul, or fair ;
 A wise man ev'ry way lies square ;
 And, like a surly oak with storms perplex't,
 Grows still the stronger, strongly vex't :
 Be so, bold spirit ! stand center-like unmov'd ;
 And be not only thought, but prov'd
 To be what I report thee ; and inure
 Thyself, if want comes, to endure ;
 And so thou dost ; for thy desires are
 Confin'd to live with private Lar :
 Not curious whether appetite be fed
 Or with the first, or second bread :
 Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious catés ;
 Hunger makes coarse meats delicates :
 Can'st, and unurg'd, forsake that larded fare,
 Which art, not nature, makes so rare,
 To taste boil'd nettles, coleworts, beets, and eat
 These and sour herbs, as dainty meat ;
 While soft opinion makes thy genius say,
 " Content makes all ambrosia."

Nor is it that thou keep'st this stricter size
 So much for want, as exercise ;
 To numb the sense of dearth, which, should sin
 haste it,
 Thou might'st but only see't, not taste it.

Yet can thy humble roof maintain a quire
 Of singing crickets by thy fire ;
 And the brisk mouse may feast herself with crumbs,
 Till that the green-ey'd kitling comes ;
 Then to her cabin, 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,
 Counsel concurring with the end,
 As well as spare ; still conning o'er this theme,
 To shun the first and last extreme.
 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 ownself, and known to few.
 Thus let thy rural sanctuary be
 Elysium to thy wife, and thee ;
 There to disport yourselves with golden measure ;
 For seldom use commends the pleasure.
 Live, and live blest, thrice happy pair ! let breath,
 But lost to one, be th' others death ;
 And as there is one love, one faith, one troth ;
 Be so one death, one grave to both :
 Till when, in such assurance live, ye may
 Nor fear, nor wish your dying day.

XXXV.

LYRICK TO MIRTH.

WHILE the milder fates consent,
 Let's enjoy our merriment ;
 Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play ;
 Kiss our dollies night and day :

Crown'd with clusters of the vine,
 Let us sit and quaff our wine ;
 Call on Bacchus, chant his praise,
 Shake the thyrsè, and bite the bays ;
 Rouse Anacreon from the dead,
 And return him drunk to bed ;
 Sing o'er Horace, for e'er long
 Death will come, and mar the song.
 Then shall Wilson, and Goutire*
 Never sing, or play more here.

XXXVI.

UPON JULIA'S RIBAND.

As shews the air, when with a rainbow grac'd,
 So smiles that riband 'bout my Julia's waist ;
 Or like — nay, 'tis that zonulet of love,
 † Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.

XXXVII.

THE FROZEN ZONE, OR JULIA DISDAINFUL.

WHITHER, say, whither shall I fly,
 To slack these flames wherein I fry ?
 To the treasures shall I go
 Of the rain, frost, hail, and snow ?

* A celebrated musical composer, and lutanist, much in favour with Charles the first.

† A nearly similar conceit occurs in the following lines of a cotemporary bard, from his poem on a *Girdle*, which he denominates

A narrow compass; and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
 Give me but what this riband bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round!

WALLER.

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 eternal cold does keep ?
 These may cool ; but there's a zone
 Colder yet than any one,
 That's my Julia's breast, where dwells
 Such destructive icicles,
 As that the congelation will
 Me sooner starve, than those can kill.

XXXVII.

TO THE PATRON OF POETS,
 MR. ENDYMION PORTER.

LET there be patrons, patrons like to thee,
 Brave Porter ! poets ne'er will wanting be.
 Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live
 In thee, thou man of men ! who here dost give
 Not only subject matter for our wit,
 But likewise oil of maintenance to it ;
 For which, before thy threshold we'll lay down
 Our thyrses for sceptre, and our bays for crown :
 For, to say truth, all garlands are thy due,
 The laurel, myrtle, oak, and ivy too.

POEM XXXVIII.] The gentleman to whom these lines
 are addressed was in the court of James, and of Charles the
 first ; with whom he was a great favourite by reason of his
 wit and learning. He appears to have died abroad, and to
 have been the Mæcenas of his day. His family was from
 Gloucestershire, in the neighbourhood of Campden. He
 died 1641.

XXXIX.

THE SADNESS OF THINGS FOR SAPPHO'S
SICKNESS.

LILIES will languish, violets look ill,
Sickly the primrose, pale the daffodil ;
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 funeral together ;
If Sappho droop, daisies will open never,
But bid good-night, and close their lids for ever.

XL.

THE TEAR, SENT TO MRS. DOROTHY KENEDAY
FROM STAINES.

GLIDE, gentle streams, and bear
Along with you my tear
To that coy girl,
Who smiles, yet slays
Me with delays,
And strings my tears as pearl.

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

Then say, I've sent one more
Gem to enrich her store,
And that is all
Which I can send,

Or vainly spend;
For tears no more will fall.

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

Yet say, should she condemn
Me to surrender them,
Then say, my part
Must be to weep
Out them, to keep
A poor, yet loving heart.

Say too, she would have this,
She shall; then my hope is,
That when I'm poor,
And nothing have
To send, or save,
I'm sure she'll ask no more.

XLI.

EPITAPH UPON A CHILD.

VIRGINS promis'd, when I died,
That they would, each primrose-tide,

POEM XLI.] This charming morceau is in the true spirit of the Greek epigram, which consisted not so much in point, as in elegant concise expression. In this stile of composition Herrick seems to have been singularly happy. The reader will be gratified with many pieces of a similar nature, as he proceeds.

Duly morn and ev'ning come,
 And with flowers dress my tomb :
 Having promis'd ; pay your debts,
 Maids, and here strew violets.

XLII.

UPON MRS. ELIZABETH WHEELER, UNDER THE
 NAME OF AMARYLLIS.

SWEET Amaryllis by a spring's
 Soft, and soul-melting murmurings
 Slept ; and thus sleeping, thither flew
 A robin-red-breast, who, at view
 Not seeing her at all to stir,
 Brought leaves and moss to cover her ;
 But while he perking there did pry
 About the arch of either eye,
 The lid began to let out day :
 At which poor robin flew away ;
 And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd,
 He chirpt for joy to see himself deceiv'd.

XLIII.

TO MYRRHA HARD-HEARTED.

FOLD now thine arms, and hang the head,
 Like to a lily withered ;
 Next, look thou like a sickly moon,
 Or like Jocasta in a swoon ;
 Then weep, and sigh, and softly go ;
 Like to a widow drown'd in woe,

POEM XLII.] The lady complimented in this poem was probably a relation by marriage. Herrick's first cousin, Martha, the seventh daughter of his uncle Robert, married Mr. John Wheeler.

Or, like a virgin full of ruth
 For the lost sweetheart of her youth :
 And all because, fair maid, thou art
 Insensible of all my smart,
 And of those evil days that be
 Now posting on to punish thee.
 The gods are easy, and condemn
 All such as are not soft like them.

XLIV.

THE EYE.

MAKE me a heav'n, and make me there
 Many a less and greater sphere ;
 Make me the straight and oblique lines,
 The motions, latitudes, and the signs ;
 Make me a chariot, and a sun,
 And let them through a zodiac run ;
 Next, place me zones and tropics there,
 With all the seasons of the year ;
 Make me a sunset, and a night ;
 And then present the morning's light
 Cloth'd in her chamlets of delight ;
 To these, make clouds to pour down rain,
 With weather foul, then fair again :
 And when, wise artist, that thou hast
 With all that can be this heav'n grac'd ;
 Ah ! what is then this curious sky,
 But only my Corinna's eye ?

XLV.

THE WOUNDED CUPID.

CUPID, as he lay among
 Roses, by a bee was stung.
 Whereupon, in anger flying
 To his mother, said thus, crying,
 Help, O help, your boy's a dying !
 And why, my pretty lad ? said she.
 Then, blubbering, 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 tell me then, how great's the smart
 Of those thou woundest with thy dart ?

XLVI.

THE VISION.

SITTING alone, as one forsook,
 Close by a silver-shedding brook,
 With hands held up to Love, I wept ;
 And, after sorrows spent, I slept :
 Then in a vision I did see
 A glorious form appear to me ;
 A virgin's face she had ; her dress

POEM XLV.] We have here another very elegant translation from Anacreon :

Εγὼς ποτ' ἐν ῥοδοισί, &c.

ANAC. Od. 40.

Was like a sprightly Spartaness ;
 A silver bow, with green silk strung,
 Down from her comely shoulders hung ;
 And, as she stood, the wanton air
 Dandled the ringlets of her hair ;
 Her legs were such Diana shews,
 When, tuck'd up, she a hunting goes,
 With buskins shorten'd to descry
 The happy dawning of her thigh ;
 Which when I saw, I made access
 To kiss that tempting nakedness ;
 But she forbad me with a wand
 Of myrtle she had in her hand ;
 And, chiding me, said : " Hence, remove,
 " Herrick ! Thou art too coarse to love."

XLVII.

DISSUASIONS FROM IDLENESS.

CYNTHIUS, pluck ye by the ear ;
 That ye may good doctrine hear.
 Play not with the maiden hair,
 For each ringlet there's a snare :
 Cheek, and eye, and lip, and chin,
 These are traps to take fools in :
 Arms, and hands, and all parts else,
 Are but toils, or manacles,
 Set on purpose to intrall
 Men, but slothfuls most of all.
 Live employ'd, and so live free
 From these fetters ; like to me,
 Who have found, and still can prove,
 *The lazy man the most doth love.

* Thus the great master of love's art :
Cedit amor rebus ; res age, tutus eris.
 OVID. Remed. Amor. v. 151.

XLVIII.

EPITHALAMIUM,
TO SIR THOMAS SOUTHWELL AND HIS LADY.

Now, now's the time, so oft by truth
Promis'd should come to crown your youth.
Then, fair ones, do not wrong
Your joys by staying long,
Or let love's fire go out
By ling'ring thus in doubt ;
But learn, that time once lost
Is ne'er redeem'd by cost.
Then away come, Hymen ; guide
To the bed the bashful bride !

* * * * *

These precious, pearly, purling tears
But spring from ceremonious fears ;
And 'tis but native shame,
That hides the loving flame
And may awhile controul
The soft and am'rous soul ;
But yet love's fire will waste
Such bashfulness at last.
Then away come, Hymen ; guide
To the bed the bashful bride !

* * * * *

POEM XLVIII.] To point out to the classic reader how, and where the spirit of Catullus, Secundus, and Bonefonius is transfused into this little poem, would be needless. The gentleman who is the subject of it I cannot conjecture ; he was perhaps of no great publicity, some rural retired knight ; as I do not meet with any such person recorded in books, or otherwise distinguished, about Herrick's period.

On, on devoutly ; make no stay,
 While Domiduca* leads the way ;
 And Genius, who attends
 The bed for lucky ends :
 With Juno go the Hours,
 And Graces strewing flow'rs ;
 And the boys with sweet tunes sing,
 Hymen, O Hymen bring
 Home the turtles ; Hymen guide
 To the bed the bashful bride !

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

Move forward then your rosy feet,
 And make whate'er they touch turn sweet.
 May all like flow'ry meads
 Smell, where your soft foot treads ;
 And ev'ry thing assume
 To it the like perfume ;
 As Zephyrus, when he spires
 Through woodbines and sweetbriars.
 Then away come, Hymen ; guide
 To the bed the bashful bride !

* A coined word, I presume, for the *paranympba*, *pronuba*, or bridesmaid attending the bride.

And now the yellow veil at last
 Over her fragrant cheek is cast;
 Now seems she to express
 A bashful willingness,*
 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.

You, you that be her nearest kin,
 †Now o'er the threshold force her in.
 But, to avert the worst,
 Let her her fillets first
 Knit to the posts ; this point
 Rememb'ring, to anoint
 The sides ; for 'tis a charm
 Strong against future harm,
 And the evil deeds, the which
 There was hidden by the witch.

* * * * *

No fatal owl the bedstead keeps
 With direful notes to fright your sleeps ;
 No Furies hereabout
 To put the tapers out

* *Tardet ingenuus pudor.*
 CATULLUS. Epithal. Juliæ & Manlii.

Transfer omine cum bono
Limen aureolos pedes.

Idem.

Watch, or did make the bed ;
 'Tis omen full of dread :
 But all fair signs appear
 Within the chamber here :
 Juno here far off doth stand,
 Cooling sleep with charming waud.

Virgins, weep not ; 'twill come when,
 As she, so you'll be ripe for men :
 Then grieve her not with saying,
 She must no more a Maying,
 Or by rose-buds divine
 Who'll be her valentine ;
 Nor name those wanton rakes,
 You've had at barleybrakes :
 But now kiss her ; and thus say,
 Take time, lady, while ye may.

Now bar the doors, the bridegroom puts*
 The eager boys to gather nuts : †
 And now both love and time
 To their full height do climb :
 Let kisses, in their close,
 Breath as the damask rose :
 Teach nature now to know,
 Lips can make cherries grow
 Sooner, than she ever yet
 In her wisdom could beget. ||

* *Claudiste ostia virgines.*

Idem.

† The ceremony of throwing nuts at a wedding, which boys scrambled for, was of Athenian origin. Besides Catullus, Virgil and many other classic writers mention the custom ; hence *nucibus relictis* became proverbial, for the renouncing of childhood. See Persius. *Sat.* 1. *ver.* 10.

|| The last six lines of this stanza are arranged differently from what they are in the original, for very proper reasons.

On your minutes, hours, days, months, years,
Drop the fat blessing of the spheres !

That good, which heav'n can give,
To make you bravely live,
Fall, like a spangling dew,
By day and night on you !
May fortune's lily hand
Open at your command ;
With all the lucky birds, to side
With the bridegroom and the bride !

Let bounteous fate your spindles full
Fill, and wind up with whitest wool ;

Let them not cut the thread
Of life, until ye bid !
May death yet come at last,
And not with desp'rate haste ;
But when ye both can say,
Come, let us now away !
Be ye to the barn then borne
Two, like two ripe shocks of corn !

XLIX.

LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS.

IF I kiss Anthea's breast,
There I smell the phoenix' nest ;
If her lip, the most sincere
Altar of incense I smell there ;
* Fingers, hands, and arms are all
Richly aromatical :
Goddess Isis can't transfer
Musks and ambers more from her ;
Nor can Juno sweeter be,
When she lies with Jove, than she.

* In this line it was thought better to deviate a little from the original.

L.

THE CRUEL MAID.

AND, cruel maid, because I see
 You scornful of my love and me,
 I'll trouble you no more; but go
 My way, where you shall never know
 What is become of me; there I
 Will find me out a path to die,
 Or learn some way how to forget
 You, and your name, for ever: yet
 Ere I go hence, know this from me,
 What will in time your fortune be;
 This to your coyness I will tell,
 And having spoke it once, farewell!
 The lily will not long endure,
 Nor the snow continue pure;
 The rose, the violet one day
 See; both these lady-flow'rs 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 do,
 That my last vow commends to you;
 When you shall see that I am dead,
 For pity let a tear be shed;
 And, with your mantle o'er me cast,
 Give my cold lips a kiss at last:
 If twice you kiss, you need not fear
 That I shall stir, or live more here:
 Next hollow out a tomb to cover
 Me, me, the most despised lover

And write thereon : " this, reader, know,
*Love kill'd this man." No more but so.

LI.

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, your's yet free :
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air ;
When as that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of beauty's gone.

LII.

HIS MISERY IN A MISTRESS.

WATER, water I espy !
Come, and cool ye, all who fry
In your love; but none as I.

Though a thousand showers 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!

* *Huic misero fatum dura puella fuit.*
PROPERT: Eleg. 1. Lib. 2. ver. ult.

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 despair
Of my cure, do you beware
Of those girls which cruel are.

LIII.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN OBJECTING TO HIM HIS
GREY HAIRS.

Am I despis'd, because you say,
And I dare swear, that I am grey ?
Know, lady, you have but your day ;
And time will come, when you shall wear
Such frost and snow upon your hair.
And when, though long, it comes to pass,
You question with your looking-glass,
And in that sincere crystal 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 tears y'are weeping.

LIV.

UPON CUPID.

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

He saw my palm; and then, said he,
 I tell thee, by this score here,
 That thou, within few months, shalt be
 The youthful prince d'amour here.

I smil'd, and bade him once more prove,
 And by some cross line shew it;
 That I could ne'er be prince of love,
 Though here the princely poet.

LV.

UPON A BLACK TWIST ROUND THE ARM OF
 THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

I saw about her spotless wrist
 Of blackest silk a curious twist;

POEM LV.] This personage most probably was Margaret, third daughter of Francis Earl of Bedford, and lady of James Hay, the second of that name Earl of Carlisle, who succeeded his father James 1636; she being the then countess at the time Herrick published his *Hesperides*. Yet might the poet have written his lines on the lady Lucy, second wife of James first earl of Carlisle, who was celebrated for her wit and beauty, and at the time Herrick's book came out must have been about the age of fifty; she was daughter of Henry Percy ninth earl of Northumberland: her character is found drawn up at the head of *A Collection of Letters made by Sir Tobie Mathews, Knt.* and dedicated to her ladyship; it is a curious, and now rare little book, printed 1660. Waller wrote many elegant verses on this
 "Bright Carlisle of the court of heaven."

Which, circumvolving gently there,
 Inthrall'd her arm as prisoner :
 Dark was the jail; but as if light
 Had met t'engender with the night,
 Or so as darkness made a stay
 To shew at once both night and day.
 I fancy more—But, if there be
 Such freedom in captivity,
 I beg of Love, that ever I
 May in like chains of darkness lie.

LVI.

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 should be, like to it.

Close though it be,
 The joint is free ;
 So, when love's yoke is on,
 It must not gall,
 Or fret at all
 With hard oppression:

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

So we, who bear
 This beam, must rear
 Ourselves to such a height,
 As that the stay
 Of either may
 Create the burthen light.

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

LVII.

JULIA'S PETTICOAT.

THY azure robe I did behold,
 As airy as the leaves of gold,
 Which erring here, and wand'ring there,
 Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry-where :
 Sometimes 'twould pant, and sigh, and heave,
 As if to stir it scarce had leave ;
 But having got it, thereupon,
 'Twould make a brave expansion ;
 And, pounc'd with stars, it shew'd to me
 Like a celestial canopy :
 Sometimes 'twould blaze, and then abate,
 Like to a flame grown moderate:

POEM LVII.] The various undulations of this garment of his fair-one is a trifling circumstance so happily touched upon, as to render it interesting, and exquisite. The torch of genius only could in so small a spark kindle such brilliancy.

Sometimes away 'twould wildly fling,
 Then to thy thighs so closely cling,
 That some conceit did melt me down,
 As lovers fall into a swoon ;
 And all confus'd I there did lie
 Drown'd in delights, but could not die.
 That leading cloud I follow'd still,
 Hoping t'have seen of it my fill ;
 But ah ! I could not ; should it move
 To life eternal, I could love.

LVIII.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

GET up, get up for shame; the blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the God unshorn :
 See how Aurora throws her fair,
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air :
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree :
 Each flow'r has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
 Above an hour since ; yet you not drest ;
 Nay, not so much as out of bed ;
 When all the birds have mattins said,
 And sung their thankful hymns : 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation to keep in ;
 When as a thousand virgins on this day,
 Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May !

POEM LVIII. | The ceremony of *going a Maying*, and the *May festivities*, were once of great notoriety; though now almost in disuse, or but faintly shadowed in the lower orders of people: they were observed by royalty even. Stowe, quoting Hall, gives an account of Henry the eighth's *riding a Maying*, with his queen, Catharine, to the high ground on Shooter's Hill, accompanied by a train of the nobility.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
 To come forth like the spring time fresh, and green,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown, or hair :
 Fear not, the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you:
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :
 Come, and receive them, while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in
 praying ;
 Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying !

Come, my Corinna, come ; and, coming, mark
 How each field turns a street, each street a park
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees ; see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough,
 Or branch ; each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is
 Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove,
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street,
 And open fields, and we not see't ?
 Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May,
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
 But my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying !

There's not a budding boy, or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May :
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with whitethorn laden home :
 Some have dispatch'd their cakes and cream,
 Before that we have left to dream ;
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 kiss, both odd and even ;
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament ;
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd ; yet we're not a Maying !

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time :
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty :
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun :
And, as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again ;
 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 endless night.*
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying !

* This concluding stanza is in the same spirit with *Ca-*
tullus's fifth Carmen.

LIX.

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

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

Lyd. While thou no other didst affect,
Nor Chloe was of more respect ;
Then Lydia, far-fam'd Lydia,
I flourish'd more than Roman Ilia.

Hor. Now Thracian Chloe governs me,
Skilful i'th' harp, and melody ;
For whose affection, Lydia, I,
So fate spares her, am well content to die.

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

Hor. Say, our first loves we should revoke ;
And, sever'd, join in brazen yoke ;
Admit I Chloe put away,
And love again love-cast-off Lydia !

POEM LIX.] Dr. Drake supposes that the present may have been the first attempt made, in our language, to naturalize this celebrated ninth ode of Horace's third Book ; but I much doubt it. The original beauty of the composition must have tempted the pen of many a translator long before the days of Herrick ; and many a version of this ode may now lie unnoticed among the latent treasures of literature.

Lyd. Though mine be brighter than the star;
 Thou lighter than the cork by far,
 Rough as th' Adriatic sea; yet I
 Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

LX.

THE CAPTIVED BEE, OR, THE LITTLE FILCHER.

As Julia once a slumb'ring lay,
 It chanc'd a bee did fly that way,
 After a dew, or dew-like show'r,
 To tipple freely in a flow'r.
 For some rich flow'r he took the lip
 Of Julia, and began to sip:
 But when he felt he suck'd from thence
 Honey, and in the quintessence;
 He drank so much he scarce could stir;
 So Julia took the pilferer:
 And thus surpris'd, as filchers use,
 He thus began himself t'excuse:
 Sweet lady-flow'r! I never brought
 Hither the least one thieving thought;
 But taking those rare lips of your's
 For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flow'rs;
 I thought I might there take a taste,
 Where so much syrup ran at waste:
 *Besides, know this, I never sting

POEM LX.] In this, perhaps more than in any other production, Herrick may be pronounced truly Anacreontic.

DRAKE.

*One would almost imagine that Herrick here had in view the caution, which Secundus gives the bee, in his *Basia*; and that the little insect attended to it.

Heu! non et stimulis compungite molle labellum;

Ex oculis stimulus vibrat et illa pareis.

Credite non ullum patietur vulnus inultum:

Leniter innocua mella legatis apes.

JOAN, SEC. *Basium* 19.

The flow'r that gives me nourishing ;
 But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
 For honey that I bear away.
 This said, he laid his little scrip
 Of honey 'fore her ladyship ;
 And told her, as some tears did fall,
 That, that he took, and that was all.
 At which she smil'd ; and bade him go
 And take his bag ; but thus much know,
 When next he came a pilf'ring so,
 He should from her full lips derive
 Honey enough to fill his hive.

LXI.

AN ODE TO MASTER ENDYMION PORTER,
 UPON HIS BROTHER'S DEATH.

Not all thy flushing suns are set,
 Herrick, as yet ;
 Nor doth this far-drawn hemisphere
 Frown, and look sullen ev'ry-where.
 Days may conclude in nights; and suns may rest,*
 As dead, within the west ;
 Yet the next morn re-gild the fragrant east.

Alas for me ! that I have lost
 E'en all almost ;
 Sunk is my sight ; set is my sun ;
 And all the loom of life undone :

* Here we have a beautiful amplification of the three following lines from Catullus:

*Soles occidere, et redire possunt ;
 Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
 Non est perpetua una dormienda.*

CATUL. Carm. 5.

The staff, the elm, the prop, the shelt'ring wall
 Whereon my vine did crawl,
 Now, now blown down, needs must the old stock
 fall.

Yet, Porter, while thou keep'st alive,
 In death I thrive ;
 And, like a phœnix, re-aspire
 From out my nard, and fun'ral fire :
 And, as I prune my feather'd youth, so I
 Do marv'l how I could die,
 When I had thee, my chief preserver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and bless that hand,
 Which makes me stand
 Now as I do ; and but for thee,
 I must confess, I could not be.
 The debt is paid ; for he, who doth resign
 Thanks to the gen'rous vine,
 Invites fresh grapes to fill his press with wine.

LXII.

TO CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

YE may simper, blush, and smile,
 And perfume the air awhile ;
 But, sweet things, ye must be gone ;
 Fruit, ye know, is coming on.
 Then, ah then, where is your grace,
 When as cherries come in place ?

LXIII.

TO PANSIES.

AH, cruel love, must I endure
 Thy many scorns, and find no cure?
 Say, are thy med'cines made to be
 Helps to all others but to me?
 I'll leave thee, and to pansies come;
 Comforts you'll afford me some:
 You can ease my heart, and do
 What love could ne'er be brought unto.

LXIV.

ON GILLYFLOWERS BEGOTTEN.

WHAT was't that fell but now
 From that warm kiss of ours?
 Look, look, by love, I vow
 They were two gillyflow'rs!

Let's kiss, and kiss again;
 For if so be our closes
 Make gillyflowers, then
 I'm sure they'll fashion roses.

LXV.

THE LILY IN A CRYSTAL.

You have beheld a smiling rose,
 When virgins' hands have drawn
 O'er it a cobweb lawn;
 And here, you see, this lily shows,
 Tomb'd in a crystal stone,
 More fair in this transparent case,
 Than when it grew alone,
 And had but single grace.

You see how cream but naked is;
 Nor dances in the eye
 Without a strawberry,
 Or some fine tincture like to this,
 Which draws the sight thereto
 More by that wantoning with it,
 Than when the paler hue
 No mixture did admit.

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

POEM LXV.] The fashionable fair of Herrick's day, as well as of the present, it would seem, sometimes made too free a display of their charms; for which they are admonished in this apt, and elegant chain of similitudes.

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

Thus lily, rose, grape, cherry, cream,
 And strawberry do stir
 More love, when they transfer
 A weak, a soft, a broken beam,
 Than if they should discover
 At full their proper excellence,
 Without some scene cast over,
 To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this crystal lily be
 A rule, how far to teach
 Your nakedness must reach ;
 And that, no further than we see
 Those glaring colours laid
 By art's wise hand ; but to this end
 They should obey a shade,
 Lest they too far extend.

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

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

LXVI.

THE WELCOME TO SACK.

So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder
 smiles
 Meet after long divorcement by the isles ;
 When Love, the child of likeness, urgeth on
 Their crystal natures to an union :
 So meet stol'n kisses, when the moony nights
 Call forth fierce lovers to their wish'd delights ;
 As I meet thee.—Soul of my life and fame !
 Eternal lamp of love, whose radiant flame

POEM LXVI.] Our poet seems to have been gifted with no small portion of the conviviality, and propensity of that bon-vivant, Falstaff. His relish for sack he records himself in pretty marked characters, as the reader may perceive: whether, like the facetious knight, he flavoured it with sugar, the legend does not inform us. In the first poem of that rare little book, *Musarum Delicia; or the Muses' Recreation*, by Sir John Mennis, and Dr. James Smith, 1656, which poem by the way is addressed to Mr. John Wicks, or Weeks, the friend of Herrick, his partiality for this liquor is again mentioned :

Ships lately from the islands came
 With wines, thou never heard'st their name,
 Montefiasco, Frontiniac,
 Vernaccio, and that old Sack
 Young Herrick took, to entertain
 The Muses in a sprightly vein.

At one time the bard appears to have quarrelled with his favourite beverage, and writes a sportive piece on the occasion, entitled, *His Farewell to Sack*, which is rather inferior; to this he alludes in the thirty-ninth verse of this poem, which has some unnecessary, and rather objectionable lines, rendering it tedious; they are therefore here omitted.

Outglares the heaven's *Osiris ; and thy gleams
 Outshine the splendour of the midday beams !
 Welcome, O welcome, my illustrious spouse !
 Welcome as are the ends unto my vows !
 Aye, far more welcome than the happy soil
 The sea-scourg'd merchant, after all his toil,
 Salutes with tears of joy, when fires betray
 The smoky chimnies of his Ithaca !
 Where hast thou been so long from my embraces,
 Poor pitied exile ? Tell me ; did thy graces
 Fly discontented hence, and for a time
 Did rather choose to bless another clime ?
 Or went'st thou to this end the more to move me,
 By thy short absence, to desire and love thee ?
 Why frowns my sweet ? Why wont my saint
 confer
 Favours on me, her fierce idolater ?
 Why are those looks, those looks the which have
 been
 Time past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in,
 Like a dull twilight ? Tell me ; and the fault
 I'll expiate with sulphur, hair, and salt ;
 And with the crystal humour of the spring
 Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.
 Wilt thou not smile, or tell me what's amiss ?
 Have I been cold to hug thee ; too remiss,
 Too temp'rate in embracing ? Tell me ; has desire
 To thee-ward died in th' embers, and no fire
 Left in this rak'd-up ash-heap, as a mark
 To testify the glowing of a spark ?
 Have I divorc'd thee only to combine
 In hot adult'ry with another wine ?

* The sun.

True, I confess I left thee ; and appeal
 'Twas done by me, more to confirm my zeal,
 And double my affection on thee ; as do those,
 Whose love grows more inflam'd by being foes ;
 But to forsake thee ever ! could there be
 A thought of such like possibility,
 When thou thyself dar'st say, thy isles shall lack
 Grapes, before Herrick leaves canary sack ?
 Thou mak'st me airy, active to be born,
 Like Iphycus, upon the tops of corn :
 Thou mak'st me nimble as the winged Hours,
 To dance and caper on the heads of flow'rs,
 And ride the sunbeams. Can there be a thing
 Under the heav'nly *Isis, that can bring
 More love unto my life, or can present
 My genius with a fuller blandishment ?
 Illustrious idol ! could th' Egyptians seek
 Help from the garlick, onion, and the leek ;
 And pay no vows to thee, who wast their best
 God, and far more transcendent than the rest ?
 Had Cassius, that weak water-drinker, known
 Thee in thy vine, or had but tasted one
 Small chalice of thy frantick liquor ; he,
 As the wise Cato, had approv'd of thee.

* * * * *

And till I turn apostate to thy love,
 Which here I vow to serve, do not remove
 Thy fires from me ; but Apollo's curse
 Blast these like actions, or a thing that's worse ;
 When these circumstants shall but live to see
 The time, that I prevaricate from thee !

* The moon.

Call me "the son of beer;" and then confine
 Me to the tap, the toast, the turf! Let wine
 Ne'er shine upon me! May my numbers all
 Run to a sudden death, and funeral!
 And last when thee, dear spouse, I disavow;
 Ne'er may prophetick Daphne crown my brow!

LXVII.

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 pear, or plumb;
 If you can see the water grow
 To cakes of ice, or flakes of snow;
 If you can see that drop of rain,
 Lost in the wild sea, once again;
 If you can see how dreams do creep
 Into the brain by easy sleep;
 Then there is hope that you may see
 Her love me once, who now hates me.

LXVIII.

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO TRUST TO GOOD
 VERSES.

Now is the time for mirth;
 Nor cheek, nor tongue be dumb;
 For with the flow'ry earth
 The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come ;
 For now each tree does wear,
 Made of her pap and gum,
 Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the rose; and now
 Th' Arabian dew besmears
 My uncontroled brow,
 And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee
 In sack of such a kind,
 That it would make thee see,
 Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next Virgil I'll call forth,
 To pledge this second health
 In wine, whose each cup's worth
 An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I'll drink
 To Ovid ; and suppose,
 Made he the pledge, he'd think
 The world had all one nose.*

Then this immensive cup
 Of aromatic wine,
 Catullus, I quaff up
 To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat :
 O Bacchus ! cool thy rays ;
 Or, frantic, I shall eat
 Thy thyrses, and bite the bays.

* Alluding to Ovid's *cognomen*, or surname.

Round, round the roof does run;
 And, being ravish'd 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 small return
 Of ashes scarce suffice
 To fill a little urn!

Trust to good verses then;
 They only will aspire,
 When pyramids, as men,
 Are lost in th' funeral fire.

And when all bodies meet,
 In Lethe to be drown'd;
 Then only numbers sweet
 With endless life are crown'd.

LXIX.

LIPS TONGUELESS.

FOR my part, I never care
 For those lips, that tonguetied are;

POEM LXIX.] This little jeu-d'esprit is possibly grounded on the following lines:

*Si linguam clauso tenes in ore,
 Fructus projicies amoris omnes:
 Verbosâ gaudet Venus loquelâ.*

CATUL. Carm. 52.

Telltales I would have them be
 Of my mistress, and of me :
 Let them prattle how that I
 Sometimes freeze, and sometimes fry :
 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 seldom sleep ;
 How by willows we do weep ;
 How by stealth we meet, and then
 Kiss, and sigh, so part again :
 This the lips we will permit
 For to tell, not publish it.

LXX.

TO VIOLETS.

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

She has virgins many,
 Fresh and fair ;
 Yet you are
 More sweet than any.

Ye are maiden posies,
 And so grac'd,
 To be plac'd
 'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
 By and by
 Ye do lie,
 Poor girls, neglected.

LXXI.

TO CARNATIONS.

A SONG.

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

Within my Lucia's cheek,
 Whose livery ye wear,
 Play ye at hide or seek,
 I'm sure to find ye there.

LXXII.

TO THE VIRGINS,
 TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a flying ;

POEM LXXII.] This is perhaps the sweetest of our poet's lyric effusions; to point it out to the reader of taste as such were unnecessary. It may however be observed, that the beginning of it has furnished words to one of the most delightful glees our elegant composer Hook ever produced. The excellence of Herrick in this species of versification is alluded to, in a quaint satire called, *Naps on Parnassus*, &c. 1658.

Flaccus Horace,
 He was but a sour-ass,
 And good for nothing but *Lyric* ;
 There's but one to be found
 In all English ground
 Writes as well ;—who is hight *Robert Herrick*.

And this same flow'r, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun,
The higher he's a getting;
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer 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, go marry:
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

LXXIII.

TO THE LARK.

Good speed, for I this day
Betimes my mattins say;
Because I do
Begin to woo;
Sweet singing lark,
Be thou the clerk,
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 return,
 To incense burn;
 And so to solemnize
 Love's, and my sacrifice.

LXXIV.

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS.

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-flow'r;
 Yet one rude wind, or ruffling show'r
 Will force you hence, and in an hour.

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

You are a full-spread, fair-set vine,
 And can with tendrils love entwine;
 Yet dried, ere you distil your wine.

You are like balm inclosed well
 In amber, or some crystal 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 flow'rs among;
 But die yon must, fair maid, ere long,
 As he, the maker of this song.

LXXV.

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 fretful briar will tell,
He who plucks the sweets shall prove
Many thorns to be in love.

LXXVI.

THE FAIRY TEMPLE ; OR, OBERON'S CHAPEL,
DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN MERRIFIELD,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

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

A way enchas'd with glass and beads
There is, that to the chapel leads ;
Whose structure, for his holy rest,
Is here the halcyon's curious nest ;
Into the which who looks shall see
His temple of idolatry,
Where he of godheads has such store,
As Rome's Pantheon had not more.

POEM LXXVI.] Our poet seems more particularly to have delighted in drawing the manner, and costume of the fairy world. He has devoted several of his most elaborate poems to these sportive creations of fancy, in which a variety of curious, and minute imagery is appositely introduced.

DRAKE.

His house of Rimmon* this he calls,
 Girt with small bones instead of walls :
 First, in a niche more black than jet
 His idol cricket there is set ;
 Then, in a polish'd oval by
 There stands his idol beetle-fly :
 Next, in an arch akin to this
 His idol canker seated is ;
 Then, in a round is plac'd by these
 His golden god cantharides :
 So that where'er ye look, ye see
 No capital, no cornice free,
 Or frieze, from this fine frippery.
 Now this the fairies would have known,
 Their's is a mix'd religion ;
 And some have heard the elves it call
 Part pagan, part papistical.
 If unto me all tongues were granted,
 I could not speak the saints here painted ;
 Saint Tit, saint Nit, saint Is, saint Itis,
 Who against Mab's state plac'd here right is ;
 Saint Will-o'-th'-wisp, of no great bigness,
 But alias call'd here Fatuus ignis ;
 Saint Frip, saint Trip, saint Fill, saint Filly ;
 Neither those other saintships will I
 Here go about for to recite,
 Their number almost infinite ;
 Which one by one here set down are
 In this most curious calendar.
 First, at the entrance of the gate,
 A little puppet-priest doth wait,

* A Hebrew word signifying a pomegranate, and was an idol mentioned in scripture. *KINGS* ii. ch. 5. ver. 18.

Who squeaks to all the comers there,
 "Favour your tongues, who enter here;
 "Pure hands bring hither without stain:"
 A second pules, "hence, hence, profane!"
 Hard by i'the shell of half a nut
 The holy water there is put;
 A little brush of squirrel's hairs,
 Compos'd of odd, not even pairs,
 Stands in the platter, or close by,
 To purge the fairy family.
 Near to the altar stands the priest,
 There off'ring up the holy grist,
 Ducking in mood, and perfect tense,
 With, much good do't him, reverence.
 The altar is not here foursquare,
 Nor in a form triangular;
 Nor made of glass, or wood, or stone,
 But of a little transverse bone,
 Which boys, and bruckled* children call,
 Playing for points and pins, cockall;
 Whose linen drap'ry is a thin,
 Subtile, and ductile codling's skin;
 Which o'er the board is smoothly spread,
 With little seal-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 feateous board doth stand
 Something for showbread; and at hand,
 Just in the middle of the altar,
 Upon an end, the fairy psalter,

* Dirty, a north-country word.

Grac'd with the trout-fly's curious wings,
 Which serve for watchet ribandings.
 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 do;
 Aye, and their book of canons too;
 And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
 They have their book of articles;
 And, if that fairy knight not lies,
 They have their book of homilies,
 And other scriptures, that design
 A short, but righteous discipline.
 The bason stands the board upon,
 To take the free oblation;
 A little pindust, which they hold
 More precious, than we prize our gold;
 Which charity they give to many
 Poor of the parish, if there's any.
 Upon the ends of these neat rails,
 Hatch'd with the silver light of snails,
 The elves, in formal 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 vestry.
 They have their ash-pans, and their brooms,
 To purge the chapel, and the rooms;
 Their many mumbling mass-priests here,
 And many a dapper chorister;

Their ush'ring vergers here likewise,
 Their canons, and their chanteries ;
 Of cloister monks they have enow,
 Aye, and their abbey lubbers too ;
 And, if their legend do not lye,
 They much affect the papacy ;
 And, since the last is dead, there's hope
 Elf Boniface shall next be pope.
 They have their cups, and chalices ;
 Their pardons, and indulgencies ;
 Their beads of nits, bells, books, and wax
 Candles, forsooth, and other knacks ;
 Their holy oil, their fasting spittle,
 Their sacred salt here not a little ;
 Dry chips, old shoes, rags, grease, and bones,
 Beside their fumigations ;
 Many a trifle too, and trinket,
 And for what use scarce man would think it.
 Next then, upon the chanter's side
 An apple-core is hung up dry'd,
 With rattling kernels, which is rung
 To call to morn and evensong.
 The saint to which the most he prays,
 And offers incense nights and days,
 The lady of the lobster is,
 Whose footpace he doth stroke and kiss,
 And humbly chives of saffron brings
 For his most cheerful offerings ;
 When, after these, he's paid his vows,
 He lowly to the altar bows ;
 And then he dons the silkworm's shed,
 Like a Turk's turban on his head,
 And rev'rently departeth thence,
 Hid in a cloud of frankincense ;

And, by the glowworm's light well guided,
Goes to the feast that's now provided.

LXXVII.

THE PLAUDITE, OR END OF LIFE.

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

LXXVIII.

TO MUSICK TO BECALM HIS FEVER.

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers;
That, being ravish'd, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers!
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou pow'r, that can'st sever
From me this ill;
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill,
My fever!

POEM LXXVII.] These lines have an evident reference
to the *Phaselus* of Catullus, or fifth *Carmen*.

Thou sweetly can'st convert the same,
 From a consuming fire,
 Into a gentle-liking flame ;
 And make it thus expire :
 Then make me weep
 My pains asleep,
 And give me such reposes,
 That I, poor I,
 May think, thereby,
 I live and die
 'Mongst roses !

Fall on me like a silent dew,
 Or like those maiden show'rs,
 Which, by the peep of day, do strew
 A baptism o'er the flow'rs !
 Melt, melt my pains
 With thy soft strains ;
 That, having ease me given,
 With full delight
 I leave this light,
 And take my flight
 For heaven !

LXXIX.

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 poor breast
 Could never since find any rest.

POEM LXXIX.] We are reminded by this little poem
 of that beautiful old catch :

Care thou canker of our joys, &c.

LXXX.

THE CHANGES.

TO CORINNA.

BE not proud, but now incline
 Your soft ear to discipline.
 You have changes in your life,
 Sometimes peace, and sometimes strife ;
 You have ebbs of face, and flows,
 As your health or comes, or goes ;
 You have hopes, and doubts, and fears
 Numberless, as are your hairs ;
 You have pulses that do beat
 High, and passions less of heat ;
 You are young, but must be old ;
 And, to these, ye must be told,
 Time, ere long, will come and plough
 Loathed furrows in your brow ;
 And the dimness of your eye
 Will no other thing imply ;
 But you must die,
 As well as I.

LXXXI.

TO THE ROSE.

SONG.

Go, happy rose, and interweave
 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 fretful, I have bands
 Of pearl, and gold, to bind her hands ;
 Tell her, if she struggle still,
 I have myrtle rods at will
 For to tame, though not to kill,

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

LXXXII.

HIS RECANTATION.

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

No more I'll vaunt ;
 For now I see,
 Thou only hast the pow'r
 To find,
 And bind
 A heart that's free,
 And slave it in an hour.

LXXXIII.

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

COME, sons of summer ; by whose toil
We are the lords of wine, and oil ;
By whose tough labours, and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands :
Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
And to the pipe sing harvest home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art :
See here a malkin ; there a sheet
As spotless, pure, as it is sweet ;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies :
The harvest swains, and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd :
About the cart, hear, how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout,

POEM LXXXIII.] The nobleman to whom this poem is addressed was Fane, the second earl of Westmorland. He married Grace, daughter of Sir William Thorneyhurst, Knt. of Kent; and again married Mary, daughter of Horace lord Vere of Tilbury, and widow of Sir Roger Townshend, Knt. of Raynham, Norfolk.

The Hock-cart means the rejoicing cart, or that which brings home the last load of corn, terminating the harvest. Hock-tide, or Heag-tide, signifying High-tide, the height or noon of merriment (from *beag* or *beab*, Saxon, high) was a festivity annually observed by the English, in commemoration of the death of Hardicanute in 1042, which delivered them from the Danish yoke. All landlords were used to receive from their tenants annually a certain fine called Hock-Tuesday-money, for allowing them to keep this holiday, which took place on the Tuesday after Easter week. It answers to the *Fugalia* of the Romans, feasts celebrating the expulsion of their kings.

Pressing before, some coming after,
 Those with a shout, and these with laughter :
 Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
 Some prank them up with oaken leaves ;
 Some cross the thill-horse, some with great
 Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat ;
 While other rusticks, less attent
 To prayers than to merriment,
 Run after with their breeches rent.
 Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
 Glitt'ring with fire ; where, for your mirth,
 Ye shall see first the large and chief
 Foundation of your feast, fat beef ;
 With upper stories, mutton, veal,
 And bacon, which makes full the meal ;
 With sev'ral dishes standing by,
 As here a custard, there a pie,
 And here all tempting frumenty :
 And, for to make the merry cheer,
 If smirking wine be wanting here,
 There's that which drowns all care, stout beer ;
 Which freely drink to your lord's health,
 Then to the plough the commonwealth ;
 Next to your flails, your fanes, your fats,
 Then to the maids with wheaten hats,
 To the rough sickle, and crook'd sithe,
 Drink, frolick boys, till all be blithe :
 Feed, and grow fat ; and, as ye eat,
 Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
 As you, may have their fill of meat :
 And know, besides, ye must revoke
 The patient ox unto the yoke ;
 And all go back unto the plough
 And harrow, though they're hang'd up now :

And, ye must know your lord's word's true,
 "Feed him ye must, whose food fills you:"
 And that this pleasure is like rain,
 Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
 But for to make it spring again.

LXXXIV.

NOT TO LOVE.

HE that will not love must be
 My scholar, and learn this of me:
 There be in love as many fears
 As the summer's corn has ears;
 Sighs, and sobs, and sorrows more
 Than the sand that makes the shore;
 Freezing cold, and fiery heats,
 Fainting swoons, and deadly sweats;
 Now an ague, then a fever,
 Both tormenting lovers ever.
 Would'st thou know, besides all these,
 How hard a woman 'tis to please;
 How cross, how sullen, and how soon
 She shifts, and changes like the moon;
 How false, how hollow she's in heart;
 And how she is her own least part;
 How high she's priz'd, and worth but small;
 Little thou'lt love, or not at all.

LXXXV.

TO THE WESTERN WIND.

SWEET western wind, whose luck it is,
 Made rival with the air,
 To give Perenna's lip a kiss,
 And fan her wanton hair,

Bring me but one; I'll promise thee,
 Instead of common show'rs,
 Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me,
 And all beset with flow'rs.

LXXXVI.

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SPARROW.
 AN ELEGY.

WHY do not all fresh maids appear
 To work love's sampler only here,
 Where spring-time smiles throughout the year?
 Are not here rose-buds, pinks, all flow'rs
 Nature begets by th' sun and show'rs,
 Met in one herse-cloth, to o'erspread
 The body of the under-dead?
 Phil, the late dead, the late dead dear!
 O, may no eye distil a tear,
 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 endless peace sit here, and keep
 My Phil, the time he has to sleep;
 And thousand virgins come and weep,
 To make these flow'ry carpets show
 Fresh as their blood, and ever grow,
 Till passengers shall spend their doom;
 Not Virgil's gnat had such a tomb!

POEM LXXXVI.] Catullus's celebrated little elegy on the death of Lesbia's sparrow, and Virgil's gnat, are poems too well known to every classic reader to need a comment here.

LXXXVII.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the modest morn
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?
 Alas! you have not known that show'r
 That mars a flow'r;
 Nor felt th' unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worn with years;
 Or warp'd, as we,
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flow'rs, like to orphans young,
 To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whim'ring younglings; and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop, and weep.
 Is it for want of sleep;
 Or childish lullaby?
 Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweetheart to this?
 No, no; this sorrow, shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read,
 "That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 "Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought
 "forth."

LXXXVIII.

TO THE WILLOW TREE.

THOU art to all lost love the best,
 The only 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 forlorn;
 Then willow garlands 'bout the head,
 Bedew'd with tears, are worn.

When with neglect, the lover's bane,
 Poor maids rewarded be
 For their love lost ; their only gain
 Is but a wreath 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.

LXXXIX.

MRS. ELIZABETH WHEELER,

UNDER THE NAME OF THE LOST SHEPHERDESS.

• AMONG the myrtles as I walk'd,
 Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd :

POEM LXXXIX.] This elegant morceau is likewise found, under the title of the *Inquiry*, in Carew's poems, which were twice printed, the last edition in 1642, anterior to Herrick's book. There was besides a modern reprint of them, by T. Davies, in 1772. See the advertisement. Notwithstanding this, I am inclined to think, with Dr. Drake, that the poem was written by Herrick ; its variations from the copy of Carew, he observes, bear indubitable marks of

Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
 Where I may find my shepherdess.
 Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this,
 In ev'ry thing that's sweet she is ?
 In yon carnation go and seek,
 There thou shalt find her lip and cheek ;
 In that enamell'd pansy by,
 There thou shalt have her curious eye ;
 In bloom of peach, and rose's bud,
 There waves the streamer of her blood.
 'Tis true, said I; and thereupon
 I went to pluck them one by one,

its being the original. Besides, it is improbable that Herrick, who superintended, and arranged his own productions, and who must have been familiar with the volume of his ingenious rival, would have republished this piece as his own, if he had not possessed a prior claim to it. But I will give the poem as it stands in Carew, that the reader may judge for himself

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk'd,
 Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd :
 Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
 Where may I find my shepherdess ?
 Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this,
 In ev'ry thing that's good she is ?
 In yonder tulip go and seek,
 There thou mayst find her lip, her cheek ;
 In yon enamell'd pansy by,
 There thou shalt have her curious eye ;
 In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
 There wave the streamers of her blood ;
 In brightest lilies that there stand,
 The emblems of her whiter hand ;
 In yonder rising hill there smell
 Such sweets as in her bosom dwell.
 'Tis true, said I; and thereupon
 I went to pluck them one by one,
 To make of parts a union;
 But on a sudden all was gone :
 With that I stopt ; said Love, these be,
 Fond man, resemblances of thee ;
 And, as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,
 E'en in the twinkling of an eye :
 And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
 Like these short sweets thus knit together.

To make of parts an union ;
 But on a sudden all were gone :
 At which I stopp'd. Said Love, these be
 The true resemblances of thee ;
 For, as these flow'rs, thy joys must die,
 And in the turning of an eye ;
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,
 Like those short sweets ere knit together.

XC.

THE POET'S GOOD WISHES
 FOR THE MOST HOPEFUL AND HANDSOME PRINCE,
 THE DUKE OF YORK.*

MAY his pretty Dukeship grow
 Like to a rose of Jericho ;
 Sweeter far than ever yet
 Show'rs, or sunshines could beget !
 May the Graces, and the Hours
 Strew his hopes, and him with flow'rs ;
 And so dress him up with love,
 As to be the chick of Jove !
 May the thrice-three Sisters sing
 Him, the sov'reign of their spring ;
 And entitle none to be
 Prince of Helicon, but he !
 May his soft foot, where it treads,
 Gardens thence produce, and meads ;
 And those meadows full be set
 With the rose, and violet !

* Afterwards king James the second of England. . These lines were evidently written during our poet's first residence at Dean Prior.

May his ample name be known
 To the last succession ;
 And his actions high be told
 Through the world, but writ in gold !

XCI.

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 can'st find,
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
 To honor thy decree ;
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't shall do 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 despair, and I'll despair,
 Under that cypress tree ;

POEM XCI.] The melody of these lines cannot, I think, for the measure in which they are written, be easily exceeded. The second, and fifth stanzas have peculiar merit; and the burst of passion in the last must be felt by every one.

DRAKE.

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.

XCII.

TO MEADOWS.

YE have been fresh, and green ;
Ye have been fill'd with flow'rs ;
And ye the walks have been,
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld, how they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss, and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round ;
Each virgin, like a spring,
With honeysuckles crown'd.

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

Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

XCIII.

I CALL, AND I CALL.

I call, I call!—Who do 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 do,
 Speak but the word, and I'll take you.

XCIV.

NUPTIAL SONG, OR EPITHALAMIUM,
 ON SIR *CLIPSEBY CREW AND HIS LADY.

WHAT's that we see from far ; the spring of day
 Bloom'd from the east ; or fair injewell'd May
 Blown out of April ; or some new
 Star fill'd with glory to our view,
 Reaching at heaven,
 To add a nobler planet to the seven ?
 Say ; or do we not descry
 Some goddess, in a cloud of tiffany
 To move ; or rather the
 Emergent Venus from the sea ?

* Sir Clipsey Crew, of Crew Hall, Cheshire, married Jane, second daughter, and coheiress of John Pulteney, Esq. of Misterton, Leicestershire. She died in 1639, and he in 1648, the year in which Herrick published his book. Sir Clipsey was the son of Sir Randal, or Randolph Crew, lord chief justice of the upper, or king's bench, serving under two kings, James, and Charles the first, though but two years in employ. He was discharged from his office, 1626; and purchased Crew Hall, which became his residence. His lady, Julian, daughter, and coheiress of John Clipsey, Esq. of Clipsey, Northamptonshire, was gentlewoman attending on my Lady of Shrewsbury. She died 1623. Fuller, in his *Cheshire Worthies*, says: "I saw this worthy judge in health 1642, but he survived not long after."

'Tis she, 'tis she! or else some more divine
 Enlighten'd substance. Mark how from the shrine
 Of holy saints she paces on,
 Treading upon vermilion
 And amber, spice-
 ing the chaff'd air with fumes of paradise!
 Then come on, come on ; and yield
 A savour like unto a blessed field,
 When the bedabbled morn
 Washes the golden ears of corn.

See where she comes ; and smell how all the street
 Breathes vineyards and pomegranates. O how sweet!
 As a fir'd altar is each stone,
 Perspiring pounded cinnamon.
 The phoenix' nest,
 Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.
 Who therein would not consume
 His soul to ash heaps in that rich perfume ;
 Bestroking fate, the while
 He burns to embers on the pile?

Hymen, O Hymen ! 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,

* These lines clearly belong to the bard of Verona.

*O Hymen Hymenæ !
 Ginge tempora floribus
 Suavolentis amaraci ;
 Flammeum cape ; latus buc
 Huc veni, niveo gerens
 Luteum pede soccum.*

CATULLUS. Epithal. Juliz & Manlii.

In his desires
 More tow'ring, more disparkling than thy fires ;
 Shew her how his eyes do turn
 And roll about, and in their motions burn
 Their balls to cinders ; haste,
 Or else to ashes he will waste.

Glide by the banks of virgins then; and pass
 The show'rs of roses, lucky four-leav'd grass;
 The while the cloud of younglings sing,
 And drown ye with a flow'ry spring ;
 While some repeat
 Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with
 wheat ;
 While that others do divine,
 " Blest is the bride on whom the sun doth shine !"
 And thousands gladly wish
 You multiply, as doth a fish.

And, beauteous bride, we do confess you're wise,
 In dealing forth these bashful jealousies :
 In Love's name do so ; and a price
 Set on yourself, by being nice :
 But yet take heed ;
 What now you seem, be not the same indeed,
 And turn apostate ; Love will
 Part of the way be met, or sit stone-still.
 On then ; and though you slow-
 ly go, yet howsoever go.

And now y'are enter'd ; see the codled cook
 Runs from his torrid zone, to pry, and look,

And bless his dainty mistress. See
 The aged point out, "this is she,
 "Who now must sway
 "The house, Love shield her! with her yea and
 "nay."

And the smirk butler thinks it
 Sin, in's nap'ry not t' express his wit;
 Each striving to devise
 Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

To bed, to bed, kind turtles, now; and write
 This the short'st day, and this the longest night;
 But yet too short for you: 'tis we,
 Who count this night as long as three,
 Lying alone,
 Telling the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, one.
 Quickly, quickly then prepare;
 And let the young men, and the bridemaids share
 Your garters; and their joints
 Encircle with the bridegroom's points.

By the bride's eyes, and by the teeming life
 Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no strife,
 Farther than gentleness tends, gets place
 Among ye, striving for her lace!
 O do not fall
 Foul in these noble pastimes; lest ye call
 Discord in, and so divide
 The youthful bridegroom, and the fragrant bride:
 Which Love forefend; but spoken,
 Be't to your praise, no peace was broken!

* * * * *

And, to enchant ye more, see every where
 About the roof a syren in a sphere,
 As we think, singing to the din
 Of many a warbling cherubin :
 O mark ye how
 The soul of nature melts in numbers ; now
 See a thousand cupids fly
 To light their tapers at the bride's bright eye !
 To bed ; or her they'll tire,
 Were she an element of fire.

And, to your more bewitching, see the proud,
 Plump bed bear up, and swelling like a cloud,
 Tempting the two too modest. Can
 Ye see it bristle like a swan,
 And you be cold
 To meet it, when it woos and seems to fold
 The arms to hug it ? Throw, throw
 Yourselves into the mighty overflow
 Of that white pride, and drown
 The night with you in floods of down.

The bed is ready, and the maze of Love
 Looks for the treaders ; every-where is wove
 Wit, and new mystery ; read, and
 Put in practice, to understand
 And know each wile,
 Each hieroglyphick of a kiss, or smile ;
 And do it to the full ; reach
 High in your conceit ; and some way teach
 Nature, and art one more
 Play, than they ever knew before.

If needs we must, for ceremony's sake,
 Bless a sackposset; luck go with it! Take
 The night charm quickly; you have spells
 And magicks for to end, and hells
 To pass; but such,
 And of such torture, as no one would grutch
 To live therein for ever, fry,
 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 sow
 Up in a sheet your bride; and what if so
 It be with rock, or walls of brass
 Ye tow'r her up, as Danæe was;
 Think you that this,
 Or hell itself a pow'rful bulwark is?
 I tell ye 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 hush'd in silence.—Midwife moon,
 With all her owl-ey'd issue, begs a boon
 Which you must grant, that's entrance; with
 Which extract all we can call pith,
 And quintessence
 Of planetary bodies; so commence
 All fair constellations
 Looking upon ye, that, that nations
 Springing from two such fires,
 May blaze the virtue of their sires.

XCV.

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 mars your rest,
 And with tapers comes to fright
 Your weak senses in the night:
 I could wish ye all, who fry,
 Cold as ice, or cool 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.

XCVI.

NO FAULT IN WOMEN.

No fault in women, to refuse
 The offer which they most would chuse :
 No fault in women, to confess
 How tedious they are in their dress :
 No fault in women, to lay on
 The tincture of vermilion ;
 And there to give the cheek a die
 Of white, where nature doth deny :
 No fault in women, to make shew
 Of largeness, when they're nothing so,
 (When, true it is, the outside swells
 With inward buckram, little else :)

No fault in women, though they be
 But seldom from suspicion free :
 No fault in womankind at all,
 If they but slip, and never fall.

XCVII.

OBERON'S FEAST.

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

A little mushroom table spread ;
 After short prayers, they set on bread,
 A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat,
 With some small glitt'ring grit, to eat
 His choicest bits with ; then in a trice
 They make a feast less great than nice.
 But, all this while his eye is serv'd,
 We must not think his ear was starv'd ;
 But that there was in place, to stir
 His spleen, the chirring grasshopper,
 The merry cricket, puling fly,
 The piping gnat for minstrelsy :

POEM XCVII.] Mr. Thomas Shapcot, to whom these verses are addressed, was a celebrated lawyer.

All the little circumstance, and detail of imagery belonging to those children of fancy, the fairies, our poet here most happily delineates. And he is not surpassed in his picture either by Shakspeare's *Queen Mab*, in *Romeo and Juliet* ; Drayton's *Nymphidia* ; or that elegant little piece, *King Oberon's Apparel*, found in the *Musarum Deliciæ*, a small collection before noticed in the note to poem 66.

And now we must imagine first
 The elves present, to quench his thirst,
 A pure seedpearl of infant dew,
 Brought and besweeten'd in a blue
 And pregnant violet; which done,
 His kitling eyes begin to run
 Quite through the table, where he spies
 The horns of pap'ry butterflies,
 Of which he eats; and tastes a little
 Of what we call the cuckow's spittle:
 A little furze-ball pudding stands
 By, yet not blessed by his hands,
 That was too coarse; but then forthwith
 He ventures boldly on the pith
 Of sugar'd rush, and eats the sag
 And well-bestrutted bee's sweet bag;
 Gladding his palate with some store
 Of emmet's eggs: what would he more,
 But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,
 A bloated earwig, and a fly;
 With the red-capp'd worm, that is shut
 Within the concave of a nut,
 Brown as his tooth; a little moth,
 Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth;
 With wither'd cherries; mandrakes' ears;
 Moles' eyes; to these, the slain stag's tears;
 The unctuous dewlaps of a snail;
 The broke heart of a nightingale
 O'ercome in music; with a wine
 Ne'er ravish'd from the flatt'ring vine,
 But gently press'd from the soft side
 Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
 Brought in a dainty daisy, which
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch

His blood to height? This done, commended
Grace by his priest, the feast is ended.

XCVIII.

TO VIRGINS.

HEAR, ye virgins ; and I'll teach
What the times of old did preach.
Rosamond was in a bower
Kept, as Danæe in a tower ;
But yet Love, who subtile is,
Crept to that, and came to this :
Be ye lock'd up, like to these,
Or the rich Hesperides,
Or those babies in your eyes
*In their crystal 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.

XCIX.

THE BELMAN.

FROM noise of scarefires rest ye free ;
From murder's benedicite ;
From all mischances, that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night !
Mercy secure ye all ; and keep
The goblin from ye, while ye sleep !

* This conceit, contained also in poem 11, is here still more beautifully touched upon. Besides the bards mentioned in my note to that poem, I find another who has adopted it :

When th' am'rous youth looks babies in your eyes.
ROBERT HEATH. *Clarastella*.

POEM XCIX.] In ancient times, the watchman, when he cried the hours, was accustomed likewise to recite bene-

Past one o'clock, and almost two ;
My masters all, good day to you.

C.

UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN
HER SICKNESS.

PRU, 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.

dictions, and other *carmina*, to drive away the fairies, and demons of the night. Thus Shakspeare, in his *Cymbeline*, Act 2. Sc. 2.

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye !

And Milton, in his *Il Penseroso* :

—— The belman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Take the following lines also to the same purport :

Saint Francis, and saint Benedight !
Bless this house from wicked wight ;
From the nightmare, and the goblin
That is hight Goodfellow Robin,
Keep it, &c.

CARTWRIGHT'S *Ordinary*. Act 3. Sc. 1.

Herrick was alive to all the superstitions of his age ; and his collection abounds with amulets, and charms against the fiends, and spectres of Gothic mythology.

DRAKE.

POEM C.] It would appear that our poet had a favourite maidservant, who was sometimes the subject of his song ; and this is the first of his poems wherein we find her mentioned. Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, very unjustly says, that he was influenced by no other nymph, or goddess than Pru ; and Grainger, as unjustly and flippantly, adds, that, from the effects of her inspiration, she was but indifferently qualified for a tenth muse. But Phillips surely had not seen his numerous verses to Julia, and those to Anthea, Dianeme, Electra, Sappho, Myrrha, Biancha, Corinna, and Perilla, as well as to other ladies of no fictitious name.

CI.

TO APOLLO.

A SHORT HYMN.

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

CII.

A HYMN TO BACCHUS.

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

CIII.

ON HIMSELF.

HERE down my wearied limbs I'll lay,
 My pilgrim's staff, my weed of grey,
 My palmer's hat, my scallop's shell,
 My cross, my cord ; and all farewell !
 For, having now my journey done,
 Just at the setting of the sun,

POEM CII.] This, and indeed the two preceding poems,
 shew how much Herrick had cultivated a taste for the
 chastity, and simplicity of the Greek epigram.

Here I have found a chamber fit,
 God and good friends be thank'd for it!
 Where if I can a lodger be
 A little while, from trampers free,
 At my uprising next, I shall,
 If not requite, yet thank ye all.
 Meanwhile, the holy-rood hence fright
 The fouler fiend, and evil spright,
 From scaring you or your's this night !

CIV.

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED.

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

CV.

CONTENT, NOT CATES.

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

CVI.

THE GOOD-NIGHT, OR BLESSING.

BLESSINGS in abundance come
 To the bride, and to her groom !
 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,
 Curl'd, and comely, and so trim,
 Maids in time may ravish him !
 Thus a dew of graces fall
 On ye both ! Good-night to all !

CVII.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon :
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hast'ning day
 Has run
 But to the evensong ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay, as you ;
 We have as short a spring,

POEM CVII.] These lines may serve to convince us, how greatly our bard excelled in the moral, and pathetic. His choice of measure too is admirably adapted to the strain.

As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing :
 We die,
 As your hours do; and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew
 Ne'er to be found again.

CVIII.

UPON A LADY THAT DIED IN CHILDBED, AND
 LEFT A DAUGHTER BEHIND HER

As gillyflowers do but stay
 To blow, and seed, and so away ;
 So you, sweet lady, sweet as May,
 The garden's glory liv'd awhile,
 To lend the world your scent, and smile :
 But, when your own fair print was set
 Once in a virgin flosculet,
 Sweet as yourself, and newly blown,
 To give that life resign'd your own ;
 But so, as still the mother's pow'r
 Lives in the pretty lady-flow'r.

CIX.

A NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT
 SENT TO SIR SIMEON STEWARD.

No news of navies burnt at seas ;
 No noise of late-spawn'd Tityries ;

POEM CIX.] The gentleman here addressed was, I presume,
 Sir Simeon Steward, or Stuart, Knt. of Cambridgeshire, whose
 eldest son, Robert, married Mary, youngest daughter of Sir

No closet plot, or open vent,
 That frights men with a parliament ;
 No new device, or late-found trick,
 To read by th' stars the kingdom's sick ;
 No gin to catch the state, or wring
 The freeborn nostrils of the king,
 We send to you ; but here a jolly
 Verse, crown'd with ivy and with holly ;
 That tells of winter's tales, and mirth
 That milkmaids make about the hearth ;
 Of Christmas sports ; the wassail bowl,
 That's tost up, after fox-i'th'-hole ;
 Of blindman's-buff ; and of the care
 That young men have to shoe the mare ;
 Of twelfthtide cakes, of pease, and beans,
 Wherewith ye make those merry scenes,
 When as ye chuse your king and queen,
 And cry out, " hey, for our town green !"
 Of ash-heaps, in the which ye use
 Husbands and wives by streaks to chuse ;
 Of crackling laurel, which foresounds
 A plenteous harvest to your grounds ;

Thomas Reresby, Knt. of Thribergh, Yorkshire. Such a personage at least was living at the period Herrick wrote. And I conclude he was the same with Sir Simon Steward, a knight made by James the first, of whom Fuller, in his *Cambridgeshire Worthies*, says thus: " I remember he lived, after he was knighted, a fellow-commoner in Trinity Hall."

The first eight lines of the poem have a probable reference to political circumstances, seemingly belonging to the period of time at which it was composed ; and, as these perhaps cannot be satisfactorily ascertained, so the lines must of course remain obscure to the readers of our day. Whether the burning of the Spanish Armada, and the Gunpowder-plot may be among the matter alluded to, which has been suggested, I will not decide : the one event took place three years before our poet's birth, the other fourteen after. Robert Herrick would appear to have been born 1591 ; he was at least baptized August 24th of that year.

Of these, and such-like things, for shift,
 We send instead of new-year's-gift:
 Read then, and, when your faces shine
 With buxom meat and cap'ring wine,
 Remember us in cups full crown'd,
 And let our city health go round,
 Quite through the young maids and the men,
 To the ninth number, if not ten ;
 Until the fired chesnuts leap
 For joy, to see the fruits ye reap
 From the plump chalice, 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' appear,
 As daughters to the instant year :
 Sit crown'd with rose-buds ; and carouse
 Till Liber Pater* twirls the house
 About your ears ; and lay upon
 The year, your cares, that's fled and gone ;
 And let the russet swains the plough,
 And harrow hang up, resting now ;
 And to the bagpipe all address,
 Till sleep takes place of weariness :
 And thus throughout with Christmas plays
 Frolick the full twelve holidays.

CX.

MATTINS, OR MORNING PRAYER.

WHEN with the virgin morning thou dost rise,
 Crossing thyself, come thus to sacrifice :
 First wash thy heart in innocence ; then bring
 Pure hands, pure habits, pure pure every thing ;

* Bacchus.

Next to the altar humbly kneel, and thence
 Give up thy soul in clouds of frankincense ;
 Thy golden censers, fill'd with odours sweet,
 Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

CXI.

EVENSONG.

BEGIN with Jove ; then is the work half done,
 And runs most smoothly, when 'tis well begun :
 Jove's is the first and last ; the morn's his due,
 The midst is thine ; but Jove's the ev'ning too :
 As sure as mattins does to him belong,
 So sure he lays claim to the evensong.

CXII.

THE BRACELET.

TO JULIA.

WHY I tie about thy wrist,
 Julia, this my silken twist,
 For what other reason is't,

But to shew thee how in part
 Thou my pretty captive art ?
 But thy bondslave is my heart,

'Tis but silk that bindeth thee ;
 Knap the thread, and thou art free ;
 But 'tis otherwise with me :

POEM CXI.] So Guarini, in his *Pastor Fido*, *Atto 1. Sc. 1.*
Chi ben comincia hà la metà del opra ;
Nè si comincia ben, se non dal cielo.

I am bound, and fast bound, so
That from thee I cannot go ;
If I could, I would not so.

CXIII.

HYMN TO NEPTUNE.

MIGHTY Neptune, may it please
Thee, the rector of the seas,
That my bark may safely run
Through thy wat'ry region ;
And a tunny-fish shall be
Offer'd up, with thanks to thee.

CXIV.

THE KISS.

A DIALOGUE.

AMONG thy fancies, tell me this :
What is the thing we call a kiss ?—
I shall resolve ye what it is :

It is a creature born, and bred
Between the lips all cherry red ;
By love, and warm desires fed ;
And makes more soft the bridal bed ;

It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies* of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies ;
And stills the bride too when she cries :

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks, and flies ; now here, now there ;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near ;
And here, and there, and every-where.—

* See poems 11, & 99.

Has it a speaking virtue?—Yes.—
 How speaks it, say?—Do you but this,
 Part your join'd lips, then speaks your kiss;
 And this love's sweetest language is.—

Has it a body?—Aye, and wings,
 With thousand rare encolourings;
 And, as it flies, it gently sings,
 Love honey yields, but never stings.

CXV.

THE ADMONITION.

SEE'ST thou those diamonds, which she wears
 In that rich carcanet;
 Or those, on her dishevell'd hairs,
 Fair pearls in order set?
 Believe, young man, all those were tears
 By wretched wooers sent
 In mournful hyacinths and rue,
 That figure discontent;
 Which, when not warmed by her view,
 By cold neglect each one
 Congeal'd to pearl and stone;
 Which precious spoils upon her
 She wears, as trophies of her honour.
 Ah, then, consider what all this implies;
 She that will wear thy tears, would wear thine eyes!

POEM CXV.] The gallant conceit of this short poem is perhaps unequalled by any amatory writer.

CXVI.

HIS AGE.

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

*AH, Posthumus! our years hence fly,
And leave no sound : nor piety,
Or prayers, or vow,
Can keep the wrinkle from the brow ;
But we must on,
As fate does lead or draw us. None,
None, Posthumus, could e'er decline
The doom of cruel Proserpine.

The pleasing wife, the house, the ground
Must all be left ; no one plant found
To follow thee,
Save only the curs'd cypress tree.
A merry mind
Looks forward, scorns what's left behind :
Let's live, my Wickes, then, while we may ;
And here enjoy our holiday.

We've seen the past, best times ; and these
Will ne'er return : we see the seas,
And moons to wane ;
But they fill up their ebbs again :

POEM CXVI.] I suspect the person to whom this poem is dedicated to have been the John Wicks, or Weekes, mentioned by Wood in his *Fasti Oxoniensis*, page 39, vol. 2, a facetious character, and popular preacher ; he suffered much for the royal cause in the reign of Charles the first.

* HORAT. *Ode 14. Lib. 2.*

But vanish'd man,
 Like to a lily lost, ne'er can,
 Ne'er can repullulate, or bring
 His days to see a second spring.

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

Crown we our heads with roses then,
 And 'noint with Syrian balm ; 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 lucky stone.

We are not poor ; although we have
 †No roofs of cedar, nor our brave
 Baix, nor keep
 Account of such a flock of sheep,

* HORAT. *Ode 7. Lib. 4.*

† HORAT. *Ode 11. Lib. 2.* Herrick's book has *Tirian*, which, I presume, is a misprint.

‡ HORAT. *Ode 18. Lib. 2.*

Nor bullocks fed
 To lard the shambles ; barbels bred
 To kiss our hands ; nor do we wish
 For Pollio's lampries in our dish.

If we can meet, and so confer
 Both by a shining saltcellar ;*
 And have our roof,
 Although not arch'd, yet weather-proof ;
 And ceiling free
 From that cheap candle-bawdery ;†
 We'll eat our bean with that full mirth,
 As we were lords of all the earth.

Well then ; on what seas we are tost,
 Our comfort is, we can't be lost:
 Let the winds drive
 Our bark, yet she will keep alive
 Amidst the deeps :
 'Tis constancy, my Wickes, which keeps
 The pinnacle up ; which, though she errs
 I'th' seas, she saves her passengers.

Say, we must part ; sweet mercy bless
 Us both i'th' sea, camp, wilderness !
 Can we so far
 Stray, to become less circular
 Than we are now ?
 No, no ; that selfsame heart, that vow
 Which made us one shall ne'er undo,
 Or ravel, so to make us two.

* HORAT. *Ode 16. Lib. 2.*

† Obscene words, and figures made with candle-smoke, not unfrequently met with in the habitations of the vulgar, shewing a viciousness which is thus cheaply indulged.

Live in thy peace; as for myself,
 When I am bruised on the shelf
 Of time, and show
 My locks behung with frost and snow;
 When with the rheum,
 The cough, the phthisick, I consume
 Unto an almost nothing; then
 The ages fled I'll call again,

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

True calendars; as puss's ear
 Wash'd o'er's, to tell what change is near.
 Then, to assuage
 The gripings of the chine by age,
 I'll call my young
 Iulus to sing such a song
 I made upon my Julia's breast,
 And of her blush at such a feast :

* For sleet.

† Had a certain actor of the present day recollected this line of Herrick's; being, I understand, deep-read in old English lore; he might have cited it for authority in pronouncing *aches* as a dissyllable.

Then shall he read that flow'r of mine
 Inclos'd within a crystal shrine ;
 A primrose next ;
 A piece then of a higher text,
 For to beget
 In me a more transcendant heat,
 Than that insinuating fire
 Which crept into each aged sire,

When the fair Helen from her eyes
 Shot forth her loving sorceries ;*
 At which I'll rear
 Mine aged limbs above my chair ;
 And, hearing it,
 Flutter and crow, as in a fit
 Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,
 " No lust there's like to poetry !"

Thus frantick, crazy man, God wot!
 I'll 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, I'll weep and say, " in truth,
 " Baucis, these were my sins of youth."

* Alluding to the admiration expressed by the Grecian sages on the appearance of the beautiful Helen ; when they had assembled before the Scæan gate, to witness the single combat between Menelaus and Paris, which was to have decided the fate of Troy :

These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tow'r,
 In secret own'd resistless beauty's pow'r ;
 They cried : " no wonder, such celestial charms
 " For nine long years have set the world in arms !"

POPE'S HOMER. *Iliad* 3.

Then next I'll cause my hopeful lad,
 If a wild apple can be had,
 To crown the hearth ;
 Lar thus conspiring with our mirth ;
 Then to infuse
 Our browner ale into the cruse,
 Which sweetly spic'd, we'll first carouse
 Unto the genius of the house ;

Then the next health to friends of mine,
 Loving the brave Burgundian wine,
 High sons of pith,
 Whose fortunes I have frolick'd with,
 Such as could well
 Bear up the magic bough and spell,
 And, dancing 'bout the mystick thyrese,
 Give up the just applause to verse.

To those, and then again to thee
 We'll drink, my Wickes ; until we be
 Plump as the cherry,
 Though not so fresh, yet full as merry
 As the cricket,
 The untam'd heifer, or the pricket ;
 Until our tongues shall tell our ears,
 We're younger by a score of years :

Thus, 'till we see the fire less shine
 From th' embers than the kitling's eyne,
 We'll still sit up,
 Sphering about the wassail cup
 To all those times
 Which gave me honour for my rhymes :
 The coal once spent, we'll then to bed,
 Far more than night bewearied.

CXVII.

A SHORT HYMN TO VENUS.

GODDESS, I do love a girl
 Ruby-lip'd, and tooth'd with pearl;
 If so be I may but prove
 Lucky in this maid I love,
 I will promise there shall be
 Myrtles offer'd up to thee.

CXVIII.

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 scorn 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 should glow,
 The peeping fire
 You must blow;
 Or I shall quickly grow
 To frost, or snow.

CXIX.

UPON HIS JULIA.

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

CXX.

HYMN TO VENUS, AND CUPID.

SEABORN goddess, let me be
 By thy son thus grac'd, and thee;
 That, whene'er I woo, I find
 Virgins coy, but not unkind;
 Let me, when I kiss a maid,
 Taste her lips so overlaid
 With love's syrup, that I may
 In your temple, when I pray,
 Kiss the altar, and confess
 There's in love no bitterness.

CXXI.

THE MEADOW VERSE, OR ANNIVERSARY OF
 MRS. BRIDGET LOWMAN.

COME with the spring-time forth, fair maid; and be
 This year again the meadow's deity:

Yet, ere ye enter, give us leave to set
 Upon your head this flow'ry coronet ;
 To make this neat distinction from the rest,
 You are the prime and princess of the feast,
 To which with silver feet lead you the way,
 While sweet-breath nymphs attend on you this day :
 This is your hour ; and best you may command,
 Since you are lady of this fairy land :
 Full mirth wait on you ; and such mirth as shall
 Cherish the cheek, but make none blush at all !

CXXII.

HYMN TO JUNO.

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

CXXIII.

CHOP-CHERRY.

THOU gav'st me leave to kiss ;
 Thou gav'st me leave to woo ;
 Thou mad'st me think by this,
 And that, thou lov'dst me too :

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

CXXIV.

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

I, who have favour'd many, come to be
Grac'd now at last, or glorified by thee.
Lo ! I the lyrick prophet, who have set
On many a head the Delphic coronet,
Come unto thee for laurel, 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.

CXXV.

UPON HIMSELF.

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

* That Herrick was in habits of intimacy with Selden is pretty certain, and from this line it would appear that he had no small share in his esteem.

† *Non omnis moriar.*

HORAT. *Ode 30. Lib. 1.*

CXXVI.

PRAY, AND PROSPER.

FIRST offer incense; then thy field and meads
 Shall smile, and smell the better by thy beads;
 The spangling dew, *dredg'd o'er the grass, shall be
 Turn'd all to me!, and manna there, for thee;
 Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oil
 Shall run as rivers all throughout thy soil:
 Would'st thou to sincere silver turn thy mould;
 Pray once, twice pray, and turn thy ground to gold

CXXVII.

HIS LACHRIMÆ,
 OR MIRTH TURNED 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 ceas'd.

Before I went
 To banishment
 Into the loathed West;
 I could rehearse
 A lyrick verse,
 And speak it with the best.

* Besprinkled. To *dredge* is now used only in a culinary sense, signifying, to strew flour over meat while roasting.

But time, ah me!
 Has laid, I see,
 My organ fast asleep;
 And turn'd my voice
 Into the noise
 Of those that sit, and weep.

CXXVIII.

TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY MRS. ANN
 SOAME, NOW LADY ABDIE.

So smell those odours that do rise
 From out the wealthy spiceries;
 So smells the flow'r of blooming clove,
 Or roses smother'd in the stove;
 So smells the air of spiced wine,
 Or essences of jessamine;
 So smells the breath about the hives,
 When well the work of honey thrives,
 And all the busy factors come
 Laden with wax and honey home;
 So smell those neat and woven bow'rs,
 All overarch'd with orange flow'rs,
 And almond blossoms, that do mix
 To make rich these aromatics;
 So smell those bracelets, and those bands
 Of amber chaf'd between the hands,

POEM CXXVIII.] These lines would seem a pretty close imitation of Martial. *Epig.* 66. *Lib.* 3. The lady to whom they are address'd was daughter of Sir Thomas Soame, Knt. and second wife of Sir Thomas Abdie, of Felix Hall, Bart. consequently a relative of our poet's by the side of his mother, whose sister Ann married Sir Stephen Soame, Knt. lord-mayor of London in 1598.

When thus enkindled they transpire
 A noble perfume from the fire.
 The wine of cherries, and to these
 The cooling breath of respases;*
 The smell of morning's milk, and cream;
 Butter of cowslips mix'd with them;
 Of roasted warden, or bak'd pear,
 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 me.

CXXIX.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN,
 MRS. ELIZABETH HERRICK.

SWEET virgin, that I do not set
 The pillars up of weeping jet,

* By this word no doubt raspberries are intended. Thus
 Wither:

The shrubbie fields are raspice-orchards there.

Mistress of Philarete. Introduced.

The word would seem to occur in an old metrical Romance, entitled the *Squyr of low Degre*, enumerating certain wines; and by it raspberry wine, I should imagine, was intended.

Mountrose, and wine of Greek,
 Both algrade, and respice eke,
 Antioche, and bastarde,
 Pymment also, and ganarde,

Mr. Ritson however queries if *spice wine* be not meant; Mr. Warton, quoting the poem, certainly has *respice*: yet, from the word *pymment*, which is acknowledged to mean *spice wine*, coming in so immediately after, I should rather interpret *respice* raspberry wine. See Ritson's *Metrical Romances*, vol. 3, page 176; and Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. 1, page 177.

POEM CXXIX.] The fair subject of these lines, who

Or mournful marble; let thy shade
 Not wrathful seem, or fright the maid,
 Who hither at her wonted hours
 Shall come to strew thy earth with flow'rs.
 No; know, blest maid, when there's not one
 Remainder left of brass or stone,
 Thy living epitaph shall be,
 Though lost in them, yet found in me.
 Dear, in thy bed of roses then,
 'Til this world shall dissolve as men,
 Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
 Drawing thy curtains round.—Good night!

CXXX.

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

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

CXXXI.

UPON MR. BEN JONSON.

EPIGRAM.

AFTER the rare arch-poet, Jonson, died,
 The sock grew loathsome, and the buskin's pride,

evidently died unmarried, would seem to have been the poet's niece, Elizabeth, fourth daughter of his brother Nicholas Herrick, a merchant in London, who was living in 1664, and died at the age of 75.

POEM CXXX.] See the note to poem 31.

Together with the stage's glory, stood
 Each like a poor 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 squeak,
 Look red, and blow, and bluster,—but not speak :
 No holy rage, or frantick fires did stir,
 Or flash about the spacious theatre;
 No clap of hands, or shout, or praises proof
 Did crack the playhouse sides, or cleave her roof :
 Artless the scene was, and that monstrous sin
 Of deep and arrant ignorance came in,
 Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hiss'd*
 At thy unequal'd play, the Alchymist :
 O fie upon 'em ! Lastly too, all wit
 In utter darkness did, and still will sit,
 Sleeping the luckless age out ; till that she
 Her resurrection has again with thee.

CXXXII.

VOW TO MARS.

STORE of courage to me grant,
 Now I'm turn'd a combatant :
 Help 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 wolf to thee !

* Early in life our poet is said to have formed an intimacy with this celebrated playwright, whose excellent piece, the Alchymist, meant to lash the dupes of imposition and absurdity, found, as it would seem, no very favourable reception in his day ; indeed Jonson was not popular, when living, either as an actor, or author. It is too frequently left for posterity to award the meed due to merit.

CXXXIII.

HOW PANSIES, OR HEARTS-EASE CAME FIRST.

FROLICK virgins once these were,
 Over-loving, living here ;
 Being here their ends denied,
 Ran for sweethearts mad, and died.
 Love, in pity of their tears,
 And their loss in blooming years,
 For their restless here-spent hours,
 Gave them heart's ease turn'd to flow'rs.

CXXXIV.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

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

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

Ah, woe is me, woe woe is me !
 Alack, and welladay !
 For pity, sir, find out that bee
 Which bore my love away.

POEM CXXXIV.] I do not recollect any little poem in our language that for elegance, sweetness, and pathos, can vie with the present. Though the reader of sensibility may not be able to point out its beauties precisely, yet he must feel them. Why that judicious selector, Mr. Ellis, should have rejected the third, and fourth stanzas I cannot imagine ; the fourth is singularly tender.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave,
 I'll seek him in your eyes ;
 Nay, now I think they've made his grave
 I'th' bed of strawberries :

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

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,
 He knows well who do love him,
 And who with green turfs rear his head,
 And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed,
 With bands of cowslips bind him,
 And bring him home ;—but 'tis decreed
 That I shall never find him !

CXXXV.

TO BACCHUS.

A CANTICLE.

*WHITHER dost thou hurry† 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, enjoy not one.

* HORAT. *Ode 25. Lib. 3.*

† This word perhaps better expresses what Herrick intended, though his text has *wborry*.

CXXXVI.

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 sense, 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.

CXXXVII.

A PASTORAL SUNG TO THE KING.

MONTANO, SILVIO, AND MIRTILLO, SHEPHERDS,

Mon. BAD are the times.—*Sil.* And worse than
 they are we.
Mon. Troth, bad are both ; worse fruit, and ill the
 tree ;
 The feast of shepherds fails.—*Sil.* None crowns the
 cup
 Of wassail now, or sets the quintell* up ;
 And he who us'd to lead the country round,
 Youthful Mirtillo, here he comes, grief-drown'd.
Both. Let's cheer him up.—*Sil.* Behold him weep-
 ing-ripe.
Mir. Ah, Amarillis, farewell mirth and pipe ;
 Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play
 To these smooth lawns my mirthful roundelay.

* Or quintin.

Dear Amarillis!—*Mon.* Hark!—*Sil.* Mark!—*Mir.*

This earth grew sweet

Where, Amarillis, thou didst set thy feet.

Both. Poor pitied youth!—*Mir.* And here the
breath of kine,

And sheep, grew more sweet by that breath of thine.

This flock of wool, and this rich lock of hair,

This ball of cowslips, these she gave me here.

Sil. Words sweet as love itself. Montano, hark!

Mir. This way she came, and this way too she
went;

How each thing smells divinely redolent,

Like to a field of beans when newly blown,

Or like a meadow being lately mown!

Mon. A sweet, sad passion:

Mir. In dewy mornings, when she came this way,

Sweet bents would bow to give my love the day;

And, when at night she folded had her sheep,

Daisies would shut, and, closing, sigh and weep.

Besides, ah me! since she went hence to dwell,

The voice's daughter ne'er spake syllable:

But she is gone.—*Sil.* Mirtillo, tell us whither.

Mir. Where she, and I shall never meet together.

Mon. Forefend it, Pan! and, Pales, do thou please

To give an end.—*Mir.* To what?—*Sil.* Such griefs
as these.

Mir. Never, O never! Still I may endure

The wound I suffer, never find a cure.

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

And dales again.—*Mir.* No, I will languish still;

And all the while my part shall be to weep,

And with my sighs call home my bleating sheep;

And in the rind of ev'ry comely tree

I'll carve thy name, and in that name kiss thee.

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

Chorus. The shades grow great, but greater grows
our sorrow ;

But let's go steep
Our eyes in sleep,
And meet to weep
To-morrow.

CXXXVIII.

THE POET LOVES A MISTRESS,
BUT NOT TO MARRY.

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

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

* * * * *

For why ? That man is poor
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 freedom so unknown,
Who, having two or three,
Will be content with one ?

CXXXIX.

THE WILLOW GARLAND.

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

Since so it is, I'll tell thee what ;
 To-morrow thou shalt see
 Me wear the willow, after that
 To die upon the tree.

As beasts unto the altars go
 With garlands dress'd, so I
 Will with my willow wreath also
 Come forth, and sweetly die.

CXL.

HYMN

TO SIR CLIPSBEY CREW.

'Twas not Love's dart,
 Or any blow
 Of want, or foe,
 Did wound my heart
 With an eternal smart :

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

May your fault die,
 And have no name
 In books of fame ;

Or let it lie
 Forgotten now, as I.
 We parted are,
 And now no more,
 As heretofore,
 By jocund Lar
 Shall be familiar.
 But, though we sever,
 My Crew shall see
 That I will be
 Here faithless never,
 But love my Clipsbey ever.

CXLI.

UPON JULIA'S BREAST,

HAVE ye beheld, with much delight,
 A red rose peeping through a white;
 Or else a cherry, double-grac'd,
 Within a lily, centre-plac'd;
 Or ever mark'd the pretty beam
 A strawberry shews half drown'd in cream;
 Or seen rich rubies blushing through
 A pure smooth pearl, and orient too?
 So like to this, nay all the rest,
 Appears my Julia's budding breast.

CXLII.

TO DAISIES,

NOT TO SHUT SO SOON.

SHUT not so soon; the dull-ey'd night
 Has not as yet begun

POEM CXLI.] The last line of this dainty morceau is a little altered from the original, a liberty for which the editor trusts he will be pardoned.

To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun :

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows yet appear ;
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live, or die.

CXLIII.

OBERON'S PALACE.

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

Full as the bee with thyme, and red
As cherry harvest, now high fed
For lust and action, on he'll go
To lie with Mab ; though all say no :
Lust has no ears, he's sharp as thorn,
And fretful ; carries hay in's horne,*

POEM CXLIII.] This poem may be considered as a continuation of, or sequel to poem 97, and is addressed to the same Mr. Thomas Shapoot, lawyer.

* *Fanum habet in cornu.*

HORAT. Sat. 4. Lib. 1.

And lightning in his eyes ; and flings
 Among the elves, if mov'd, the stings
 Of peltish* wasps ; we'll know his guard ;
 " Kings though they're hated, will be fear'd."
 Wine lead him on. Thus to a grove,
 Sometimes devoted unto love,
 Tinsell'd with twilight, he and they,
 Led by the shine of snails, a way
 Beat with their num'rous feet, which by
 Many a neat perplexity,
 Many a turn, and many a cross
 Track, they redeem a bank of moss,
 Spungy and swelling, and far more
 Soft than the finset Lemster† ore,
 Mildly dispark'ling like those fires
 Which break from the injewell'd tires
 Of curious brides, or like those mites
 Of candied dew in moony nights :
 Upon this convex all the flow'rs
 Nature begets by th' sun, and showr's,
 Are to a wild digestion brought ;
 As if Love's sampler here was wrought,
 Or Cytherea's ceston,‡ which
 All with temptation doth bewitch.
 Sweet airs move here, and more divine
 Made by the breath of great-ey'd kine,
 Who, as they low, impearl with milk
 The four-leav'd grass, or moss-like silk.

* angry.—Phillips, in his *World of Words*, interprets to *pelt*, in one sense, "to be in a chafe, or fit of anger, to fret, "fume." And Dr. Bevis, *Eng. Dict.* gives to *pelt* the signification of "heat, chafe, passion."

† Leominster.

‡ Or cestus.

The breath of monkies, met to mix
 With musk-flies, are th' aromatics
 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 pips of hearts, of club, and spade,
 Are here most neatly interlaid.
 Many a counter, many a die
 Half-rotten and without an eye,
 Lies here about; and, for to pave
 The excellency of this cave,
 Squirrels', and children's teeth late shed,
 Are neatly here inchequered
 With brownest toadstones, and the gum
 That shines upon the bluer plumb,
 The nails fall'n off by whitflaws ;* art's
 Wise hand enchasing here those warts,
 Which we to others from ourselves
 Sell, and brought hither by the elves.
 The tempting mole, stol'n from the neck
 Of the shy virgin, seems to deck
 The holy entrance ; where within
 The room is hung with the blue skin
 Of shifted snake, enfriez'd throughout
 With eyes of peacocks' trains, and trout-
 Flies curious wings ; and these among
 Those silver pence, that cut the tongue
 Of the red infant, neatly hung.
 The glowworm's eyes, the shining scales
 Of silv'ry fish, wheat-straws, the snail's
 Soft candlelight, the kitling's eyne,
 Corrupted wood, serve here for shine ;

* The same with *whitlow*.

No glaring light of broad-fac'd day,
 Or other over-radiant ray
 Ransacks this room, but what weak beams
 Can make reflected from these gems,
 And multiply; such is the light,
 But ever doubtful, day or night.
 By this quaint taper-light he winds
 His errors up; and now he finds
 His moon-tann'd Mab as somewhat sick,
 And, Love knows, tender as a chick.
 Upon six plump dandelions high-
 Rear'd lies her elvish majesty,
 Whose woolly bubbles seem'd to drown
 Her mabship in obedient down;
 For either sheet was spread the caul
 That doth the infant's face inthrall
 When it is born, by some enstyl'd
 The lucky omen of the child;
 And next to these two blankets, o'er-
 Cast of the finest gossamer;
 And then a rug of carded wool,
 Which, sponge-like, drinking in the dull
 Light of the moon, seem'd to comply,*
 Cloud-like, the dainty deity:
 Thus soft she lies; and overhead
 A spinner's circle is bespread
 With cobweb curtains, from the roof
 So neatly sunk, as that no proof
 Of any tackling can declare
 What gives it hanging in the air.

* * * * *

* This word would here seem to mean *inwrap*, *envelop*, a sense in which I have never before seen it used: yet, according to one of Skinner's derivations of it, from *complicare*, Lat. though not in his acceptance of the same; and according to Johnson's conjectured derivation from *complier*, or *plier*, Fr. it certainly may have such signification.

The king's undress'd ; and now, upon
 The gnat's watchword, the elves are gone,
 And now the bed, and Mab possess'd
 Of this great little kingly guest ;
 We'll nobly think, what's to be done
 He'll do, no doubt.—This flax is spun.

CXLIV.

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 pity now incline
 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.

CXLV.

TO GROVES.

YE silent shades, whose each tree here
 Some relick of a saint doth wear,
 Who for some sweetheart's sake did prove
 The fire and martyrdom of love ;
 Here is the legend of those saints
 That died 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'd with the selfsame martyrdom ;
 And have deserv'd as much, Love knows,
 As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those
 Whose deeds, and deaths are written here
 Within your greeny calendar.

By all those virgins' fillets hung
 Upon your boughs, and requiems sung
 For saints and souls departed hence,
 Here honour'd still with frankincense ;
 By all those tears that have been shed
 As a drink-offering to the dead ;
 By all those trueloveknots, that be
 With mottos carv'd on ev'ry tree ;
 By sweet saint Phillis, pity me ;
 By dear saint Iphis, and the rest
 Of all those other saints now blest,
 Me, me forsaken, here admit
 Among your myrtles to be writ ;
 That my poor name may have the glory
 To live remember'd in your story !

CXLVI.

EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN.

HERE a solemn fast we keep :
 While all beauty lies asleep,
 Hush'd be all things ; no noise here
 But the toning of a tear,
 Or a sigh of such as bring
 Cowslips for her covering.

CXLVII.

TO JEALOUSY.

O Jealousy, that art
 The canker of the heart,
 And mak'st all hell
 Where thou dost dwell;
 For pity be
 No fury, or no firebrand to me!

Far from me I'll remove
 All thoughts of irksome love,
 And turn to snow,
 Or crystal grow,
 To keep still free,
 O soul-tormenting Jealousy, from thee!

CXLVIII.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE, I have broke
 Thy yoke,
 The neck is free;
 But, when I'm next
 Love-vest,
 Then shackle me.

'Tis better yet
 To fret
 The feet or hands,
 Than to enthrall,
 Or gall
 The neck with bands.

CXLIX.

THE PARTING VERSE,
OR CHARGE TO HIS SUPPOSED* WIFE,
WHEN HE TRAVELLED.

Go hence, and, with this parting kiss
Which joins two souls, remember this :
Though thou beest young, kind, soft, and fair,
And may'st draw thousands with a hair ;
Yet let these glib temptations be
Furies to others, friends to me.
Look upon all ; and, though on fire
Thou set'st their hearts, let chaste desire
Steer thee to me ; and think, me gone,
In having all, that thou hast none.
Nor so immured would I have
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave,
But walk abroad ; yet wisely well
Stand, for my coming, sentinel ;
And think, as thou dost walk the street,
Me or my shadow thou dost meet.
I know a thousand greedy eyes
Will on thy features tyrannise,
In my short absence ; yet behold
Them like some picture, or some mould
Fashion'd like thee ; which though t'have ears
And eyes, it neither sees or hears.
Gifts will be sent, and letters, which
Are the expressions of that itch
And salt, which frets thy suitors ; fly
Both, lest thou lose thy liberty ;

* There is no reason to believe that Herrick was ever married ; strongly as he seems to enter into the feelings of conjugal tenderness, and fidelity.

For that once lost, thou'lt fall to one,
 Then prostrate to a million :
 But if they woo thee, do thou say,
 As that chaste queen of Ithaca
 Did to her suitors: this web done,
 Undone as oft as done, I'm won.
 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 enstyle thee, fairest fair,*
 The pearl of princes ; yet despair
 That so thou art, because thou must
 Believe, love speaks it not, but lust.
 And this their flatt'ry does commend
 Thee chiefly for their pleasure's end.
 I am not jealous of thy faith,
 Or will be ; for the axiom saith,
 He that doth suspect, does haste
 A gentle mind to be unchaste :
 No, live thee to thyself, and keep
 Thy thoughts as cold as is thy sleep ;
 And let thy dreams 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 boundless lust must scale
 Thy fortress, and will needs prevail,

* The parallelism of this passage with the following of his cotemporary Carew, is very striking :

Think not, cause men flatt'ring say,
 Y'are fresh as April, sweet as May,
 Bright as is the morning star,
 'That you are so.

And wildly force a passage in ;
 Banish consent, and 'tis no sin
 Of thine : so Lucrece fell, and the
 Chaste Syracusian Cyane ;
 So Medullina fell ; yet none
 Of these had imputation
 For the least trespass, '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 should this way come,
 Triumph in such a martyrdom.
 I will not overlong enlarge
 To thee this my religious charge :
 Take this compression ; so by this
 Means I shall know what other kiss
 Is mix'd with mine ; and truly know,
 Returning, if 't be mine or no ;
 Keep it 'till then : and now, my spouse,
 For my wish'd safety pay thy vows,
 And pray'rs to Venus ; if it please
 The great blue Ruler of the seas,
 Not many full-fac'd moons shall wain
 Lean-horn'd, before I come again
 As one triumphant ; when I find
 In thee all faith of womankind.
 Nor would I have thee think, that thou
 Had'st pow'r thyself to keep this vow ;
 But, having scap'd temptation's shelf,
 Know virtue taught thee, not thyself.

CL.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush, and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half 's delight,
 And so to bid good night ?
 'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
 Merely 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'er so brave :
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like you, awhile ; they glide
 Into the grave.

POEM CL.] The same critique will apply to this, as to poem 107. Neither Carew, nor Waller, observes Dr. Drake, have any thing that can equal the tender melancholy of this, and of some other such effusions. The concluding lines of each stanza are peculiarly impressive, and pleasing.

CLI.

THE WASSAIL.

GIVE way, give way ye gates ; and win
 An easy blessing to your bin,
 And basket, by our ent'ring in.

May both with manchet stand replete ;
 Your larders too so hung with meat,
 That, though a thousand thousand eat,

Yet ere twelve moons shall whirl about
 Their silv'ry spheres, there's none may doubt,
 But more's sent in than was serv'd out.

Next may your dairies prosper so,
 As that your pans no ebb may know ;
 But if they do, the more to flow

Like to a solemn, sober stream,
 Bank'd all with lilies ; and the cream
 Of sweetest cowslips filling them.

Then may your plants be press'd with fruit ;
 Nor bee, or hive you have be mute,
 But sweetly sounding like a lute.

POEM CLI.] A set of revellers, it would seem, had gone to the house of some churl, in their jollity, where they met with but cold reception. It was a country custom, on new-year's-eve, and twelfth-night, to go from house to house with a *wassel* or *wassail* bowl, which was presented to every person of the company, with this Saxon greeting, *waes beal*, that is, *be of health* ; and it was a sort of challenge to mirth and festivity, which always ensued. In time *wassail* became to signify *drunkenness, intemperance*. See Malone's notes to Shakspeare, in several places, on this word ; and Mr. Selden's notes to Drayton's *Polyolbion*.

Next may your duck, and teeming hen,
Both to the cock's tread say amen ;
And for their two eggs render ten.

Last may your harrows, shares, and ploughs,
Your stacks, your stocks, your sweetest mows,
All prosper by your virgin vows.

Alas! we bless ; but see none here,
That brings us either ale, or beer ;
In a dry house all things are near.

Let's leave a longer time to wait,
Where rust and cobwebs bind the gate,
And all live here with needy fate,

Where chimnies do for ever weep
For want of warmth, and stomachs keep
With noise the servants' eyes from sleep.

It is in vain to sing, or stay
Our free feet here, but we'll away ;
Yet to the Lares this we'll say :

The time will come, when you'll be sad,
And reckon this for fortune bad,
T'ave lost the good ye might have had.

CLII.

UPON JULIA'S HAIR FILLED WITH DEW.

Dew sate on Julia's hair,
And spangled too,
Like leaves that laden are
With trembling dew ;

Or glitter'd to my sight,
 As when the beams
 Have their reflected light
 Danc'd by the streams.

CLIII.

UPON HIMSELF.

I could never love indeed ;
 Never see mine own heart bleed ;
 Never crucify my life
 Or for widow, maid, or wife.

I could never seek to please
 One, or many mistresses ;
 Never like their lips, to swear
 Oil of roses still smelt there,

I could never break my sleep,
 Fold mine arms, sob, sigh, or weep ;
 Never beg ; or humbly woo
 With oaths, and lies, as others do,

I could never walk 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 air that circles me ;
 And kept credit with my heart,
 Neither broke i'th' whole, or part,

CLIV.

AN ECLOGUE,
BETWEEN ENDYMION PORTER, AND LYCIDAS
HERRICK.

End. AH, Lycidas, come tell me why,
Thy whilom merry oat
By thee doth so neglected lie,
And never purls a note ?

I prithee speak.—*Lyc.* I will.—*End.* Say on.

Lyc. 'Tis thou, and only thou,
That art the cause, Endymion.

End. For love's sake, tell me how.

Lyc. In this regard, that thou dost play
Upon another plain ;
And for a rural roundelay
Strik'st now a courtly strain :

Thou leav'st our hills, our dales, our bow'rs,
Our finer-fleeced sheep,
Unkind to us, to spend thine hours
Where shepherds should not keep ;

I mean the court : let Latmos be
My lov'd Endymion's court.

End. But I the courtly state would see.

Lyc. Then see it in report :

What has the court to do with swains,
Where Phillis is not known ?
Nor does it mind the rustick strains
Of us, or Coridon :

Break, if thou lov'st us, this delay.

End. Dear Lycidas, ere long,
I vow by Pan, to come away,
And pipe unto thy song.

Lyc. Then Jessamine, with Florabell,
And dainty Amarillis,
With handsome-handed Drosomel,
Shall prank thy hook with lilies :

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 ev'ry genial cup
Shall write in spice, Endymion 'twas
That kept his piping up.

CLV.

THE BED OF TULIPS.

BRIGHT tulips, we do know
You had your coming hither ;
And fading time does show,
That ye must quickly wither.

Your sisterhoods may stay,
And smile here for your hour ;
But ye must die away,
E'en as the meanest flow'r.

Come virgins then, and see
 Your frailties, and bemoan ye ;
 For, lost like these, 'twill be
 As time had never known ye.

CLVI.

TO THE WATER NYMPHS,
 DRINKING AT A FOUNTAIN.

REACH with your whiter hands to me
 Some crystal of the spring ;
 And I about the cup shall see
 Fresh lilies flourishing :

Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this ;
 To th' glass your lips incline ;
 And I shall see, by that one kiss,
 The water turn'd to wine.

CLVII.

UPON A FLY.

A golden fly one shew'd to me,
 Clos'd in a box of ivory,
 Where both seem'd proud; the fly, to have
 His burial in an iv'ry grave ;
 The ivory took state to hold
 A corpse as bright as burnish'd gold :
 One fate had both, both equal grace,
 The buried, and the burying-place.

POEM CLVI.] The elegance, and natural melody of these lines are exquisite; and would seem to challenge the taste, and skill of the musical composer.

Not Virgil's gnat, to whom the spring*
 All flow'rs sent to his burying ;
 Not Martial's bee, which in a bead
 Of amber quick was buried ;
 Nor that fine worm that does inter
 Herself i'th' silken sepulchre ;
 Nor my rare †Phil, that lately was
 With lilies tomb'd up in a glass ;
 More honour had than this same fly,
 Dead, and clos'd up in ivory.

CLVIII.

TO JULIA.

JULIA, when thy Herrick dies,
 Close thou up thy poet's eyes ;
 And his last breath, let it be
 Taken in by none but thee.

CLIX.

HOW HE WOULD DRINK HIS WINE.

FILL me my wine in crystal ; thus, and thus
 I see't in puris naturalibus.
 Unmix'd, I love to have it smirk, and shine ;
 'Tis sin, I know, 'tis sin so throttle wine.
 What madman's he, that, when it sparkles so,
 Will cool his flames, or quench his fires with snow ?

* Whatever of classic allusion is here made must be too generally known to require explanation.

† His sparrow. See poem 86.

POEM CLVIII.] The voluptuous pathos of this little poem is perfectly in the style of Tibullus; and, though consisting but of four lines, more powerfully impresses the heart than many pages of modern amatory poetry.

DRAKE.

CLX.

UPON LOVE.

I held Love's head while it did ache ;
 But so it chanc'd to be,
 The cruel pain did his forsake,
 And forthwith came to me.

Ah me ! how shall my grief be still'd ;
 Or where else shall we find
 One like to me, who must be kill'd
 For being too, too kind ?

CLXI.

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, feels now no more
 Those pains it lately felt before.
 All now is silent, groans are fled ;
 Your child lies still, yet is not dead ;
 But rather like a flow'r hid here,
 To spring again another year.

CLXII.

ON HIMSELF.

BORN I was to meet with age,
 And to walk life's pilgrimage ;

* *When as*, formerly written as one word, was used by our early English poets to signify simply *when* ; and *where-as*, in like manner, to signify *where*.

POEM CLXII.] A more happy example of the truly Anacreontic style does not perhaps exist, and cannot be formed, in our language.

Much I know of time is spent,
 Tell I can't what's resident ;
 Howsoever, cares adieu !
 I'll have nought to say of you ;
 But I'll spend my coming hours
 Drinking wine, and crown'd with flow'rs.

CLXIII.

TO PHILLIS,

TO LOVE, AND LIVE WITH HIM.

LIVE, live with me ; and thou shalt see
 The pleasures I'll prepare for thee ;
 What sweets the country can afford
 Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board :
 The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
 With crawling woodbine overspread ;
 By which the silver-shedding streams
 Shall gently melt thee into dreams :
 Thy clothing, next, shall be a gown
 Made of the fleece's purest down ;
 The tongues of kids shall be thy meat ;
 Their milk thy drink ; and thou shalt eat

POEM CLXIII.] Every reader perusing the present poem must immediately have his recollection turned to that much admired composition, Marlowe's *Passionate Shepherd* ; and the *Nymph's Reply*, by Sir Walter Raleigh ; as likewise to that pretty imitation of these pieces, entitled the *Bait*, by Dr. Donne, who has given a piscatory turn to his lines : the three poems are preserved in Walton's *Complete Angler*, a most fascinating little book. Our poet's friend, Mr. Charles Cotton, has likewise a very pretty imitation of the same, entitled *An Invitation to Phillis*. See his Poems, published 1689, page 463. But surely the reader will agree with me, that Herrick has improved upon, and surpassed them all ; he is far richer in poetical imagery, and has equal simplicity and sweetness.

The paste of filberts for thy bread,
 With cream of cowslips buttered :
 Thy feasting-tables shall be hills
 With daisies spread, and daffodils ;
 Where thou shalt sit, and redbreast by,
 For meat, shall give thee melody :
 I'll give thee chains, and carcanets
 Of primroses and violets ;
 A bag, and bottle thou shalt have,
 That richly wrought, and this as brave ;
 So that as either shall express
 The wearer's no mean shepherdess:
 At shearing times, and yearly wakes,
 When Themilis his pastime makes,
 There thou shalt be, and be the wit,
 Nay more, the feast and grace of it :
 On holidays, when virgins meet
 To dance the hays with nimble feet,
 Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
 The queen of roses for that year;
 And, having danc'd 'bove all the best,
 Carry the garland from the rest:
 In wicker baskets maids shall bring
 To thee, my dearest shepherdling,
 The blushing apple, bashful pear,
 And shamefac'd plumb, 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'd tree ;
 Where, kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee :
 To thee a sheephook I will send,
 Beprank'd with ribands, to this end,
 That this alluring hook might be
 Less for to catch a sheep, than me:

Thou shalt have possets; wassails fine*,
 Not made of ale, but spiced wine ;
 To make thy maids and self free mirth,
 All sitting near the glitt'ring hearth :
 Thou shalt have ribands, roses, rings,
 Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings
 Of winning colours, that shall move
 Others to lust, but me to love :
 These, nay, and more thine own shall be,
 If thou wilt love, and live with me.

CLXIV.

UPON HER FEET.

HER pretty feet,
 Like snails, did creep
 A little out ; and then,
 As if they started at bopeep,
 Did soon draw in again.

* See note to poem 151.

POEM CLXIV.] A nearly similar thought occurs in a cotemporary poet, who perhaps wrote rather prior to Herrick, being born twenty-two years before him, and dying at an early period of life :

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice, stole in and out,
 As if they fear'd the light: &c.

SIR J. SUCKLING's *Ballad on a Wedding*.

CLXV.

UPON HIS GREY HAIRS.

FLY me not, though I be grey,
 Lady, this I know you'll say :
 Better look the roses red,
 When with white commingled.
 Black your hairs are, mine are white ;
 This begets the more delight,
 When things meet most opposite ;
 As in pictures we descry
 Venus standing Vulcan by.

CLXVI.

VOW TO MINERVA.

GODDESS, I begin an art ;
 Come thou in, with thy best part,
 For to make the texture lie
 Each way smooth and civilly ;
 And a broad-fac'd owl shall be
 Offer'd up with vows to thee.

CLXVII.

TO ELECTRA.

'Tis ev'ning, my sweet,
 And dark ; let us meet ;
 Long time we've here been a toying ;

POEM CLXV.] We have here before us a lovely little compound of what is original, and translated. The first four lines only are almost a perfect versification of an ode of the jolly Grecian :

Μη με φύγης, ὀρώσα, &c.
 ANAC. Od. 34.

And never, as yet,
 That season could get,
 Wherein t'have had an enjoying,

For pity, or shame,
 Then let not love's flame
 Be ever and ever a spending ;
 Since now to the port
 The path is but short,
 And yet our way has no ending.

Time flies away fast,
 Our hours do waste ;
 The while we never remember
 How soon our life here
 Grows old with the year,
 That dies with the next December.

CLXVIII.

TO DIANE ME.

GIVE me one kiss,
 And no more ;
 If so be, this
 Makes you poor,
 To enrich you,
 I'll restore,
 For that one, two
 Thousand score.

CLXIX.

ODE TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

HERE we securely live ; and eat
 The cream of meat ;
 And keep eternal fires,
 By which we sit, and do divine,
 As wine
 And rage inspires.

If full, we charm ; 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 said,
 A goblet to the brim,
 Of lyric wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
 Around
 We quaff to him.

Thus, thus we live ; and spend the hours
 In wine and flow'rs ;
 And make the frolick year,
 The month, the week, the instant day
 To stay
 The longer here.

Come then, brave knight, and see the cell
 Wherein I dwell ;
 And my enchantments too,
 Which love and noble freedom is ;
 And this
 Shall fetter you.

Take horse, and come ; or be so kind
 To send your mind,
 Though but in numbers few ;
 And I shall think I have the heart,
 Or part
 Of Clipsey Crew.

CLXX.

HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY.

HERE, here I live with what my board
 Can with the smallest cost afford ;
 Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
 They well content my Pru and me :*
 Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beet,
 Whatever comes content makes sweet :
 Here we rejoice, because no rent
 We pay for our poor tenement
 Wherein we rest, and never fear
 The landlord, or the usurer :
 The quarterday does not affright
 Our peaceful slumbers in the night :
 We eat our own ; and batten more,
 Because we feed on no man's score ;
 But pity those whose flanks grow great,
 Swell'd with the lard of others' meat :

* See a note to poem 100.

We bless our fortunes, when we see
 Our own beloved privacy ;
 And like our living, where we're known
 To very few, or else to none.

CLXXI.

THE FAIRIES.

IF ye will with Mab find grace ;
 Set each platter in his place,
 Rake the fire up, and get
 Water in ere sun be set,
 Wash your pails, and cleanse your dairies,
 (Sluts are loathsome to the fairies)
 Sweep your house ; who doth not so,
 Mab will pinch her by the toe.

CLXXII.

ART ABOVE NATURE.

TO JULIA.

WHEN I behold a forest spread
 With silken trees upon thy head ;
 And when I see that other dress
 Of flowers set in comeliness :
 When I behold another grace
 In the ascent of curious lace,
 Which like a pinnacle doth shew
 The top, and the topgallant too :
 Then, when I see thy tresses bound
 Into an oval, square, or round ;
 And knit in knots far more than I
 Can tell by tongue, or true love tie ;
 Next, when those lawny films I see
 Play with a wild civility ;

And all those airy silks to flow,
 Alluring me, and tempting so :
 I must confess, mine eye and heart
 Dotes less on nature than on art,

CLXXIII.

UPON LOVE.

I play'd with love, as with the fire
 The wanton satyr did ;
 Nor did I know, or could descry
 What under there was hid.

That satyr he but burnt his lips,
 But mine's the greater smart ;
 For, kissing love's dissembling chips,
 The fire scorch'd my heart.

CLXXIV.

ON THE LOSS 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 dies the leaf, the bough next, next the tree.

CLXXV.

HYMN 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 rooms, as temples be,
 T' entertain that deity :

POEM CLXXIV.] I have adduced this short poem merely
 to record a trifling personal circumstance belonging to its
 author, which may to some readers be matter of curiosity.

Give me words wherewith to woo,
 Suppling and successful too ;
 Winning postures, and withal
 Manners each way musical ;
 Sweetness to allay my sour,
 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.

CLXXVI.

THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESS,
 CALLING HIM TO ELYSIUM.

Desunt nonnulla.—

COME then; and, like two doves with silv'ry wings,
 Let our souls fly to th' shades, where ever springs
 Sit smiling in the meads ; where balm and oil,
 Roses, and cassia crown the untill'd soil ;
 Where no disease reigns, or infection comes
 To blast the air, but ambergris and gums
 This, that, and ev'ry thicket doth transpire
 More sweet, than storax from the hallowed fire ;
 Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue bears
 Of fragrant apples, blushing plumbs, or pears ;

* This is a reverse of the old Latin adage :

Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.

POEM CLXXVI.] Tibullus, and Shakspeare would seem to have occurred to our bard in this composition. The beginning is a pretty close imitation of the former, in his description of elysium, Eleg. 3. Lib. 1. *Hic choreæ cantusque vigent, &c.* And his apparition certainly takes leave after a manner somewhat similar to that of Hamlet's ghost, in his interview with the young Dane, his son.

And all the shrubs with sparkling spangles shew
 Like morning sunshine tinselling the dew.
 Here in green meadows sits eternal May,
 Purfling the margents; while perpetual day
 So double gilds the air, as that no night
 Can ever rust th' enamel of the light :
 Here naked younglings, handsome striplings run
 Their goals for virgins' kisses; which when done,
 Then unto dancing forth the learned round
 Commixt they meet, with endless roses crown'd ;
 And here we'll sit on primrose banks, and see
 Love's chorus led by Cupid ; and we'll 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 I'll bring
 Thee to the stand, where honour'd Homer reads
 His Odysseys, and his high Iliads ;
 About whose throne the crowd of poets throng,
 To hear the incantation of his tongue :
 To Linus, then to Pindar ; and, that done,
 I'll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon,
 Quaffing his full-crown'd bowls 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 thi-
 ther,
 Where both may rage, both drink and dance to-
 gether.
 Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
 Whom fair Corinna sits, and doth comply*
 With iv'ry wrists his laureat head, and steeps
 His eye in dew of kisses, while he sleeps :

* See a note to poem 143.

Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,
 And tow'ring Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
 And snaky Persius ; these, and those whom rage,
 Dropp'd for the jars of heav'n, fill'd t'engage
 All times unto their frenzies ; thou shalt there
 Behold them in a spacious theatre :
 Among which glories, crown'd with sacred bays,
 And flatt'ring ivy, two recite their plays,
 Beaumont and Fletcher, swans, to whom all ears
 Listen, while they, like syrens in their spheres,
 Sing their Evadne ; and still more for thee
 There yet remains to know, than thou canst see
 By glimm'ring of a fancy : do but come,
 And there I'll shew thee that capacious room,
 In which thy father Jonson now is plac'd
 As in a globe of radiant fire, and grac'd
 To be in that orb crown'd, that doth include
 Those prophets of the former magnitude,
 And he one chief.—But hark ; I hear the cock,
 The belman of the night, proclaim 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 !

CLXXVII.

LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED,

LET fair or foul my mistress be,
 Or low or tall, she pleaseth me ;
 Or let her walk or stand or sit,
 The posture her's, I'm pleas'd with it ;
 Or let her tongue be still or stir,
 Graceful is ev'ry thing from her ;

Or let her grant or else deny,
My love will fit each history.

CLXXVIII.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
This sweet infant of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your ears,
The sweets of love are mix'd with tears.

Ask me why this flow'r does 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.

POEM CLXXVIII.] This poem is also found in Carew's collection, and is in the same predicament with poem 89; the observations on which will in every respect apply to it. As Carew's copy differs from Herrick's in almost every line, I will transcribe it entire, that the reader may judge for himself which has the fairest claim to originalness.

Ask me why I send you here,
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
I strait will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.
Ask me why this flow'r doth shew
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

CLXXIX.

THE TITHE.
TO THE BRIDE.

IF nine times you your bridegroom kiss,
The tenth you know the parson's is ;
Pay then your tithe, and, doing thus,
Prove in your bridebed numerous !
If children you have ten, Sir John
Wont for his tenth part ask you one.

CLXXX.

NO LUCK IN LOVE.

I do love I know not what,
Sometimes this, and sometimes that ;
All conditions I aim at.

But, as luckless, I have yet
Many shrewd disasters met,
To gain her whom I would get.

Therefore now I'll love no more,
As I've doted heretofore ;
He, who must be, shall be poor.

CLXXXI.

THE HEADACH.

My head doth ache ;
O Sappho, take
Thy fillet,
And bind the pain ;
Or bring some bane
To kill it !

But less that part,
 Than my poor heart,
 Now is sick;
 One kiss from thee
 Will counsel be,
 And physick.

CLXXXII.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON.

WHEN I a verse shall make;
 Know I have pray'd thee,
 For old religion's sake,
 Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,
 When I, thy Herrick,
 Honouring thee, on my knee
 Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
 And a new altar;
 And thou, saint Ben, shalt be
 Writ in my psalter!

CLXXXIII.

THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD.

DULL to myself, and almost dead to these
 My many fresh and fragrant mistresses;
 Lost to all musick now, since every thing
 Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing;

POEM CLXXXIII.] This was probably written during
 his ejection from his vicarage, and after the death of
 Charles the first.

Sick is the land to th' heart, and doth endure
 More dang'rous faintings by her desp'rate cure :
 But if that golden age would come again,
 And *Charles here rule as he before did reign ;
 If smooth and unperplex'd the seasons were,
 As when the sweet Maria lived here ;
 I should delight to have my curls half drown'd
 In †Syrian dews, and head with roses crown'd ;
 And once more yet, ere I am laid out dead,
 Knock at a star with my exalted head.‡

CLXXXIV.

PURPOSES.

No wrath of men, or rage of seas
 Can shake a just man's purposes ;
 No threats of tyrants, or the grim
 Visage of them can alter him ;
 But what he doth at first intend,
 That he holds firmly to the end.

CLXXXV.

TO THE MAIDS,
TO WALK ABROAD.

COME sit we under yonder tree,
 Where merry as the maids we'll be ;
 And, as on primroses we sit,
 We'll venture, if we can, at wit :

* In this, and the two following lines, Charles the first, and his consort, are no doubt alluded to.

† The text has *Tyrian*. See a note to poem 115. page 103.

‡ *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*

HORAT. Ode 1. Lib. 1.

POEM CLXXXIV.] These lines must have been suggested by the following :

Iustum et tenacem propositi virum, &c.

HORAT. Ode 3. Lib. 3.

If not, at draw-gloves we will play,
 So spend some minutes of the day ;
 Or else spin out the thread of sands,
 Playing at questions and commands ;
 Or tell what strange tricks Love can do,
 By quickly making one of two :
 Thus we will sit and talk, but tell
 No cruel truths of Philomel ;
 Or Phillis, whom hard fate forc'd on
 To kill herself for Demophoon :
 But fables we'll relate ; how Jove
 Put on all shapes to get a love,
 As now a satyr, then a swan,
 A bull but then, and now a man :
 Next we will act how young men woo ;
 And sigh, and kiss, as lovers do ;
 And talk of brides, and who shall make
 That wedding smock, this bridal cake,
 That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine,
 That smooth and silken columbine :
 This done ; we'll draw lots who shall buy,
 And gild the bays, and rosemary ;
 What posies for our wedding rings,
 What gloves we'll give, and ribandings ;
 And, smiling at ourselves, decree
 Who then the joining priest shall be ;
 What short sweet prayers shall be said ;
 And how the posset shall be made
 With cream of lilies, not of kine,
 And maiden's-blush, for spiced wine :
 Thus having talk'd, we'll next commend
 A kiss to each ; and so we'll end.

CLXXXVI.

THE NIGHTPIECE.

TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glowworm lend thee,
 The shooting stars attend thee;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like sparks of fire, befriend thee!

No will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee,
 Nor snake, nor slowworm bite thee;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost there's none to affright thee!

Let not the dark thee cumber;
 What though the moon does slumber,
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers clear without number!

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus, to come unto me;
 And, when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet,
 My soul I'll pour into thee!

POEM CLXXXVI.] Dr. Drake remarks, that, even in his amatory strain, our poet takes every opportunity of inserting imagery drawn from the vulgar superstition of his day.

CLXXXVII.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

GIVE me wine, and give me meat,
To create in me a heat ;
That my pulses high may beat.

Cold, and hunger never yet
Could a noble verse beget ;
But your bowls with sack replete.

Give me these, my knight ; and try
In a minute's space how I
Can run mad, and prophesy.

Then, if any piece proves new
And rare, I'll say, my dearest Crew,
It was full inspir'd by you.

CLXXXVIII.

UPON LOVE.

IN a dream, Love bade me go
To the gallies, there to row.
In the vision I ask'd, why ?
Love as briefly did reply,
'Twas better there to toil, than prove
The turmoils they endure that love.

I awoke ; and then I knew
What Love said was too, too true :
Henceforth therefore I will be,
As from Love, from trouble free :
None pities him that's in the snare,
And, warn'd before, would not beware.

CLXXXIX.

CONNUBII FLORES,
OR THE WELLWISHES AT WEDDINGS.

Chorus of Priests.

FROM the temple to your home
May a thousand blessings come ;
And a sweet concurring stream
Of all joys, to join with them !

Chorus of Youths.

HAPPY day,
Make no long stay
Here
In thy sphere ;
But give thy place to night,
That she
As thee
May be
Partaker of this sight !
And, since it was thy care
To see the younglings wed,
'Tis fit that night the pair
Should see safe brought to bed.

Chorus of Old Men.

Go to your banquet then ; but use delight,
So as to rise still with an appetite :
Love is a thing most nice ; and must be fed
To such a height, but never surfeited :
What is beyond the mean is ever ill ;
'Tis best to feed love, but not over-fill :
Go then discreetly to the bed of pleasure ;
And this remember, virtue keeps the measurc.

Chorus of Virgins.

LUCKY signs we have descried
 To encourage on the bride ;
 And to these we have espied,

Not a kissing Cupid flies
 Here about, but has his eyes,
 To imply his love is wise.

Chorus of Shepherds.

HERE we present a fleece,
 To make a piece
 Of cloth ;
 Nor, fair, must you be loth
 Your finger to apply
 To housewifery :
 Then, then begin
 To spin ;

And, sweetling, mark you, what a web will come
 Into your chests, drawn by your painful thumb.

Chorus of Matrons.

SET you to your wheel, and wax
 Rich, by the ductile wool and flax :
 Yarn is an income ; and the housewives' thread
 The larder fills with meat, the bin with bread.

Chorus of Old Men.

LET wealth come in by comely thrift,
 And not by any sordid shift ;
 'Tis haste
 Makes waste ;

Extremes have still their fault ;
 The softest fire makes the sweetest malt ;
 Who gripes too hard the dry, and slipp'ry sand
 Holds none at all, or little, in his hand.

Chorus of Virgins.

GODDESS of pleasure, youth, and peace,
 Give them the blessing of increase !
 And thou, Lucina, that dost hear
 The vows of those that children bear,
 When as her April hour draws near,
 Be thou then propitious there !

Chorus of Youths.

FAR hence be all speech, that may anger move ;
 Sweet words must nourish soft, and gentle love.

General Chorus.

LIVE in the love of doves ; and, having told
 The ravens' years, go hence more ripe than old !

CXC.

UPON LOVE.

A crystal vial Cupid brought,
 Which had a juice in it ;
 Of which who drank, he said, no thought
 Of love he should admit.

I, greedy of the prize, did drink,
 And emptied soon the glass,
 Which burnt me so, that I do think
 The fire of hell it was.

Give me my earthen cups again ;
 The crystal I contemn,
 Which, though enchas'd with pearls, contain
 A deadly draught in them.

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

CXCI.

THE BEGGAR

TO MAB, THE FAIRY QUEEN.

PLEASE your grace, from out your store
 Give an alms to one that's poor,
 That your mickle may have more !
 Black I'm grown for want of meat ;
 Give me then an ant to eat,
 Or the cleft ear of a mouse
 Over-sour'd in drink of souse ;
 Or, sweet lady, reach to me
 The abdomen of a bee ;
 Or commend a cricket's hip,
 Or his huckson,* to my scrip :
 Give, for bread, a little bit
 Of a pea that 'gins to chit ;
 And my full thanks take for it :

POEM CXCI.] We perhaps have never before been presented by any dealer in fiction with such a personage as the present, a mendicant fairy : it was left for the pen of a Herrick to delineate this character ; how he has succeeded in it let the reader determine.

* This is perhaps a provincialism for *bucklebone*, or *hipbone*.

Flour of furze-balls, that's too good
 For a man in needihood ;
 But the meal of mill-dust can
 Well content a craving man :
 Any orts the elves refuse
 Well will serve the beggar's use ;
 But if this may seem too much
 For an alms, then give me such
 Little bits as nestle there
 In the prisoner's panier :
 So a blessing light upon
 You, and mighty Oberon ;
 That your plenty last, till when
 I return your alms again !

CXCII.

UPON A CHILD.

HERE a pretty baby lies,
 Sung asleep with lullabies ;
 Pray be silent, and not stir
 Th' easy earth that covers her.

CXCIII.

FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME THE SPRING.

FLED are the frosts, and now the fields appear
 Recloth'd in fresh and verdant diaper ;
 Thaw'd are the snows, and now the lusty spring
 Gives to each mead a neat enamelling :
 The palms put forth their gems, and every tree
 Now swaggers in her leafy gallantry.

POEM CXCIII.] In the present poem the classic reader
 will readily trace the fourth Ode of the first Book, and the
 twelfth of the fourth Book of Horace.

The while the Daulian minstrel sweetly sings
 With warb'ling notes her Terrean sufferings,
 What gentle winds perspire ; as if here
 Never had been the northern plunderer,
 To strip the trees and fields to their distress,
 Leaving them to a pitied nakedness :
 And look, how when a frantick storm doth tear
 A stubborn oak, or holm, long growing there,
 But lull'd to calmness ; then succeeds a breeze,
 That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees :
 So when this war, which, tempest-like, doth spoil
 Our salt, our corn, our honey, wine, and oil,
 Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
 His inconsiderate frenzy off, at last ;
 The gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease,
 Bring in her bill once more the branch of peace.

CXCIV.

THE HAG.

The hag is astride
 This night for to ride,
 The Devil and she together,
 Through thick and through thin,
 Now out and then in,
 Though ne'er so foul be the weather,

A thorn, or a bur
 She takes for a spur ;
 With a lash of a bramble she rides now ;

POEM CXCIV.] We have here one of those poems
 which Dr. Drake adduces, as being employed in describing
 the more terrific agency of witchcraft.

Through brakes and through briers,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast for his food
Dares now range the wood,
But hush'd in his lair he lies lurking ;
While mischiefs by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are a working.

The storm will arise,
And trouble the skies
This night ; and, more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Call'd out by the clap of the thunder.

CXC.V.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty bowl
Up to the brink,
That I may drink
Unto my Jonson's soul.

Crown it again, again ;
And thrice repeat
That happy heat ;
To drink to thee, my Ben.

POEM CXC.V.] The jovial bard of Teos begins this strain :

Δοτε μοι, δότ' ὦ γυναῖκες,
Βρομῆ πιεῖν ἀμυσί.

ANAC. *Od.* 21.

Well I can quaff, I see,
 To th' number five,
 Or nine ; but thrive
 In frenzy ne'er like thee.

CXCVI.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

TO THE HONOURED MR. ENDYMION PORTER,
 GROOM OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO HIS MAJESTY.

SWEET country life ! to such unknown,
 Whose lives are others, not their own ;
 But, serving courts and cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.
 Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam,
 To seek and bring rough pepper home ;
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove,
 To bring from thence the scorched clove ;
 Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,
 Bring'st home the ingot from the West :
 No, thy ambition's masterpiece
 Flies no thought higher than a fleece,
 Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
 All scores, and so to end the year ;
 But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
 Not envying others' larger grounds ;
 For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
 Of land makes life, but sweet content.
 When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
 Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
 Which though well soil'd, yet thou dost know,

POEM CXCVI. | This is a most spirited, and beautiful
 imitation of Horace's second Epode.

That the best compost for the lands
 Is the wise master's feet and hands :
 There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
 With a hind whistling there to them ;
 And cheer'st them up by singing, how
 The kingdom's portion is the plough :
 This done ; then to th' enamell'd meads
 Thou go'st ; and, as thy foot there treads,
 Thou see'st a present godlike pow'r
 Imprinted in each herb, and flow'r ;
 And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,
 Sweet as the blossoms of the vine :
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
 Unto the dewlaps up in meat ;
 And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
 The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
 To make a pleasing pastime there :
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
 Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox ;
 And find'st their bellies there as full
 Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool ;
 And leav'st them, as they feed and fill ;
 A shepherd piping on a hill.
 For sport, for pageantry, and plays,
 Thou hast thy eves and holidays,
 On which the young men and maids meet,
 To exercise their dancing feet,
 Tripping the comely country round,
 With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
 Thy wakes, thy *quintels, here thou hast,
 Thy may-poles too with garlands grac'd,

* Or quintins.

Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun ale,
 Thy shearing feasts which never fail,
 Thy harvest-home, thy wassail bowl*
 That's toss'd up after fox-i'th'-hole,
 Thy mummeries, thy twelfthtide kings
 And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
 Thy nutbrown mirth, thy russet wit,
 And no man pays too dear for it:
 To these, thou hast thy times to go
 And trace the hare i'th' treach'rous snow,
 Thy witty wiles to draw and get
 The lark into the trammel net ;
 Thou hast thy cockroad,† and thy glade
 To take the precious pheasant made,
 Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls then
 To catch the pilf'ring birds, not men.
 O happy life! if that their good‡
 The husbandmen but understood ;
 Who all the day themselves do please,
 And younglings, with such sports as these ;
 And, lying down, have nought t'affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night ;

Cætera desunt——

GXCVII.

TO ELECTRA.

I dare not ask a kiss,
 I dare not beg a smile;

* See poem 151.

† This word, which Herrick writes "cockroad," means, according to Phillips and Bailey, *World of Words* and *Eng. Diet.* "a sort of net contrived chiefly for the catching of woodcocks." But I should rather interpret it: "a beat or haunt, where nets and springes are laid for that purpose."

‡ *O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
 Agricolas!* VIRGIL. Georg. 2.

Lest, having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No, no; the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air,
That lately kissed thee.

CXCVIII.

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESS HE WOULD HAVE.

BE the mistress of my choice
Clean in manners, clear in voice ;
Be she witty more than wise ;
Pure enough, though not precise ;
Be she shewing in her dress,
Like a civil wilderness,
That the curious may detect
Order in a sweet neglect ;
Be she rolling in her eye,
Tempting all the passers-by ;
And each ringlet of her hair
An enchantment, or a snare,
For to catch the lookers-on,
But herself held fast by none ;
Let her Lucrece all day be,
Thais in the night to me ;
Be she such, as neither will
Famish me, nor over-fill.

CXCIX.

TO HIS FRIEND, MR. JOHN WICKES.*

Is this a life ; to break thy sleep,
 To rise as soon as day doth peep,
 To tire thy patient ox or ass
 By noon, and let thy good days pass;
 Not knowing this, that Jove decrees
 Some mirth t' adulce man's miseries?
 No ; 'tis a life, to have thine oil
 Without extortion from thy soil ;
 Thy faithful fields to yield thee grain,
 Although with some, yet little pain ;
 To have thy mind, and nuptial bed
 With fears, and cares uncumbered ;
 A pleasing wife, that by thy side
 Lies softly panting like a bride :
 This is to live, and to endear
 Those minutes time has lent us here.
 Then while fates suffer, live thou free
 As in that air that circles thee ;
 And crown thy temples too ; and let
 Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat
 To strut thy barns with sheaves of wheat.
 Time steals away like to a stream,
 And we glide hence away with them :
 No sound recalls the hours once fled,
 Or roses being withered,
 Or us, my friend, when we are lost
 Like to a dew, or melted frost.
 Then live we mirthful while we should,
 And turn the iron age to gold ;
 Let's feast, and frolick, sing, and play ;
 And thus less last than live our day.

* See a note to poem 116.

Whose life with care is overcast,
 That man's not said to live, but last ;
 Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,
 But for to live that half seven well ;
 And that we'll do, as men who know,
 Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
 Both to be blended in the urn,*
 From whence there's never a return.

CC.

HYMN TO THE LARES.

It was, and still my care is
 To worship ye, the Lares,
 With crowns of greenest parsley,
 And garlick chives not scarcely,
 For favours here to warm me,
 And not by fire to harm me ;
 For gladding so my hearth here,
 With inoffensive mirth here,
 That while the wassail bowl here
 With †North-down ale doth troll here,
 No syllable doth fall here
 To mar the mirth at all here ;

* *Omnium
 Versatur urna : seriùs ocyùs
 Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
 Exilium impositura cymbæ.*

HORAT. Ode 3. Lib. 2.

† *North-down*, or *Norton-down*, as it is marked in some old maps, was a spot about twelve miles distant from our poet's residence, Dean Prior; and would appear to have had as high reputation for good ale formerly, as Crediton, in the same county, has now. The place is, I believe, hardly known at present.

For which, O chimney-keepers !
 I dare not call ye sweepers,
 So long as I am able
 To keep a country table,
 Great be my fare, or small cheer,
 I'll eat and drink up all here.

CCI.

TO ANTHEA.

COME, Anthea, know thou this,
 Love at no time idle is ;
 Let's be doing, though we play
 But at pushpin half the day ;
 Chains of sweet bents let us make,
 Captive one or both to take ;
 In which bondage we will lie,
 Souls transfusing thus, and die.

CCII.

THE FUNERAL RITES OF THE ROSE.

THE rose was sick, and smiling died ;
 And, being to be sanctified,
 About the bed there sighing stood
 The sweet and flow'ry sisterhood :
 Some hung the head ; while some did bring,
 To wash her, water from the spring ;
 Some laid her forth ; while others wept ;
 But all a solemn fast there kept :

POEM CCII.] The fiction which this little poem presents to us is truly original, and beautifully simple.

'The holy sisters some among
 The sacred dirge, and trental* sung :
 But ah, what sweets smelt every-where,
 As heav'n had spent all perfumes there !
 At last, when prayers for the dead,
 And rites were all accomplished;
 They, weeping, spread a lawny loom,
 And clos'd her up as in a tomb.

CCIII.]

THE RAINBOW, OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

MINE eyes, like clouds, were drizzling rain;
 And, as they thus did entertain
 The gentle beams from Julia's sight
 To mine eyes levell'd opposite,
 O thing admir'd ! there did appear
 A curious rainbow smiling there;
 Which was the covenant, that she
 No more would drown mine eyes, or me.

CCIV.

STOOLBALL.

AT stoolball, Lucia, let us play
 For sugar-cakes and wine,
 Or for a tansy let us pay ;
 The loss or thine or mine.

* The *trental* was a service of thirty masses, which were usually celebrated, upon as many different days, for the dead. See Du Cange, *Glossarium ad Scriptores mediæ, et infimæ Latinitatis*.

POEM CCIV.] This game would seem of great antiquity. It is enumerated by the second Randall Holme of Chester,

If thou, my dear, a winner be
 At trundling of the ball ;
 The wager thou shalt have, and me,
 And my misfortunes all :

But if, my sweetest, I shall get ;
 Then I desire but this,
 That likewise I may pay the debt,
 And have for all a kiss.

CCV.

TO SAPPHO.

LET us now take time, and play,
 Love, and live here while we may,
 Drink rich wine, and make good cheer,
 While we have our being here ;
 For, once dead, and laid i'th' grave,
 No return from thence we have.

among his *Auncient Customs in Games used by Boys and Girles,*
merily sett out in Verse :

Any they dare chalenge for to throw the sledge,
 To jumpe, or leape ovir ditch, or hedge ;
 To wrastle, play at stool ball, or to run,
 To pich the barre, or to shoote of a gunne ; &c.

See Strutt's *Manners, and Customs of the English*, Vol. 3.
 Page 147. It is also mentioned by one of our bards of no
 very late date, quoting of whom, Johnson defines it: " a
 " play where balls are driven from stool to stool."

While Betty dances on the green,
 And Susan is at stoolball seen.

PRIOR'S *Alma*. Canto 1.

CCVI.

THE MAY-POLE.

THE may-pole is up;
 Now give me the cup,
 I'll drink to the garlands around it;
 But first unto those,
 Whose hands did compose
 The glory of flow'rs that crown'd it.

A health to my girls,
 Whose husbands may earls
 Or lords be, granting my wishes;
 And, when that ye wed
 To the bridal bed,
 Then multiply all like to fishes.

CCVII.

THE BRACELET OF PEARL.

TO SYLVIA.

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

One gem was lost; and I will get
 A richer pearl for thee,
 Than ever, dearest Sylvia, yet
 Was drunk to Anthony:

POEM CCVI.] The *May-pole*, and all the *May-rites*, emanating from the Roman *Floralia*, or Festival of Flora, would form a very copious history, and not unentertaining. See note to poem 58. I will refer my readers, on this subject, to Strutt's *Manners and Customs of the English*, also to Brand's *Observations on popular Antiquities*.

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

CCVIII.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said, as Cupid danc'd among
 The gods, he down the nectar flung ;
 Which, on the white rose being shed,
 Made it for ever after red.

CCIX.

BUCOLICK,

OR DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS.

First Neatherd.

COME blithful neatherds, let us lay
 A wager who the best shall play,
 Of thee, or I, the roundelay ;
 That fits the business of the day.

Chorus.

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

Second Neatherd.

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

POEM CCVIII.] The metamorphosis contained in these
 four lines is of exquisite invention: it is a happy specimen
 of the *curiosa felicitas*.

Chorus.

And Lalage, with cow-like eyes,
Shall be disposeress of the prize.

First Neatherd.

Against thy heifer I will here
Lay to thy stake a lusty steer,
With gilded horns, and burnish'd clear.

Chorus.

Why then begin ; and let us hear
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note,
That gently purls from either's oat.

Second Neatherd.

The stakes are laid ; let's now apply
Each one to make his melody.

Lalage.

The equal umpire shall be I,
Who'll hear, and so judge righteously.

Chorus.

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

First Neatherd.

That's sweetly touch'd, I must confess ;
Thou art a man of worthiness :
But hark, how I can now express
My love unto my neatherdess. [*He sings.*]

Chorus.

A sugar'd note ; and sound as sweet
As kine, when they at milking meet.

**First Neatherd.*

Now for to win thy heifer fair,
I'll strike thee such a nimble air,
That thou shalt say thyself, 'tis rare ;
And title me without compare.

* The text gives this stanza to a *Fourth Neatherd*; which, I presume, is a misprint; as the sense requires it should be given to the *First*.

Chorus.

Lay by awhile your pipes, and rest;
Since both have here deserved best.

Second Neatherd.

To get thy steerling, once again
I'll play thee such another strain,
That thou shalt swear, my pipe does reign
Over thine oat as sovereign. [He sings.]

Chorus.

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

First Neatherd.

Give me the prize.—*Second.* The day is mine.

First Neatherd.

Not so ; my pipe has silenc'd thine ;
And hadst thou wager'd twenty kine,
They were mine own.—*Lalage.* In love combine.

Chorus.

And lay we down our pipes together,
As weary, not o'ercome by either.*

CCX.

HIS GRANGE,
OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

THOUGH clock,
To tell how night draws hence, I've none ;
A cock
I have, to sing how day draws on :
I have
A maid, my Pru, by good luck sent,
To save
That little fates me gave or lent :
A hen

* *Et vidulâ tu dignus, et bic.*
VIRG. Ecl. 3.

I keep, which, creaking day by day,
 Tells when
 She goes her long white egg to lay :
 A goose
 I have, which with a jealous ear
 Lets loose
 Her tongue, to tell what danger's near :
 A lamb
 I keep, tame, with my morsels fed ;
 Whose dam
 An orphan left him, lately dead :
 A cat
 I keep, that plays about my house,
 Grown fat
 With eating many a miching mouse :
 To these
 A *Tracy I do keep, whereby
 I please
 The more my rural privacy :
 Which are
 But toys to give my heart some ease.
 Where care
 None is, slight things do lightly please.

CCXI.

GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSEL:

IN all thy need, be thou possest
 Still with a well-prepared breast ;
 Nor let the shackles make thee sad ;
 Thou canst but have what others had :
 And this, for comfort, thou must know ;
 Times that are ill won't still be so.

* His spaniel.

Clouds will not ever pour down rain,*
 A sullen day will clear again ;
 First peals of thunder we must hear,
 Then lutes and harps shall strike the ear.

CCXII.

A TERNARY OF LITTLES,

UPON A PIPKIN OF JELLY SENT TO A LADY.

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

A little seed best fits a little soil,
 A little trade best fits a little toil ;
 As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
 A little garland fits a little head ;
 As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

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

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

* *Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
 Manant in agros.*

HORAT. Ode 9. Lib. 2.

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

CCXIII.

UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM.

THRICE happy roses, so much grac'd, to have
 Within the bosom of my love your grave !
 Die when ye will, your sepulchre is known ;
 Your grave her bosom is, the lawn the stone.

CCXIV.

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather flowers Sappho went ;
 And homeward she did bring,
 Within her lawny continent,
 The treasure of the spring.

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

Her apron gave, as she did pass,
 An odour more divine,
 More pleasing too, than ever was
 The lap of Proserpine.

CCXV.

TO ELECTRA.

LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE.

LOVE love begets ; then never be
 Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee :
 Tigers and bears, I've heard some say,
 For proffer'd love will love repay ;
 None are so harsh, but, if they find
 Softness in others, will be kind :
 Affection will affection move ;
 Then you must like, because I love.

CCXVI.

LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

WHATSOEVER thing I see ;
 Rich, or poor although it be ;
 'Tis a mistress unto me.

Be my girl or fair, or brown ;
 Does she smile, or does she frown ;
 Still I write a sweetheart down.

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

Be she bald, or does she wear
 Locks incur'd of other hair ;
 I shall find enchantment there.

FORM CCXVI.] The note to poem 7 will equally apply
 to the present.

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

Be she fat, or be she lean ;
 Be she sluttish, be she clean ;
 I'm a man for every scene.

CCXVII.

A SONG.

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

CCXVIII.

THE WAKE.

COME, Anthea, let us two
 Go to feast, as others do :
 Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,
 Are the junkets still at wakes ;
 Unto which the tribes resort,
 Where the business is the sport :
 Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
 Marian too, in pageantry ;
 And a mimick, to devise
 Many grinning properties :
 Players there will be, and those
 Base in action as in clothes ;

Yet, with strutting, they will please
 The incurious villages :
 Near the dying of the day
 There will be a cudgel-play,
 Where a coxcomb will be broke
 Ere a good word can be spoke ;
 But the anger ends all here,
 Drench'd in ale, or drown'd in beer.
 Happy rusticks, best content
 With the cheapest merriment ;
 And possess no other fear
 Than to want the wake next year.

CCXIX.

THE PETER-PENNY.

FRESH strewings allow
 To my sepulchre now,
 To make my lodging the sweeter ;
 A staff, or a wand
 Put then in my hand,
 With a penny to pay saint Peter.

Who has not a cross
 Must sit with the loss,
 And no whit further must venture ;
 Since the porter he
 Will paid have his fee,
 Or else not one there must enter.

Who, at a dead lift,
 Can't send, for a gift,
 A pig to the priest for a roaster,
 Shall hear his clerk say,
 By yea and by nay,
 No penny, no pater-noster.

CCXX.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN,

M. S.

HERE lies a virgin, and as sweet
 As e'er was wrapt in winding sheet:
 Her name if next you would have known,
 The marble speaks it Mary Stone;
 Who dying in her blooming years,
 This stone, for namesake, melts to tears.
 If, fragrant virgins, you'll but keep
 A fast, while jets and marbles weep;
 And, praying, strew some roses on her;
 You'll do my niece abundant honour.

CCXXI.

A CONJURATION TO ELECTRA.

By those soft tods of wool,
 With which the air is full;
 By all those tinctures there,
 That paint the hemisphere;
 By dews, and drizzling rain,
 That swell the golden grain;
 By all those sweets that be,
 I'th' flow'ry nunnery;
 By silent nights, and the
 Three forms of Hecate;
 By all aspects that bless
 The sober sorceress,

POEM CCXX.] All the information I can give relative to the Bedfordshire family of Stone may be seen in the note to poem 271.

While juice she strains, and pith,
 To make her philters with ;
 By time, that hastens on
 Things to perfection ;
 And by yourself, the best
 Conjurement of the rest ;
 O, my Electra, be
 In love with none but me !

CCXXII.

THE SPELL.

HOLY water, come, and bring ;
 Call in salt for seasoning ;
 Set the brush for sprinkling :

Sacred spittle bring ye hither ;
 Meal, and it now mix together ;
 And a little oil to either :

Give the tapers here their light ;
 Ring the saints' bell, to affright
 Far from hence the evil sprite.

CCXXIII.

HYMN TO BACCHUS.

I sing thy praise, Iacchus,
 Who with thy thyrsè dost thwack us ;
 And yet thou dost so back us
 With boldness, that we fear
 No Brutus ent'ring here,
 Nor Cato the severe.

What though the listors threat us,
 We know they dare not beat us,
 So long as thou dost heat us.
 When we thy orgies sing,
 Each cobbler is a king ;
 Nor dreads he any thing :
 And, though he do not rave,
 Yet he'll the courage have
 To call my lord-mayor knave :
 Besides too, in a brave ;
 Although he has no riches,
 But walks with dangling breeches,
 And skirts that want their stiches,
 And shews his naked flitches ;
 Yet he'll be thought or seen
 So good as George a Green,*
 And calls his blowze his queen,
 And speaks in language keen.
 O Bacchus! let us be
 From cares, and troubles free ;
 And thou shalt hear how we
 Will chant new hymns to thee.

* The poet, in this line, seems to have a reference to the following passage in the old anonymous comedy, *George a Green, Pinner of Wakefield*:

CUDDY.

— Had king James been as good as George a Greene,
 Yet Billy Musgrove would have fought with him.

EDWARD.

As George a Greene?
 I pray thee, Cuddy, let me question thee.
 Much have I heard, since I came to my crown,
 Many in manner of proverb say,
 "Were he *as good as George a Greene*, I would strike him
 'sure."

For what concerns that noted outlaw Robin Hood, and George the Pinner, in this comedy, the reader is referred to a ballad in Evans' *Collection of Old Ballads*, Vol. 1. page 99. which is mentioned by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, Song 28. Richard Braithwaite also notices the subject, in his

CCXXIV.

PSALM, OR HYMN
TO THE GRACES.

GLORY be to the Graces,
That do, in public places,
Drive thence whate'er encumbers
The list'ning to my numbers!

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

Worship be to the Graces,
Who do from sour faces,
And lungs that would infect me,
For evermore protect me!

CCXXV.

HYMN
TO THE MUSES.

HONOUR to you, who sit
Near to the well of wit,
And drink your fill of it!

Glory and worship be
To you, sweet maids thrice three,
Who still inspire me;

Strappado for the Devil, 1615. 8vo. page 203. *Pinner*, or *pinder*, it may here be proper to remark, signifies *warden of the pinfolds*. Mr. Steevens, who wrote at a very recent period, observed, that the figure of this rustic hero, George a Greene, was still preserved on a sign at the bottom of Gray's Inn Lane. See Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. 3.

And teach me how to sing,
 Unto the lyric string,
 My measures ravishing !

Then, while I sing your praise,
 My priesthood crown with bays
 Green to the end of days !

CCXXVI.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

WHEN as in silks my Julia goes,
 Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
 That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
 That brave vibration each way free,
 O how that glitt'ring taketh me !

CCXXVII.

UPON PRU, HIS MAID.

IN this little urn is laid
 Prudence Baldwin, once my maid ;
 From whose happy spark here let
 Spring the purple violet.

POEM CCXXVI.] This is written in the same spirit
 with poem 57, to which the reader may refer.

POEM CCXXVII.] We have here what would seem the
 last tribute of kindness paid to his favourite servant.

CCXXVIII.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

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

With the last year's brand
 Light the new block; and,
 For good success in his spending,
 On your psalt'ries play,
 That sweet luck may
 Come while the log is a teending.*

Drink now the strong beer,
 Cut the white loaf here;
 The while the meat is a shredding
 For the rare mince-pie,
 And the plumbs standing by
 To fill the paste that's a kneading.

CCXXIX.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

ANOTHER CEREMONY.

COME, guard this night the Christmas pie;
 That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
 With his flesh-hooks don't come nigh,
 To catch it

* kindling. A word of Saxon derivation.

From him, who all alone sits there,
 Having his eyes still in his ear,
 And a deal of nightly fear,
 To watch it.

CCXXX.

TO SAPPHO.

SAPPHO, I will choose to go
 Where the northern winds do blow
 Endless ice, and endless snow;

Rather than I once would see
 But a winter's face in thee,
 To benum my hopes and me.

CCXXXI.

THE BRIDECAKE.

THIS day, my Julia, thou must make
 For mistress bride the wedding cake;
 Knead but the dough, and it will be
 To paste of almonds turn'd by thee;
 Or kiss it thou but once or twice,
 And for the bridecake there'll be spice.

CCXXXII.

THE MAIDEN BLUSH.

So look the mornings, when the sun
 Paints them with fresh vermilion;
 So cherries blush, and cath'rine pears,
 And apricots, in youthful years;
 So corals look more lovely red,
 And rubies lately polished;

So purest diaper doth shine,
 Stain'd by the beams of claret wine ;
 As Julia looks, when she doth dress
 Her either cheek with bashfulness.

CXXXIII.

TO JULIA,

IN HER DAWN, OR DAYBREAK.

By the next kindling of the day,
 My Julia, thou shalt see,
 Ere Ave Mary thou canst say,
 I'll come and visit thee.

Yet, ere thou counsell'st with thy glass,
 Appear thou to mine eyes
 Naked and smooth, as she that was
 The prime of paradise.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
 A lawn ; that thou may'st look
 As purest pearls, or pebbles do,
 When peeping through a brook.

As lilies shrin'd in crystal, so
 Do thou to me appear ;
 Or damask roses, when they grow
 To sweet acquaintance there.

CCXXXIV.

TO DIANEME.

I could but see thee yesterday
 Stung by a fretful bee;
 And I the jav'lin suck'd away,
 And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and briers, and stings
 I have in my poor breast;
 Yet ne'er can see that salve, which brings
 My passions any rest.

As love shall help me! I admire
 How thou canst sit and smile,
 To see me bleed; and not desire
 To stench the blood the while.

If thou, compos'd of gentle mould,
 Art so unkind to me;
 What dismal stories will be told
 Of those that cruel be!

CCXXXV.

TO ELECTRA.

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

POEM CCXXXV.] It would seem that the poet has here chosen to personify Love as a female, which is a novelty. The word *her* occurring both in the 3d, and 7th line leaves no room to suppose a misprint.

CCXXXVI.

TO MRS. AMIE PORTER.

AH me ! I love ; give him your hand to kiss,
 Who both your wooer, and your poet is.
 Nature has precompos'd us both to love ;
 Your part's to grant, my scene must be to move.
 Dear, can you like ; and, liking, love your poet ?
 If you say ay, blush-guiltiness will shew it.
 Mine eyes must woo you, though I sigh the while ;
 True love is tongueless as a crocodile :
 And you may find in love these differing parts ;
 Woovers have tongues of ice, but burning hearts.

CCXXXVII.

UPON A MAID.

HERE she lies, in beds of spice,
 Fair as Eve in paradise ;
 For her beauty it was such,
 Poets could not praise too much.
 Virgins come, and in a ring
 Her supremest requiem sing ;
 Then depart, but see ye tread
 Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

CCXXXVIII.

TO HIS BOOK.

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

Lest, rapt from hence, I see thee lie
 Torn for the uses of pastry ;*
 Or see thy injur'd leaves serve well
 To make loose gowns for mackerel ;
 Or see the grocers, in a trice,
 Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

CCXXXIX.

THE DELAYING BRIDE.

WHY so slowly do you move
 To the centre of your love ?
 On your niceness though we wait,
 Yet the hours say 'tis late :
 Coyness takes us to a measure ;
 But, o'erafted, deads the pleasure ;
 Go to bed, and care not when
 Cheerful day shall spring again.
 One brave captain did command, †
 By his word, the sun to stand ;
 One short charm, if you but say,
 Will enforce the moon to stay
 Till you warn her hence. Away !
 T'ave your blushes seen by day.

* These remind me of some lines I have formerly met with, but where I do not recollect, on Christmas being a very happy time

For those who deal in books,
 Not sold to readers, but to pastrycooks ;
 Learn'd works despis'd by those to merit blind,
 They now, well weigh'd, their certain value find,
 Bless lot of paper, falsely titled waste,
 To wrap those cates which authors seldom taste !

See, on this subject, Catullus, *Carmen* 90, *De Smyrnâ Cinna* ; Martial, *Epig.* 87, *Lib.* 4 ; and Persius, *Sat.* 1.

† Joshua. Chap. 10. ver. 13.

CCXL.

AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

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

CCXLI.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE brought me to a silent grove ;
 And shew'd me there a tree,
 Where some had hang'd themselves for love ;
 And gave a twist to me.

The halter was of silk and gold,
 That he reach'd forth unto me,
 No otherwise, than if he would
 By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that necklace use ;
 And told me too, he maketh
 A glorious end by such a noose,
 His death for love that taketh.

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

CCXLII.

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

Herrick.

COME ; and let's in solemn wise
Both address to sacrifice ;
Old religion first commands,
That we wash our hearts, and hands.
Is the beast exempt from stain,
Altar clean, no fire prophane ?
Are the garlands, is the nard
Ready here ?

Julia.

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

Herrick.

All is well: now next to these
Put we on pure surplices ;
And, with chaplets crown'd, we'll roast
With perfumes the holocaust ;
And, while we the gods invoke,
Read acceptance by the smoke.

CCXLIII.

HYMN TO CUPID.

THOU, thou that bear'st the sway,
With whom the sea-nymphs play,
And Venus every way :

When I embrace thy knee,
 And make short pray'rs to thee,
 In love then prosper me.

This day I go to woo ;
 Instruct me how to do
 This work thou putt'st me to.

From shame my face keep free ;
 From scorn, I beg of thee,
 Love, to deliver me.

So shall I sing thy praise,
 And to thee altars raise,
 Unto the end of days.

CCXLIV.

HOW HIS SOUL CAME INSNARED.

My soul would one day go and seek
 For roses ; and in Julia's cheek
 A riches of those sweets she found,
 As in another Rosamond :
 But, gathering roses as she was,
 Not knowing what would come to pass,
 It chanc'd a ringlet of her hair
 Caught my poor soul, as in a snare ;
 Which ever since has been in thrall,
 Yet freedom she enjoys withal.

CCXLV.

UPON JULIA'S HAIR
BUNDLED UP IN A GOLDEN NET.

TELL me; what needs those rich deceits,
These golden toils, and trammel-nets,
To take thine hairs; when they are known
Already tame, and all thine own?
'Tis I am wild; and more than hairs
Deserve these meshes, and those snares.
Set free thy tresses; let them flow
As airs do breathe, or winds do blow;*
And let such curious networks be
Less set for them, than spread for me.

CCXLVI.

THE SHOWER OF BLOSSOMS.

LOVE in a show'r of blossoms came
Down, and half drown'd me with the same;
The blooms that fell were white and red;
But with such sweets commingled,
As whether this I cannot tell
My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell;
But true it was, as I roll'd there,
Without a thought of hurt or fear,

* This couplet may remind us of those beautiful lines of Richard Lovelace *To Amarantha, that she would disbevel her hair.*

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Ah, braid no more that shining hair!
As my curious hand or eye,
Hov'ring round thee, let it fly:
Let it fly as unconfin'd
As its calm ravisher the wind,
Who hath left his darling th' east
To wanton o'er that spicy nest. &c.

Love turn'd himself into a bee,
 And with his jav'lin wounded me ;
 From which mishap this use I make :
 Where most sweets are, there lies a snake ;
 Kisses, and favours are sweet things ;
 But those have thorns, and these have stings.

CCXLVII.

A DEFENCE FOR WOMEN.

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

CCXLVIII.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS EVE.

DOWN with the rosemary and bays,
 Down with the misletoe ;
 Instead of holly, now upraise
 The greener box, for show.

POEM CCXLVIII.] In former times, foliage, and flowers were much more frequently employed in the internal decoration of houses, than at present; and different kinds were allotted to different seasons. The bay, holly, and misletoe, at Christmas, are not yet exploded. Strutt, in his *Manners and Customs of the English*, informs us, from Hollingshed, that our ancestors used to strew their houses with rushes, which were carefully spread over the floors, till carpets came in fashion; and it is still a practice to cover the ground with rushes in many churches, at Whitsuntide.

The holly hitherto did sway ;
 Let box now domineer,
 Until the dancing Easter day,
 Or Easter's eve appear :

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

When yew is out ; then birch comes in,
 And many flow'rs beside,
 Both of a fresh, and fragrant kin,
 To honour Whitsuntide:

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
 With cooler oaken boughs,
 Come in for comely ornaments,
 To readorn the house.

CCXLIX.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS DAY.

KINDLE the Christmas brand, and then
 Till sunset let it burn ;
 Which quench'd, then lay it up again,
 Till Christmas next return.

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

POEM CCXLIX.] These two stanzas are curious, inas-
 much as they record an old superstitious ceremony, which
 I do not recollect to have before met with.

* See note to poem 228.

CCL.

TO BIANCHA.

TO BLESS HIM.

WOULD I woo, and would I win ;
 Would I well my work begin ;
 Would I evermore be crown'd
 With the end that I propound ;
 Would I frustrate, or prevent
 All aspects malevolent ;
 Thwart all wizards ; and, with these,
 Dead all black contingencies ;
 Place my words, and all works else,
 In most happy parallels :
 All will prosper, if so be
 I be kiss'd, or bless'd by thee.

CCLI.

UPON MR. WILLIAM LAWES,

THE RARE MUSICIAN.

SHOULD I not put on blacks, when each one here
 Comes with his cypress, and devotes a tear ?
 Should I not grieve, my Lawes, when every lute,
 Viol, and voice is, by thy loss, struck mute ;

POEM CCLI.] William Lawes, and his brother Henry, were two of the most esteemed musicians of the age in which they lived. William, the disciple of Giovanni Cooperario, and who was killed at the siege of Chester, Sep. 26, 1645, was by many thought superior to Henry. Fuller, in his *Wiltshire Worthies*, asserts that he made above thirty several sorts of musick, for voices, and instruments ; and composed for each as aptly, as if he had studied that one only. Henry Lawes was the friend of Milton, and of Waller. To him our poet was particularly attached.

Thy loss, brave man! whose numbers have been
 hurl'd,
 And no less prais'd, than spread throughout the
 world?

Some have thee call'd Amphion; some of us
 Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus;
 Some this, some that; but all in this agree,
 Musick had both her birth, and death with thee.

CCLII.

UPON BEN JONSON.

HERE lies Jonson, with the rest
 Of the poets, but the best.
 Reader, would'st thou more have known?
 Ask his story, not the stone;
 That will speak, what this can't tell
 Of his glory. So farewell.

CCLIII.

ODE

FOR THE SAME.

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

* Certain celebrated taverns of those days.

My Ben !
 Or come again,
 Or send to us
 Thy wit's great overplus :
 But teach us yet
 Wisely to husband it ;
 Lest we that talent spend ;
 And, having once brought to an end
 That precious stock, the store
 Of such a wit the world should have no more.

CCLIV.

A REQUEST

TO THE GRACES.

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

* Thus the poet of Verona, in a similar strain :

*Nam castum esse decet pium poetam
 Ipsum : versiculos nihil necesse est ;
 Qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,
 Si sunt molliculi, ac parum pudici,
 Et, quod pruriat, incitare possunt.*

CATUL. Carmen 16.

CCLV.

HAPPINESS TO HOSPITALITY,
OR A HEARTY WISH TO GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

FIRST, may the hand of bounty bring
 Into the daily offering
 Of full provision such a store,
 Till that the cook cries, bring no more !
 Upon your hogsheads never fall
 A drought of wine, ale, beer, at all ;
 But, like full clouds, may they from thence
 Diffuse their mighty influence !
 Next, let the lord and lady here
 Enjoy a christ'ning year by year ;
 And this good blessing back them still,
 T'have boys, and girls too, as they will ;
 Then from the porch may many a bride
 Unto the holy temple ride,
 And thence return, short prayers said,
 A wife most richly married !
 Last, may the bride and bridegroom be
 Untouch'd by cold sterility ;
 But in their springing blood so play,
 As that in lustres few they may,
 By laughing too, and lying down,
 People a city or a town !

CCLVI.

TO THE RIVER,
WHERE JULIA BATHED.

How fierce was I, when I did see
 My Julia wash herself in thee !

So lilies thorough crystal look,
 So purest pebbles in the brook,
 As in the river Julia did,
 Half with a lawn of water hid.
 Into thy streams myself I threw ;
 And, struggling there, I kiss'd thee too ;
 And more had done, it is confest,
 Had not thy waves forbid the rest.

CCLVII.

UPON CUPID.

LOVE like a beggar came to me,
 With hose and doublet torn,
 His shirt bedangling from his knee,
 With hat and shoes out worn.

He ask'd an alms ; I gave him bread,
 And meat too, for his need ;
 Of which when he had fully fed,
 He wish'd me all good speed.

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

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

POEM CCLVII.] Our poet has before portrayed a fairy beggar. See poem 191. He now gives us Love in a mendicant form. The style of this little Anacreontic sketch will somewhat remind us of the third Ode of the sportive Teian.

CCLVIII.

HYMN

TO LOVE.

I will confess,
With cheerfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me;
That, let her lay
On me all day,
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

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

No, no ; I'll be
In fetters free :
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for pain,
I'll entertain
The wounds of love with singing.

With flow'rs, and wine,
And cakes divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee ;
Which done, no more
I'll come before
Thee and thine altars empty.

CCLIX.

TO HIS HONOURED & MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND,
MR. CHARLES COTTON.

FOR brave comportment, wit without offence,
Words fully flowing yet of influence,
Thou art that man of men; the man alone
Worthy the publick admiration ;
Who with thine own eyes read'st what we do write,
And giv'st our numbers euphony and weight ;
Tell'st when a verse springs high, how understood
To be, or not, born of the royal blood :
What state above, what symmetry below
Lines have, or should have, thou the best canst
show :
For which, my Charles, it is my pride to be
Not so much known, as to be lov'd of thee ;
Long may I live so, and my wreath of bays
Be less another's laurel than thy praise !

CCLX.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MR. JOHN HALL,
STUDENT OF GRAY'S INN.

TELL me, young man, or did the muses bring
Thee less to taste, than to drink up their spring ;

POEM CCLIX.] This witty, humorous character was of a Staffordshire family, and flourished in the reign of Charles the second, and James the second. His *Virgil Travestic*, and his translation of *Montaigne's Essays* will render him long celebrated.

POEM CCLX.] The gentleman, to whom this poem is addressed, was born 1627, and died in his 29th year. He published a collection of poems in 1646, and with them a *Second Book of divine Poems*, which are highly spoken of. He also wrote several tracts, as well learned, as political; and

That none hereafter should be thought, or be
 A poet, or a poet like, but thee ?
 What was thy birth, thy star that makes thee known,
 At twice ten years, a prime and publick one ?
 Tell us thy nation, kindred ; or the whence
 Thou hadst, and hast thy mighty influence,
 That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,
 And no less prais'd than of the maids admir'd.
 Put on thy laurel then ; and, in that trim,
 Be thou Apollo, or the type of him ;
 Or let the unshorn god lend thee his lyre,
 And next to him be master of the quire.

CCLXI.

THE DELUGE.

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

would seem to have been a great favourite with Oliver Cromwell. Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Vol. 1. Col. 535. observes : " Had not his debauches, and intemperance diverted him from the more serious studies, he had made an extraordinary person ; for no man had ever done so great things at his age."

CCLXII.

CRUTCHES.

THOU see'st me, Lucia, this year droop ;
 Three zodiacs fill'd more, I shall stoop ;
 Let crutches then provided be,
 To shore up my debility :
 Then, while thou laugh'st, I'll sighing cry,
 A ruin underpropt am I :
 Don will I then my beadsman's* gown ;
 And, when so feeble I am grown,
 As my weak shoulders cannot bear
 The burden of a grasshopper ;
 Yet, with the bench of aged sires,†
 When I and they keep termly fires,
 With my weak voice I'll sing or say‡
 Some odes I made of Lucia ;

* An almsman, or one that prays for a benefactor. Mr. Selden says, in his *Titles of Honour*, that he had seen a petition from a bishop to our king, Henry the fifth, subscribed with "your worship's beadsman." GLOSSOGRAPHIA.

† This couplet may imply a wish to spend his old-age with his former associates at the college where he was educated, or afterwards resided, which some assert was at Oxford, others will have it at Cambridge ; Wood says the former, and places him at All Souls, being elected from St. John's college. But Nichols, in his *Leicestershire*, Vol. 2, Part 2, page 631, I think, sufficiently proves, from documents preserved, that he was of Cambridge, being entered a fellow-commoner there, at St. John's college, about 1615, by his uncle and guardian, Sir William Herrick. In 1618, he removed to Trinity Hall, as less expensive, and studied the law, but afterwards took orders ; and, through the patronage of the Earl of Exeter, was presented to Dean Prior by Charles the first.

‡ From the preceding mention of the grasshopper, connected with his weak voice, it may be presumed that our poet had in view Homer's similitude with respect to feeble garrulous old men, in his third Iliad:

ἀλλ' ἀγορητὰ
 Ἐσθλοὶ τετίγασσιν ἰοίκοτες, ὅτε καθ' ὕλην
 Δενδρέω ἰφεζόμενοι ὄπα λειριόεσσα ἰεῖσι.

Then will I heave my wither'd hand
 To Jove the mighty, for to stand
 Thy faithful friend, and to pour down
 Upon thee many a benison.

CCLXIII.

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with the rosemary, and so
 Down with the bays, and misletoe ;
 Down with the holly, ivy, all
 Wherewith ye dress'd the Christmas hall ;
 That so the superstitious find
 No one least branch there left behind :
 For look, how many leaves there be
 Neglected there, maids, trust to me !
 So many goblins you shall see.

CCLXIV.

A BUCOLICK,

BETWIXT LACON AND THYRSIS.

Lacon.

FOR a kiss or two, confess
 What doth cause this pensiveness,
 Thou most lovely neatherdess ?
 Why so lonely on the hill ;
 Why thy pipe by thee so still,
 That ere while was heard so shrill ?
 Tell me, do thy kine now fail
 To fulfil the milking-pail ?
 Say, what is't that thou dost ail ?

POEM CCLXIV.] Thyrsis, in this poem, is applied to a female character. I do not recollect to have seen it before given to a shepherdess by any pastoral writer.

Thyrsis.

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

Lacon.

Tell, and I'll lay down my pipe.

Thyrsis.

I have lost my lovely steer,
 That to me was far more dear
 Than these kine which I milk here ;
 Broad of forehead, large of eye,
 Party-colour'd like a pie,
 Smooth in each limb as a die ;
 Clear of hoof, and clear of horn,
 Sharply pointed as a thorn ;
 With a neck by yoke unworn,
 From the which hung down by strings,
 Balls of cowslips, daisy rings,
 Interlac'd by ribandings ;
 Faultless ev'ry way for shape,
 Not a straw could him escape,
 Ever gamesome as an ape ;
 But yet harmless as a sheep.
 Pardon, Lacon, if I weep ;
 Tears will spring where woes are deep.
 Now, ah me ! ah me ! last night
 Came a mad dog, and did bite,
 Aye, and kill'd my dear delight.

Lacon.

Alack, for grief !

Thyrsis.

But I'll be brief.

Hence I must ; for time doth call
Me, and my sad playmates all,
To his ev'ning funeral.
Live long, Lacon ; so adieu !

Lacon.

Mournful maid, farewell to you ;
Earth afford ye flow'rs to strew !

CCLXV.

TO BIANCHA.

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

CCLXVI.

ANACREONTIC VERSE.

BRISK methinks I am, and fine,
When I drink my cap'ring wine ;
Then to love I do incline,
When I drink my wanton wine ;
And I wish all maidens mine,
When I drink my sprightly wine ;
Well I sup, and well I dine,
When I drink my frolick wine ;
But I languish, lour, and pine,
When I want my fragrant wine.

CCLXVII,

UPON LOVE.

BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do?

Ans. Like, and dislike ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do?

Ans. Stroke ye, to strike ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do?

Ans. Love will befool ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do?

Ans. Heat ye, to cool ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do?

Ans. Love gifts will send ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do?

Ans. Stock ye, to spend ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do?

Ans. Love will fulfil ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do?

Ans. Kiss ye, to kill ye.

CCLXVIII.

VOW TO VENUS.

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

CCLXIX.

COMFORT TO A YOUTH,
THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

WHAT needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints ?

In endless mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth.

She sees no tears,
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears :

Nor does she mind,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind.

But, chang'd above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy love.

Forbear therefore,
And lull asleep
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

CCLXX.

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

PARTLY work, and partly play
Ye must, on saint Distaff's day :
From the plough soon free your team,
Then come home, and fodder them :
If the maids a spinning go ;
Burn the flax, and fire the tow,
Scorch their plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maiden hair :
Bring in pails of water, then
Let the maids bewash the men :
Give saint Distaff all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good-night ;
And, next morrow, every one
To his own vocation.

POEM CCLXX.] I have not hitherto met with any record of this saint, nor was I aware that such ever occurred in our calendar. It would be curious to ascertain if the holy personage were inserted in *Poor Robin's Almanack*, which, it is apprehended, was first published in 1662, and of which Herrick was the reputed author, according to a tradition prevalent in the country where he resided; but nothing exists to confirm the conjecture. Yet, observes Mr. Nichols: "This date agrees well enough with the time when, being deprived of his vicarage, Herrick returned to London; and, finding his means but scanty, it is not at all improbable that so versatile a genius might endeavour to eke out a subsistence in some way by his pen." But our worthy historian is surely here guilty of an anachronism; for Herrick was restored to his vicarage, we learn, in 1660, or perhaps a little before, as, according to Dean Prior register, John Syms quitted it 1658. It is then to be supposed that our poet was again in affluence, or at least little needed to have recourse to almanack-making. St. Distaff is perhaps only a coinage of our poet's, to designate the day, when, the Christmas vacation being over, good housewives, with others, resumed their usual employments.

CCLXXI.

HIS TEARS TO THAMASIS.

I send, I send here my supremest kiss
 To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis :
 No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
 Whereon so many stately structures stand ;
 Nor in the summer's sweeter ev'nings go
 To bathe in thee, as thousand others do :
 No more shall I along thy crystal glide,
 In barge with boughs and rushes beautifi'd,
 With soft smooth virgins, for our chaste disport,
 To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton Court :
 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 Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
 May all clean nymphs, and curious water dames,
 With swan-like state, float up and down thy
 streams ;
 No drought upon thy wanton waters fall,
 To make them lean and languishing at all ;

* This line, and the subsequent couplet, seem to throw some light on the poet's history, which is involved in great obscurity. His birthplace in London, and the christian appellation of his mother (whose family name was Stone, being daughter of William Stone, of Segenhoe, Bedfordshire) are defined. Perhaps the epithet given to Cheapside may have an allusion to his father's trade, which was that of goldsmith. It would likewise seem, from the expression of "beloved Westminster," that he had been educated in the law line, which has been a dubious point. May not the "termly fires," in poem 262, also serve to prove this ; alluding to terms kept at one of the inns of court, where he was a student ? But the same may, I am well aware, apply to university terms.

No ruffling winds come hither, to disease
 Thy pure and silver-wristed naiades:
 Keep up your state, ye streams; and, as ye spring,
 Never make sick your banks by surfeiting;
 Grow young with tides; and, though I see ye never,
 Receive this vow: so fare ye well, for ever!

CCLXXII.

TWELFTH-NIGHT,
 OR KING AND QUEEN.

Now, now the mirth comes,
 With the cake full of plumbs,
 Where bean's the king of the sport here;
 Beside, we must know
 The pea also
 Must revel, as queen, in the court here.

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

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

* Herrick's receipt for the *wassel*, or *wassail* bowl is quite orthodox. The erudite Steevens, in his comment to Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, Act 1. Sc. 7. on the word *wassel* (which is still in use in the midland counties) informs us, that the *wassel* bowl was composed of lambs-wool, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. See the note to poem 151.

Next, crown the bowl full
 With gentle lambs-wool;*
 Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
 With store of ale too;
 And thus ye must do
 To make the wassail a swinger.

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

CCLXXIII.

THE TINKER'S SONG.

ALONG, come along,
 Let's meet in a throng
 Here of tinkers;
 And quaff up a bowl,
 As big as a cowl,
 To beer-drinkers.

The pole of the hop
 Place in the ale-shop,
 To bethwack us,
 If ever we think
 So much as to drink
 Unto Bacchus.

Who frolick will be
 For little cost, he
 Must not vary
 From beer-broth at all,
 So much as to call
 For canary.

CCLXXIV.

TO ANTHEA.

SICK is Anthea, sickly is the spring,
 The primrose sick, and sickly ev'ry thing ;
 The while my dear Anthea does but droop,
 The tulips, lilies, daffodils do stoop :
 But when again she's got her healthful hour,
 Each bending then will rise a proper flow'r.

CCLXXV.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND,
 MR. JO. WICKES.

SINCE shed, or cottage I have none ;
 I sing the more that thou hast one ;
 To whose glad threshold, and free door
 I may a poet come, though poor ;
 And eat with thee a savoury bit,
 Paying but common thanks for it :
 Yet should I chance, my Wickes, to see
 An over-leaven look in thee,
 To sour the bread, and turn the beer
 To an exalted vinegar ;
 Or should'st thou prize me as a dish
 Of thrice-boil'd worts, or third day's fish ;
 I'd rather hungry go and come,
 Than to thy house be burdensome ;
 Yet, in my depth of grief, I'd be
 One that should drop his beads for thee.

POEM CCLXXIV.] These remind me of some very beautiful lines, on *Chloe weeping*, by one of our amatory bards, I think Prior:

See, whilst thou weep'st, fair Chloe, see
 The world in sympathy with thee, &c.

CCLXXVI.

A DIALOGUE,
 BETWIXT HIMSELF, AND MRS. ELIZABETH
 WHEELER
 UNDER THE NAME OF AMARYLLIS.

Herrick.

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

Amaryllis.

In country meadows, pearl'd with dew,
 And set about with lilies ;
 There, filling maunds* with cowslips, you
 May find your Amaryllis.

Herrick.

What have the meads to do with thee,
 Or with thy youthful hours ?
 Live thou at court, where thou may'st be
 The queen of men, not flow'rs.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
 With posies ; since 'tis fitter
 For thee with richest gems to shine,
 And like the stars to glitter.

Amaryllis.

You set too high a rate upon
 A shepherdess so homely.

Her. Believe it, dearest, there's not one
 I'th' court that's half so comely.

* *Maund* is a hand-basket: the word is Shakspearean, and still familiar in Somersetshire, Malone observes. Many glossographers define it a wicker basket with two lids.

I pray thee stay.—*Am.* I must away.
Her. Let's kiss first, then we'll sever.
Both. And, though we bid adieu to-day,
 We shall not part for ever.

CCLXXVII.

ON HIMSELF.

A weari'd pilgrim, I have wander'd here
 Twice five and twenty, bate me but one year :
 Long have I lasted in this world, 'tis true ;
 But yet those years, that I have liv'd, but few.
 Who, by his grey hairs, doth his lustres tell,
 Lives not those years, but he that lives them well.
 One man has reach'd his sixty years ; but he,
 Of all those threescore, has not liv'd half three.
 He lives, who lives to virtue ; men, who cast
 Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.

CCLXXVIII.

HIS COVENANT, OR PROTESTATION,
TO JULIA.

WHY dost thou wound and break my heart,
 As if we should for ever part ?
 Hast thou not heard an oath from me ;
 After a day, or two, or three,
 I would come back and live with thee ?
 Take, if thou dost distrust that vow,
 This second protestation now :
 Upon thy cheek that spangled tear,
 Which sits as dew of roses there,
 That tear shall scarce be dri'd, before
 I'll kiss the threshold of thy door.
 Then weep not, sweet ; but thus much know,
 I'm half return'd before I go.

CCLXXIX.

HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.

I have been wanton, and too bold, I fear,
 To chafe o'ermuch the virgin's cheek, or ear :
 Beg for my pardon, Julia ; he doth win
 Grace with the gods, who's sorry for his sin :
 That done, my Julia, dearest Julia ! come,
 And go with me to chuse my burial room.
 My fates are ended ! When thy Herrick dies,
 Clasp thou his book, then close thou up his eyes.

CCLXXX.

THE PILLAR OF FAME.

FAME's pilllar here at last we set,
 Out-during marble, brass, or jet ;
 Charm'd, and enchanted so,
 As to withstand the blow
 Of overthrow :
 Nor shall the seas,
 Or outrages
 Of storms, o'erbear
 What we uprear :
 Tho' kingdoms fall ;
 This pillar never shall
 Decline, or waste at all ;
 But stand for ever by his own
 Firm, and well-fix'd foundation.

POEM CCLXXIX.] There is exquisite pathos, and simplicity in the last sentence of this little poem; perfectly corresponding with poem 158.

POEM CCLXXX.] Horatian to the last is the bard Robert Herrick, concluding what he terms his *Works Human* with an imitation of

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

HORAT. Ode ult. Lib. 3.

*I have selected the four following pieces,
as the most poetical specimens of our author's
NOBLE NUMBERS, or PIOUS PIECES; the in-
feriority of which is generally allowed even
by his warmest admirers, notwithstanding
the encomiums that are passed upon them in
Wood's ATHENÆ.*

I.

TO GOD,
ON HIS SICKNESS.

WHAT though my harp, and viol be
Both hung upon the willow tree ;
What though my bed be now my grave,
And for my house I darkness have ;
What though my healthful days are fled,
And I lie number'd with the dead :
Yet I have hope, by thy great power,
To spring, though now a wither'd flow'r.

II.

THE STAR SONG.

A CAROL TO THE KING, SUNG AT WHITEHALL.

Flourish of Musick, then followed the Song.

TELL us, thou clear and heav'nly tongue,
Where is the babe but lately sprung ;
Lies he the lily banks among ?
Or say, if this new birth of our's
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flow'rs
Spangled with dew-light ? Thou canst clear
All doubts, and manifest the where.
Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek ;
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find him out ?

Star.

No ; this ye need not do ;
But only come, and see him rest
A princely babe in's mother's breast.

Chorus.

He's seen, he's seen ! Why then around
 Let's kiss the sweet, and holy ground ;
 And all rejoice that we have found
 A king, before conception crown'd.
 Come then, come then ; and let us bring
 Unto our pretty, twelfthtide king
 Each one his sev'ral offering !

Chorus.

And, when night comes, we'll give him wassailing ;
 And, that his treble honours may be seen,
 We'll chuse him king, and make his mother queen.

III.

THE WIDOWS' TEARS,
 OR DIRGE OF DORCAS.

COME pity us, all ye, who see
 Our harps hung on the willow tree ;*
 Come pity us, ye passers by,
 Who see or hear poor widows cry ;
 Come pity us, and bring your ears
 And eyes to pity widows' tears.

Chorus.

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

For Tabitha, who dead lies here,
 Clean wash'd, and laid out for the bier,
 O modest matrons ! weep and wail ;
 For now the corn and wine must fail ;

* See K. David's *Psalm 137. ver. 2.*

The basket and the bin of bread,
Wherewith so many souls were fed,

Chorus.

Stand empty here for ever :
And, ah, the poor
At thy worn door
Shall be relieved never !

Woe-worth the time ! woe-worth the day,
That reav'd us of thee, Tabitha !
For we have lost, with thee, the meal,
The bits, the morsels, and the deal
Of gentle paste, and yielding dough,
That thou on widows didst bestow.

Chorus.

All's gone, and death hath taken
Away from us*
Our maundy ; thus
Thy widows stand forsaken.

Ah, Dorcas, Dorcas ! now adieu
We bid the cruse, and pannier too ;
Aye, and the flesh, †for and the fish
Dol'd to us in that lordly dish.
We take our leaves now of the loom,
From whence the housewives' cloth did come :

* Or *mand*, figuratively put for bounty, from the maund, or basket, which contained it. See the dictionary definitions of Maundy-Thursdai, a day on which our potentates of yore washed the poor's feet, and distributed gifts among them from the royal almsbasket.

† *For and* may perhaps be intended for 'forehand, i. e. *beforehand*; heretofore. Shakspeare has "forehand sin." See *Much ado about Nothing*; Act 4. Sc. 1.

Chorus.

The web affords now nothing ;
 Thou being dead,
 The worsted thread
 Is cut, that made us clothing.

Farewell the flax, and reaming‡ wool,
 With which thy house was plentiful ;
 Farewell the coats, the garments, and
 The sheets, the rugs, made by thy hand ;
 Farewell thy fire, and thy light,
 That ne'er went out by day, or night :

Chorus.

No ; or thy zeal so speedy,
 That found a way,
 By peep of day,
 To feed, and clothe the needy.

But ah, alas ! the almond bough,
 And olive branch is wither'd now ;
 The wine-press now is ta'en from us,
 The saffron, and the calamus ;
 The spice, and spikenard hence is gone,
 The storax, and the cinnamon.

Chorus.

The carol of our gladness
 Has taken wing ;
 And our late spring
 Of mirth is turn'd to sadness.

‡Stretching into cloth by spinning and weaving. To *ream*, in the West-country Exmore dialect, is to *stretch*. See Grose's *Provincial Glossary*.

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

Chorus.

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

* * * * *

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we
 Will shew these garments made by thee :
 These were the coats ; in these are read
 The monuments of Dorcas dead :
 These were thy acts ; and thou shalt have
 These hung, as honours, o'er thy grave :

Chorus.

And, after us distressed,
 Should fame be dumb ;
 Thy very tomb
 Would cry out, thou art blessed !

IV.

HIS SAVIOUR'S WORDS, GOING TO THE CROSS.

HAVE, have ye no regard, all ye
 Who pass this way, to pity me,
 Who am a man of misery ?

A man both bruis'd, and broke ; and one
 Who suffers not here for mine own,
 But for my friends' transgression !

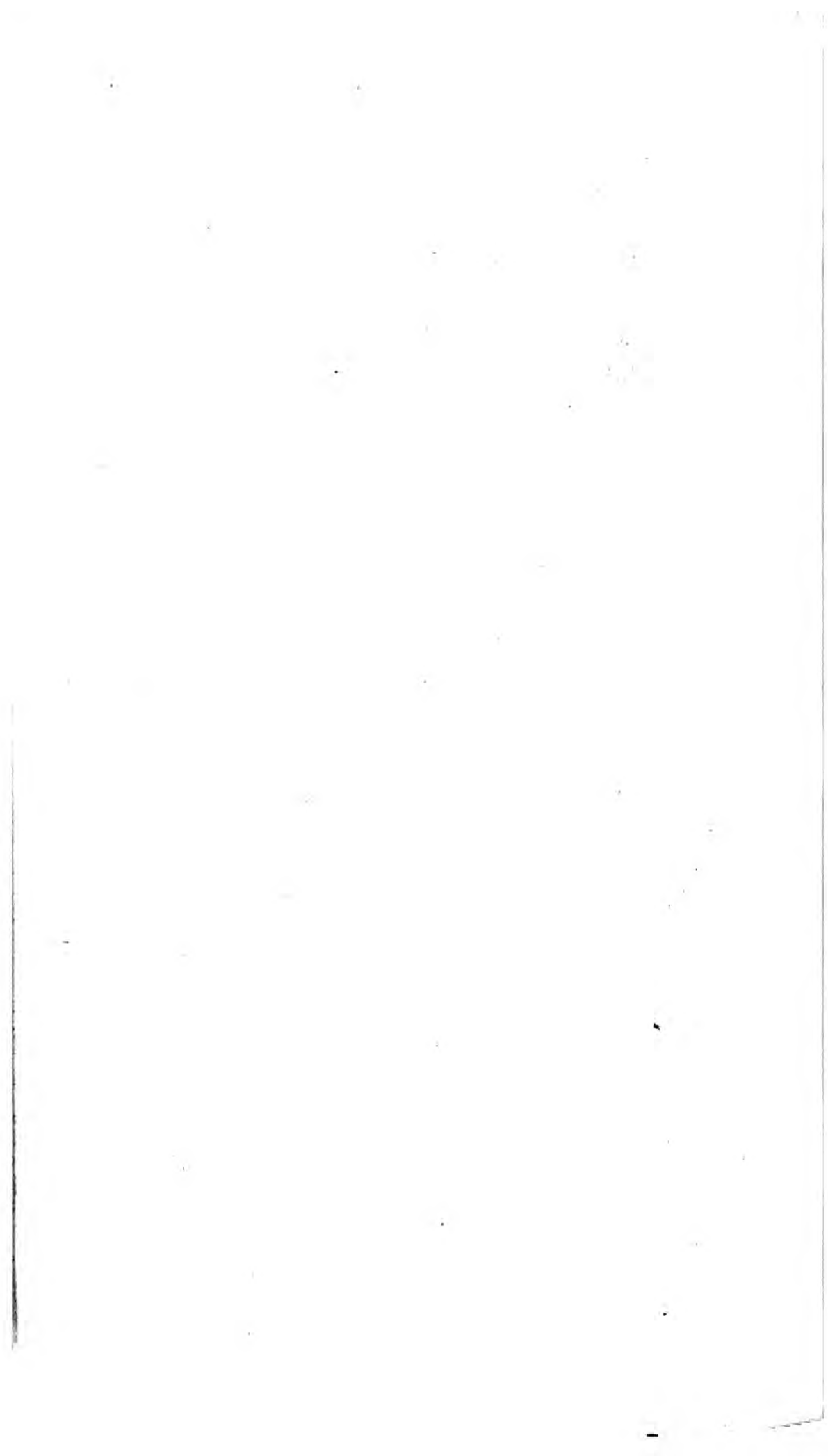
Ah, Sion's daughters ! do not fear
 The cross, the cords, the nails, the spear,
 The myrrh, the gall, the vinegar ;

For Christ, your loving saviour, hath
 Drunk up the wine of God's fierce wrath ;
 Only there's left a little froth,

Less for to taste, than for to shew
 What bitter cups had been your due,
 Had he not drunk them up for you.

When the present sheet of this volume was at the press, I was favoured with a letter from the Rev. Mr. Samuel Herrick, of Brampton, near Market Harborough, to whom, as a descendant of the family, I had applied for any anecdotes he might be in possession of respecting our poet ; but he could furnish nothing beyond what his relatives had before communicated to Mr. Nichols, for his *History of Leicestershire*. His letter was however accompanied with a copy of a very elegant little collection of Poems, entitled *First Flights*, written by his elder brother John, a lieutenant in the 15th dragoons, and printed 4to. 1797 ; the author died in his 35th year during their publication. This proves, that the poetic spark has been kept alive in the Herrick family even to the present times. See note to poem 34.





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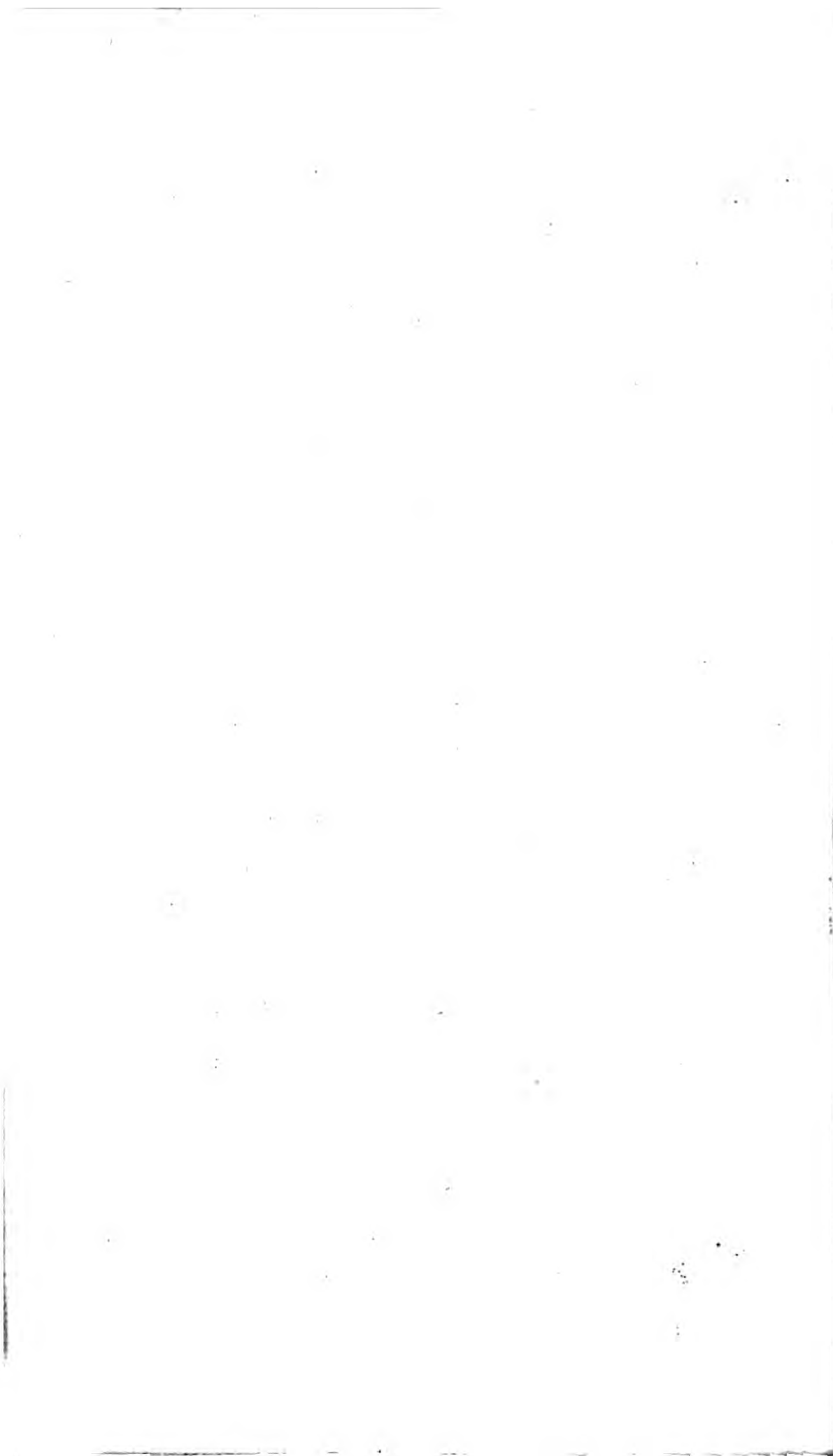
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*For these transgressions, which thou here dost see,
 Condemn the printer, reader, and not me,
 Who gave him forth good grain ; though he mistook
 The seed, so sow'd these tares throughout my book.*

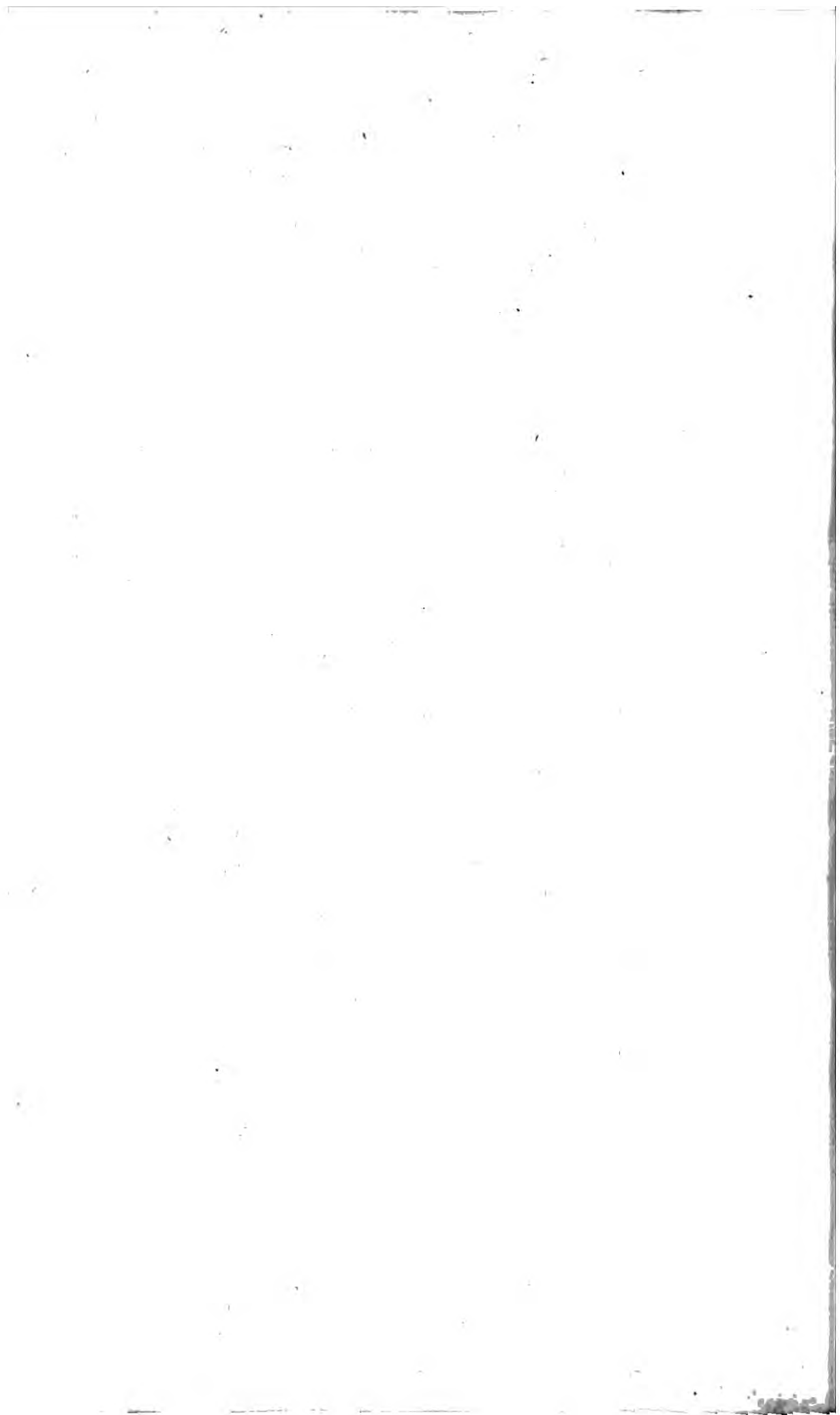
R. H. J. N.

ERRATA.

Page 4	Line 16	<i>for mistress read mistresses</i>
17	notes 1	<i>for wantons, read wantons'</i>
19	notes 8	<i>for 1791 read 1691</i>
27	4	<i>dele , in spring's</i>
82	15	<i>dele , after shame and put it after flame in next line</i>
35	22	<i>for Breath read Breathe</i>
—	notes 1	<i>dele s in plaudiste</i>
67	5	<i>for lye read lie</i>
75	16	<i>dele , after tear</i>
78	2	<i>put ? after shepherdess</i>
93	19	<i>for Daffodills read Daffodils</i>
—	21	<i>dele 's after scallop</i>
102	notes 3	<i>for Oxoniensis read Oxonienses</i>
115	last	<i>dele , after loathsome and put ;</i>
122	15	<i>for CLIPSBY read CLIPSEBY</i>
123	12	<i>for Clipsbey read Clipseby</i>
124	last	<i>dele e in horne</i>
125	14	<i>for finset read finest</i>
128	8	<i>dele , after What</i>
133	23	<i>for wain read wane</i>
157	notes last	<i>add to the note Indeed if it alludes, as it seemingly does, to the fate of that unfortunate monarch, Herrick must have composed it while his book was in the press.</i>
166	10	<i>for panier read pannier</i>
175	(first so marked)	<i>should be 174</i>
181	note 1	<i>for vidula read vitula</i>
215	20	<i>for by read with</i>
230	16	<i>dele * at us, and put it at maundy in the next line.</i>
249	1	<i>for 320 put 220</i>









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