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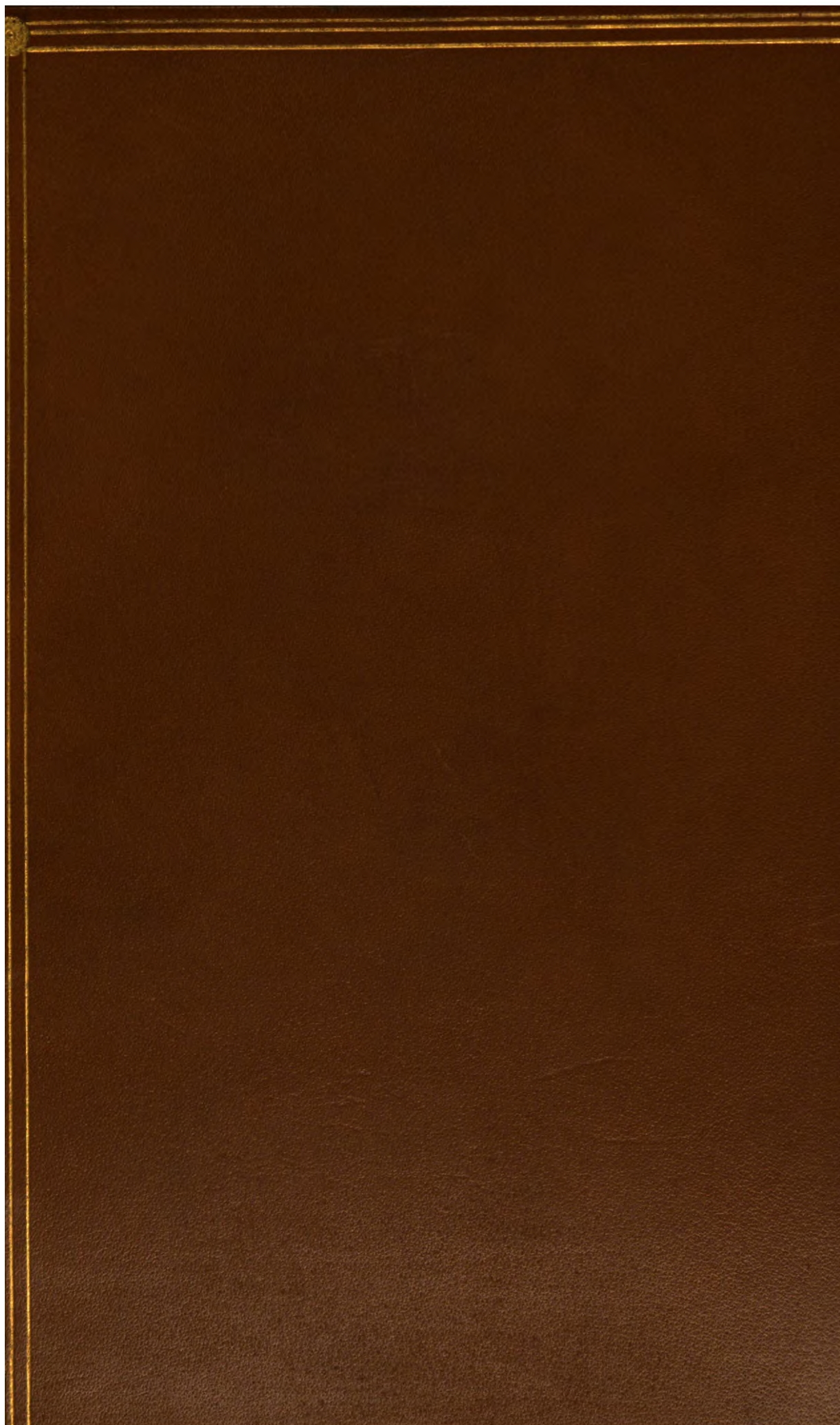
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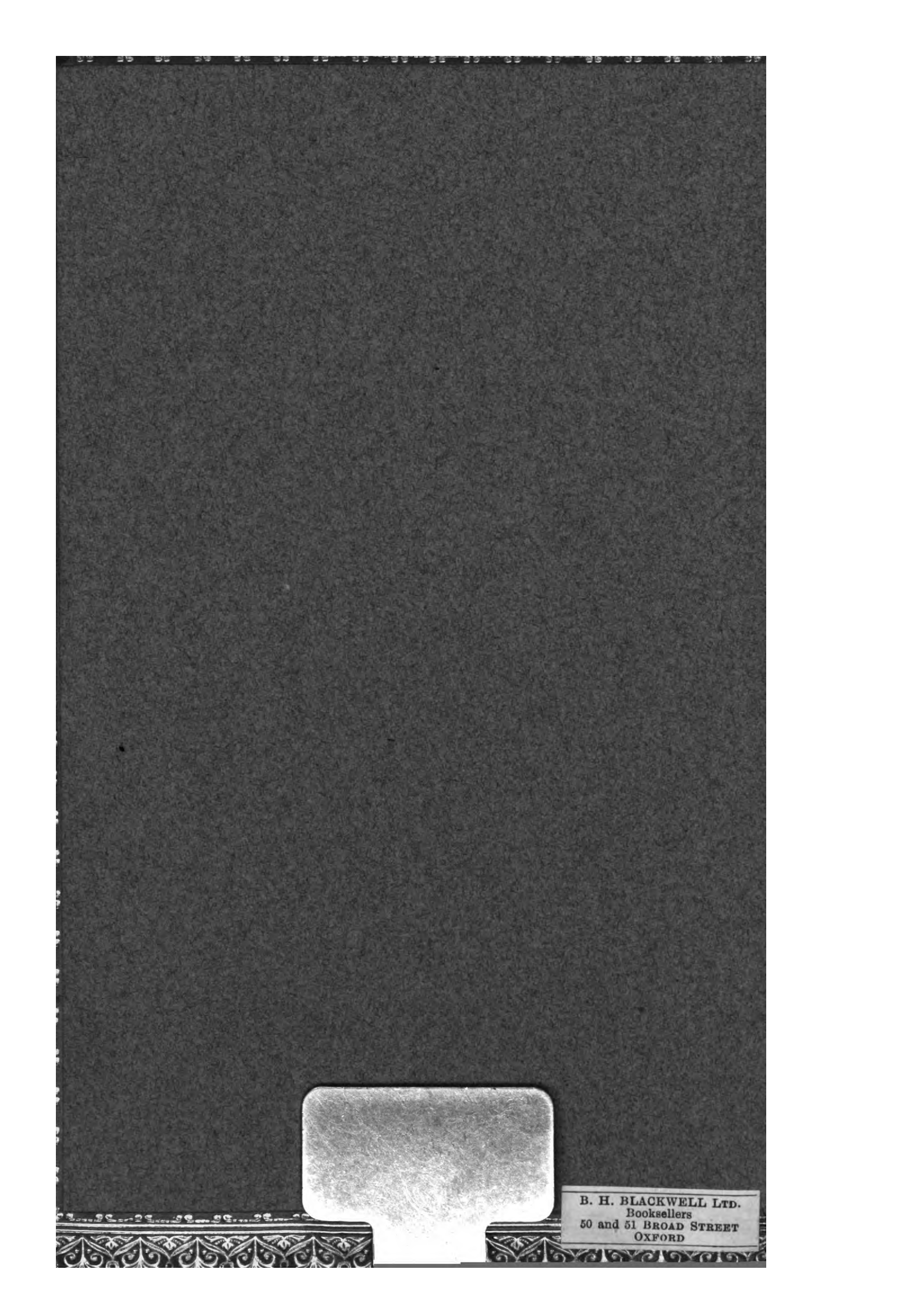
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT HERRICK.

VOL. II.



LONDON:
WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE.

M.DCCC.XXV.

FLACCUS HORACE,
HE WAS BUT A SOWR-ASS,
AND GOOD FOR NOTHING BUT LYRICK ;
THERE'S BUT ONE TO BE FOUND
IN ALL ENGLISH GROUND
WRITES AS WELL ;—WHO IS HIGHT ROBERT HERRICK.
NAPS UPON PARNASSUS.



HESPERIDES.

A HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

WHEN I love, as some have told
Love I shall when I am old,
O ye graces ! make me fit
For the welcoming of it.
Clean my roomes, as temples be,
T' entertain that deity ;
Give me words wherewith to woove,
Suppling and successful too ;
Winning postures, and withal,
Manners each way musicall ;
Sweetnesse to allay my sowre
And unsmooth behaviour :
For I know you have the skill
Vines to prune, though not to kill ;
And of any wood ye see,
You can make a Mercury.

TO SILVIA.

No more, my Silvia, do I mean to pray
 For those good dayes that ne'r will come away :
 I want believe ; O gentle Silvia, be
 The patient saint, and send up vowes for me.

UPON BLANCH. EPIG.

I HAVE seen many maidens to have haire,
 Both for their comely need, and some to spare ;
 But Blanch has not so much upon her head,
 As to bind up her chaps when she is dead.

UPON UMBER. EPIG.

UMBER was painting of a lyon fierce,
 And working it ; by chance from UMBER's erse
 Flew out a crack, so mighty, that the fart,
 As UMBER swears, did make his lyon start.

THE POET HATH LOST HIS PIPE.

I CANNOT pipe as I was wont to do,
 Broke is my reed, hoarse is my singing too ;
 My wearied oat Ile hang upon the tree,
 And give it to the Silvan deitie.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

WILT thou my true friend be ?
 Then love not mine, but me.

THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESSE CALLING HIM
TO ELIZIUM.*Desunt nonnulla—*

COME then, and like two doves with silv'rie wings,
Let our soules flie to th' shades, where ever spring's
Sit smiling in the meads ; where balme and oile,
Roses and cassia crown the untill'd soyle ;
Where no disease raignes, or infection comes
To blast the aire, but amber-greece and gums.
This, that, and ev'ry thicket doth transpire
More sweet then storax from the hallowed fire ;
Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue beares
Of fragrant apples, blushing plums, or peares ;
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew
Like morning sun-shine, tinsilling the dew.
Here in green meddowes sits eternall May,
Purfling the margents, while perpetuall day
So double gilds the aire, as that no night
Can ever rust th' enamel of the light :
Here naked younglings, handsome striplings run
Their goales for virgins kisses ; which when done,
Then unto dancing forth the learned round
Commixt they meet, with endlesse roses crown'd.
And here we'l sit on primrose-banks, and see
Love's chorus led by Cupid ; and we'l be
Two loving followers too unto the grove,
Where poets sing the stories of our love :

There thou shalt hear divine Musæus sing
Of Hero and Leander ; then Ile bring
Thee to the stand, where honour'd Homer reads
His Odisees and his high Iliads ;
About whose throne the crowd of poets throng
To heare the incantation of his tongue :
To Linus, then to Pindar ; and that done,
Ile bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon,
Quaffing his full-crown'd bowles of burning wine,
And in his raptures speaking lines of thine,
Like to his subject ; and as his frantick
Looks shew him truly Bacchanalian like,
Besmear'd with grapes, welcome he shall thee thither,
Where both may rage, both drink and dance together.
Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
Whom faire Corinna sits, and doth comply
With yvorie wrists his laureat head, and steeps
His eye in dew of kisses while he sleeps ;
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,
And trowning Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
And snakie Perseus ; these, and those whom rage,
Dropt for the jarres of heaven, fill'd t' engage
All times unto their frenzies ; thou shalt there
Behold them in a spacious theater :
Among which glories, crown'd with sacred bayes
And flatt'ring ivie, two recite their plaies,
Beaumont and Fletcher, swans, to whom all eares
Listen, while they, like syrens in their spheres,
Sing their Evadne ; and still more for thee
There yet remaines to know then thou can'st see

By glim'ring of a fancie : doe but come,
 And there Ile shew thee that capacious roome
 In which thy father, Johnson, now is plac't,
 As in a globe of radiant fire, and grac't
 To be in that orbe crown'd, that doth include
 Those prophets of the former magnitude,
 And he one chiefe. But harke, I heare the cock,
 The bell-man of the night, proclaime the clock
 Of late struck one ; and now I see the prime
 Of day break from the pregnant east, 'tis time
 I vanish ; more I had to say,
 But night determines here ; Away !

LIFE IS THE BODIES LIGHT.

LIFE is the body's light ; which once declining,
 Those crimson clouds i' th' cheeks and lips leave
 shining ;
 Those counter-changed tabbies in the ayre,
 The sun once set, all of one colour are :
 So, when death comes, fresh tinctures lose their place,
 And dismall darknesse then doth smutch the face.

UPON URLES. EPIG.

URLES had the gout so that he co'd not stand ;
 Then from his feet it shifted to his hand ;
 When 'twas in's feet his charity was small ;
 Now 'tis in's hand, he gives no almes at all.

UPON FRANCK.

FRANCK ne'r wore silk, she sweares ; but I reply,
She now weares silk to hide her blood-shot eye.

LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED.

LET faire or foule my mistresse be,
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me ;
Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
The posture her's, I'm pleas'd with it ;
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
Gracefull is ev'ry thing from her ;
Or let her grant, or else deny,
My love will fit each historie.

THE PRIMROSE.

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

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

I will answer, these discover
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

THE TYTHE. TO THE BRIDE.

IF nine times you your bridegroome kisse,
 The tenth you know the parson's is ;
 Pay then your tythe ; and doing thus,
 Prove in your bride-bed numerous.
 If children you have ten, Sir John
 Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

A FROLICK.

BRING me my rose-buds, drawer come ;
 So while I thus sit crown'd,
 Ile drink the aged Cecubum,
 Untill the rooffe turne round.

CHANGE COMMON TO ALL.

ALL things subjected are to Fate ;
 Whom this morne sees most fortunate,
 The ev'ning sees in poore estate.

TO JULIA.

THE saints-bell calls ; and Julia, I must read
 The proper lessons for the saints now dead ;

To grace which service, Julia, there shall be
 One holy collect said or sung for thee.
 Dead when thou art, deare Julia, thou shalt have
 A tentrall sung by virgins o're thy grave ;
 Meane time we two will sing the dirge of these,
 Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

NO LUCK IN LOVE.

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

But, as lucklesse, I have yet
 Many shrewd disasters met,
 To gaine her whom I wo'd get.

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

IN THE DARKE NONE DAINTY.

NIGHT hides our thefts ; all faults then pardon'd be ;
 All are alike faire when no spots we see.
 Lais and Lucrece, in the night time are
 Pleasing alike, alike both singular ;
 Jone and my lady have at that time one,
 One and the selfe-same priz'd complexion ;

Then please alike the pewter and the plate,
The chosen rubie and the reprobate.

A CHARME, OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE.

IF so be a toad be laid
In a sheep's-skin newly flaid,
And that ty'd to man, 'twil sever
Him and his affections ever.

UPON A FREE MAID WITH A FOULE BREATH.

You say you'l kisse me, and I thanke you for it ;
But stinking breath, I do as hell abhorre it.

UPON COONE. EPIG.

WHAT is the reason Coone so dully smels ?
His nose is over-cool'd with isicles.

TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, MASTER JOHN WING-
FIELD.

FOR being comely, consonant, and free
To most of men, but most of all to me ;
For so decreeing, that thy clothes expence
Keepes still within a just circumference ;
Then for contriving so to loade thy board,
As that the messes ne'r o'r-laid the Lord ;

Next, for ordaining that thy words not swell
 To any one unsobber syllable ;
 These I could praise thee for beyond another,
 Wert thou a Winckfield onely, not a brother.

THE HEAD-AKE.

MY head doth ake,
 O Sappho ! take
 Thy fillit,
 And bind the paine ;
 Or bring some bane
 To kill it.

But lesse that part,
 Then my poore heart,
 Now is sick :
 One kisse from thee
 Will counsell be,
 And physick.

ON HIMSELFE.

LIVE by thy muse thou shalt, when others die,
 Leaving no fame to long posterity ;
 When monarchies trans-shifted are, and gone,
 Here shall endure thy vast dominion.

UPON A MAIDE.

HENCE a blessed soule is fled,
Leaving here the body dead ;
Which, since here they can't combine
For the saint, we'l keep the shrine.

UPON SPALT.

OF pushes Spalt has such a knottie race,
He needs a tucker for to burle his face.

OF HORNE, A COMB-MAKER.

HORNE sells to others teeth, but has not one
To grace his own gums, or of box or bone.

UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES.

O! Times most bad,
Without the scope
Of hope
Of better to be had!

Where shall I goe,
Or whither run
To shun
This publique overthrow?

HESPERIDES.

No places are,
 This I am sure,
 Secure
 In this our wasting warre.

Some storms w'ave past ;
 Yet we must all
 Down fall,
 And perish at the last.

CRUELTY BASE IN COMMANDERS.

NOTHING can be more loathsome, then to see
 Power conjoyn'd with Nature's crueltie.

UPON A SOWRE-BREATH LADY. EPIG.

FIE, quoth my lady, what a stink is here ?
 When 'twas her breath that was the carrionere.

UPON LUCIA.

I ASKT my Lucia but a kisse,
 And she with scorne deny'd me this :
 Say then, how ill sho'd I have sped,
 Had I then askt her maidenhead ?

†

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LITTLE AND LOUD.

LITTLE you are ; for woman's sake be proud ;
For my sake next, though little, be not loud.

SHIP-WRACK.

HE who has suffer'd ship-wrack, feares to saile
Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale.

PAINES WITHOUT PROFIT.

A LONG-LIFE's day I've taken paines
For very little, or no gaines ;
The ev'ning's come ; here now Ile stop,
And work no more, but shut my shop.

TO HIS BOOKE.

BE bold my booke, nor be abasht, or feare
The cutting thumb-naile, or the brow severe ;
But by the Muses sweare, all here is good,
If but well read, or ill read, understood.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JOHNSON.

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

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

Candles Ile give to thee,
And a new altar ;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my psalter.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

GIVE want her welcome, if she comes ; we find
Riches to be but burthens to the mind.

AGAIN.

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

THE COVETOUS STILL CAPTIVES.

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

LAWES.

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

OF LOVE.

ILE get me hence,
Because no fence,
Or fort that I can make here,
But love by charmes,
Or else by armes,
Will storme, or starving take here.

UPON COCK.

COCK calls his wife his hen ; when Cock goes too't,
Cock treads his hen, but treads her under-foot.

TO HIS MUSE.

Go woee young Charles no more to looke,
Then but to read this in my booke ;
How Herrick beggs, if that he can-
Not like the Muse, to love the man,
Who by the shepheards, sung long since,
The starre-led birth of Charles the Prince.

THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD.

DULL to my selfe, and almost dead to these,
 My many fresh and fragrant mistresses ;
 Lost to all musick now, since every thing
 Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing ;
 Sick is the land to th' heart ; and doth endure
 More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.
 But if that golden age wo'd come again,
 And Charles here rule, as he before did reign ;
 If smooth and unperplext the seasons were,
 As when the sweet Maria lived here ;
 I sho'd delight to have my curles halfe drown'd
 In Syrian dewes, and head with roses crown'd :
 And once more yet, ere I am laid out dead,
 Knock at a starre with my exalted head.

TO VULCAN.

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

LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE.

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

PURPOSES.

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

TO THE MAIDS TO WALKE ABROAD.

COME, sit we under yonder tree,
Where merry as the maids we'l be ;
And as on primroses we sit,
We'l venter, if we can, at wit ;
If not, at draw-gloves we will play,
So spend some minutes of the day ;
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at questions and commands ;
Or tell what strange tricks love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will sit and talke, but tell
No cruell truths of Philomell,
Or Phillis, whom hard fate forc't on,
To kill her selfe for Demophon ;
But fables we'l relate ; how Jove
Put on all shapes to get a love ;
As now a satyr, then a swan,
A bull but then, and now a man.

Next, we will act how young men wooe,
And sigh and kiss as lovers do ;
And talke of brides, and who shall make
That wedding-smock, this bridall-cake,
That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine,
That smooth and silken Columbine.
This done, we'l draw lots who shall buy
And guild the baies and rosemary ;
What posies for our wedding rings,
What gloves we'l give, and ribanings ;
And smiling at our selves, decree
Who then the joyning priest shall be ;
What short sweet prayers shall be said,
And how the posset shall be made
With creame of lillies, not of kine,
And maiden's-blush for spiced wine.
Thus having talkt, we'l next commend
A kiss to each, and so we'l end.

HIS OWN EPITAPH.

As wearied pilgrims, once possest
Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest ;
So I, now having rid my way,
Fix here my button'd staffe and stay ;
Youth, I confesse, hath me mis-led,
But age hath brought me right to bed.

A NUPTIALL VERSE TO MISTRESSE ELIZABETH LEE,
NOW LADY TRACIE.

SPRING with the larke, most comely bride, and meet
Your eager bridegroom with auspicious feet ;
The morn's farre spent, and the immortall sunne
Corrols his cheeke, to see those rites not done.
Fie, lovely maid ! Indeed, you are too slow,
When to the temple love sho'd runne, not go.
Dispatch your dressing then, and quickly wed
Then feast and coy't a little ; then to bed.
This day is love's day, and this busie night
Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight
With such an arm'd, but such an easie foe,
As will, if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too.
The field is pitcht, but such must be your warres,
As that your kisses must out-vie the starres ;
Fall down together vanquisht both, and lye
Drown'd in the bloud of rubies there, not die.

THE NIGHT-PIECE. TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting starres attend thee ;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'th'-Wispes mis-light thee,
Nor snake or slow-worme bite thee ;

HESPERIDES.

But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost ther's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber ;
 What though the moon do's slumber ?
 The starres of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me wooe thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto me ;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet,
 My soule Ile poure into thee.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

GIVE me wine, and give me meate,
 To create in me a heate,
 That my pulses high may beate.

Cold and hunger never yet
 Co'd a noble verse beget ;
 But your boules with sack repleat.

Give me these, my knight, and try
 In a minute's space how I
 Can runne mad, and prophesie.

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

GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

IF well the dice runne, let's applaud the cast ;
The happy fortune will not alwayes last.

A KISSE.

WHAT is a kisse ? Why this, as some approve,
The sure sweet sement, glue, and lime of love.

GLORIE.

I MAKE no haste to have my numbers read ;
Seldome comes Glorie till a man be dead.

POETS.

WANTONS we are ; and though our words be such,
Our lives do differ from our lines by much.

NO DESPIGHT TO THE DEAD.

REPROACH we may the living, not the dead ;
'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.

TO HIS VERSES.

WHAT will ye, my poor orphans, do,
 When I must leave the world and you ;
 Who'l give ye then a sheltring shed,
 Or credit ye, when I am dead ?
 Who'l let ye by their fire sit,
 Although ye have a stock of wit,
 Already coin'd to pay for it ?
 I cannot tell ; unlesse there be
 Some race of old humanitie
 Left, of the large heart and long hand,
 Alive, as noble Westmorland,
 Or gallant Newark ; which brave two
 May fost'ring fathers be to you.
 If not, expect to be no less
 Ill used then babes left fatherless.

HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

DEAREST of thousands, now the time draws neere,
 That with my lines my life must full-stop here ;
 Cut off thy haire, and let thy teares be shed
 Over my turfe, when I am buried.
 Then for effusions, let none wanting be,
 Or other rites that doe belong to me ;
 As love shall helpe thee, when thou do'st go hence
 Unto thy everlasting residence.

UPON LOVE.

IN a dreame, love bad me go
 To the gallies there to rowe ;
 In the vision I askt why ?
 Love as briefly did reply ;
 'Twas better there to toyle, then prove
 The turmoiles they endure that love.
 I awoke, and then I knew
 What love said was too too true :
 Henceforth therefore I will be
 As from love, from trouble free :
 None pities him that's in the snare,
 And warn'd before, wo'd not beware.

THE COBLER'S CATCH.

COME sit we by the fire's side,
 And roundly drinke we here ;
 Till that we see our cheekes ale-dy'd,
 And noses tann'd with beere.

UPON BRAN. EPIG.

WHAT made that mirth last night? the neighbours
 say
 That Bran the baker did his breech bewray :
 I rather thinke, though they may speake the worst,
 'Twas to his batch, but leaven laid there first.

UPON SNARE, AN USURER.

SNARE, ten i'th' hundred calls his wife, and why?
 Shee brings in much by carnall usury:
 He by extortion brings in three times more;
 Say, who's the worst, th' exactor or the whore?

UPON GRUDGINGS.

GRUDGINGS turnes bread to stones, when to the poore
 He gives an almes, and chides them from his doore.

CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL-WISHES AT
WEDDINGS.*Chorus Sacerdotum.*

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

Chorus Juvenum.

HAPPY day,
 Make no long stay
 Here
 In thy sphere,
 But give thy place to night,

That she
 As thee
 May be
 Partaker of the sight.
 And since it was thy care
 To see the younglings wed,
 'Tis fit that night the paire
 Sho'd see safe brought to bed.

Chorus Senum.

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

Chorus Virginum.

LUCKIE signes we have descri'd
 To encourage on the bride ;
 And to these we have espi'd,
 Not a kissing Cupid flyes
 Here about, but has his eyes,
 To imply your love is wise.

Chorus Pastorum.

HERE we present a fleece
 To make a peece
 Of cloth ;
 Nor faire, must you be loth
 Your finger to apply

To huswiferie :
 Then, then begin
 To spin ;

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

Chorus Matronarum.

SET you to your wheele, and wax
 Rich by the ductile wool and flax :
 Yarne is an income, and the huswife's thread
 The larder fills with meat, the bin with bread.

Chorus Senum.

LET wealth come in by comely thrift,
 And not by any sordid shift ;
 'Tis haste
 Makes waste ;
 Extreames have still their fault ;
 The softest fire makes the sweetest mault ;
 Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand,
 Holds none at all, or little in his hand.

Chorus Virginum.

GODDESSE of pleasure, youth, and peace,
 Give them the blessing of encrease ;
 And thou, Lucina, that do'st heare
 The vowes of those that children beare ;
 When as her Aprill houre drawes neare,
 Be thou then propitious there.

Chorus Juvenum.

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

Chorus Omnium.

LIVE in the love of doves, and having told
 The raven's yeares, go hence more ripe then old.

TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.

ONE night i'th' yeare, my dearest beauties, come
 And bring those dew drink-offerings to my tomb ;
 When thence ye see my reverend ghost to rise,
 And there to lick th' effused sacrifice,
 Though palenes be the livery that I weare,
 Look ye not wan or colourlesse for feare ;
 Trust me, I will not hurt ye, or once shew
 The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you ;
 Nor shall the tapers, when I'm there, burn blew.

This I may do, perhaps, as I glide by,
 Cast on my girles a glance, and loving eye ;
 Or fold mine armes, and sigh, because I've lost
 The world so soon, and in it you the most :
 Then these, no feares more on your fancies fall,
 Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

UPON LOVE.

A CHRISTALL violl Cupid brought,
 Which had a juice in it ;
 Of which who drank, he said, no thought
 Of love he sho'd admit.

I, greedy of the prize, did drinke,
 And emptied soon the glasse,
 Which burnt me so, that I do thinke
 The fire of hell it was.

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

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

UPON GANDER. EPIG.

SINCE Gander did his pretty youngling wed,
 Gander, they say, doth each night pisse a bed ;
 What is the cause? Why, Gander will reply,
 No goose layes good eggs that is trodden drye.

UPON LUNGS. EPIG.

LUNGS, as some say, ne'r sets him down to eate,
 But that his breath do's fly-blow all the meate.

THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRIE QUEEN.

PLEASE your grace, from out your store
 Give an almes to one that's poore,
 That your mickle may have more.
 Black I'm grown for want of meat,
 Give me then an ant to eate,
 Or the cleft eare of a mouse
 Over-sowr'd in drinke of souce ;
 Or, sweet lady, reach to me
 The abdomen of a bee ;
 Or commend a cricket's hip,
 Or his huckson, to my scrip ;
 Give for bread a little bit
 Of a pease that 'gins to chit,
 And my full thanks take for it.

Floure of fuz-balls, that's too good
 For a man in needy-hood ;
 But the meal of mill-dust can
 Well content a craving man ;
 Any orts the elves refuse
 Well will serve the beggar's use.
 But if this may seem too much
 For an almes, then give me such
 Little bits that nestle there
 In the pris'ner's panier.
 So a blessing light upon
 You and mighty Oberon ;
 That your plenty last till when
 I return your almes agen.

AN END DECREED.

LET's be jocund while we may ;
 All things have an ending day ;
 And when once the work is done,
 Fates revolve no flax th'ave spun.

UPON A CHILD.

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

PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

IF Nature do deny
Colours, let Art supply.

FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME SPRING.

FLED are the frosts, and now the fields appeare
Recloth'd in fresh and verdant diaper ;
Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty spring
Gives to each mead a neat enameling ;
The palms put forth their gemmes, and every tree
Now swaggers in her leavy gallantry.
The while the Daulian minstrell sweetly sings
With warbling notes, her Tyrrean sufferings,
What gentle winds perspire ! as if here
Never had been the northern plunderer,
To strip the trees and fields, to their distresse,
Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse.
And look how when a frantick storme doth tear
A stubborn oake or holme, long growing there,
But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze
That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees ;
So when this war, which tempest-like doth spoil
Our salt, our corn, our honie, wine, and oile,
Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
His inconsiderate frenzie off, at last,
The gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease,
Bring in her bill, once more, the branch of peace.

THE HAG.

THE hag is astride,
This night for to ride,
The devill and shee together ;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'r so foule be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spurre ;
With a lash of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through bryars,
O're ditches and mires,
She followes the spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood,
But husht in his laire he lies lurking ;
While mischeifs, by these,
On land and on seas,
At noone of night are a working,

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

UPON AN OLD MAN, A RESIDENCIARIE.

TREAD, sirs, as lightly as ye can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice fortie, bating but one year,
And thrice three weeks, he lived here ;
Whom gentle fate translated hence
To a more happy residence.
Yet, reader, let me tell thee this,
Which from his ghost a promise is,
If here ye will some few teares shed,
He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

UPON TEARES.

TEARES, though th'are here below the sinner's brine,
Above they are the angels spiced wine.

PHYSITIANS.

PHYSITIANS fight not against men, but these
Combate for men, by conquering the disease.

THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

OUR household gods our parents be,
And manners good require, that we
The first fruits give to them, who gave
Us hands to get what here we have.

UPON COB. EPIG.

COB clouts his shooes, and as the story tells,
His thumb-nailes par'd afford him sperrables.

UPON LUCIE. EPIG.

SOUND teeth has Lucie, pure as pearl, and small,
With mellow lips, and luscious therewithall.

UPON SKOLES. EPIG.

SKOLES stinks so deadly, that his breeches loath
His dampish buttocks furthermore to cloath ;
Cloy'd they are up with arse, but hope one blast
Will whirle about, and blow them thence at last.

TO SILVIA.

I AM holy while I stand
Circum-crost by thy pure hand ;
But when that is gone, again
I, as others, am prophane.

TO HIS CLOSET GODS.

WHEN I goe hence, ye closet gods, I feare
Never againe to have ingression here ;
Where I have had, what ever things co'd be
Pleasant and precious to my muse and me.

Besides rare sweets, I had a book which none
Co'd reade the intext but my selfe alone ;
About the cover of this book there went
A curious comely clean compartlement ;
And in the midst, to grace it more, was set
A blushing pretty-peeping rubelet ;
But now 'tis clos'd ; and being shut and seal'd,
Be it, O be it never more reveal'd !
Keep here still, closet gods, 'fore whom I've set
Oblations oft of sweetest marmelet.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty bowle
Up to the brim ;
That I may drink
Unto my Johnson's soule.

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

Well I can quaffe, I see,
To th' number five,
Or nine, but thrive
In frenzie ne'r like thee.

LONG LOOKT FOR COMES AT LAST.

THOUGH long it be, yeeres may repay the debt ;
None loseth that which he in time may get.

TO YOUTH.

DRINK wine, and live here blithefull while ye may ;
The morrowe's life too late is ; live to-day.

NEVER TOO LATE TO DYE.

No man comes late unto that place, from whence
Never man yet had a regredience.

A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

O, you the virgins nine,
That doe our soules encline
To noble discipline,
Nod to this vow of mine :
Come then, and now enspire
My violl and my lyre
With your eternall fire,
And make me one entire
Composer in your quire :
Then I'le your altars strew
With roses sweet and new ;
And ever live a true
Acknowledger of you.

ON HIMSELFE.

ILE sing no more, nor will I longer write
 Of that sweet lady, or that gallant knight ;
 Ile sing no more of frosts, snowes, dewes, and showers ;
 No more of groves, meades, springs, and wreaths of
 flowers ;
 Ile write no more, nor will I tell or sing
 Of Cupid, and his wittie coozning ;
 Ile sing no more of death, or shall the grave
 No more my dirges and my trentalls have.

UPON JONE AND JANE.

JONE is a wench that's painted ;
 Jone is a girle that's tainted ;
 Yet Jone she goes
 Like one of those
 Whom purity had sainted.

Jane is a girle that's prittie ;
 Jane is a wench that's wittie ;
 Yet, who wo'd think,
 Her breath do's stinke,
 As so it doth ? that's pittie.

TO MOMUS.

WHO read'st this book that I have writ,
 And can'st not mend, but carpe at it ;

By all the muses ! thou shalt be
Anathema to it, and me.

AMBITION.

IN ways to greatnesse, think on this,
That slippery all ambition is.

THE COUNTRY LIFE,
TO THE HONOURED M. END. PORTER,
GROOME OF THE BED-CHAMBER TO HIS MAJ.

SWEET country life, to such unknown,
Whose lives are others, not their own ;
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plow'st the ocean's foame
To seek and bring rough pepper home ;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove ;
Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the west :
No, thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher then a fleece ;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and cleere
All scores, and so to end the yeere :
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds ;
For well thou know'st, 'tis not the extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.

When now the cock, the plow-man's horne,
Calls forth the lilly-wristed morne ;
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,
Which, though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know,
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands :
There at the plough thou find'st thy teame,
With a hind whistling there to them ;
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plow :
This done, then to th' enamel'd meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herbe and flower ;
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,
Sweet as the blossomes of the vine :
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
Unto the dew-laps up in meat ;
And as thou look'st, the wanton steere,
The heifer, cow, and oxe draw neere,
To make a pleasing pastime there :
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool ;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pagentrie, and playes,
Thou hast thy eves and holydayes ;

On which the young men and maids meet
 To exercise their dancing feet,
 Tripping the comely country round,
 With daffadils and daisies crown'd.
 Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
 Thy May-poles too with garlands grac't,
 Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
 Thy sheering-feast, which never faile,
 Thy harvest home, thy wassaile bowle,
 That's tost up after Fox i'th'hole,
 Thy mummeries, thy twelfe-tide kings
 And queenes, thy Christmas revellings,
 Thy nut-browne mirth, thy russet wit,
 And no man payes too deare for it:
 To these thou hast thy times to goe
 And trace the hare i'th'trecherous snow ;
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
 The larke into the trammel net ;
 Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade
 To take the precious phesant made ;
 Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then
 To catch the pilfring birds, not men.
 O happy life ! if that their good
 The husbandmen but understood ;
 Who all the day themselves doe please,
 And younglings, with such sports as these ;
 And, lying down, have nought t'affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt——

TO ELECTRA.

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

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

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY.

WHEN after many lusters thou shalt be
 Wrapt up in seare-cloth with thine ancestrie ;
 When of thy ragg'd escutcheons shall be seene
 So little left, as if they ne'r had been ;
 Thou shalt thy name have, and thy fame's best trust,
 Here with the generation of my just.

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESSE HE WOULD HAVE.

BE the mistresse of my choice
 Cleane in manners, cleere in voice ;
 Be she witty more then wise,
 Pure enough, though not precise ;
 Be she shewing in her dresse,
 Like a civill wilderness ;

That the curious may detect
 Order in a sweet neglect ;
 Be she rowling in her eye,
 Tempting all the passers by ;
 And each ringlet of her haire,
 An enchantment, or a snare,
 For to catch the lookers on ;
 But her self held fast by none ;
 Let her Lucrece all day be,
 Thais in the night to me ;
 Be she such as neither will
 Famish me, nor over-fill.

UPON ZELOT.

Is Zelot pure? he is ; ye see he weares
 The signe of circumcission in his eares.

THE ROSEMARIE BRANCH.

GROW for two ends, it matters not at all,
 Be't for my bridall, or my buriall.

UPON MADAM URSLY. EPIG.

FOR ropes of pearle, first Madam Ursly shoves
 A chaine of cornes, pickt from her eares and toes ;
 Then, next, to match Tradescant's curious shels,
 Nailles from her fingers mew'd, she shewes : what els?

Why then, forsooth, a carcanet is shown
Of teeth, as deaf as nuts, and all her own.

UPON CRAB. EPIG.

CRAB faces gownes with sundry fures ; 'tis known
He keeps the fox-furre for to face his own.

A PARANÆTICALL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE, TO HIS
FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKS.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep,
To rise as soon as day doth peep,
To tire thy patient oxe or asse
By noone, and let thy good dayes passe ;
Not knowing this, that Jove decrees
Some mirth, t'adulce man's miseries ?
No ; 'tis a life to have thine oyle
Without extortion from thy soyle ;
Thy faithfull fields to yeeld thee graine,
Although with some, yet little paine ;
To have thy mind and nuptiall bed,
With feares and cares uncumbered ;
A pleasing wife, that by thy side
Lies softly panting like a bride ;
This is to live, and to endeere
Those minutes time has lent us here.
Then, while fates suffer, live thou free,
As is that ayre that circles thee ;

And crown thy temples too ; and let
 Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,
 To strut thy barnes with sheafs of wheat.
 Time steals away like to a stream,
 And we glide hence away with them :
 No sound recalls the houres once fled,
 Or roses, being withered ;
 Nor us, my friend, when we are lost,
 Like to a deaw, or melted frost.
 Then live we mirthfull while we should,
 And turn the iron age to gold ;
 Let's feast and frolick, sing and play,
 And thus lesse last, then live our day.
 Whose life with care is overcast,
 That man's not said to live, but last ;
 Nor is't a life, seven yeares to tell,
 But for to live that half seven well ;
 And that wee'l do, as men who know,
 Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
 Both to be blended in the urn,
 From whence there's never a return.

ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

THOUSANDS each day passe by, which wee,
 Once past and gone, no more shall see.

LOVE.

THIS axiom I have often heard,
Kings ought to be more lov'd than fear'd.

TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.

OR lookt I back unto the times hence flown,
To praise those muses, and dislike our own ;
Or did I walk those Pean gardens through,
To kick the flow'rs, and scorn their odours too ;
I might, and justly, be reputed here
One nicely mad, or peevishly severe :
But by Apollo ! as I worship wit,
Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it,
So, I confesse, 'tis somewhat to do well
In our high art, although we can't excell,
Like thee ; or dare the buskins to unloose
Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian muse.
But since I'm cal'd, rare Denham, to be gone,
Take from thy Herrick this conclusion ;
'Tis dignity in others, if they be
Crown'd poets, yet live princes under thee ;
The while their wreaths and purple robes do shine,
Lesse by their own jemms than those beams of thine.

A HYMNE, TO THE LARES.

It was, and still my care is,
To worship ye, the Lares,

With crowns of greenest parsley,
 And garlick chives not scarcely ;
 For favours here to warme me,
 And not by fire to harme me ;
 For gladding so my hearth here,
 With inoffensive mirth here ;
 That while the wassaile bowle here
 With North-down ale doth troule here,
 No sillable doth fall here,
 To marre the mirth at all here.
 For which, ô chimney-keepers !
 I dare not call ye sweepers,
 So long as I am able
 To keep a cuntry table,
 Great be my fare, or small cheere,
 I'le eat and drink up all here.

✓ DENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTNING TO MEN.

WOMEN, although they ne're so goodly make it,
 Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

ADVERSITY.

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

TO FORTUNE.

TUMBLE me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruines, smiling yet ;
Teare me to tatters, yet I'le be
Patient in my necessitie ;
Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun
Me as a fear'd infection ;
Yet scarre-crow like I'le walk, as one
Neglecting thy derision.

TO ANTHEA.

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

CRUELTIES.

NERO commanded, but withdrew his eyes
From the beholding death and cruelties.

PERSEVERANCE.

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

UPON HIS VERSES.

WHAT offspring other men have got,
 The how, where, when, I question not :
 These are the children I have left ;
 Adopted some, none got by theft ;
 But all are toucht, like lawfull plate,
 And no verse illegitimate.

DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

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

HEALTH.

HEALTH is no other, as the learned hold,
 But a just measure both of heat and cold.

TO DIANEME. A CEREMONIE IN GLOCESTER.

I'LE to thee a simnell bring,
 'Gainst thou go'st a mothering ;
 So that when she blesseth thee,
 Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

TO THE KING.

GIVE way, give way ; now, now my Charles shines
here,

A publike light, in this immensive sphere ;
Some starres were fixt before, but these are dim,
Compar'd, in this my ample orbe, to him.
Draw in your feeble fiers, while that he
Appeares but in his meaner majestie ;
Where, if such glory flashes from his name,
Which is his shade, who can abide his flame !
Princes, and such like publike lights as these,
Must not be lookt on but at distances ;
For, if we gaze on these brave lamps too neer,
Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l bleer.

THE FUNERALL RITES OF THE ROSE.

THE rose was sick, and smiling di'd ;
And, being to be sanctifi'd,
About the bed, there sighing stood
The sweet and flowrie sisterhood.
Some hung the head, while some did bring,
To wash her, water from the spring ;
Some laid her forth, while others wept,
But all a solemne fast there kept.
The holy sisters, some among,
The sacred dirge and trentall sung :
But ah ! what sweets smelt every where,
As heaven had spent all perfumes there.



At last, when prayers for the dead,
 And rites were all accomplished ;
 They, weeping, spread a lawnie loome,
 And clos'd her up as in a tombe.

THE RAINBOW ; OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

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

THE LAST STROKE STRIKES SURE.

THOUGH by well-warding many blowes w'ave past,
 That stroke most fear'd is which is struck the last.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE's a blind profuser of her own,
 Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

STOOL-BALL.

AT stool-ball, Lucia, let us play,
 For sugar-cakes and wine ;
 Or for a tansie let us pay,
 The losse or thine or mine.

If thou, my deere, a winner be
 At trundling of the ball,
 The wages thou shalt have, and me,
 And my misfortunes all.

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

TO SAPPHO.

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

ON POET PRAT. EPIG.

PRAT he writes satyres, but herein's the fault,
 In no one satyre there's a mite of salt.

UPON TUCK. EPIG.

AT post and paire, or slam, Tom Tuck would play
This Christmas, but his want wherewith sayes nay.

BITING OF BEGGARS.

WHO, railing, drives the lazar from his door,
Instead of almes, sets dogs upon the poor.

THE MAY-POLE.

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

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

MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESSE.

THAT flow of gallants which approach
To kisse thy hand from out the coach ;

That fleet of lackeyes which do run
 Before thy swift postilion ;
 Those strong hoof'd mules, which we behold
 Rein'd in with purple, pearl, and gold,
 And shod with silver, prove to be
 The drawers of the axeltree ;
 Thy wife, thy children, and the state
 Of Persian loomes and antique plate :
 All these, and more, shall then afford
 No joy to thee, their sickly lord.

ADVERSITY.

ADVERSITY hurts none but onely such
 Whom whitest fortune dandled has too much.

WANT.

NEED is no vice at all, though here it be,
 With men a loathed inconveniencie.

GRIEFE.

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

LOVE PALPABLE.

I PREST my Julia's lips, and in the kisse
 Her soule and love were palpable in this.

HESPERIDES.

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

NOTHING hard or harsh can prove
Unto those that truly love.

MEANE THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

By the weak'st means things mighty are o'rethrown,
He's lord of thy life who contemnes his own.

UPON TRIGG. EPIG.

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

UPON SMEATON.

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

THE BRACELET OF PEARLE. TO SILVIA.

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

One jemme was lost, and I will get
A richer pearle for thee,
Then ever, dearest Silvia, yet
Was drunk to Antonie.

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

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said, as Cupid danc't among
The gods, he down the nectar flung ;
Which, on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red.

KINGS.

MEN are not born kings, but are men renown'd ;
Chose first, confirm'd next, and at last are crown'd.

FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

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

TEARES AND LAUGHTER.

KNEW'ST thou one moneth wo'd take thy life away,
Thou'dst weep ; but laugh, sho'd it not last a day.

GLORY.

GLORY no other thing is, Tullie sayes,
Then a man's frequent fame spoke out with praise.

POSSESSIONS.

THOSE possessions short-lived are,
Into the which we come by warre.

LAXARE FIBULAM.

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

HIS RETURNE TO LONDON.

FROM the dull confines of the drooping west,
To see the day spring from the pregnant east,
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie
To thee, blest place of my nativitie!
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitful genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty yeere by yeere;
O place! O people! manners! fram'd to please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
I am a free-born Roman; suffer then
That I amongst you live a citizen.

London my home is ; though by hard fate sent
 Into a long and irksome banishment ;
 Yet since cal'd back, henceforward let me be,
 O native countrey, repossess by thee !
 For, rather then I'le to the west return,
 I'le beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
 Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;
 Give thou my sacred reliques buriall.

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.

'Tis not ev'ry day that I
 Fitted am to prophesie ;
 No, but when the spirit fls
 The fantastick pannicles,
 Full of fier, then I write
 As the Godhead doth indite.
 Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
 Like the Sybell's, through the world :
 Look how next the holy fier
 Either slakes, or doth retire ;
 So the fancie cooles, till when
 That brave spirit comes agen.

POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

To mortall men great loads allotted be,
 But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

A BEUCOLICK, OR DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS.

1. COME, blithefull neatherds, let us lay
 A wager, who the best shall play,
 Of thee, or I, the roundelay,
 That fits the businesse of the day.

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

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

Chor. And Lallage, with cow-like eyes,
 Shall be disposeresse of the prize.

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

Chor. Why then begin, and let us heare
 The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
 That gently purles from either's oat.

2. The stakes are laid ; let's now apply
 Each one to make his melody ;
Lal. The equall umpire shall be I,
 Who'l hear, and so judge righteously.

Chor. Much time is spent in prate ; begin,
And sooner play, the sooner win.

[*He playes.*

1. That's sweetly touch't ; I must confesse
Thou art a man of worthinesse ;
But hark how I can now expresse
My love unto my neatherdesse.

[*He sings.*

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

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

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

2. To get thy steerling once again,
I'le play thee such another strain,
That thou shalt swear, my pipe do's raigne
Over thine oat, as soveraigne.

[*He sings.*

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

1. Give me the prize. 2. The day is mine.
1. Not so ; my pipe has silenc't thine ;

And hadst thou wager'd twenty kine,
They were mine own. *Lal.* In love combine.

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

TRUE SAFETY.

'Tis not the walls, or purple, that defends
A prince from foes, but 'tis his fort of friends.

A PROGNOSTICK.

As many lawes and lawyers do expresse
Nought but a kingdom's ill-affectednesse ;
Even so, those streets and houses do but show
Store of diseases, where physitians flow.

UPON JULIA'S SWEAT.

Wo'd ye oyle of blossomes get ?
Take it from my Julia's sweat ;
Oyl of lillies, and of spike ?
From her moysture take the like ;
Let her breath, or let her blow,
All rich spices thence will flow.

PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

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

FAME.

'Tis still observed, that Fame ne're sings
 The order, but the sum of things.

BY USE COMES EASINESSE.

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

TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

COMMAND the rooffe, great Genius, and from thence
 Into this house powre downe thy influence,
 That through each room a golden pipe may run
 Of living water by thy benizon ;
 Fulfill the larders, and with strengthning bread
 Be evermore these bynns replenished.
 Next, like a bishop consecrate my ground,
 That luckie fairies here may dance their round ;
 And, after that, lay downe some silver pence,
 The master's charge and care to recompence ;
 Charme then the chambers ; make the beds for ease,
 More then for peevish pining sicknesses ;
 Fix the foundation fast, and let the rooffe
 Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-prooffe.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

THOUGH clock,
 To tell how night drawes hence, I've none,
 A cock
 I have to sing how day drawes on :
 I have
 A maid, my Prew, by good luck sent,
 To save
 That little, Fates me gave or lent :
 A hen
 I keep, which, creeking day by day,

Tells when
 She goes her long white egg to lay:
 A goose
 I have, which, with a jealous care,
 Lets loose
 Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare:
 A lamb
 I keep, tame, with my morsells fed,
 Whose dam
 An orphan left him, lately dead:
 A cat
 I keep, that playes about my house,
 Grown fat
 With eating many a miching mouse:
 To these
 A ¹Trasy I do keep, whereby
 I please
 The more my rurall privacie:
 Which are
 But toyes, to give my heart some ease.
 Where care
 None is, slight things do lightly please.

¹ His spaniel.

GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSELL.

IN all thy need, be thou possest
 Still with a well-prepared brest ;
 Nor let the shackles make thee sad ;
 Thou canst but have what others had.
 And this for comfort thou must know,
 Times that are ill won't still be so :
 Clouds will not ever powre down raine ;
 A sullen day will cleere againe.
 First peales of thunder we must heare,
 Then lutes and harpes shall stroke the eare.

MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

WHEN all birds els do of their musick faile,
 Money's the still sweet-singing nightingale.

UP TAILES ALL.

BEGIN with a kisse,
 Go on, too, with this ;
 And thus, thus, thus let us smother
 Our lips for a while,
 But let's not beguile
 Our hope of one for the other.

This play, be assur'd,
 Long enough has endur'd,

Since more and more is exacted ;
 For love he doth call
 For his uptailes all ;
 And that's the part to be acted.

UPON FRANCK.

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

UPON LUCIA DABLED IN THE DEAW.

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

CHARON AND PHYLOMEL, A DIALOGUE SUNG.

Ph. CHARON ! O gentle Charon ! let me woe thee,
 By tears and pitie now to come unto mee.

Ch. What voice so sweet and charming do I heare ?
 Say, what thou art. *Ph.* I prithee first draw neare.

Ch. A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see,
 Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O Charon, pittie me !

I am a bird, and though no name I tell,
My warbling note will say I'm Phylomel.

Ch. What's that to me, I waft nor fish or fowles,
Nor beasts, fond thing, but only humane soules.

Ph. Alas, for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching note,
That made me thus hoist saile, and bring my boat:
But Ile returne; what mischief brought thee hither?

Ph. A deale of love, and much, much grieffe together.

Ch. What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's now
beneath

Who fed my life, I'll follow her in death.

Ch. And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love, I pray
thee.

Ch. Talk not of love; all pray, but few soules pay me.

Ph. Ile give thee vows and tears. *Ch.* Can tears pay
skores

For mending sails, for patching boat and oares?

Ph. Ile beg a penny, or Ile sing so long,
Till thou shalt say I've paid thee with a song.

Ch. Why, then begin, and all the while we make
Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian lake,
Thou and I'll sing to make these dull shades merry,
Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown my ferry.

UPON PAUL. EPIG.

PAUL's hands do give,—what? give they bread, or meat,
Or money? No, but onely deaw and sweat.
As stones and salt gloves use to give, even so
Paul's hands do give nought else, for ought we know.

UPON SIBB. EPIG.

SIBB, when she saw her face how hard it was,
 For anger spat on thee, her looking-glasse :
 But weep not, christall ; for the shame was meant
 Not unto thee, but that thou didst present.

A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF JELLIE
 SENT TO A LADY.

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

A little seed best fits a little soyle,
 A little trade best fits a little toyle ;
 As my small jarre best fits my little oyle.

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

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

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

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

UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM.

THRICE happy Roses, so much grac't, to have
Within the bosome of my love your grave !
Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne,
Your grave her bosome is, the lawne the stone.

MAIDS NAY'S ARE NOTHING.

MAIDS nay's are nothing, they are shie,
But to desire what they denie.

THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

THE Gods require the thighes
Of beeves for sacrifice ;
Which rosted, we the steam
Must sacrifice to them ;
Who, though they do not eat,
Yet love the smell of meat.

LOVERS HOW THEY COME AND PART.

A GYGES ring they beare about them still,
To be, and not seen when and where they will ;

They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes fall,
 They fall like dew, but make no noise at all :
 So silently they one to th' other come,
 As colours steale into the peare or plum
 And aire-like, leave no pression to be seen
 Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

TO WOMEN, TO HIDE THEIR TEETH, IF THEY BE
 ROTTEN OR RUSTY.

CLOSE keep your lips, if that you meane
 To be accounted inside cleane ;
 For if you cleave them, we shall see
 There in your teeth much leprosie.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

O, JUPITER ! sho'd I speake ill
 Of woman-kind, first die I will ;
 Since that I know, 'mong all the rest
 Of creatures, woman is the best.

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather flowers, Sappha went,
 And homeward she did bring
 Within her lawnie continent,
 The treasure of the spring.

HESPERIDES.

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

Her apron gave, as she did passe,
 An odor more divine,
 More pleasing, too, then ever was
 The lap of Proserpine.

THE CANDOR OF JULIA'S TEETH.

WHITE as Zenobia's teeth, the which the girles
 Of Rome did weare for their most precious pearles.

UPON HER WEEPING.

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

ANOTHER UPON HER WEEPING.

SHE by the river sate, and sitting there,
 She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

DELAY.

BREAK off delay, since we but read of one
 That ever prosper'd by cunctation.

TO SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOUR OF EXETER.

STAND forth, brave man, since Fate has made thee
here

The Hector over aged Exeter ;
Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,
Like a poore lady lost in widdowhood :
But feares not now to see her safety sold,
As other townes and cities were, for gold,
By those ignoble births, which shame the stem
That gave progermination unto them ;
Whose restlesse ghosts shall heare their children sing,
Our sires betraid their countrey and their king.
True, if this citie seven times rounded was
With rocke, and seven times circumflankt with brasse,
Yet, if thou wert not, Berkley, loyall proffe,
The senators down tumbling with the rooffe,
Would into prais'd, but pitied, ruines fall,
Leaving no shew where stood the Capitoll.
But thou art just and itchlesse, and dost please
Thy genius with two strength'ning buttresses,
Faith, and Affection ; which will never slip
To weaken this thy great Dictator-ship.

TO ELECTRA. LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE.

LOVE, love begets ; then never be
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee :
Tygers and beares, I've heard some say,
For profer'd love, will love repay ;

None are so harsh, but if they find
Softnesse in others, will be kind :
Affection will affection move,
Then you must like, because I love.

REGRESSION SPOILES RESOLUTION.

HAST thou attempted greatness? then go on ;
Back-turning slackens resolution.

CONTENTION.

DISCREET and prudent we that discord call,
That either profits, or not hurts at all.

CONSULTATION.

CONSULT ere thou begin'st ; that done, go on
With all wise speed for execution.

LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

WHATSOEVER thing I see,
Rich or poore although it be ;
'Tis a mistresse unto mee.

Be my girle or faire or browne,
Do's she smile, or do's she frowne ;
Still I write a sweet-heart downe.

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

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

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

Be she fat, or be she leane ;
Be she sluttish, be she cleane ;
I'm a man for ev'ry sceane.

OUR OWN SINNES UNSEEN.

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

NO PAINES, NO GAINES.

IF little labour, little are our gaines ;
Man's fortunes are according to his paines.

UPON SLOUCH.

SLOUCH, he packs up and goes to sev'rall faires,
 And weekly markets, for to sell his wares ;
 Mean time that he from place to place do's rome,
 His wife her owne ware sells as fast at home.

VERTUE BEST UNITED.

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

THE EYE.

A WANTON and lascivious eye
 Betrayes the heart's adulterie.

TO PRINCE CHARLES, UPON HIS COMING TO
 EXETER.

WHAT Fate decreed, Time now has made us see
 A renovation of the west by thee :
 That preternaturall fever, which did threat
 Death to our countrey, now hath lost his heat ;
 And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more
 Th' unequall pulse to beat, as heretofore.
 Something there yet remains for thee to do ;
 Then reach those ends that thou was destin'd to ;
 Go on with Sylla's fortune ; let thy fate
 Make thee like him, this, that way fortunate ;

Apollo's image side with thee to blesse
 Thy warre, discreetly made, with white successe :
 Meane time thy prophets watch by watch shall pray,
 While young Charles fights, and fighting, wins the
 day.

That done, our smooth-pac't poems all shall be
 Sung in the high doxologie of thee:
 Then maids shall strew thee, and thy curles from them
 Receive, with songs, a flowrie diadem.

A SONG.

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

PRINCES AND FAVOURITES.

PRINCES and fav'rites are most deere, while they,
 By giving and receiving, hold the play ;
 But the relation then of both growes poor,
 When these can aske, and kings can give no more.

EXAMPLES : OR, LIKE PRINCE LIKE PEOPLE.

EXAMPLES lead us, and wee likely see,
Such as the prince is, will his people be.

POTENTATES.

LOVE and the Graces evermore doth wait
Upon the man that is a potentate.

THE WAKE.

COME, Anthea, let us two
Go to feast, as others do :
Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,
Are the junketts still at wakes ;
Unto which the tribes resort,
Where the businesse is the sport :
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian, too, in pagentrie ;
And a mimick to devise
Many grinning properties :
Players there will be, and those
Base in action as in clothes ;
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious villages :
Neer the dying of the day,
There will be a cudgell-play,
Where a coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke :

But the anger ends all here,
 Drencht in ale, or drown'd in beere:
 Happy rusticks ! best content
 With the cheapest merriment ;
 And possesse no other feare,
 Then to want the Wake next yeare.

THE PETER-PENNY.

FRESH stowings allow
 To my sepulcher now,
 To make my lodging the sweeter ;
 A staffe or a wand,
 Put then in my hand,
 With a pennie to pay S. Peter.

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

Who, at a dead lift,
 Can't send, for a gift,
 A pig to the priest for a roster,
 Shall heare his clarke say,
 By yea and by nay,
 No pennie, no pater noster.

TO DOCTOR ALABLASTER.

NOR art thou lesse esteem'd that I have plac'd,
 Amongst mine honour'd, thee almost the last :
 In great processions many lead the way
 To him who is the triumph of the day,
 As these have done to thee, who art the one,
 One onely glory of a million ;
 In whom the spirit of the gods do's dwell,
 Firing thy soule, by which thou dost foretell,
 When this or that vast dinastie must fall
 Downe to a fillit more imperiall ;
 When this or that horne shall be broke, and when
 Others shall spring up in their place agen ;
 When times and seasons, and all yeares must lie
 Drown'd in the sea of wild eternitie ;
 When the Black Dooms-day bookes, as yet unseal'd,
 Shall by the mighty Angell be reveal'd ;
 And when the trumpet which thou late hast found,
 Shall call to judgment ; tell us when the sound
 Of this or that great Aprill day shall be,
 And next the Gospell, wee will credit thee.
 Meane time, like earth-wormes we will craule below,
 And wonder at those things that thou dost know.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. M. S.

HERE lies a virgin, and as sweet
 As ere was wrapt in winding sheet ;

Her name, if next you wo'd have knowne,
 The marble speaks it Mary Stone ;
 Who dying in her blooming yeares,
 This stone, for names sake, melts to teares.
 If, fragrant virgins, you'l but keep
 A fast, while jets and marbles weep,
 And, praying, strew some roses on her,
 You'l do my neice abundant honour.

FELICITIE KNOWES NO FENCE.

OF both our fortunes, good and bad, we find
 Prosperitie more searching of the mind :
 Felicitie flies o're the wall and fence,
 While misery keeps in with patience.

DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

TIME is the bound of things ; where e're we go,
 Fate gives a meeting ; death's the end of woe.

A CONJURATION. TO ELECTRA.

By those soft tods of wooll,
 With which the aire is full ;
 By all those tinctures there,
 That paint the hemisphere ;
 By dewes and drisling raine,
 That swell the golden graine ;

HESPERIDES.

By all those sweets that be
 I'th' flowrie nunnerie ;
 By silent nights, and the
 Three formes of Heccate ;
 By all aspects that blesse
 The sober sorceresse,
 While juice she straines, and pith
 To make her philters with ;
 By Time, that hastens on
 Things to perfection ;
 And by your self, the best
 Conjurement of the rest ;
 O, my Electra ! be
 In love with none but me.

COURAGE COOL'D.

I CANNOT love as I have lov'd before ;
 For I'm grown old, and with mine age grown poore.
 Love must be fed by wealth ; this blood of mine
 Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

THE SPELL.

HOLY water come and bring ;
 Cast in salt for seasoning ;
 Set the brush for sprinkling :
 Sacred spittle bring ye hither ;
 Meale and it now mix together ;
 And a little oyle to either :

Give the tapers here their light ;
 Ring the saints' bell, to affright
 Far from hence the evill sp'rite.

HIS WISH TO PRIVACIE.

GIVE me a cell
 To dwell,
 Where no foot hath
 A path ;
 There will I spend,
 And end
 My wearied yeares
 In teares.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

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

A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

I SING thy praise, Iacchus,
Who with thy Thyrsse dost thwack us ;
And yet thou so dost back us
With boldness, that we feare
No Brutus ent'ring here,
Nor Cato the severe.
What though the lictors threat us,
We know they dare not beate us,
So long as thou dost heat us.
When we thy orgies sing,
Each cobbler is a king,
Nor dreads he any thing ;
And though he doe not rave,
Yet he'l the courage have
To call my Lord Maior knave ;
Besides, too, in a brave
Although he has no riches,
But walks with dangling breeches,
And skirts that want their stiches,
And shewes his naked flitches ;
Yet he'le be thought or seen,
So good as George-a-Green,
And calls his blouze his queene,
And speaks in language keene.
O Bacchus ! let us be
From cares and troubles free ;
And thou shalt here how we
Will chant new hymnes to thee.

UPON PUSSE AND HER PRENTICE. EPIG.

PUSSE and her prentice both at draw-gloves play ;
 That done, they kisse, and so draw out the day ;
 At night they draw to supper ; then well fed,
 They draw their clothes off both, so draw to bed.

BLAME THE REWARD OF PRINCES.

AMONG disasters that discention brings,
 This not the least is, which belongs to kings :
 If wars goe well, each for a part layes claime ;
 If ill, then kings, not souldiers, beare the blame.

CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

KINGS must not only cherish up the good,
 But must be niggards of the meanest bloud.

ANGER.

WRONGS, if neglected, vanish in short time ;
 But heard with anger, we confesse the crime.

A PSALME, OR HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

GLORY be to the Graces,
 That doe in publike places,
 Drive thence what ere encumbers
 The listning to my numbers !

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

Worship be to the Graces,
Who do from sowre faces,
And lungs that wo'd infect me,
For evermore protect me !

AN HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

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

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

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

Then while I sing your praise,
My priest-hood crown with bayes,
Green to the end of dayes !

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

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

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

MODERATION.

IN things a moderation keepe ;
Kings ought to sheare, not skin their sheepe.

TO ANTHEA.

LETS call for Hymen, if agreed thou art,
Delays in love but crucifie the heart :
Love's thornie tapers yet neglected lye ;
Speak thou the word, they'l kindle by and by.
The nimble howers woee us on to wed,
And Genius waits to have us both to bed ;
Behold, for us the naked Graces stay,
With maunds of roses for to strew the way ;
Besides, the most religious prophet stands
Ready to joyne, as well our hearts as hands :
Juno yet smiles ; but if she chance to chide,
Ill luck 'twill bode to th' bridegroome and the bride.

Tell me, Anthea, dost thou fondly dread
 The loss of that we call a maydenhead?
 Come, Ile instruct thee. Know, the vestall fier
 Is not by mariage quencht, but flames the higher.

UPON PREW, HIS MAID.

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

THE INVITATION.

To sup with thee thou didst me home invite,
 And mad'st a promise that mine appetite
 Sho'd meet and tire, on such lauitious meat,
 The like not Heliogabalus did eat:
 And richer wine wo'dst give to me, thy guest,
 Then Roman Sylla powr'd out at his feast.
 I came, 'tis true, and lookt for fowle of price,
 The bastard Phenix, bird of Paradiçe;
 And for no lesse then aromatick wine
 Of maydens-blush, commixt with jessamine.
 Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet,
 Which wanting Lar and smoke, hung weeping wet;
 At last, i'th'noone of winter, did appeare
 A rag'd soust neats-foot with sick vineger;
 And in a burnisht flagonet, stood by
 Beere small as comfort, dead as charity:

At which amaz'd, and pond'ring on the food,
 How cold it was, and how it chil'd my blood ;
 I curst the master, and I damn'd the souce,
 And swore I'de got the ague of the house.
 Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
 I'le bring a fever, since thou keep'st no fire.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMASSE.

COME, bring with a noise,
 My merrie merrie boyes,
 The Christmas log to the firing ;
 While my good dame, she
 Bids ye all be free,
 And drink to your hearts desiring.

With the last yeeres brand
 Light the new block, and
 For good successe in his spending,
 On your psaltries play,
 That sweet luck may
 Come while the log is a teending.

Drink now the strong beere,
 Cut the white loafe here,
 The while the meat is a shredding ;
 For the rare mince-pie,
 And the plums stand by,
 To fill the paste that's a kneading.

POWER AND PEACE.

'Tis never, or but seldome knowne,
Power and Peace to keep one throne.

TO HIS DEARE VALENTINE, MISTRESSE MARGARET
FALCONBRIGE.

Now is your turne, my dearest, to be set
A jem in this eternall coronet ;
'Twas rich before, but since your name is downe,
It sparkles now like Ariadne's crowne.
Blaze by this sphere for ever ; or this doe,
Let me and it shine evermore by you.

TO OENONE.

SWEET Oenone, doe but say
Love thou dost, though Love says nay :
Speak me faire ; for lovers be
Gently kill'd by flatterie.

VERSES.

Who will not honour noble numbers, when
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men ?

HAPPINESSE.

THAT Happines do's still the longest thrive,
Where joyes and griefs have turns alternative.

THINGS OF CHOICE, LONG A COMMING.

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

POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

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

UPON BICE.

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

UPON TRENCHERMAN.

TOM shifts the trenchers ; yet he never can
Endure that luke-warme name of serving-man :
Serve or not serve, let Tom doe what he can,
He is a serving, who's a trencher-man.

KISSES.

GIVE me the food that satisfies a guest ;
Kisses are but dry banquets to a feast.

ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS he went, as poets tell,
To fetch Euridice from hell ;
And had her, but it was upon
This short, but strict condition ;
Backward he should not looke, while he
Led her through hell's obscuritie.
But ah ! it hapned, as he made
His passage through that dreadfull shade,
Revolv he did his loving eye,
For gentle feare or jelousie ;
And looking back, that look did sever
Him and Euridice for ever.

UPON COMELY, A GOOD SPEAKER, BUT AN ILL
SINGER. EPIG.

COMELY acts well ; and when he speaks his part,
He doth it with the sweetest tones of art ;
But when he sings a Psalme, ther's none can be
More curst for singing out of tune then he.

ANY WAY FOR WEALTH.

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

UPON AN OLD WOMAN.

OLD Widdow Prouse, to do her neighbours evil,
 Wo'd give, some say, her soule unto the devill.
 Well, when sh'as kil'd that pig, goose, cock, or hen,
 What wo'd she give to get that soule agen ?

UPON PEARCH. EPIG.

THOU writes in prose how sweet all virgins be ;
 But ther's not one doth praise the smell of thee.

TO SAPHO.

SAPHO, I will chuse to go
 Where the northern winds do blow
 Endlesse ice and endlesse snow ;

Rather then I once wo'd see,
 But a winter's face in thee,
 To benumme my hopes and me.

TO HIS FAITHFULL FRIEND, MASTER JOHN CROFTS,
 CUP-BEARER TO THE KING.

FOR all thy many courtesies to me,
 Nothing I have, my Crofts, to send to thee
 For the requitall, save this only one
 Halfe of my just remuneration.
 For since I've travail'd all this realm throughout,
 To seeke and find some few immortals out,
 To circumspangle this my spacious sphere,
 As lamps for everlasting shining here ;
 And having fixt thee in mine orbe, a starre,
 Amongst the rest, both bright and singular,
 The present age will tell the world thou art,
 If not to th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part ;
 As for the rest, being too great a summe
 Here to be paid, Ile pay't i'th' world to come.

THE BRIDE-CAKE.

THIS day, my Julia, thou must make
 For Mistresse Bride the wedding-cake ;
 Knead but the dow, and it will be
 To paste of almonds turn'd by thee ;
 Or kisse it thou but once or twice,
 And for the bride-cake ther'l be spice.

TO BE MERRY.

LETS now take our time,
While w'are in our prime,
And old, old age is a farre off ;
For the evill, evill dayes,
Will come on apace,
Before we can be aware of.

BURIALL.

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

LENITIE.

'Tis the chyrgion's praise, and height of art,
Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part.

PENITENCE.

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

GRIEFE.

CONSIDER sorrowes, how they are aright ;
Griefe, if't be great, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light.

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

So look the mornings, when the sun
Paints them with fresh vermilion ;
So cherries blush, and katherne peares,
And apricocks, in youthfull yeares ;
So corrolls looke more lovely red,
And rubies lately polished ;
So purest diaper doth shine,
Stain'd by the beames of clarret wine ;
As Julia looks, when she doth dress
Her either cheeke with bashfullness.

THE MEANE.

IMPARITIE doth ever discord bring ;
The mean, the musique makes in every thing.

HASTE HURTFULL.

HASTE is unhappy : what we rashly do
Is both unluckie, I, and foolish too :
Where war with rashnesse is attempted, there
The soldiers leave the field with equall feare.

PURGATORY.

READERS, wee entreat ye pray
For the soule of Lucia ;
That in little time she be
From her Purgatory free :
In th' intrim she desires
That your teares may coole her fires.

THE CLOUD.

SEEST thou that cloud that rides in state,
Part Ruby-like, part Candidate?
It is no other then the bed
Where Venus sleeps, halfe smothered.

UPON LOACH.

SEAL'D up with night-gum, Loach each morning lyes,
Till his wife licking, so unglews his eyes :
No question then but such a lick is sweet,
When a warm tongue do's with such ambers meet.

THE AMBER BEAD.

I SAW a flie, within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried ;
The urne was little, but the room
More rich then Cleopatra's tombe.

TO MY DEAREST SISTER, M. MERCIE HERRICK.

WHEN ere I go, or what so ere befalls
Me in mine age, or forraign funerals,
This blessing I will leave thee ere I go,
Prosper thy basket, and therein thy dow ;
Feed on the paste of filberts, or else knead
And bake the floure of amber for thy bread ;
Balm may thy teares drop, and thy springs runne oyle,
And everlasting harvest crown thy soile !
These I but wish for ; but thy selfe shall see
The blessing fall in mellow times on thee.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

IMMORTALL clothing I put on,
So soone as, Julia, I am gon
To mine eternall mansion.

Thou, thou art here, to humane sight,
Cloth'd all with incorrupted light ;
But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set
In thy refulgent thronelet,
That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit ?

SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

Do's Fortune rend thee? Beare with thy hard fate;
 Vertuous instructions ne'r are delicate.
 Say, do's she frown? Still countermand her threats;
 Vertue best loves those children that she beates.

TO THE PASSENGER.

If I lye unburied, sir,
 These, my reliques, pray interre;
 'Tis religious part to see
 Stones or turfes to cover me.
 One word more I had to say,
 But it skills not; go your way;
 He that wants a buriall roome,
 For a stone, has Heaven his tombe.

UPON NODES.

WHEREVER Nodes do's in the summer come,
 He prays his harvest may be well brought home.
 What store of corn has careful Nodes, thinke you,
 Whose field his foot is, and whose barn his shoe?

TO THE KING, UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER.

THIS day is yours, Great CHARLES! and in this war
Your fate and ours alike victorious are.
In her white stole, now Victory do's rest,
Enspher'd with palm on your triumphant crest;
Fortune is now your captive; other kings
Hold but her hands; you hold both hands and wings.

TO JULIA, IN HER DAWN, OR DAY-BREAKE.

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

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

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
A lawn, that thou mayst looke
As purest pearles, or pebles do,
When peeping through a brooke.

As lillies shrin'd in christall, so
Do thou to me appeare;
Or damask roses, when they grow
To sweet acquaintance there.

COUNSELL.

'Twas Cesar's saying ; kings no lesse conquerors are
By their wise counsell, then they be by warre.

BAD PRINCES PILL THEIR PEOPLE.

LIKE those infernall Deities, which eate
The best of all the sacrificed meate,
And leave their servants but the smoak and sweat ;
So many kings, and primates, too, there are,
Who claim the fat and fleshie for their share,
And leave their subjects but the starved ware.

MOST WORDS, LESSE WORKES.

IN desp'rate cases, all, or most are known
Commanders ; few for execution.

TO DIANEME.

I co'd but see thee yesterday
Stung by a fretfull bee ;
And I the javelin suckt away,
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and bryars, and stings
I have in my poore brest ;
Yet ne'r can see that salve which brings
My passions any rest.

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

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

UPON TAP.

TAP, better known then trusted, as we heare,
Sold his old mother's spectacles for beere ;
And not unlikely ; rather too then fail,
He'l sell her eyes and nose for beere and ale.

HIS LOSSE.

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

DRAW AND DRINKE.

MILK stil your fountains and your springs ; for why ?
The more th'are drawn, the lesse they wil grow dry.

UPON PUNCHIN. EPIG.

GIVE me a reason why men call
 Punchin a dry plant-animall;
 Because as plants by water grow,
 Punchin by beere and ale spreads so.

TO OENONE.

THOU sayest love's dart
 Hath prickt thy heart,
 And thou do'st languish too;
 If one poore prick
 Can make thee sick,
 Say what wo'd many do?

UPON BLINKS. EPIG.

TOM BLINKS his nose is full of wheales, and these
 Tom calls not pimples, but pimpleides;
 Sometimes, in mirth, he sayes each whelk's a sparke,
 When drunke with beere, to light him home i'th' dark.

UPON ADAM PEAPES. EPIG.

PEAPES he do's strut, and pick his teeth, as if
 His jawes had tir'd on some large chine of beefe.
 But nothing so; the dinner Adam had,
 Was cheese full ripe with teares, with bread as sad.

TO ELECTRA.

SHALL I go to love and tell,
Thou art all turn'd isicle?
Shall I say, her altars be
Disadorn'd, and scorn'd by thee?
O beware! in time submit;
Love has yet no wrathfull fit;
If her patience turns to ire,
Love is then consuming fire.

TO MISTRESSE AMIE POTTER.

AI me! I love; give him your hand to kisse
Who both your wooer and your poet is.
Nature has pre-compos'd us both to love;
Your part's to grant, my scean must be to move.
Deare, can you like, and liking love your poet?
If you say, I, blush-guiltinesse will shew it.
Mine eyes must wooe you, though I sigh the while,
True love is tonguelesse as a crocodile;
And you may find in love these differing parts;
Wooers have tongues of ice, but burning hearts.

UPON A MAIDE.

HERE she lyes, in bed of spice,
Fair as Eve in paradice;
For her beauty it was such,
Poets co'd not praise too much.

Virgins come, and in a ring
 Her supreamest *requiem* sing ;
 Then depart, but see ye tread
 Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE is a circle, and an endlesse sphere ;
 From good to good, revolving here and there.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY's no other but a lovely grace
 Of lively colours flowing from the face.

UPON LOVE.

SOME salve to every sore we may apply ;
 Only for my wound there's no remedy :
 Yet if my Julia kisse me, there will be
 A soveraign balme found out to cure me.

UPON HANCH, A SCHOOLMASTER. EPIG.

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

UPON PEASON. EPIG.

LONG locks of late our zelot Peason weares,
Not for to hide his high and mighty eares ;
No, but because he wo'd not have it seen,
That stubble stands where once large eares have been.

TO HIS BOOKE.

MAKE haste away, and let one be
A friendly patron unto thee ;
Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lye
Torn for the use of pasterie ;
Or see thy injur'd leaves serve well
To make loose gownes for mackarell ;
Or see the grocers, in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

READINESSE.

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

WRITING.

WHEN words we want, love teacheth to indite ;
And what we blush to speake, she bids us write.

SOCIETY.

Two things do make society to stand ;
The first commerce is, and the next command.

UPON A MAID.

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

SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS.

FOR all our workes a recompence is sure ;
'Tis sweet to thinke on what was hard t' endure.

THE DELAYING BRIDE.

WHY so slowly do you move
To the centre of your love ?
On your niceness though we wait,
Yet the houres say 'tis late ;
Coynesse takes us to a measure,
But o'racted deads the pleasure.
Go to bed, and care not when
Cheerfull day shall spring agen.
One brave captain did command,
By his word, the sun to stand ;

One short charme if you but say,
Will enforce the moon to stay,
Till you warn her hence, away,
T'ave your blushes seen by day.

TO M. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT COMPOSER
OF HIS LYRICKS.

TOUCH but thy lire, my Harrie, and I heare
From thee some raptures of the rare Gotire ;
Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
I heare in thee the rare Laniere to sing,
Or curious Wilson ; tell me, canst thou be
Less then Apollo, that usurp'st such three ?
Three, unto whom the whole world give applause ;
Yet their three praises praise but one, that's Lawes.

AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

MAIDENS tell me I am old ;
Let me in my glasse behold
Whether smooth or not I be,
Or if haire remaines to me.
Well, or be't, or be't not so,
This for certainty I know,
Ill it fits old men to play,
When that death bids come away.

THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.

THOU hast made many houses for the dead ;
 When my lot calls me to be buried,
 For love or pittie, prethee let there be
 I'th' church-yard made one tenement for me.

TO ANTHEA.

ANTHEA, I am going hence
 With some small stock of innocence ;
 But yet those blessed gates I see
 Withstanding entrance unto me :
 To pray for me doe thou begin,
 The porter then will let me in.

NEED.

WHO begs to die for feare of humane need,
 Wisheth his body, not his soule, good speed.

TO JULIA.

I AM zeallesse ; prethee pray
 For my wellfare, Julia,
 For I thinke the gods require
 Male perfumes, but female fire.

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ON JULIA'S LIPS.

SWEET are my Julia's lips and cleane,
As if or'e washt in hippocrene.

TWILIGHT.

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

TO HIS FRIEND MASTER J. JINCKS.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

IF that my fate has now fulfill'd my yeere,
And so soone stopt my longer living here;
What was't, ye gods, a dying man to save,
But while he met with his paternall grave;
Though while we living 'bout the world do roame,
We love to rest in peaceful urnes at home,
Where we may snug and close together lye,
By the dead bones of our deare ancestrie.

KINGS AND TYRANTS.

'TWIXT kings and tyrants there's this difference
 knowne,
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their owne.

CROSSES.

OUR crosses are no other then the rods,
And our diseases vultures of the gods ;
Each grieffe we feele, that likewise is a kite
Sent forth by them, our flesh to eate or bite.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE brought me to a silent grove,
 And shew'd me there a tree,
Where some had hang'd themselves for love,
 And gave a twist to me.

The halter was of silk and gold,
 That he reacht forth unto me ;
No otherwise then if he would,
 By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that necklace use,
 And told me too, he maketh
A glorious end by such a noose,
 His death for love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream ; but had I been
 There really alone,
 My desp'rate feares, in love, had seen
 Mine execution.

NO DIFFERENCE I'TH' DARK.

NIGHT makes no difference 'twixt the priest and clark;
 Jone, as my lady, is as good, i'th' dark.

THE BODY.

THE body is the soule's poore house or home,
 Whose ribs the laths are, and whose flesh the loame.

TO SAPHO.

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

OUT OF TIME OUT OF TUNE.

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

TO HIS BOOKE.

TAKE mine advise, and go not neere
 Those faces, sower as vineger ;
 For these, and nobler numbers can
 Ne'r please the supercillious man.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND SIR THOMAS HEALE.

STAND by the magick of my powerfull rhymes,
 'Gainst all the indignation of the times ;
 Age shall not wrong thee, or one jot abate
 Of thy both great and everlasting fate :
 While others perish, here's thy life decreed,
 Because begot of my immortall seed.

THE SACRIFICE, BY WAY OF DISCOURSE BETWIXT
 HIMSELFE AND JULIA.

Herr. COME and let's in solemn wise
 Both addresse to sacrifice ;
 Old religion first commands
 That we wash our hearts and hands.
 Is the beast exempt from staine,
 Altar cleane, no fire prophane ?
 Are the garlands, is the nard
 Ready here? *Jul.* All well prepar'd,
 With the wine that must be shed,
 'Twixt the hornes, upon the head

Of the holy beast we bring
 For our trespasse-offering.
Herr. All is well: now, next to these,
 Put we on pure surplices ;
 And with chaplets crown'd, we'l rost
 With perfumes the holocaust ;
 And, while we the gods invoke,
 Reade acceptance by the smoake.

TO APOLLO.

THOU mighty lord and master of the lyre,
 Unshorn Apollo, come and re-inspire
 My fingers so, the lyrick-strings to move,
 That I may play, and sing a hymne to love.

ON LOVE.

LOVE is a kind of warre ; hence those who feare,
 No cowards must his royall ensignes beare.

ANOTHER.

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

AN HYMNE TO CUPID.

THOU, thou that bear'st the sway,
 With whom the sea-nimphs play,
 And Venus, every way ;

When I embrace thy knee,
 And make short pray'rs to thee,
 In love, then prosper me.
 This day I goe to woee,
 Instruct me how to doe
 This worke thou put'st me too.
 From shame my face keepe free,
 From scorne I begge of thee,
 Love, to deliver me :
 So shall I sing thy praise,
 And to thee altars raise,
 Unto the end of daies.

TO ELECTRA.

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

HOW HIS SOULE CAME ENSNARED.

MY soule would one day go and seeke
 For roses, and in Julia's cheeke
 A richness of those sweets she found,
 As in another Rosamond ;
 But gathering roses as she was,
 Not knowing what would come to passe,

It chanst a ringlet of her haire
 Caught my poore soule, as in a snare ;
 Which ever since has been in thrall,
 Yet freedome shee enjoyes withall.

FACTIONS.

THE factions of the great ones call,
 To side with them, the commons all.

KISSES LOATHSOME.

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

UPON REAPE.

REAPE'S eyes so raw are, that, it seemes, the flies
 Mistake the flesh, and flye-blow both his eyes ;
 So that an angler, for a daies expence,
 May baite his hooke with maggots taken thence.

UPON TEAGE.

TEAGE has told lyes so long, that when Teage tells
Truth, yet Teage's truths are untruths, nothing else.

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE BUNDLED UP IN A GOLDEN
NET.

TELL me ; what needs those rich deceits,
These golden toyles and trammel-nets,
To take thine haire, when they are knowne
Already tame, and all thine owne ?
'Tis I am wild, and more then haire
Deserve these mashes and those snares.
Set free thy tresses ; let them flow
As aires doe breathe, or winds doe blow ;
And let such curious net-works be
Lesse set for them, then spred for me.

UPON TRUGGIN.

TRUGGIN a footman was, but now, growne lame,
Truggin now lives but to belye his name.

THE SHOWRE OF BLOSSOMES.

LOVE in a showre of blossomes came
Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same ;
The blooms that fell were white and red ;
But with such sweets commingled,

As whether this I cannot tell,
 My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell ;
 But true it was, as I rowl'd there,
 Without a thought of hurt or feare,
 Love turn'd himselfe into a bee,
 And with his javelin wounded me ;
 From which mishap this use I make ;
 Where most sweets are, there lyes a snake ;
 Kisses and favours are sweet things ;
 But those have thorns, and these have stings.

UPON SPENKE.

SPENKE has a strong breath, yet short prayers saith ;
 Not out of want of breath, but want of faith.

A DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

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

UPON LULLS.

LULLS swears he is all heart, but you'l suppose
By his probossis that he is all nose.

SLAVERY.

'Tis liberty to serve one lord ; but he
Who many serves, serves base servility.

CHARMES.

BRING the holy crust of bread ;
Lay it underneath the head ;
'Tis a certain charm to keep
Hags away, while children sleep.

ANOTHER.

LET the superstitious wife,
Neer the child's heart lay a knife ;
Point be up and haft be downe ;
While she gossips in the towne,
This, 'mongst other mystick charms,
Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

ANOTHER TO BRING IN THE WITCH.

To house the hag, you must doe this ;
Commix with meale a little pisse

Of him bewicht ; then forthwith make
 A little wafer or a cake ;
 And this rawly bak't will bring
 The old hag in. No surer thing.

ANOTHER CHARME FOR STABLES.

HANG up hooks and sheers to scare
 Hence the hag, that rides the mare,
 Till they be all over wet
 With the mire and the sweat
 This observ'd, the manes, shall be,
 Of your horses, all knot-free.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE EVE.

Down with rosemary and bayes,
 Down with the misleto
 In stead of holly, now up-raise
 The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway ;
 Let box now domineere,
 Untill the dancing Easter-day,
 Or Easter's eve appeare.

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

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
 And many flowers beside,
 Both of a fresh and fragrant kinne,
 To honour Whitsontide.

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
 With cooler oken boughs,
 Come in for comely ornaments,
 To re-adorn the house.

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

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE DAY.

KINDLE the Christmas brand, and then
 Till sunne-set let it burne ;
 Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
 Till Christmas next returne.

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

UPON CANDLEMASSE DAY.

END now the white-loafe and the pye,
 And let all sports with Christmas dye.

SURFEITS.

BAD are all surfeits ; but physitians call
That surfeit took by bread, the worst of all.

UPON NIS.

NIS, he makes verses, but the lines he writes,
Serve but for matter to make paper-kites.

TO BIANCHA, TO BLESSE HIM.

Wo'd I wooe, and wo'd I winne,
Wo'd I well my work begin ;
Wo'd I evermore be crown'd
With the end that I propound ;
Wo'd I frustrate or prevent
All aspects malevolent ;
Thwart all wizzards, and with these
Dead all black contingencies ;
Place my words, and all works else
In most happy parallels ;
All will prosper, if so be
I be kist or blest by thee.

JULIA'S CHURCHING, OR PURIFICATION.

PUT on thy holy fillitings, and so
To th' temple with the sober midwife go :

Attended thus, in a most solemn wise,
 By those who serve the child-bed misteries,
 Burn first thine incense ; next, when as thou see'st
 The candid stole thrown ore the pious priest,
 With reverend curtsies come, and to him bring
 Thy free, and not decurted offering.
 All rites well ended, with faire auspice come,
 As to the breaking of a bride-cake, home ;
 Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee
 Provide a second epithalamie.
 She who keeps chastly to her husband's side
 Is not for one, but every night his bride ;
 And stealing still with love and feare to bed,
 Brings him not one, but many a maidenhead.

TO HIS BOOK.

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

TEARES.

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

TO HIS FRIEND, TO AVOID CONTENTION OF WORDS.

WORDS beget anger ; anger brings forth blowes ;
 Blowes make of dearest friends immortall foes ;
 For which prevention, Sociate, let there be
 Betwixt us two no more logomachie.
 Farre better 'were for either to be mute,
 Then for to murder friendship by dispute.

TRUTH.

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

UPON PRICKLES. EPIG.

PRICKLES is waspish, and puts forth his sting,
 For bread, drinke, butter, cheese ; for every thing
 That Prickles buyes, puts Prickles out of frame ;
 How well his nature's fitted to his name !

THE EYES BEFORE THE EARES.

WE credit most our sight ; one eye doth please
 Our trust farre more then ten eare-witnesses.

WANT.

WANT is a softer wax, that takes thereon,
This, that, and every base impression.

TO A FRIEND.

LOOKE in my book, and herein see
Life endlesse sign'd to thee and me :
We o're the tombes and fates shall flye,
While other generations dye.

UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE MUSITIAN.

SHO'D I not put on blacks, when each one here
Comes with his cypresse, and devotes a teare ?
Sho'd I not grieve, my Lawes, when every lute,
Violl, and voice is, by thy losse, struck mute ?
Thy loss, brave man ! whose numbers have been hurl'd,
And no less prais'd then spread throughout the world :
Some have thee call'd Amphion ; some of us
Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus ;
Some this, some that, but all in this agree,
Musique had both her birth and death with thee.

A SONG UPON SILVIA.

FROM me my Silvia ranne away,
And running therewithall,

A primrose banke did cross her way,
 And gave my love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say
 What I by chance did see ;
 But such the drap'ry did betray,
 That fully ravisht me.

THE HONY-COMBE.

IF thou hast found an honie-combe,
 Eate thou not all, but taste on some ;
 For if thou eat'st it to excess,
 That sweetness turnes to loathsomness :
 Taste it to temper ; then 'twill be
 Marrow and manna unto thee.

UPON BEN JOHNSON.

HERE lyes Johnson with the rest
 Of the poets ; but the best.
 Reader, wo'dst thou more have known ?
 Aske his story, not this stone ;
 That will speake, what this can't tell
 Of his glory. So farewell.

AN ODE FOR HIM.

AH Ben !
 Say how or when
 Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those lyrick feasts,
 Made at the Sun,
 The Dog, the Triple Tunne ;
 Where we such clusters had,
 As made us nobly wild, not mad ?
 And yet each verse of thine
 Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

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

UPON A VIRGIN.

SPEND, harmless shade, thy nightly houres,
 Selecting here both herbs and flowers ;
 Of which make garlands here and there,
 To dress thy silent sepulchre.

Nor do thou feare the want of these
In everlasting properties ;
Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,
Farre faster then the first can wither.

BLAME.

IN battailes what disasters fall,
The king he beares the blame of all.

A REQUEST TO THE GRACES.

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

UPON HIMSELFE.

I LATELY fri'd, but now behold
I freeze as fast, and shake for cold ;
And, in good faith, I'd thought it strange
T'ave found in me this sudden change,

But that I understood by dreames,
 These only were but love's extreames ;
 Who fires with hope the lover's heart,
 And starves with cold the self-same part.

MULTITUDE.

We trust not to the multitude in warre,
 But to the stout, and those that skilfull are.

FEARE.

MAN must do well out of a good intent,
 Not for the servile feare of punishment.

TO M. KELLAM.

WHAT ! Can my Kellam drink his sack
 In goblets to the brim,
 And see his Robin Herrick lack,
 Yet send no boules to him ?

For love or pitie to his muse,
 That she may flow in verse,
 Contemne to recommend a cruse,
 But send to her a tearce.

HAPPINESSE TO HOSPITALITIE, OR A HEARTY
WISH TO GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING.

FIRST, may the hand of bounty bring
Into the daily offering
Of full provision such a store,
Till that the cooke cries, Bring no more :
Upon your hogsheads never fall
A drought of wine, ale, beere, at all ;
But, like full clouds, may they from thence
Diffuse their mighty influence.
Next, let the lord and ladie here
Enjoy a christning yeare by yeare ;
And this good blessing back them still,
T'ave boyes and gyrles too, as they will ;
Then from the porch may many a bride
Unto the holy temple ride,
And thence return, short prayers seyed,
A wife most richly married.
Last, may the bride and bridegroom be
Untoucht by cold sterility ;
But in their springing blood so play,
As that in lusters few they may,
By laughing too, and lying downe,
People a city or a towne.

CUNCTATION IN CORRECTION.

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

PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS.

MEN are suspicious, prone to discontent ;
 Subjects still loath the present government.

REST REFRESHES.

LAY by the good a while ; a resting field
 Will, after ease, a richer harvest yeild ;
 Trees this year beare ; next, they their wealth with-
 hold ;
 Continuall reaping makes a land wax old.

REVENGE.

MAN's disposition is for to requite
 An injurie before a benefite ;
 Thanksgiving is a burden and a paine ;
 Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gaine.

THE FIRST MARRS OR MAKES.

IN all our high designments, 'twill appeare,
The first event breeds confidence or feare.

BEGINNING, DIFFICULT.

HARD are the two first staires unto a crowne ;
Which got, the third bids him a king come downe.

FAITH FOUR-SQUARE.

FAITH is a thing that's four-square ; let it fall
This way or that, it not declines at all.

THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH.

PRAISE, they that will, times past ; I joy to see
My selfe now live ; this age best pleaseth mee.

CLOATHES ARE CONSPIRATORS.

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

CRUELTY.

'Tis but a dog-like madnesse in bad kings,
For to delight in wounds and murderings ;

As some plants prosper best by cuts and blowes,
So kings, by killing, doe encrease their foes.

FAIRE AFTER FOULE.

TEARES quickly drie ; griefes will in time decay ;
A cleare will come after a cloudy day.

HUNGER.

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

BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE.

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

THE END.

CONQUER we shall, but we must first contend ;
'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end.

THE BONDMAN.

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

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

CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

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

TO SILVIA.

PARDON my trespasse, Silvia; I confesse
My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfac'tness ;
None is discreet at all times ; no, not Jove
Himselfe, at one time, can be wise and love.

FAIRE SHEWES DECEIVE.

SMOOTH was the sea, and seem'd to call
To prettie girles to play withall ;
Who padling there, the sea soone frown'd,
And on a sudden both were drown'd.
What credit can we give to seas,
Who, kissing, kill such saints as these ?

HIS WISH.

FAT be my hinde ; unlearned be my wife ;
Peacefull my night ; my day devoid of strife :

To these a comely offspring I desire,
Singing about my everlasting fire.

UPON JULIA'S WASHING HERSELF IN THE RIVER.

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

A MEANE IN OUR MEANES.

THOUGH frankinsense the deities require,
We must not give all to the hallowed fire.
Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,
As for ourselves to leave some frankinsence.

UPON CLUNN.

A ROWLE of parchment Clunn about him beares,
Charg'd with the armes of all his ancestors;
And seems halfe ravisht when he looks upon
That Bar, this Bend, that Fess, this Cheveron;
This Manch, that Moone; this Martlet, and that
Mound;
This counterchange of Perle and Diamond.

What joy can Clun have in that coat, or this,
When as his owne still out at elboes is ?

UPON CUPID. X

LOVE, like a beggar, came to me,
With hose and doublet torne,
His shirt bedangling from his knee,
With hat and shooes out-worne.

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

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

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

UPON BLISSE.

BLISSE, last night drunk, did kisse his mother's knee ;
Where he will kisse, next drunk, conjecture ye.

UPON BURR.

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

UPON MEGG.

MEGG yesterday was troubled with a pose,
Which, this night hardned, sodders up her nose.

AN HYMNE TO LOVE.

I WILL confesse,
With cheerfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me,
That, let her lay
On me all day,
Ile kisse the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry :
It, ah ! too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all,
Since love so much contents me.

No, no, Ile be
In fetters free ;

While others they sit wringing
 Their hands for paine,
 Ile entertaine
 The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers and wine,
 And cakes divine,
 To strike me I will tempt thee ;
 Which done, no more
 Ile come before
 Thee and thine altars emptie.

*

TO HIS HONOURED AND MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND
 MR. CHARLES COTTON.

For brave comportment, wit without offence,
 Words fully flowing, yet of influence,
 Thou art that man of men, the man alone
 Worthy the publique admiration ;
 Who with thine owne eyes read'st what we doe write,
 And giv'st our numbers euphonic and weight ;
 Tel'st when a verse springs high, how understood
 To be, or not, borne of the royall blood :
 What state above, what symmetric below,
 Lines have, or sho'd have, thou the best can show ;
 For which, my Charles, it is my pride to be,
 Not so much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee ;
 Long may I live so, and my wreath of bayes
 Be lesse another's laurell then thy praise.

WOMEN USELESSE.

WHAT need we marry women, when,
 Without their use, we may have men ;
 And such as will in short time be
 For murder fit, or mutinie ?
 As Cadmus once a new way found,
 By throwing teeth into the ground,
 From which poor seed, and rudely sown,
 Sprung up a warlike nation ;
 So let us yron, silver, gold,
 Brasse, lead, or tinne, throw into th' mould,
 And we shall see in little space
 Rise up of men, a fighting race.
 If this can be, say then what need
 Have we of women or their seed ?

LOVE IS A SIRRUP.

LOVE is a sirrup ; and who er'e we see
 Sick and surcharg'd with this sacietie,
 Shall by this pleasing trespasse quickly prove,
 Ther's loathsomnesse e'en in the sweets of love.

LEVEN.

LOVE is a leven, and a loving kisse
 The leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

REPLETION.

PHYSITIANS say, repletion springs
More from the sweet than sower things.

ON HIMSELFE.

WEEPE for the dead, for they have lost this light ;
And weepe for me, lost in an endlesse night :
Or mourne, or make a marble verse for me,
Who writ for many. Benedicite.

NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

LOST to the world ; lost to my self ; alone
Here now I rest under this marble stone,
In depth of silence, heard and seene of none.

TO M. LEONARD WILLAN, HIS PECULIAR FRIEND.

I WILL be short, and having quickly hurl'd
This line about, live thou throughout the world,
Who art a man for all sceanes ; unto whom,
What's hard to others, nothing's troublesome :

Can'st write the comick, tragick straine, and fall
 From these to penne the pleasing pastorall :
 Who fl'ist at all heights ; prose and verse run'st
 through ;
 Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespasse too :
 For which I might extoll thee, but speake lesse,
 Because thy selfe art comming to the presse ;
 And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow,
 Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. JOHN HALL,
 STUDENT OF GRAYES-INN.

TELL me, young man, or did the Muses bring
 Thee lesse to taste, then to drink up their spring ;
 That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be
 A poet, or a poet-like, but thee ?
 What was thy birth, thy starre that makes thee
 knowne,
 At twice ten yeares, a prime and publike one ?
 Tell us thy nation, kindred, or the whence
 Thou had'st and hast thy mighty influence,
 That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,
 And no lesse prais'd, then of the maides admir'd.
 Put on thy laurell then, and in that trimme
 Be thou Apollo, or the type of him ;
 Or let the unshorne God lend thee his lyre,
 And next to him, be master of the quire.

TO JULIA.

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

TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER M. ELIZABETH
FINCH.

HANSOME you are, and proper you will be,
Despight of all your infortunitie ;
Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse
In that your owne prefixed comeliness ;
Spend on that stock, and when your life must fall,
Leave others beauty to set up withall.

UPON RALPH.

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

TO HIS BOOKE.

IF hap it must, that I must see thee lye
 Absyrtus-like, all torne confusedly ;
 With solemne tears, and with much grief of heart,
 Ile recollect thee, weeping, part by part ;
 And having washt thee, close thee in a chest
 With spice ; that done, Ile leave thee to thy rest.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMPTON-
COURT. SET AND SUNG.

WELCOME, Great Cesar ! welcome now you are,
 As dearest peace after destructive warre :
 Welcome as slumbers, or as beds of ease,
 After our long and peevish sicknesses.
 O pompe of glory ! Welcome now, and come
 To re-possess once more your long'd-for home ;
 A thousand altars smoake, a thousand thighes
 Of beeves here ready stand for sacrifice :
 Enter and prosper, while our eyes doe waite
 For an ascendent throughly auspicate ;
 Under which signe we may the former stone
 Lay of our safeties new foundation.
 That done, O Cesar ! live, and be to us
 Our Fate, our Fortune, and our Genius ;
 To whose free knees we may our temples tye,
 As to a still protecting Deitie :

That sho'd you stirre, we, and our altars too,
 May, Great Augustus, goe along with you.
Chor. Long live the King ; and to accomplish this,
 We'l from our owne adde far more years to his.

ULTIMUS HEROUM ; OR,
 TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND TO THE RIGHT
 HONOURABLE HENRY, MARQUESSE OF
 DORCHESTER.

AND ás, time past, when Cato the severe,
 Entred the circumspacious theater,
 In reverence of his person, every one
 Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone ;
 E'ne so my numbers will astonisht be,
 If but lookt on ; struck dead, if scan'd by thee.

TO HIS MUSE. ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

TELL that brave man, fain thou wo'dst have access
 To kiss his hands ; but that for fearfullnesse,
 Or else, because th'art like a modest bride,
 Ready to blush to death sho'd he but chide.

UPON VINEGER.

VINEGER is no other, I define,
 Then the dead corps or carkase of the wine.

UPON MUDGE.

MUDGE every morning to the postern comes,
His teeth all out, to rince and wash his gummes.

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND, M. JO. HARMAR,
PHISITIAN TO THE COLLEDGE OF
WESTMINSTER.

WHEN first I find those numbers thou do'st write,
To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite ;
Next, when I see thee towring in the skie,
In an expansion no less large then high ;
Then in that compass, sayling here and there,
And with circumgyration every where ;
Following with love and active heat thy game,
And then at last to truss the epigram ;
I must confess, distinction none I see
Between Domitian's Martial then and thee.
But this I know, should Jupiter agen
Descend from heaven, to re-converse with men ;
The Romane language, full and superfine,
If Jove wo'd speake, he wo'd accept of thine.

UPON HIS SPANIELL TRACIE.

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

THE DELUGE.

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

UPON LUPES.

LUPES for the outside of his suite has paide,
But for his heart he cannot have it made ;
The reason is, his credit cannot get
The inward carbage for his cloathes as yet.

RAGGS.

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

STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVERAIGNTY.

LET kings and rulers learne this line from me ;
Where power is weake, unsafe is majestie.

UPON TUBBS.

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

CRUTCHES.

THOU seest me, Lucia, this year droope ;
Three zodiacks fill'd more, I shall stoope ;
Let crutches then provided be,
To shore up my debilitie :
Then, while thou laugh'st, Ile sighing crie,
A ruine underpropt am I :
Don will I then my beadsman's gown,
And when so feeble I am grown,
As my weake shoulders cannot beare
The burden of a grashopper ;
Yet with the bench of aged sires,
When I and they keep tearmly fires,
With my weake voice Ile sing, or say
Some odes I made of Lucia ;
Then will I heave my wither'd hand
To Jove the mighty, for to stand
Thy faithfull friend, and to poure downe
Upon thee many a benizon.

TO JULIA.

HOLY waters hither bring
 For the sacred sprinkling ;
 Baptize me and thee, and so
 Let us to the altar go ;
 And, ere we our rites commence,
 Wash our hands in innocence ;
 Then I'll be the *Rex Sacrorum*,
 Thou the queen of peace and quorum.

UPON CASE.

CASE is a lawyer, that near pleads alone ;
 But when he hears the like confusion,
 As when the disagreeing Commons throw
 About their house their clamorous I, or No,
 Then Case, as loud as any serjant there,
 Cries out, " My lord, my lord, the case is clear ;"
 But when all's husht, Case, then a fish more mute,
 Bestirs his hand, but starves in hand the suite.

TO PERENNA.

I A DIRGE will pen for thee ;
 Thou a trentall make for me ;
 That the monks and fryers together,
 Here may sing the rest of either :
 Next, I'm sure, the nuns will have
 Candlemas to grace the grave.

TO HIS SISTER IN LAW, M. SUSANNA HERRICK.

THE person crowns the place ; your lot doth fall
 Last, yet to be with these a principall :
 How ere it fortun'd, know, for truth, I meant
 You a fore-leader in this testament.

UPON THE LADY CREW.

THIS stone can tell the storie of my life,
 What was my birth, to whom I was a wife ;
 In teeming years how soon my sun was set,
 Where now I rest, these may be known by jet ;
 For other things, my many children be
 The best and truest chronicles of me.

ON TOMASIN PARSONS.

GROW up in beauty, as thou do'st begin,
 And be of all admired, Tomasin.

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

DOWN with the rosemary, and so
 Down with the baies and misletoe ;
 Down with the holly, ivie, all
 Wherewith ye drest the Christmas hall ;
 That so the superstitious find
 No one least branch there left behind ;

For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see.

SUSPICION MAKES SECURE.

HE that will live of all cares dispossesst,
Must shun the bad, I, and suspect the best.

UPON SPOKES.

SPOKES, when he sees a roasted pig, he swears
Nothing he loves on't but the chaps and ears ;
But carve to him the fat flanks, and he shall
Rid these and those, and part by part eat all.

TO HIS KINSMAN, M. THO. HERRICK, WHO DESIRED
TO BE IN HIS BOOK.

WELCOME to this my colledge, and, though late,
Tho'st got a place here, standing candidate ;
It matters not, since thou art chosen one
Here of my great and good foundation.

A BUCOLICK BETWIXT TWO ; LACON AND THYRSIS.

Lacon. FOR a kiss or two, confesse,
What doth cause this pensiveness,
Thou most lovely neat-heardesse ?

Why so lonely on the hill ;
 Why thy pipe by thee so still,
 That ere while was heard so shrill ?

Tell me, do thy kine now fail
 To fulfill the milkin-paile ?
 Say, what is't that thou do'st aile ?

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

Thyr. I have lost my lovely steere,
 That to me was far more deer
 Then these kine which I milke here ;
 Broad of fore-head, large of eye,
 Party colour'd like a pie,
 Smooth in each limb as a die ;
 Clear of hoof, and clear of horn,
 Sharply pointed as a thorn ;
 With a neck by yoke unworn,
 From the which hung down by strings,
 Balls of cowslips, daisie rings,
 Enterplac't with ribbanings ;
 Faultless every way for shape,
 Not a straw co'd him escape,
 Ever gamesome as an ape,

But yet harmless as a sheep.
 Pardon, Lacon, if I weep ;
 Tears will spring where woes are deep.
 Now, ai me ! ai me ! Last night
 Came a mad dog, and did bite,
 I, and kil'd my dear delight.

Lacon. Alack, for grief !
Thyr. But I'le be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call
 Me, and my sad playmates all,
 To his ev'ning funerall.
 Live long, Lacon ; so adew !
Lacon. Mournfull maid, farewell to you ;
 Earth afford ye flowers to strew !

UPON SAPHO.

LOOK upon Sapho's lip, and you will swear
 There is a love-like leven rising there.

UPON FAUNUS.

WE read how Faunus, he the shepherd's God,
 His wife to death whipt with a mirtle rod.
 The rod, perhaps, was better'd by the name ;
 But had it been of birch, the death's the same.

THE QUINTELL.

UP with the Quintell, that the rout
 May fart for joy, as well as shout ;
 Either's welcome, stinke or civit,
 If we take it as they give it.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

DRINKE up
 Your cup,
 But not spill wine ;
 For if you
 Do,
 'Tis an ill signe,

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

CARE A GOOD KEEPER.

CARE keepes the conquest ; 'tis no lesse renowne
 To keepe a citie, then to winne a towne.

RULES FOR OUR REACH.

MEN must have bounds how farre to walke ; for we
Are made farre worse by lawless liberty.

TO BIANCHA.

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

TO THE HANDSOME MISTRESSE GRACE POTTER.

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

ANACREONTIKE.

I MUST
 Not trust
 Here to any ;
 Bereav'd,
 Deceiv'd
 By so many ;
 As one
 Undone
 By my losses,
 Comply
 Will I
 With my crosses.
 Yet still
 I will
 Not be grieving ;
 Since thence
 And hence
 Comes relieving.
 But this
 Sweet is
 In our mourning ;
 Times bad
 And sad
 Are a turning ;
 And he
 Whom we
 See dejected,
 Next day
 Wee may
 See erected.

MORE MODEST, MORE MANLY.

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

**NOT TO COVET MUCH WHERE LITTLE IS THE
CHARGE.**

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

ANACREONTICK VERSE.

BRISK, methinks, I am, and fine,
When I drinke my capring wine ;
Then to love I do encline,
When I drinke my wanton wine ;
And I wish all maidens mine,
When I drinke my sprightly wine ;
Well I sup, and well I dine,
When I drinke my frolick wine ;
But I languish, lowre, and pine,
When I want my fragrant wine.

UPON PENNIE.

BROWN bread Tom Pennie eates, and must of right,
Because his stock will not hold out for white.

PATIENCE IN PRINCES.

KINGS must not use the axe for each offence ;
Princes cure some faults by their patience.

FEARE GETS FORCE.

DESPAIRE takes heart, when ther's no hope to speed ;
The coward then takes armes, and do's the deed.

PARCELL-GILT POETRY.

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

UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER.

I BRING ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?

Ans. Like, and dislike ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Stroake ye, to strike ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Love will be-foole ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Heate ye, to coole ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Love, gifts will send ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Stock ye, to spend ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Love will fulfill ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Kisse ye, to kill ye.

TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT IN CORNWALL.

Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that
Which we, and times to come, shall wonder at :
Lift up thy sword ; next, suffer it to fall,
And by that one blow set an end to all.

HIS GRANGE.

How well contented in this private grange
Spend I my life, that's subject unto change ;
Under whose roofe, with mosse-worke wrought, there I
Kisse my brown wife, and black posterity.

LEPROSIE IN HOUSES.

WHEN to a house I come, and see
The Genius wastfull more then free ;
The servants thumblesse, yet to eat,
With lawlesse tooth the floure of wheate ;
The sonnes to suck the milke of kine,
More then the teats of discipline ;
The daughters wild and loose in dresse,
Their cheekes unstain'd with shamefac'tnesse ;

The husband drunke, the wife to be
 A baud to incivility ;
 I must confesse, I there descrie
 A house spread through with leprosie.

GOOD MANNERS AT MEAT.

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

ANTHEA'S RETRACTATION.

ANTHEA laught, and, fearing lest excesse
 Might stretch the cords of civill comelinesse,
 She with a dainty blush rebuk't her face,
 And cal'd each line back to his rule and space.

COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

BE not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe ;
 Thy fall is but the rising to a crowne.

SEEKE AND FINDE.

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

REST.

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

LEPROSIE IN CLOATHES.

WHEN flowing garments I behold,
Enspir'd with purple, pearle, and gold ;
I think no other, but I see
In them a glorious leprosie,
That do's infect, and make the rent
More mortall in the vestiment.
As flowrie vestures doe descrie
The wearer's rich immodestie ;
So plaine and simple cloathes doe show
Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.



UPON BUGGINS.

BUGGINS is drunke all night ; all day he sleeps ;
This is the levell-coyle that Buggins keeps.

GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES.

To an old soare a long cure must goe on ;
Great faults require great satisfaction.

HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

You aske me what I doe, and how I live ?
And, noble friend, this answer I must give :
Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death,
O're which you'l walk when I am laid beneath.

THE BEGGER.

SHALL I a daily begger be,
For love's sake asking almes of thee ?
Still shall I crave, and never get
A hope of my desired bit ?
Ah, cruell maides ! I'le goe my way ;
Whereas, perchance, my fortunes may
Find out a threshold or a doore,
That may far sooner speed the poore :
Where thrice we knock, and none will heare,
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

BASTARDS.

OUR bastard children are but like to plate,
Made by the coyner illegitimate.

HIS CHANGE.

My many cares, and much distress,
Has made me like a wilderness ;
Or, discompos'd, I'm like a rude,
And all confused multitude ;
Out of my comely manners worne,
And as in meanes, in minde all torne.

THE VISION.

METHOUGHT I saw, as I did dreame in bed,
A crawling vine about Anacreon's head ;
Flusht was his face, his haire with oyle did shine,
And as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with wine ;
Tipl'd he was, and tipling, lispt withall,
And lisp'ing reeld, and reeling, like to fall.
A young enchantresse close by him did stand,
Tapping his plump thighes with a mirtle wand :
She smil'd, he kist ; and kissing, cull'd her too ;
And being cup-shot, more he co'd not doe :
For which, methought, in prittie anger she
Snatcht off his crown, and gave the wreath to me ;
Since when, methinks, my braines about doe swim,
And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

A VOW TO VENUS.

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

ON HIS BOOKE.

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

A SONNET OF PERILLA.

THEN did I live, when I did see
 Perilla smile on none but me !
 But, ah ! by starres malignant crost,
 The life I got I quickly lost ;
 But yet a way there doth remaine,
 For me embalm'd to live againe ;
 And that's to love me ; in which state
 Ile live as one regenerate.

BAD MAY BE BETTER.

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

POSTING TO PRINTING.

LET others to the printing presse run fast ;
 Since after death comes glory, Ile not haste.

RAPINE BRINGS RUINE.

WHAT's got by justice, is establisht sure ;
 No kingdomes got by rapine long endure.

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

WHAT needs complaints,
 When she a place
 Has with the race
 Of saints ?
 In endlesse mirth,
 She thinks not on
 What's said or done
 In earth :
 She sees no teares,
 Or any tone
 Of thy deep grone
 She heares ;
 Nor do's she minde,
 Or think on't now,
 That ever thou
 Wast kind :

But chang'd above,
 She likes not there,
 As she did here,
 Thy love.
 Forbear, therefore,
 And lull asleepe
 Thy woes, and weep
 No more.

UPON BOREMAN. EPIG.

BOREMAN takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes ; yet Bore-
 man,
 For all the divell helps, will be a poore man.

SAINT DISTAFF'S DAY ; OR, THE MORROW AFTER
 TWELTH DAY.

PARTLY work, and partly play
 Ye must on S. Distaff's day ;
 From the plough soone free your teame,
 Then come home and fother them.
 If the maides a spinning goe,
 Burne the flax, and fire the tow ;
 Scorch their plackets, but beware
 That ye singe no maiden-haire.
 Bring in pailles of water then,
 Let the maides bewash the men :

Give S. Distaffe all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good-night ;
And next morrow, every one
To his own vocation.

SUFFERANCE.

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

HIS TEARS TO THAMASIS.

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss,
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis :
No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
Whereon so many stately structures stand ;
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go,
To bath in thee, as thousand others do ;
No more shall I along thy christall glide
In barge, with boughes and rushes beautifi'd,
With soft smooth virgins, for our chast disport,
To Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton-Court :
Never againe shall I with finnie-ore
Put from, or draw unto the faithful shore ;
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster ;
Or to the golden Cheap-side, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
May all clean nimphs and curious water dames,
With swan-like state, flote up and down thy streams ;

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

PARDONS.

THOSE ends in war the best contentment bring,
 Whose peace is made up with a pardoning.

PEACE NOT PERMANENT.

GREAT cities seldome rest ; if there be none
 T'invade from far, they'l finde worse foes at home.

TRUTH AND ERROUR.

TWIXT truth and errour, there's this difference known,
 Errour is fruitfull, truth is onely one.

THINGS MORTALL STILL MUTABLE.

THINGS are uncertain, and the more we get,
 The more on ycie pavements we are set.

STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

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

WIT PUNISHT PROSPERS MOST.

DREAD not the shackles ; on with thine intent ;
Good wits get more fame by their punishment.

TWELFE NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEENE.

Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where beane's the king of the sport here ;
Beside we must know,
The pea also
Must revell as queene in the court here.

Begin then to chuse,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here ;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfe-day queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake ;
And let not a man then be seen here,

Who unurg'd will not drinke,
 To the base from the brink,
 A health to the king and the queene here.

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

Give then to the king
 And queen wassailing ;
 And though with ale ye be whet here,
 Yet part ye from hence,
 As free from offence,
 As when ye innocent met here.

HIS DESIRE.

GIVE me a man that is not dull,
 When all the world with rifts is full ;
 But unamaz'd dares clearely sing,
 When as the roof's a-tottering ;
 And though it falls, continues still
 Tickling the Citterne with his quill.

CAUTION IN COUNCELL.

KNOW when to speake ; for many times it brings
Danger, to give the best advice to kings.

MODERATION.

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

ADVICE THE BEST ACTOR.

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

CONFORMITY IS COMELY.

CONFORMITY gives comelinesse to things,
And equall shares exclude all murmerings.

LAWES.

WHO violates the customes, hurts the health,
Not of one man, but all the common-wealth.

THE MEANE.

'Tis much among the filthy to be clean ;
Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.

LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE.

LIKE will to like ; each creature loves his kind ;
Chaste words proceed still from a bashfull minde.

HIS HOPE OR SHEAT-ANCHOR.

AMONG these tempests, great and manifold,
My ship has here one only anchor-hold ;
That is my hope ; which, if that slip, I'm one
Wildred in this vast watry region.

COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall,
When the great crack not crushes one, but all.

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is no other thing, we say,
Then night now gone, and yet not sprung the day.

FALSE MOURNING.

HE who wears blacks, and mournes not for the dead,
Do's but deride the party buried.

THE WILL MAKES THE WORK, OR CONSENT MAKES
THE CURE.

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

DIET.

If wholesome diet can re-cure a man,
What need of physick or physitian?

SMART.

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

THE TINKER'S SONG.

ALONG, come along,
Let's meet in a throng
 Here of tinkers ;
And quaffe up a bowle,
As big as a cowle,
 To beer drinkers.
The pole of the hop
Place in the ale-shop,
 To bethwack us ;
If ever we think
So much as to drink
 Unto Bacchus.

Who frolick will be,
 For little cost he
 Must not vary,
 From beer-broth at all,
 So much as to call
 For Canary.

HIS COMFORT.

THE only comfort of my life
 Is, that I never yet had wife ;
 Nor will hereafter, since I know
 Who weds, ore-buyes his weal with woe.

SINCERITY.

WASH clean the vessell, lest ye soure
 What ever liquor in ye powre.

TO ANTHEA.

SICK is Anthea, sickly is the spring,
 The primrose sick, and sickly every thing ;
 The while my deer Anthea do's but droop,
 The tulips, lillies, daffadills do stoop ;
 But when again sh'as got her healthfull houre,
 Each bending then, will rise a proper flower.

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NOR BUYING OR SELLING.

Now, if you love me, tell me,
For as I will not sell ye,
So not one cross to buy thee
Ile give, if thou deny me.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, M. JO. WICKS.

SINCE shed or cottage I have none,
I sing the more, that thou hast one ;
To whose glad threshold, and free door
I may a poet come, though poor,
And eat with thee a savory bit,
Paying but common thanks for it :
Yet sho'd I chance, my Wicks, to see
An over-leven look in thee,
To soure the bread, and turn the beer
To an exalted vineger ;
Or sho'dst thou prize me as a dish
Of thrice-boyl'd worts, or third dayes fish,
I'de rather hungry go and come,
Then to thy house be burdensome ;
Yet, in my depth of grief, I'de be
One that sho'd drop his beads for thee.

THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFULL.

WHO may do most, do's least ; the bravest will
Shew mercy there, where they have power to kill.

AFTER AUTUMNE, WINTER.

DIE, ere long, I'm sure I shall ;
After leaves, the tree must fall.

A GOOD DEATH.

FOR truth I may this sentence tell,
No man dies ill that liveth well.

RECOMPENCE.

WHO plants an olive, but to eate the oyle ?
Rewarde, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.

ON FORTUNE.

THIS is my comfort ; when she's most unkind,
She can but spoile me of my meanes, not mind.

TO SIR GEORGE PARRIE, DOCTOR OF THE CIVILL
LAW.

I HAVE my laurel chaplet on my head,
If 'mongst these many numbers to be read,
But one by you be hug'd and cherished.

Peruse my measures thoroughly, and where
Your judgement finds a guilty poem, there
Be you a judge, but not a judge severe.

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

Stand forth, brave man, here to the publique sight,
And in my booke now claim a two-fold right ;
The first as Doctor, and the last as Knight.

CHARMES.

THIS Ile tell ye by the way,
Maidens, when ye leavens lay,
Crosse your dow, and your dispatch
Will be better for your batch.

ANOTHER.

IN the morning when ye rise,
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes ;

Next, be sure ye have a care
To disperse the water farre ;
For as farre as that doth light,
So farre keeps the evill spright.

ANOTHER.

IF ye feare to be affrighted,
When ye are, by chance, benighted ;
In your pocket, for a trust,
Carrie nothing but a crust ;
For that holy piece of bread
Charmes the danger, and the dread.

UPON GORGONIUS.

UNTO Pastillus ranke Gorgonius came,
To have a tooth twitcht out of's native frame :
Drawn was his tooth, but stanke so, that some say
The barber stopt his nose, and ranne away.

GENTLENESS.

THAT prince must govern with a gentle hand,
Who will have love comply with his command.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HIMSELFE AND MISTRESSE
 ELIZA. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF
 AMARILLIS.

My dearest love, since thou wilt go,
 And leave me here behind thee ;
 For love or pitie, let me know
 The place where I may find thee.

Amaril. In country meadowes, pearl'd with dew,
 And set about with lillies ;
 There, filling maunds with cowslips, you
 May find your Amarillis.

Her. What have the meades to do with thee,
 Or with thy youthfull houres ?
 Live thou at court, where thou mayst be
 The queen of men, not flowers.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
 With posies, since 'tis fitter
 For thee with richest jennes to shine,
 And like the starres to glitter.

Amaril. You set too high a rate upon
 A shepheardess so homely.

Her. Believe it, dearest, ther's not one
 I'th' court that's halfe so comly.

I prithee stay. *Amaril*. I must away ;
 Let's kiss first, then we'l sever ;
Ambo. And though we bid adieu to day,
 Wee shall not part for ever.

TO JULIA.

HELP me, Julia, for to pray,
 Mattens sing, or mattens say ;
 This I know, the fiend will fly
 Far away, if thou beest by :
 Bring the holy water hither ;
 Let us wash and pray together ;
 When our beads are thus united,
 Then the foe will fly affrighted.

TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

ROSES, you can never die,
 Since the place wherein ye lye,
 Heat and moisture mixt are so,
 As to make ye ever grow.

TO THE HONOURED MASTER ENDIMION PORTER.

WHEN to thy porch I come, and, ravisht, see
 The state of poets there attending thee ;
 Those bardes, and I, all in a chorus sing,
 " We are thy prophets, Porter ; thou our king."

SPEAKE IN SEASON.

WHEN times are troubled, then forbear ; but speak
When a cleare day out of a cloud do's break.

OBEDIENCE.

THE power of princes rests in the consent
Of onely those who are obedient ;
Which if away, proud scepters then will lye
Low, and of thrones the ancient majesty.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

No man so well a kingdome rules, as he
Who hath himselfe obaid the soveraignty.

OF LOVE.

1. Instruct me now what love will do ;
2. 'Twill make a tongless man to wooe.
1. Inform me next what love will do ;
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of two.
1. Teach me besides what love will do ;
2. 'Twill quickly mar and make ye too.
1. Tell me, now last, what love will do ;
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

UPON TRAP.

TRAP, of a player turn'd a priest now is ;
Behold a suddaine metamorphosis.
If tythe-pigs faile, then will he shift the scean,
And, from a priest, turne player once again.

UPON GRUBS.

GRUBS loves his wife and children, while that they
Can live by love, or else grow fat by play ;
But when they call or cry on Grubs for meat,
Instead of bread, Grubs gives them stones to eat :
He raves, he rends, and while he thus doth tear,
His wife and children fast to death for fear.

UPON DOL.

No question but Dol's cheeks wo'd soon rost dry,
Were they not basted by her either eye.

UPON HOG.

HOG has a place i'th' kitchen, and his share,
The fimsie livers and blew gizzards are.

THE SCHOOL OR PERL OF PUTNEY,
THE MISTRESS OF ALL SINGULAR MANNERS,
MISTRESSE PORTMAN.

WHETHER I was my selfe, or else did see
Out of my selfe that glorious hierarchie ;
Or whether those, in orders rare, or these
Made up one state of sixtie Venuses ;
Or whether fairies, syrens, nymphes they were,
Or muses, on their mountaine sitting there ;
Or some enchanted place, I do not know ;
Or Sharon, where eternal roses grow ;
This I am sure, I ravisht stood, as one
Confus'd in utter admiration.
Me thought I saw them stir, and gently move,
And look as all were capable of love ;
And in their motion smelt much like to flowers
Enspir'd by th'sun-beames after dewes and showers.
There did I see the reverend Rectresse stand,
Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,
Those spirits rais'd, and with like precepts then,
As with a magick, laid them all agen :
A happy realme ! when no compulsive law,
Or fear of it, but love keeps all in awe.
Live you, great mistresse of your arts, and be
A nursing mother so to majesty,
As those your ladies may in time be seene,
For grace and carriage every one a queene.
One birth their parents gave them, but their new
And better being, they receive from you :

Man's former birth is gracelesse, but the state
Of life comes in when he's regenerate.

TO PERENNA.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

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

ON LOVE.

THAT love 'twixt men do's ever longest last,
Where war and peace the dice by turns doe cast.

ANOTHER ON LOVE.

LOVE's of itself too sweet; the best of all
Is, when love's hony has a dash of gall.

UPON GUT.

SCIENCE puffs up, sayes Gut, when either pease
Make him thus swell, or windy cabbages.

UPON CHUB.

WHEN Chub brings in his harvest, still he cries,
Aha, my boyes ! here's wheat for Christmas pies !
Soone after, he for beere so scores his wheat,
That at the tide he has not bread to eate.

PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

WHERE pleasures rule a kingdom, never there
Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

ON HIMSELF.

A WEARIED pilgrim I have wandred here,
Twice five-and-twenty, bate me but one yeer ;
Long I have lasted in this world, 'tis true,
But yet those yeers that I have liv'd, but few.
Who by his gray haire doth his lusters tell,
Lives not those yeers, but he that lives them well :
One man has reach't his sixty yeers, but he
Of all those three-score has not liv'd halfe three :
He lives who lives to virtue ; men who cast
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.

TO M. LAURENCE SWETNAHAM.

READ thou my lines, my Sweetnaham, if there be
A fault, 'tis hid, if it be voic't by thee :

Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please ;
 How will it drop pure hony, speaking these ?

HIS COVENANT OR PROTESTATION TO JULIA.

WHY do'st thou wound and break my heart,
 As if we sho'd for ever part ?
 Hast thou not heard an oath from me,
 After a day, or two, or three,
 I wo'd come back and live with thee ?
 Take, if thou do'st distrust that vowe,
 This second protestation now ;
 Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd teare,
 Which sits as dew of roses there ;
 That teare shall scarce be dri'd before
 Ile kisse the threshold of thy dore ;
 Then weepe not, sweet, but thus much know,
 I'm halfe return'd before I go.

ON HIMSELFE.

I WILL no longer kiss,
 I can no longer stay ;
 The way of all flesh is,
 That I must go this day :
 Since longer I can't live,
 My frolick youths, adieu ;
 My lamp to you Ile give,
 And all my troubles too.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN, MASTER
MICHAEL OULSWORTH.

NOR thinke that thou in this my booke art worst,
Because not plac't here with the midst, or first ;
Since fame that sides with these, or goes before
Those that must live with thee for evermore ;
That fame, and fame's rear'd pillar, thou shalt see
In the next sheet, brave man, to follow thee :
Fix on that colunne then, and never fall,
Held up by fame's eternall pedestall.

TO HIS GIRLES, WHO WOULD HAVE HIM SPORTFULL.

ALAS ! I can't, for tell me how
Can I be gamesome, aged now ;
Besides, ye see me daily grow
Here, winter-like, to frost and snow ;
And I, ere long, my girles, shall see
Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

TRUTH by her own simplicity is known ;
Falsehood by varnish and vermillion.

HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.

I HAVE been wanton, and too bold, I feare,
To chafe o're much the virgin's cheek or eare ;

Beg for my pardon, Julia ; he doth winne
 Grace with the gods, who's sorry for his sinne.
 That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come,
 And go with me to chuse my buriall roome:
 My fates are ended ; when thy Herrick dyes,
 Claspe thou his book, then close thou up his eyes.

ON HIMSELFE.

ONE eare tingles ; some there be
 That are snarling now at me ;
 Be they those that Homer bit,
 I will give them thanks for it.

UPON KINGS.

KINGS must be dauntlesse ; subjects will contemne
 Those who want hearts, and weare a diadem.

TO HIS GIRLES.

WANTON wenches, doe not bring,
 For my haire, black colouring ;
 For my locks, girles, let 'em be
 Gray or white, all's one to me.

UPON SPUR.

SPUR jingles now, and swears by no meane oathes,
 He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay cloathes :

Most like his suite, and all commend the trim ;
 And thus they praise the sumpter, but not him ;
 As to the goddesse, people did conferre
 Worship, and not to th' asse that carried her.

TO HIS BROTHER, NICOLAS HERRICK.

WHAT others have with cheapnesse seene, and ease,
 In varnisht maps, by th' helpe of compasses ;
 Or reade in volumes, and those bookes, with all
 Their large narrations, incanonically,
 Thou hast beheld those seas and countries farre ;
 And tel'st to us what once they were and are ;
 So that with bold truth thou canst now relate
 This kingdome's fortune, and that empire's fate ;
 Canst talke to us of Sharon, where a spring
 Of roses have an endlesse flourishing ;
 Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them,
 Make knowne to us the new Jerusalem ;
 The Mount of Olives, Calverie, and where
 Is, and hast seene, thy Saviour's sepulchre :
 So that the man that will but lay his eares,
 As inapostate, to the thing he heares,
 Shall be his hearing quickly come to see
 The truth of travails lesse in bookes then thee.

THE VOICE AND VIOLL.

RARE is the voice it selfe, but when we sing
 To th' lute or violl, then 'tis ravishing.

WARRE.

IF kings and kingdomes once distracted be,
The sword of war must trie the soveraignty.

A KING AND NO KING.

THAT prince who may doe nothing but what's just,
Rules but by leave, and takes his crowne on trust.

PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS.

ALL are not ill plots that doe sometimes faile,
Nor those false vows which oft times don't prevaile.

FLATTERIE.

WHAT is't that wasts a prince? example showes,
'Tis flatterie spends a king more then his foes.

UPON RUMPE.

RUMPE is a turne-broach, yet he seldome can
Steale a swolne sop out of the dripping pan.

UPON SHOPTER.

OLD Widow Shopter, when so ere she cryes,
Lets drip a certain gravie from her eyes.

†

UPON DEB.

IF felt and heard, unseen, thou dost me please ;
If seen, thou lik'st me, Deb, in none of these.

EXCESSE.

EXCESSE is sluttish ; keep the meane ; for why ?
Vertue's clean conclave is sobriety.

UPON CROOT.

ONE silver spoone shines in the house of Croot,
Who cannot buie or steale a second to't.

THE SOULE IS THE SALT.

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

UPON FLOOD, OR A THANKFULL MAN.

FLOOD, if he has for him and his a bit,
He sayes his fore and after grace for it ;
If meate he wants, then grace he sayes to see
His hungry belly borne by legs jaile-free :
Thus have, or not, all alike is good
To this our poore, yet ever patient Flood.

UPON PIMPE.

WHEN Pimpe's feet sweat, as they doe often use,
There springs a sope-like lather in his shoos.

UPON LUSKE.

IN Den'shire Kerzie Lusk, when he was dead,
Wo'd shrouded be, and therewith buried.
When his assignes askt him the reason why ;
He said, because he got his wealth thereby.

FOOLISHNESSE.

IN's Tusc'lanes, Tullie doth confesse,
No plague ther's like to foolishnesse.

UPON RUSH.

RUSH saves his shooes in wet and snowie wether,
And feares in summer to weare out the lether ;
This is strong thrift that warie Rush doth use,
Summer and winter still to save his shooes.

ABSTINENCE.

AGAINST diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive vertue, abstinence.

NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE.

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

SAUCE FOR SORROWES.

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

TO CUPID.

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

DISTRUST.

WHAT ever men for loyalty pretend,
'Tis wisdom's part to doubt a faithfull friend.

THE HAGG.

THE staffe is now greas'd,
And very well pleas'd,
She cockes out her arse at the parting,

To an old ram goat,
 That rattles i'th' throat,
 Halfe choakt with the stink of her farting.

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

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

THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

ILE write no more of love, but now repent
 Of all those times that I in it have spent.

Ile write no more of life, but wish 'twas ended,
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

TO HIS BOOKE.

GOE thou forth, my booke, though late,
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good luck may send
Thee a kinsman or a friend,
That may harbour thee, when I
With my fates neglected lye.
If thou know'st not where to dwell,
See, the fier's by. Farewell.

THE END OF HIS WORKE.

PART of the worke remaines, one part is past ;
And here my ship rides, having anchor cast.

TO CROWNE IT.

MY wearied barke, O let it now be crown'd !
The haven reacht to which I first was bound.

ON HIMSELFE.

THE worke is done ; young men and maidens set
Upon my curles the mirtle coronet,
Washt with sweet ointments ; thus at last I come
To suffer in the muses martyrdome ;

But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,
The muses will weare blackes when I am dead.

THE PILLAR OF FAME.

FAME's pillar here, at last we set,
Out-during marble, brasse, or jet;
Charm'd and enchanted so,
As to withstand the blow
Of overthrow;
Nor shall the seas,
Or O U T R A G E S
Of storms orebear
What we up-rear;
Tho kingdoms fal,
This pillar never shall
Decline or waste at all;
But stand for ever by his owne
Firme and well fixt foundation.

To his book's end this last line he'd have plac't,
Jocond his muse was, but his life was chast.

FINIS.

HIS
NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,

HIS PIOUS PIECES,

Wherein (amongst other things)

he sings the Birth of his CHRIST :
and fighes for his *Saviour's* suffering
on the *Crosse*.

HESIOD.

Ἴδμεν ψευθεῖα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.
Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθεῖα μυθήσασθαι.



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1647.



HIS
NOBLE NUMBERS :

OR,
HIS PIOUS PIECES.

HIS CONFESSION.

Look how our foule dayes do exceed our faire ;
And as our bad more then our good works are,
Ev'n so those lines, pen'd by my wanton wit,
Treble the number of these good I've writ.
Things precious are least num'rous ; men are prone
To do ten bad for one good action.

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION.

For those my unbaptized rhimes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times ;

For every sentence, clause, and word,
 That's not inlaid with thee, my Lord,
 Forgive me, God, and blot each line
 Out of my book that is not thine.
 But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one
 Worthy thy benediction ;
 That one of all the rest shall be
 The glory of my work and me.

TO FINDE GOD.

WEIGH me the fire ; or, canst thou find
 A way to measure out the wind ;
 Distinguish all those floods that are
 Mixt in that watrie theater ;
 And tast thou them as saltlesse there,
 As in their channell first they were ;
 Tell me the people that do keep
 Within the kingdomes of the deep ;
 Or fetch me back that cloude againe,
 Beshiver'd into seeds of raine ;
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares
 Of corn, when summer shakes his eares ;
 Shew me that world of starres, and whence
 They noiselesse spill their influence ;
 This if thou canst, then shew me Him
 That rides the glorious Cherubim.

WHAT GOD IS.

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

UPON GOD.

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

MERCY AND LOVE.

GOD hath two wings, which He doth ever move ;
The one is mercy, and the next is love ;
Under the first the sinners ever trust,
And with the last he still directs the just.

GOD'S ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION.

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

GOD NOT TO BE COMPREHENDED.

'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

GOD'S PART.

PRAYERS and praises are those spotlesse two
Lambs, by the law, which God requires as due.

AFFLICTION.

God n'ere afflicts us more then our desert,
Though He may seem to overact His part :
Sometimes He strikes us more then flesh can beare,
But yet still lesse then grace can suffer here.

THREE FATALL SISTERS.

THREE fatall sisters wait upon each sin ;
First, fear and shame without, then guilt within.

SILENCE.

SUFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue, to walk ;
God, the most wise, is sparing of His talk.

MIRTH.

TRUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin ;
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

LOADING AND UNLOADING.

GOD loads and unloads ; thus His work begins,
To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

GOD'S MERCY.

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

PRAYERS MUST HAVE POISE.

GOD, He rejects all prayers that are sleight,
And want their poise ; words ought to have their
weight.

TO GOD ; AN ANTHEM SUNG IN THE CHAPPELL AT
WHITEHALL, BEFORE THE KING.

Verse. MY God, I'm wounded by my sin,
And sore without, and sick within ;
Ver. Chor. I come to thee, in hope to find
Salve for my body and my mind.
Verse. In Gilead though no balme be found
To ease this smart or cure this wound,

Ver. Chor. Yet, Lord, I know there is with thee,
All saving health and help for me.

Verse. Then reach thou forth that hand of thine,
That powres in oyle as well as wine ;

Ver. Chor. And let it work, for I'le endure
The utmost smart, so thou wilt cure.

UPON GOD.

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

CALLING AND CORRECTING.

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

NO ESCAPING THE SCOURGING.

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

THE ROD.

GOD's rod doth watch while men do sleep, and then
The rod doth sleep while vigilant are men.

GOD HAS A TWOFOLD PART.

God when for sin He makes his children smart,
 His own He acts not, but another's part ;
 But when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis known,
 He comes to play the part that is His own.

GOD IS ONE.

God, as he is most holy knowne,
 So He is said to be most one.

PERSECUTIONS PROFITABLE.

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

TO GOD.

Do with me, God, as thou didst deal with John,
 Who writ that heavenly Revelation ;
 Let me, like him, first cracks of thunder heare ;
 Then let the harp's enchantments strike mine eare ;
 Here give me thornes ; there, in thy kingdome, set
 Upon my head the golden coronet ;
 There give me day, but here my dreadfull night ;
 My sackcloth here, but there my stole of white.

WHIPS.

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

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

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

TEMPTATION.

Those saints which God loves best,
The devill tempts not least.

HIS EJACULATION TO GOD.

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

GOD'S GIFTS NOT SOONE GRANTED.

God heares us when we pray, but yet defers
 His gifts, to exercise petitioners ;
 And though a while He makes requesters stay,
 With princely hand, He'l recompence delay.

PERSECUTIONS PURIFIE.

God strikes His church, but 'tis to this intent,
 To make, not marre her, by this punishment ;
 So where He gives the bitter pills, be sure,
 'Tis not to poyson, but to make thee pure.

PARDON.

God pardons those who do through frailty sin ;
 But never those that persevere therein.

AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

IN numbers, and but these few,
 I sing thy birth, oh JESU !
 Thou prettie Babie, borne here,
 With sup'rabundant scorn here ;
 Who for thy princely port here,
 Hadst for thy place
 Of birth, a base
 Out-stable for thy court here.

Instead of neat inclosures
 Of interwoven osiers ;
 Instead of fragrant posies
 Of daffadills and roses,
 Thy cradle, kingly stranger,
 As gossell tells,
 Was nothing els,
 But, here, a homely manger.

But we with silks, not cruells,
 With sundry precious jewells,
 And lilly-work will dresse thee ;
 And as we dispossesse thee
 Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,
 Sweet babe, for thee,
 Of ivorie,
 And plaister'd round with amber.

The Jewes, they did disdaine thee ;
 But we will entertaine thee
 With glories to await here,
 Upon thy princely state here,
 And more for love then pittie :
 From yeere to yeere
 Wee'l make thee, here,
 A free-born of our citie.

LIP-LABOUR.

IN the old Scripture I have often read,
 The calfe without meale n'ere was offered ;
 To figure to us nothing more then this,
 Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

THE HEART.

IN prayer the lips ne're act the winning part,
 Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.

EARE-RINGS.

WHY wore th' Egyptians jewells in the eare,
 But for to teach us, all the grace is there,
 When we obey, by acting what we heare ?

SIN SEEN.

WHEN once the sin has fully acted been,
 Then is the horror of the trespasse seen.

UPON TIME.

TIME was upon
 The wing, to flie away ;
 And I cal'd on
 Him but a while to stay ;
 But he'd be gone,
 For ought that I could say.

He held out then
 A writing, as he went,
 And askt me, when
 False man would be content
 To pay agen,
 What God and nature lent.

An houre-glasse,
 In which were sands but few,
 As he did passe,
 He shew'd, and told me too,
 Mine end near was,
 And so away he flew.

HIS PETITION.

IF warre or want shall make me grow so poore,
 As for to beg my bread from doore to doore ;
 Lord, let me never act that beggar's part,
 Who hath thee in his mouth, not in his heart !
 He who asks almes in that so sacred Name,
 Without due reverence, playes the cheater's game.

TO GOD.

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

HIS LETANIE, TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the houre of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confesse,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the artlesse doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When his potion and his pill,
His, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing-bell doth tole,
And the furies in a shole
Come to fright a parting soule,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burne blew,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more then true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last hath praid,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decaid,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

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

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

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

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

THANKSGIVING.

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

COCK-CROW.

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

ALL THINGS RUN WELL FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.

ADVERSE and prosperous fortunes both work on
Here for the righteous man's salvation ;
Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,
All serve to th' augmentation of his good.

PAIN ENDS IN PLEASURE.

AFFLICTIONS bring us joy in times to come,
When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

TO GOD.

I'LE come, I'le creep, though thou dost threat,
Humbly unto thy mercy-seat ;

When I am there, this then I'le do,
 Give thee a dart and dagger too ;
 Next, when I have my faults confest,
 Naked I'le shew a sighing breast ;
 Which, if that can't thy pittie woove,
 Then let thy justice do the rest,
 And strike it through.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell,
 Wherein to dwell ;
 A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weather proof ;
 Under the sparres of which I lie
 Both soft and drie ;
 Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hath set a guard
 Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my fate ;
 Both void of state ;
 And yet the threshold of my doore
 Is worn by th' poore,
 Who thither come and freely get
 Good words or meat.
 Like as my parlour, so my hall
 And kitchin's small ;
 A little butterie, and therein
 A little byn,

Which keeps my little loafe of bread
 Unchipt, unflead ;
Some brittle sticks of thorne or briar
 Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coale I sit,
 And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
 The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that bee
 There plac'd by thee ;
The worts, the purslain, and the messe
 Of water cresse,
Which of thy kindnesse thou hast sent ;
 And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltlesse mirth,
And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink,
 Spic'd to the brink:
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soiles my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushell sowne,
 Twice ten for one ;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day ;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
 Me twins each yeare ;
The while the conduits of my kine
 Run creame, for wine :

All these, and better thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankfull heart ;
 Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne,
 As wholly thine ;
 But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee.

TO GOD.

MAKE, make me thine, my gracious God,
 Or with thy staffe, or with thy rod !
 And be the blow, too, what it will,
 Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill ;
 Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,
 Yet, in torments, I'le commend thee ;
 Examine me with fire, and prove me
 To the full, yet I will love thee ;
 Nor shalt thou give so deep a wound,
 But I as patient will be found.

ANOTHER TO GOD.

LORD, do not beat me,
 Since I do sob and crie,
 And swowne away to die,
 Ere thou dost threat me.

Lord, do not scourge me,
 If I, by lies and oaths,
 Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,
 But rather purge me.

NONE TRULY HAPPY HERE.

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

TO HIS EVER-LOVING GOD.

CAN I not come to thee, my God, for these
 So very many meeting hindrances,
 That slack my pace, but yet not make me stay ?
 Who slowly goes, rids, in the end, his way.
 Cleere thou my paths, or shorten thou my miles,
 Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles ;
 Since rough the way is, help me when I call,
 And take me up, or els prevent the fall.
 I kenn my home ; and it affords some ease
 To see far off the smoking villages.
 Fain would I rest, yet covet not to die,
 For feare of future biting penurie ;
 No, no, my God, thou know'st my wishes be
 To leave this life, not loving it, but thee.

ANOTHER.

THOU bid'st me come ; I cannot come ; for why ?
Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie.
To mount my soule, she must have pineons given ;
For, 'tis no easie way from earth to heaven.

TO DEATH.

THOU bidst me come away,
And I'le no longer stay,
Then for to shed some tears
For faults of former years ;
And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times ;
And next, to take a bit
Of bread, and wine with it ;
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above ;
To gird my loynes about
With charity throughout,
And so to travaile hence
With feet of innocence :
These done, I'le only crie,
" God, mercy !" and so die.

NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME.

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

WELCOME WHAT COMES.

WHATEVER comes, let's be content withall ;
Among God's blessings, there is no one small.

TO HIS ANGRIE GOD.

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

Thou dost my bread
With ashes knead,
Each evening and each morrow ;
Mine eye and eare,
Do see and heare
The coming in of sorrow.

NOBLE NUMBERS.

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

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

PATIENCE, OR COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

ABUNDANT plagues I late have had,
 Yet none of these have made me sad ;
 For why ? my Saviour, with the sense
 Of suffring, gives me patience.

ETERNITIE.

O YEARES and age ! Farewell :
 Behold I go,
 Where I do know
 Infinitie to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost i'th' sea
Of vast eternitie,

Where never moone shall sway
The starres ; but she,
And night, shall be
Drown'd in one endlesse day.

TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD ; A PRESENT, BY A
CHILD.

Go, prettie child, and beare this flower
Unto thy little Saviour ;
And tell him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon his bibb or stomacher ;
And tell him, for good handsell too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
To charme his cries at time of need ;
Tell him, for corall thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, he should have one ;
But poore thou art, and knowne to be
Even as monillesse as he.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse
From those mellifluous lips of his ;

Then never take a second on,
To spoile the first impression.

THE NEW-YEERE'S GIFT.

LET others look for pearle and gold,
Tissues, or tabbies manifold ;
One onely lock of that sweet hay,
Whereon the blessed babie lay,
Or one poore swadling-clout, shall be
The richest New-yeere's gift to me.

TO GOD.

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

GOD AND THE KING.

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

GOD'S MIRTH, MAN'S MOURNING.

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

HONOURS ARE HINDRANCES.

GIVE me honours : what are these
 But the pleasing hindrances,
 Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come
 In the way 'twixt me and home ?
 Cleer the walk, and then shall I
 To my heaven lesse run, then flie.

THE PARASCEVE, OR PREPARATION.

To a love-feast we both invited are ;
 The figur'd damask, or pure diaper,
 Over the golden altar now is spread,
 With bread, and wine, and vessells furnished ;
 The sacred towell, and the holy eure
 Are ready by, to make the guests all pure ;
 Let's go, my Alma ; yet e're we receive,
 Fit, fit it is, we have our Parasceve.
 Who to that sweet bread unprepar'd doth come,
 Better he starv'd, then ~~but~~ to tast one crumme.

TO GOD.

GOD gives not onely corne for need,
 But likewise sup'rabundant seed ;
 Bread for our service, bread for shew ;
 Meat for our meales, and fragments too :

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

A WILL TO BE WORKING.

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

CHRIST'S PART.

CHRIST, He requires still, wheresoe're He comes
 To feed or lodge, to have the best of roomes ;
 Give Him the choice ; grant Him the nobler part
 Of all the house ; the best of all's the heart.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

GOD co'd have made all rich, or all men poore ;
 But why He did not, let me tell wherefore :
 Had all been rich, where then had patience been ?
 Had all been poore, who had his bounty seen ?

SOBRIETY IN SEARCH.

To seek of God more then we well can find,
Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

ALMES.

GIVE, if thou canst, an almes ; if not afford,
Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word :
God crowns our goodnesse, where so e're He sees,
On our part, wanting all abilities.

TO HIS CONSCIENCE.

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be
My private protonotarie ?
Can I not woee thee, to passe by
A short and sweet iniquity ?
I'll cast a mist and cloud upon
My delicate transgression,
So utter dark, as that no eye
Shall see the hug'd impietie.
Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please,
And winde all other witnesses ;
And wilt not thou with gold be ti'd,
To lay thy pen and ink aside,
That in the mirk and tonguelesse night,
Wanton I may, and thou not write ?

It will not be : And therefore, now,
 For times to come, I'll make this vow ;
 From aberrations to live free,
 So I'll not fear the judge or thee.

TO HIS SAVIOUR.

LORD, I confesse, that Thou alone art able
 To purifie this my Augean stable ;
 Be the seas water, and the land all sope,
 Yet if Thy bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

TO GOD.

GOD is all sufferance here ; here He doth show
 No arrow nockt, onely a stringlesse bow ;
 His arrowes flie, and all his stones are hurl'd
 Against the wicked in another world.

HIS DREAME.

I DREAMT last night thou didst transfuse
 Oyle from Thy jarr into my creuze ;
 And powring still Thy wealthy store,
 The vessell full, did then run ore ;
 Methought I did thy bounty chide,
 To see the waste ; but 'twas repli'd
 By thee, deare God, God gives men seed
 Oft-times for wast, as for his need.

Then I co'd say, that house is bare
That has not bread, and some to spare.

GOD'S BOUNTY.

God's bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse,
As men do wane in thankfulnessse.

TO HIS SWEET SAVIOUR.

NIGHT hath no wings to him that cannot sleep ;
And Time seems then not for to flie, but creep ;
Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.
Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray
The winds to blow the tedious night away,
That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.
Sick is my heart ; O Saviour ! do Thou please
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses ;
Lighten my candle, so that I beneath
Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death ;
Let me thy voice betimes i'th' morning heare ;
Call, and I'le come ; say Thou the when and where :
Draw me but first, and after Thee I'le run,
And make no one stop till my race be done.

HIS CREED.

I do believe that die I must,
And be return'd from out my dust ;

I do believe, that when I rise,
 Christ I shall see with these same eyes ;
 I do believe that I must come
 With others to the dreadfull doome ;
 I do believe the bad must goe
 From thence to everlasting woe ;
 I do believe the good, and I,
 Shall live with Him eternally ;
 I do believe I shall inherit
 Heaven by Christ's mercies, not my merit ;
 I do believe the One in Three,
 And Three in perfect Unitie ;
 Lastly, that JESUS is a deed
 Of gift from God ; and here's my creed.

TEMPTATIONS.

TEMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have accesse ;
 Satan o'recomes none but by willingnesse.

THE LAMP.

WHEN a man's faith is frozen up as dead,
 Then is the lamp and oyle extinguished.

SORROWES.

SORROWES our portion are ; ere hence we goe,
 Crosses we must have, or hereafter woe.

PENITENCIE.

A MAN'S transgression, God do's then remit,
When man he makes a penitent for it.

THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.
SUNG BY THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all dayes !
O paragon, and pearle of praise !
O Virgin-martyr, ever blest
 Above the rest
Of all the maiden-traine ! We come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy tombe.

Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground ;
And as we sing thy dirge, we will
 The daffadill,
And other flowers, lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou wonder of all maids, li'st here,
Of daughters all, the deereſt deere ;
The eye of virgins ; nay, the queen
 Of this ſmooth green,
And all ſweet meades, from whence we get
The primroſe and the violet.

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

Thy father brought with him along
 The olive branch, and victor's song ;
 He slew the Ammonites, we know,
 But to thy woe ;
 And in the purchase of our peace,
 The cure was worse then the disease.

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

Receive, for this thy praise, our teares ;
 Receive this offering of our haire ;
 Receive these christall vials, fil'd
 With teares, distil'd
 From teeming eyes ; to these we bring,
 Each maid, her silver filleting,

To guild thy tombe ; besides, these caules,
These laces, ribbands, and these faules,
These veiles, wherewith we use to hide
 The bashfull bride,
When we conduct her to her groome ;
All, all we lay upon thy tombe.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we ere bring coy brides to bed ;
No more, at yeerly festivalls,
 We, cowslip balls,
Or chaines of columbines shall make
For this, or that occasion's sake.

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

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all paradise ;
May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence
 Fat frankincense ;
Let balme and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden monument.

May no wolfe howle, or screech-owle stir
 A wing about thy sepulcher ;
 No boysterous winds or stormes come hither,
 To starve or wither
 Thy soft sweet earth ; but, like a spring,
 Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shie maids, at wonted hours,
 Come forth to strew thy tombe with flow'rs ;
 May virgins, when they come to mourn,
 Male incense burn
 Upon thine altar ; then return,
 And leave thee sleeping in thy urn.

TO GOD, ON HIS SICKNESSE.

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

SINS LOATH'D, AND YET LOV'D.

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

SIN.

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

UPON GOD.

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

FAITH.

WHAT here we hope for, we shall once inherit ;
By faith we all walk here, not by the spirit.

HUMILITY.

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

TEARES.

OUR present teares here, not our present laughter,
Are but the handsells of our joyes hereafter.

SIN AND STRIFE.

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

AN ODE, OR PSALME TO GOD.

DEER God !
If thy smart rod
Here did not make me sorrie,
I sho'd not be
With thine or thee,
In Thy eternall glorie.

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

Feare me,
Or scourging teare me ;
That thus from vices driven,
I may from hell
Flie up, to dwell
With thee and thine in heaven.

GRACES FOR CHILDREN.

WHAT God gives, and what we take,
 'Tis a gift for Christ his sake ;
 Be the meale of beanes and pease,
 God be thank'd for those and these ;
 Have we flesh, or have we fish,
 All are fragments from his dish.
 He his church save, and the king,
 And our peace, here like a spring
 Make it ever flourishing.

GOD TO BE FIRST SERV'D.

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

ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD.

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

†

5



A CHRISTMAS CAROLL, SUNG TO THE KING IN THE
PRESENCE AT WHITEHALL.

Chor. WHAT sweeter musick can we bring
Then a caroll, for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! Awake the string!
Heart, eare, and eye, and every thing,
Awake! the while the active finger
Runs division with the singer.

From the Flourish they came to the Song.

1. Dark and dull night, fie hence away,
And give the honour to this day,
That sees December turn'd to May.
2. If we may ask the reason, say,
The why, and wherefore all things here
Seem like the spring-time of the yeere?
3. Why do's the chilling winter's morne
Smile like a field beset with corne;
Or smell like to a meade new-shorne,
Thus on the sudden? 4. Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be.
'Tis he is borne, whose quickning birth
Gives life and luster, publike mirth,
To heaven and the under earth.

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

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

Chor. Which we will give him, and bequeath
This hollie and this ivie wreath,
To do him honour, who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

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

THE NEW YEERE'S GIFT, OR CIRCUMCISION'S SONG,
SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE
AT WHITE-HALL.

1. PREPARE for songs ; he's come, he's come ;
And be it sin here to be dumb,
And not with lutes to fill the roome.

2. Cast holy water all about,
And have a care no fire go's out,
But 'cense the porch and place throughout.

3. The altars all on fier be ;
 The storax fries, and ye may see
 How heart and hand do all agree,
 To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all is less sweet
 then he.

4. Bring him along, most pious priest,
 And tell us then, when as thou seest
 His gently-gliding, dove-like eyes,
 And hear'st his whimp'ring and his cries ;
 How canst thou this babe circumcise ?

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

1. Touch gently, gently touch ; and here
 Spring tulips up through all the yeere ;
 And from his sacred bloud, here shed,
 May roses grow, to crown his own deare head.

Chor. Back, back again ; each thing is done
 With zeale alike, as 'twas begun ;
 Now singing, homeward let us carrie
 The Babe unto his mother Marie ;
 And when we have the Child commended
 To her warm bosome, then our rites are ended.

Composed by M. Henry Lawes.

ANOTHER NEW-YEERE'S GIFT, OR SONG FOR THE
CIRCUMCISION.

1. HENCE, hence, prophane, and none appeare
With any thing unhallowed here ;
No jot of leven must be found
Conceal'd in this most holy ground.

2. What is corrupt, or sower'd with sin,
Leave that without, then enter in ;
Chor. But let no Christmas mirth begin
Before ye purge and circumcise
Your hearts and hands, lips, eares, and eyes.

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

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

4. Come then, and gently touch the birth
Of him who's Lord of heaven and earth ;

5. And softly handle Him ; y'ad need,
Because the prettie Babe do's bleed.

Poore pittied Child ! who from thy stall
Bring'st, in thy blood, a balm that shall
Be the best new-yeere's gift to all.

1. Let's blesse the Babe ; and as we sing
His praise, so let us blesse the king.

Chor. Long may he live, till he hath told
His new yeeres trebled to his old ;
And when that's done, to reaspire,
A new-borne Phœnix from his own chast fire.

GOD'S PARDON.

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespasse here ;
For, once in hell, none knows remission there.

SIN.

SIN once reacht up to God's eternall sphere,
And was committed, not remitted there.

EVILL.

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

THE STAR-SONG ; A CAROLL TO THE KING.
SUNG AT WHITEHALL.

The Flourish of Musick ; then followed the Song.

1. TELL us, thou cleere and heavenly tongue,
Where is the Babe but lately sprung ?
Lies He the lillie-banks among ?

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

3. Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find him out ?

Star. No, this ye need not do ;
But only come and see Him rest,
A princely Babe, in's mother's brest.

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

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our prettie twelfth-tide King,
Each one his severall offering ;

Chor. And when night comes wee'l give him wassail-
 ing ;
 And that his treble honours may be seen,
 Wee'l chuse him King, and make his mother Queen.

TO GOD.

WITH golden censers, and with incense, here
 Before thy virgin altar I appeare,
 To pay thee that I owe, since what I see
 In or without, all, all belongs to Thee.
 Where shall I now begin to make, for one
 Least loane of thine, half restitution ?
 Alas ! I cannot pay a jot ; therefore
 I'le kisse the tally, and confesse the score.
 Ten thousand talents lent me, thou dost write ;
 'Tis true, my God ; but I can't pay one mite.

TO HIS DEERE GOD.

I'LE hope no more
 For things that will not come ;
 And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome.
 Wealth brings much woe ;
 And, since it fortunes so,
 'Tis better to be poore,
 Then so t'abound,
 As to be drown'd,
 Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care, avant,
 I'le learn to be content
 With that small stock thy bounty gave or lent.
 What may conduce
 To my most healthfull use,
 Almighty God, me grant!
 But that or this,
 That hurtfull is,
 Denie thy suppliant.

TO GOD, HIS GOOD WILL.

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,
 O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants the deed.
 Where rams are wanting, or large bullocks thighs,
 There a poor lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.
 Take then his voves, who, if he had it, would
 Devote to thee both incense, myrrhe, and gold,
 Upon an altar rear'd by him, and crown'd
 Both with the rubie, pearle, and diamond.

ON HEAVEN.

PERMIT mine eyes to see
 Part, or the whole of thee,
 O happy place!
 Where all have grace
 And garlands shar'd,
 For their reward;

Where each chaste soule
 In long white stole,
 And palmes in hand,
 Do ravisht stand ;
 So in a ring,
 The praises sing
 Of Three in One,
 That fill the throne ;
 While harps and violles then
 To voices say, Amen.

THE SUMME, AND THE SATISFACTION.

LAST night I drew up mine account,
 And found my debits to amount
 To such a height, as for to tell
 How I sho'd pay, 's impossible.
 Well, this I'le do ; my mighty score,
 Thy mercy-seat I'le lay before ;
 But therewithall I'le bring the band,
 Which in full force did daring stand,
 Till my Redeemer, on the tree,
 Made void for millions, as for me :
 Then, if thou bid'st me pay, or go
 Unto the prison, I'le say, No ;
 Christ having paid, I nothing owe ;
 For this is sure, the debt is dead
 By law, the bond once cancelled.

GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST.

GOD makes not good men wantons, but doth bring
Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing ;
With trialls those, with terrors these He proves,
And hazards those most whom the most He loves.
For Sceva, darts ; for Cocles, dangers ; thus
He finds a fire for mighty Mutius ;
Death for stout Cato ; and besides all these,
A poyson too He has for Socrates ;
Torments for high Attilius ; and, with want,
Brings in Fabricius for a combatant ;
But bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes,
He never brings them once to th' push of pikes.

GOOD CHRISTIANS

PLAY their offensive and defensive parts,
Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.

THE WILL THE CAUSE OF WOE.

WHEN man is punisht, he is plagued still,
Not for the fault of nature, but of will.

TO HEAVEN.

OPEN thy gates
 To him who weeping waits,
 And might come in,
 But that held back by sin.
 Let mercy be
 So kind, to set me free,
 And I will strait
 Come in, or force the gate.

THE RECOMPENCE.

ALL I have lost that co'd be rapt from me;
 And fare it well; yet, Herrick, if so be
 Thy dearest Saviour renders thee but one
 Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

TO GOD.

PARDON me, God, once more I thee intreat,
 That I have plac'd thee in so meane a seat,
 Where round about thou seest but all things vaine,
 Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.
 But as Heaven's publike and immortall Eye
 Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby;
 So thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,
 But take no tincture from my sinfull book.
 Let but one beame of glory on it shine,
 And that will make me and my work divine.

TO GOD.

LORD, I am like to misletoe,
Which has no root, and cannot grow,
Or prosper, but by that same tree
It clings about ; so I by thee.
What need I then to feare at all,
So long as I about thee craule ?
But if that tree sho'd fall and die,
Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

HIS WISH TO GOD.

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

SATAN.

WHEN we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more
He teares and fugs us, then he did before ;
Neglecting once to cast a frown on those
Whom ease makes his, without the help of blowes.

HELL.

HELL is no other but a soundlesse pit,
Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it.

THE WAY.

WHEN I a ship see on the seas,
Cuft with those watrie savages,
And therewithall, behold, it hath
In all that way no beaten path ;
Then, with a wonder, I confesse,
Thou art our way i'th' wilderness ;
And while we blunder in the dark,
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

GREAT GRIEFE, GREAT GLORY.

THE lesse our sorrowes here and suffrings cease,
The more our crownes of glory there increase.

HELL.

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

THE BELL-MAN.

ALONG the dark and silent night,
With my lantern and my light,
And the tinkling of my bell,
Thus I walk, and this I tell:
Death and dreadfulness call on
To the gen'rall session ;
To whose dismall barre, we there
All accompts must come to cleere.
Scores of sins w'ave made here many,
Wip't out few, God knowes, if any.
Rise ye debtors then, and fall
To make paiment while I call.
Ponder this, when I am gone:
By the clock 'tis almost one.

THE GOODNESSE OF HIS GOD.

WHEN winds and seas do rage,
And threaten to undo me,
Thou dost their wrath asswage,
If I but call unto thee.

A mighty storm last night
 Did seek my soule to swallow ;
 But by the peep of light
 A gentle calme did follow.

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

X
 THE WIDDOWE'S TEARES ; OR, DIRGE OF DORCAS.

COME pitie us, all ye who see
 Our harps hung on the willow-tree ;
 Come pitie us, ye passers by,
 Who see or hear poor widdowes crie ;
 Come pitie us, and bring your eares
 And eyes to pitie widdowes teares.

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

For Tabitha ; who dead lies here,
 Clean washt, and laid out for the beere.
 O modest matrons, weep and waile !
 For now the corne and wine must faile ;
 The basket and the bynn of bread,
 Wherewith so many soules were fed,

Chor. Stand empty here for ever ;
And ah ! the poore,
At thy worne doore,
Shall be releev'd never.

Woe worth the time, woe worth the day,
That reav'd us of thee, Tabitha !
For we have lost, with thee, the meale,
The bits, the morsells, and the deale
Of gentle paste and yeelding dow,
That thou on widdowe's did bestow.

Chor. All's gone, and death hath taken
Away from us
Our maundie ; thus
Thy widdowes stand forsaken.

Ah, Dorcas, Dorcas ! now adieu
We bid the creuse and pannier too ;
I, and the flesh, for and the fish,
Dol'd to us in that lordly dish.
We take our leaves now of the loome,
From whence the housewife's cloth did come ;

Chor. The web affords now nothing ;
Thou being dead,
The woosted thred
Is cut, that made us clothing.

Farewell the flax and reaming wooll,
With which thy house was plentiful ;

Farewell the coats, the garments, and
 The sheets, the rugs, made by thy hand ;
 Farewell thy fier and thy light,
 That ne're went out by day or night.

Chor. No, or thy zeale so speedy,
 That found a way,
 By peep of day,
 To feed and cloth the needy.

But ah, alas ! the almond bough,
 And olive branch is wither'd now ;
 The wine presse now is ta'ne from us,
 The saffron and the calamus ;
 The spice and spiknard hence is gone,
 The storax and the cynamon ;

Chor. The caroll of our gladnesse
 Has taken wing,
 And our late spring
 Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.

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

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

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

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

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we
 Will shew these garments made by thee;
 These were the coats, in these are read
 The monuments of Dorcas dead:
 These were thy acts, and thou shalt have
 These hung, as honours o're thy grave,

Chor. And after us, distressed,
 Sho'd fame be dumb,
 Thy very tomb
 Would cry out, Thou art blessed.

TO GOD, IN TIME OF PLUNDERING.

RAPINE has yet tooke nought from me:
 But if it please my God, I be
 Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,
 God make me thankfull still for it.
 I have been gratefull for my store;
 Let me say grace when there's no more.

TO HIS SAVIOUR. THE NEW YEER'S GIFT.

THAT little prettie bleeding part
 Of foreskin send to me ;
 And Ile returne a bleeding heart,
 For new-yeer's gift to thee.

Rich is the jemme that thou did'st send,
 Mine's faulty too, and small ;
 But yet this gift thou wilt commend,
 Because I send thee all.

DOOMES-DAY.

LET not that day God's friends and servants scare ;
 The bench is then their place, and not the barre.

THE POORE'S PORTION.

THE sup'rabundance of my store,
 That is the portion of the poore ;
 Wheat, barley, rie, or oats, what is't
 But he takes tole of? all the griest.
 Two raiments have I? Christ then makes
 This law, that He and I part stakes :
 Or have I two loaves? then I use
 The poore to cut, and I to chuse.

THE WHITE ISLAND ; OR PLACE OF THE BLEST.

IN this world, the Isle of Dreames,
While we sit by sorrowe's streames,
Teares and terrors are our theames,

Reciting :

But when once from hence we flie,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young eternitie,

Uniting :

In that whiter Island, where
Things are evermore sincere ;
Candour here and lustre there,

Delighting :

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

Affrighting.

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

Attending

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

TO CHRIST.

I CRAWLE, I creep ; my Christ, I come
 To Thee for curing balsamum ;
 Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the tree,
 Affording salve of soveraigntie.
 My mouth I'le lay unto thy wound,
 Bleeding, that no blood touch the ground ;
 For, rather then one drop shall fall
 To wast, my JESU, I'le take all.

TO GOD.

GOD ! to my little meale and oyle,
 Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle ;
 And thou my pipkinnet shalt see,
 Give a wave-offring unto thee.

FREE WELCOME.

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

GOD'S GRACE.

God's grace deserves here to be daily fed,
That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

COMING TO CHRIST.

To him who longs unto his CHRIST to go,
Celerity even itself is slow.

CORRECTION.

God had but one son free from sin, but none
Of all His sonnes free from correction.

GOD'S BOUNTY.

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

KNOWLEDGE.

SCIENCE in God is known to be
A substance, not a qualitie.

SALUTATION.

CHRIST, I have read, did to his chaplains say,
Sending them forth, Salute no man by th' way ;

Not that He taught his ministers to be
 Unsmooth or sowre to all civilitie ;
 But to instruct them, to avoid all snares
 Of tardidation in the Lord's affaires.
 Manners are good ; but till his errand ends,
 Salute we must, nor strangers, kin, or friends.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE is knowne to be
 The sister to saturitie.

TEARES.

God from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes,
 And gives his children kisses then, not stripes.

GOD'S BLESSING.

In vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,
 Unlesse God gives the Benedicite.

GOD AND LORD.

God is his name of nature ; but that word
 Implies his power, when he's cal'd the LORD.

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

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

ANGELLS.

ANGELLS are called Gods ; yet of them, none
Are Gods, but by participation ;
As just men are entitled Gods, yet none
Are Gods, of them, but by adoption.

LONG LIFE.

THE longer thred of life we spin,
The more occasion still to sin.

TEARES.

THE teares of saints, more sweet by farre,
Then all the songs of sinners are.

MANNA.

THAT manna, which God on his people cast,
Fitted itself to ev'ry feeder's tast.

REVERENCE.

TRUE rev'ence is, as Cassiadore doth prove,
The feare of God, commixt with cleanly love.

MERCY.

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

WAGES.

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

TEMPTATION.

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

GOD'S HANDS.

GOD's hands are round and smooth, that gifts may
fall
Freely from them, and hold none back at all.

LABOUR.

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

MORA SPONSI, THE STAY OF THE BRIDEGROOME.

THE time the bridegroom stays from hence,
Is but the time of penitence.

ROARING.

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

THE EUCHARIST.

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

SIN SEVERELY PUNISHT.

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

**MONTES SCRIPTURARUM, THE MOUNTS OF THE
SCRIPTURES.**

**THE mountains of the Scriptures are; some say,
Moses and Iesus, called Ioshua ;
The Prophet's mountains of the Old are meant,
The Apostle's mounts of the New Testament.**

PRAYER.

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

CHRIST'S SADNESSE.

**CHRIST was not sad, i'th' garden, for His own
Passion, but for His sheep's dispersion.**

GOD HEARES US.

**GOD, who's in heav'n, will hear from thence,
If not to th' sound, yet to the sense.**

GOD.

God, as the learned Damascen doth write,
A sea of substance is, indefinite.

CLOUDS.

He that ascended in a cloud, shall come
In clouds, descending to the publike doome.

COMFORTS IN CONTENTIONS.

The same who crownes the conquerour, will be
A coadjutor in the agonie.

HEAVEN.

HEAV'N is most faire ; but fairer He
That made that fairest canopie.

GOD.

In God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be
Ev'n God himself, in perfect entitie.

HIS POWER.

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

CHRIST'S WORDS ON THE CROSSE, " MY GOD,
MY GOD."

CHRIST, when he hung, the dreadfull crosse upon,
Had, as it were, a dereliction,
In this regard ; in those great terrors he
Had no one beame from God's sweet majestie.

JEHOVAH.

JEHOVAH, as Boëtius saith,
No number of the plurall hath.

CONFUSION OF FACE.

GOD then confounds man's face, when He not hears
The vows of those who are petitioners.

ANOTHER.

The shame of man's face is no more
Then prayers repel'd, sayes Cassiodore.

BEGGARS.

JACOB, God's beggar was ; and so we wait,
Though ne're so rich, all beggars at His gate.

GOOD AND BAD.

THE bad among the good are here mixt ever ;
The good without the bad are here plac'd never.

SIN.

SIN no existence ; Nature none it hath,
Or good at all, as learn'd Aquinas saith.

MARTHA, MARTHA.

THE repetition of the name, made known
No other than Christ's full affection.

YOUTH AND AGE.

GOD on our youth bestowes but little ease ;
But on our age most sweet indulgences.

GOD'S POWER.

GOD is so potent, as His power can
Draw out of bad a soveraigne good to man.

PARADISE.

PARADISE is, as from the learn'd I gather,
A quire of blest soules circling in the Father.

OBSERVATION.

THE Jewes, when they built houses, I have read,
 One part thereof left still unfinished ;
 To make them thereby mindfull of their own
 Cities most sad and dire destruction.

THE ASSE.

God did forbid the Israelites to bring
 An asse unto him, for an offering ;
 Onely, by this dull creature, to expresse
 His detestation to all slothfulnesse.

OBSERVATION.

THE Virgin-mother stood at distance there
 From her sonne's crosse, not shedding once a teare ;
 Because the law forbad to sit and crie
 For those who did as malefactors die.
 So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,
 Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the law.
 Observe, we may, how Mary Joses then,
 And the other Mary, Mary Magdalen,
 Sate by the grave ; and sadly sitting there,
 Shed for their Master many a bitter teare :
 But 'twas not till their dearest Lord was dead,
 And then to weep they both were licensed.

TAPERS.

THOSE tapers which we set upon the grave
 In fun'rall pomp, but this importance have,
 That soules departed are not put out quite;
 But, as they walk't here in their vestures white,
 So live in heaven in everlasting light.

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

ONE birth our Saviour had; the like none yet
 Was, or will be a second like to it.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

To work a wonder, God would have her shown
 At once a bud, and yet a rose full-blowne.

ANOTHER.

As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in,
 No crack or schisme leave i'th' subtill skin;
 So the divine hand work't, and brake no thred,
 But in a mother kept a maiden-head.

GOD.

GOD, in the holy tongue, they call
 The place that filleth all in all.

ANOTHER OF GOD.

GOD's said to leave this place, and for to come
 Nearer to that place then to other some ;
 Of locall motion, in no least respect,
 But only by imprescion of effect.

ANOTHER.

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

GOD'S PRESENCE.

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

GOD'S DWELLING.

GOD's said to dwell there, wheresoever He
 Puts down some prints of His high majestie ;
 As when to man He comes, and there doth place
 His holy Spirit, or doth plant His grace.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE Virgin Marie was, as I have read,
 The House of God, by Christ inhabited ;

Into the which He entered ; but the doore
Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

TO GOD.

God's undivided, One in Persons Three,
And Three in inconfused Unity ;
Originall of essence, there is none
'Twixt God the Father, Holy Ghost, and Sonne ;
And though the Father be the first of Three,
'Tis but by order, not by entitie.

UPON WOMAN AND MARY.

So long, it seem'd, as Marie's faith was small,
Christ did her Woman, not her Mary call ;
But no more Woman, being strong in faith,
But Mary cal'd then, as S. Ambrose saith.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE Jewes their beds, and offices of ease,
Plac't north and south, for these cleane purposes ;
That man's uncomely froth might not molest
God's wayes and walks, which lie still east and west.

SABBATHS.

SABBATHS are threefold, as S. Austine sayes,
The first of time, or Sabbath here of dayes ;

The second is a conscience trespasse-free ;
The last the Sabbath of eternitie.

THE FAST, OR LENT.

NOAH the first was, as tradition sayes,
That did ordaine the fast of forty dayes.

SIN.

THERE is no evill that we do commit,
But hath th' extraction of some good from it :
As when we sin, God, the great Chymist, thence
Drawes out th' elixar of true penitence.

GOD.

GOD is more here then in another place,
Not by His essence, but commerce of grace.

THIS, AND THE NEXT WORLD.

GOD hath this world for many made, 'tis true ;
But he hath made the world to come for few.

EASE.

GOD gives to none so absolute an ease,
As not to know or feel some grievances.

BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS.

PAUL, he began ill, but he ended well ;
 Judas began well, but he foulely fell.
 In godlinesse, not the beginnings, so
 Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

TEMPORALL GOODS.

THESE temp'rall goods, God, the most wise, com-
 mends
 To th' good and bad, in common, for two ends ;
 First, that these goods none here may o're esteem,
 Because the wicked do partake of them ;
 Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun ;
 Being, oft here, the just man's portion.

HELL FIRE.

THE fire of hell this strange condition hath,
 To burn, not shine, as learned Basil saith.

ABEL'S BLOOD.

SPEAK, did the blood of Abel cry
 To God for vengeance? Yes, say I,
 Ev'n as the sprinkled blood cal'd on
 God for an expiation.

ANOTHER.

THE bloud of Abel was a thing
 Of such a rev'rend reckoning,
 As that the old world thought it fit,
 Especially to sweare by it.

A POSITION IN THE HEBREW DIVINITY.

ONE man repentant, is of more esteem
 With God, then one that never sin'd 'gainst Him.

PENITENCE.

THE doctors, in the Talmud, say,
 That in this world, one onely day
 In true repentance spent, will be
 More worth then heav'ns eternitie.

GOD'S PRESENCE.

GOD's present ev'ry where ; but most of all
 Present by union hypostaticall :
 God, he is there where's nothing else, schooles say,
 And nothing else is there where He's away.

THE RESURRECTION POSSIBLE AND PROBABLE.

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

CHRIST'S SUFFERING.

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

SINNERS.

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way,
Either as when, the learned schoolemen say,
Men's sins destroyed are when they repent ;
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

TEMPTATIONS.

No man is tempted so, but may o'ecome,
If that he has a will to masterdome.

PITTIE AND PUNISHMENT.

GOD doth embrace the good with love ; and gaines
The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.

GOD'S PRICE AND MAN'S PRICE.

God bought man here with his heart's blood expence ;
 And man sold God here for base thirty pence.

CHRIST'S ACTION.

CHRIST never did so great a work, but there
 His humane nature did in part appeare ;
 Or, ne're so meane a peece, but men might see
 Therein some beames of His divinitie :
 So that in all He did, there did combine
 His humane nature, and His part divine.

PREDESTINATION.

PREDESTINATION is the cause alone
 Of many standing, but of fall to none.

ANOTHER.

ART thou not destin'd ? then, with hast, go on
 To make thy faire predestination :
 If thou canst change thy life, God then will please
 To change, or call back His past sentences.

SIN.

SIN never slew a soule, unlesse there went
Along with it some tempting blandishment.

ANOTHER.

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

ANOTHER.

SIN is the cause of death ; and sin's alone
The cause of God's predestination ;
And from God's prescience of man's sin doth flow
Our destination to eternall woe.

PRESCIENCE.

God's prescience makes none sinfull ; but th' offence
Of man's the chief cause of God's prescience.

CHRIST.

To all our wounds here, whatsoe're they be,
Christ is the one sufficient remedie.

CHRIST'S INCARNATION.

CHRIST took our nature on him, not that he
 'Bove all things lov'd it, for the puritie :
 No, but he drest Him with our humane trim,
 Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here ;
 Yet it is given to the labourer.

GOD'S KEYES.

GOD has foure keyes, which he reserves alone ;
 The first of raine ; the key of hell next known ;
 With the third key He opes and shuts the wombe ;
 And with the fourth key He unlocks the tombe.

SIN.

THERE'S no constraint to do amisse,
 Whereas but one enforcement is.

ALMES.

GIVE unto all, lest He, whom thou deni'st,
 May chance to be no other man but Christ.

HELL FIRE.

ONE onely fire has hell ; but yet it shall,
Not after one sort, there excruciate all :
But look, how each transgressor onward went
Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, to keep
 The larder leane,
 And cleane
From fat of veales and sheep ?

Is it to quit the dish
 Of flesh, yet still
 To fill
The platter high with fish ?

Is it to fast an houre,
 Or rag'd to go,
 Or show
A down-cast look, and sowre ?

No: 'tis a fast, to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat,
 And meat,
Unto the hungry soule.

It is to fast from strife,
 From old debate,
 And hate,
 To circumcise thy life.

To shew a heart grief-rent ;
 To sterve thy sin,
 Not bin ;
 And that's to keep thy lent.

NO TIME IN ETERNITIE.

By houres we all live here ; in heaven is known
 No spring of time, or time's succession.

HIS MEDITATION UPON DEATH.

BE those few hours, which I have yet to spend,
 Blest with the meditation of my end ;
 Though they be few in number, I'm content ;
 If otherwise, I stand indifferent.
 Nor makes it matter, Nestor's yeers to tell,
 If man lives long, and if he live not well.
 A multitude of dayes still heaped on,
 Seldome brings order, but confusion.
 Might I make choice, long life sho'd be with-stood,
 Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good ;
 Which, to effect, let ev'ry passing bell
 Possesse my thoughts, next comes my dolefull knell ;

And when the night perswades me to my bed,
I'll thinke I'm going to be buried ;
So shall the blankets which come over me,
Present those turfs which once must cover me ;
And with as firme behaviour I will meet
The sheet I sleep in, as my winding-sheet.
When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes,
I will believe that then my body dies ;
And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,
I'll have in mind my resurrection,
Which must produce me to that gen'ral doome,
To which the pesant, so the prince must come,
To heare the Judge give sentence on the throne,
Without the least hope of affection.
Teares, at that day, shall make but weake defence,
When hell and horroure fright the conscience.
Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin
To shun the least temptation to a sin ;
Though to be tempted be no sin, untill
Man to th' alluring object gives his will.
Such let my life assure me, when my breath
Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death ;
Which is the height of comfort, when I fall,
I rise triumphant in my funerall.

CLOATHS FOR CONTINUANCE.

THOSE garments lasting evermore,
 Are works of mercy to the poore ;
 Which neither tetter, time, or moth,
 Shall fray that silke, or fret this cloth.

TO GOD.

COME to me, God ; but do not come
 To me, as to the gen'ral doome,
 In power ; or come thou in that state,
 When thou thy lawes didst promulgate,
 When as the mountains quak'd for dread,
 And sullen clouds bound up his head.
 No, lay thy stately terrors by,
 To talke with me familiarly ;
 For if Thy thunder-claps I heare,
 I shall lesse swoone then die for fear.
 Speake thou of love, and I'le reply
 By way of Epithalamie ;
 Or sing of mercy, and I'le suit
 To it my violl and my lute.
 Thus let thy lips but love distill,
 Then come, my God, and hap what will.

THE SOULE.

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

THE JUDGEMENT-DAY.

IN doing justice, God shall then be known,
Who, shewing mercy here, few priz'd, or none.

SUFFERINGS.

WE merit all we suffer, and by far
More stripes then God layes on the sufferer.

PAIN AND PLEASURE.

GOD suffers not His saints and servants deere,
To have continual paine or pleasure here ;
But look how night succeeds the day, so He
Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

GOD'S PRESENCE.

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

ANOTHER.

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

THE POORE MAN'S PART.

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

THE RIGHT HAND.

GOD has a right hand, but is quite bereft
Of that, which we do nominate the left.

THE STAFFE AND ROD.

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

GOD SPARING IN SCOURGING.

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

CONFESSION.

CONFESSION two-fold is, as Austine sayes,
 The first of sin is, and the next of praise :
 If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse ;
 If well, then chant God's praise with cheerfulness.

GOD'S DESCENT.

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

NO COMING TO GOD WITHOUT CHRIST.

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

ANOTHER, TO GOD.

THOUGH thou beest all that active love,
 Which heats those ravisht soules above ;
 And though all joyes spring from the glance
 Of Thy most winning countenance ;

Yet sowre and grim Thou'dst seem to me,
If through my Christ I saw not Thee.

THE RESURRECTION.

THAT Christ did die, the Pagan saith ;
But that He rose, that's Christian's faith.

COHEIRES.

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

THE NUMBER OF TWO.

God hates the duall number ; being known
The lucklesse number of division ;
And when He blest each sev'rall day, whereon
He did His curious operation ;
'Tis never read there, as the Fathers say,
God blest his work done on the second day ;
Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,
Or by ourselves, or from the pulpit read.

HARDNING OF HEARTS.

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

THE ROSE.

BEFORE man's fall the Rose was born,
S. Ambrose sayes, without the thorn ;
But, for man's fault, then was the thorn,
Without the fragrant rose-bud, born ;
But ne're the rose without the thorn.

GOD'S TIME MUST END OUR TROUBLE.

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

BAPTISME.

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

GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE.

GOLD serves for tribute to the King ;
The frankincense for God's offering.

TO GOD.

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

THE CHEWING THE CUD.

WHEN well we speak, and nothing do that's good,
 We not divide the hoof, but chew the cud ;
 But when good words, by good works, have their proof,
 We then both chew the cud and cleave the hoof.

CHRIST'S TWOFOLD COMING.

THY former coming was to cure
 My soule's most desp'rate calenture ;
 Thy second advent, that must be
 To heale my earth's infirmitie.

TO GOD, HIS GIFT.

As my little pot doth boyle,
 We will keep this level-coyle ;
 That a wave, and I will bring
 To my God a heave offering.

GOD'S ANGER.

GOD can't be wrathful, but we may conclude,
Wrathful He may be by similitude ;
God's wrathful said to be, when He doth do
That without wrath, which wrath doth force us to.

GOD'S COMMANDS.

IN God's commands ne're ask the reason why ;
Let thy obedience be the best reply.

TO GOD.

IF I have plaid the truant, or have here
Fail'd in my part, O Thou that art my deare,
My mild, my loving tutor, Lord and God !
Correct my errors gently with thy rod.
I know that faults will many here be found,
But where sin dwells, there let thy grace abound.

TO GOD.

THE work is done ; now let my lawrell be
Given by none but by thyselfe to me ;
That done, with honour thou dost me create
Thy poet, and thy prophet lawreat.

GOOD FRIDAY ; REX TRAGICUS, OR CHRIST GOING
TO HIS CROSSE.

PUT off thy robe of purple ; then go on
 To the sad place of execution ;
 Thine houre is come, and the tormentor stands
 Ready to pierce thy tender feet and hands.
 Long before this the base, the dull, the rude,
 Th' inconstant, and unpurged multitude
 Yawne for thy coming ; some e're this time crie,
 How He deferres, how loath He is to die !
 Amongst this scumme, the souldier, with his speare,
 And that sowre fellow, with his vineger,
 His sponge, and stick, do ask why thou dost stay ?
 So do the skurfe and bran too. Go thy way,
 Thy way, thou guiltlesse man, and satisfie
 By thine approach, each their beholding eye.
 Not as a thief shalt thou ascend the mount,
 But like a person of some high account :
 The crosse shall be thy stage, and thou shalt there,
 The spacious field have for thy theater.
 Thou art that Roscius, and that markt-out man
 That must this day act the tragedian,
 To wonder and affrightment. Thou art He
 Whom all the flux of nations comes to see ;
 Not those poor theeves that act their parts with thee :
 Those act without regard, when once a King,
 And God, as thou art, comes to suffering.
 No, no, this scene from thee takes life and sense,
 And soule and spirit plot, and excellence.

Why then begin, Great King! ascend thy throne,
And thence proceed to act thy passion
To such an height, to such a period rais'd,
As hell, and earth, and heav'n may stand amaz'd.
God, and good angells guide thee, and so blesse
Thee in thy severall parts of bitterness ;
That those who see thee nail'd unto the tree
May, though they scorn thee, praise and pitie thee.
And we, thy lovers, while we see thee keep
The lawes of action, will both sigh and weep,
And bring our spices to embalme thee dead ;
That done, wee'l see thee sweetly buried.

HIS WORDS TO CHRIST, GOING TO THE CROSSE.

WHEN thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,
All thy disciples thee forsook and fled.
Let their example not a pattern be
For me to flie, but now to follow thee.

ANOTHER, TO HIS SAVIOUR.

IF thou beest taken, God forbid
I flie from thee, as others did ;
But if thou wilt so honour me,
As to accept my companie,
I'le follow thee, hap, hap what shall,
Both to the judge and judgment-hall ;

And if I see thee posted there,
 To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,
 I'le take my share, or els, my God,
 Thy stripes I'le kisse, or burn the rod.

HIS SAVIOUR'S WORDS, GOING TO THE CROSSE.

HAVE, have ye no regard, all ye
 Who passe this way, to pitie me,
 Who am a man of miserie !

A man both bruis'd and broke, and one
 Who suffers not here for mine own,
 But for my friend's transgression !

Ah ! Sion's daughters, do not feare
 The crosse, the cords, the nailes, the speare,
 The myrrhe, the gall, the vineger ;

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath
 Drunk up the wine of God's fierce wrath ;
 Onely, there's left a little froth,

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew,
 What bitter cups had been your due,
 Had He not drank them up for you.

HIS ANTHEM, TO CHRIST ON THE CROSSE.

WHEN I behold thee, almost slain,
With one and all parts full of pain ;
When I thy gentle heart do see
Pierc't through, and dropping bloud, for me,
I'le call and cry out, Thanks to thee.

Verse. But yet it wounds my soule to think
That for my sin thou, thou must drink,
Even thou alone, the bitter cup
Of furie and of vengeance up.

Chor. Lord, I'le not see thee to drink all
The vineger, the myrrhe, the gall ;

Ver. Chor. But I will sip a little wine,
Which done, Lord say, The rest is mine.

THIS CROSSE-TREE HERE
 DOTTH JESUS BEARE,
 WHO SWEET'NED FIRST
 THE DEATH ACCURS'T.

HERE all things ready are; make hast, make hast, away,
 For long this work wil be, and very short this day.
 Why then, go on to act; here's wonders to be done,
 Before the last least sand of thy ninth houre be run;
 Or e're dark clouds do dull or dead the mid-daye's sun.

Act when thou wilt,
 Bloud will be spilt;
 Pure balme, that shall
 Bring health to all.
 Why then, begin
 To powre first in
 Some drops of wine,
 In stead of brine,
 To search the wound,
 So long unsound;
 And, when that's done,
 Let oyle next run,
 To cure the sore
 Sinne made before.
 And, O deare Christ!
 E'en as Thou di'st,
 Look down and see
 Us weepe for Thee.
 And tho, love knows,
 Thy dreadfull woes
 Wee cannot ease;
 Yet doe Thou please,
 Who mercie art,
 T'accept each heart,
 That gladly would
 Helpe, if it could.
 Meane while let mee,
 Beneath this tree,
 This honour have,
 To make my grave.

TO HIS SAVIOUR'S SEPULCHER. HIS DEVOTION.

HAILE, holy and all-honour'd tomb,
By no ill haunted ; here I come,
With shoes put off, to tread thy roome.
I'le not prophane, by soile of sin,
Thy doore, as I do enter in ;
For I have washt both hand and heart,
This, that, and ev'ry other part ;
So that I dare, with farre lesse feare,
Then full affection, enter here.
Thus, thus I come to kisse thy stone
With a warm lip and solemne one ;
And as I kisse, I'le here and there
Dresse thee with flowrie diaper.
How sweet this place is ! as from hence
Flow'd all Panchaia's frankincense,
Or rich Arabia did commix
Here all her rare aromatics.
Let me live ever here, and stir
No one step from this sepulcher.
Ravisht I am ! and down I lie,
Confus'd in this brave extasie.
Here let me rest, and let me have
This for my heaven, that was thy grave ;
And, coveting no higher sphere,
I'le my eternitie spend here.

HIS OFFERING, WITH THE REST, AT THE
SEPULCHER.

To joyn with them who here confer
Gifts to my Saviour's sepulcher ;
Devotion bids me hither bring
Somewhat for my thank-offering.
Loe ! thus I bring a virgin-flower,
To dresse my maiden-Saviour.

HIS COMING TO THE SEPULCHER.

HENCE they have born my Lord ; behold ! the stone
Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.
Tell me, white angell, what is now become
Of Him we lately seal'd up in this tombe ?
Is He, from hence, gone to the shades beneath,
To vanquish hell, as here he conquer'd death ?
If so, I'll thither follow, without feare,
And live in hell, if that my Christ stayes there.

OF all the good things whatsoe're we do,
God is the ΑΡΧΗ, and the ΤΕΛΟΣ too.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME FIRST.

HESPERIDES.

	VOL. I. PAGE.
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE,	v
Dedication,	3
The argument of his book,	5
To his muse,	6
To his booke,	7
Another,	ib.
Another,	ib.
To the soure reader,	ib.
To his booke	8
When he would have his verses read,	ib.
Upon Julia's recovery,	ib.
To Silvia to wed,	9
The parliament of roses to Julia,	ib.
No bashfulnesse in begging,	10
The frozen heart,	ib.
To Perilla,	ib.
A song to the maskers,	11
To Perenna,	12
Treason,	ib.
Two things odious,	ib.
To his mistresses,	ib.

	VOL. I. PAGE.
The wounded heart,	13
No loathsomnesse in love,	ib.
To Anthea,	14
The weeping cherry,	ib.
Soft musick,	15
The difference betwixt kings and subjects,	ib.
His answer to a question,	ib.
Upon Julia's fall,	ib.
Expences exhaust,	16
Love, what it is,	ib.
Presence and absence,	ib.
No spouse but a sister,	ib.
The pomander bracelet,	17
The shooe-tying,	ib.
The carkanet,	ib.
His sailing from Julia,	18
How the wall-flower came first, and why so called,	ib.
Why flowers change colour,	19
To his mistresse, objecting to him neither toying or talking,	ib.
Upon the losse of his mistresses,	20
The dream,	ib.
The vine,	21
To love,	22
On himselfe,	ib.
Love's play at push-pin,	ib.
The rosarie,	23
Upon Cupid,	ib.
The parçæ; or, three dainty destinies. The armilet,	ib.
Sorrows succeed,	24
Cherry-pit,	ib.
To Robin Red-Brest,	ib.
Discontents in Devon,	25
To his paternall countrey,	ib.
Cherrie-ripe,	ib.
To his mistresses,	26
To Anthea,	ib.
The vision to Electra,	ib.
Dreames,	27
Ambition,	ib.
His request to Julia,	ib.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

iii

	VOL. I. PAGE.
Money gets the masterie,	27
The scar-fire,	28
Upon Silvia, a mistresse,	ib.
Cheerfulnesse in charitie ; or, the sweet sacrifice,	ib.
Once poore, still penurious,	29
Sweetnesse in sacrifice,	ib.
Steame in sacrifice,	ib.
Upon Julia's voice,	ib.
Againe,	30
All things decay and die,	ib.
The succession of the four sweet months,	ib.
No shipwrack of vertue. To a friend,	31
Upon his sister-in-law, Mistresse Elizab. Herrick,	ib.
Of love. A sonet,	ib.
To Anthea,	32
The rock of rubies, and the quarrie of pearls,	ib.
Conformitie,	33
To the king, upon his coming with his army into the west,	ib.
Upon roses,	ib.
To the King and Queene, upon their unhappy dis- tances,	34
Dangers wait on Kings,	ib.
The cheat of Cupid ; or, the ungentle guest,	ib.
To the reverend shade of his religious father,	36
Delight in disorder,	37
To his muse,	ib.
Upon love,	38
Dean-bourn, a rude river in Devon, by which some- times he lived,	ib.
Kissing usurie,	39
To Julia,	ib.
To laurels,	40
His Cavalier,	ib.
Zeal required in love,	41
The bag of the bee,	ib.
Love kill'd by lack,	42
To his mistresse,	ib.
To the generous reader,	ib.
To criticks,	43
Duty to tyrants,	ib.

	VOL. I. PAGE.
Being once blind, his request to Biancha,	43
Upon Blanch,	44
No want where there's little,	ib.
Barly-break ; or, last in hell,	ib.
The definition of beauty,	ib.
To Dianeme,	45
To Anthea, lying in bed,	ib.
To Electra,	46
A country life ; to his brother, M. Tho. Herrick,	ib.
Divination by a daffadil,	51
To the painter, to draw him a picture,	ib.
Upon Cuffe. Epig.	52
Upon Fone, a school-master. Epig.	ib.
A lyrick to mirth,	53
To the Earl of Westmerland,	ib.
Against love,	ib.
Upon Julia's riband,	54
The frozen zone ; or Julia disdainful,	ib.
An epitaph upon a sober matron,	55
To the patron of poets, M. End. Porter,	ib.
The sadnesse of things for Sapho's sicknesse,	ib.
Leander's obsequies,	56
Hope Heartens,	ib.
Foure things make us happy here,	ib.
His parting from Mrs Dorothy Keneday,	57
The teare sent to her from Stanes,	ib.
Upon one Lillie, who marryed with a maid called Rose,	59
An epitaph upon a child,	ib.
Upon Scobble. Epig.	ib.
The houre-glasse,	60
His farewell to sack,	ib.
Upon Glasco. Epig.	62
Upon Mrs Eliz. Wheeler, under the name of Ama- rillis,	ib.
The custard,	63
To Myrrha, hard-hearted,	ib.
The eye,	64
Upon the much lamented Mr J. Warr,	ib.
Upon Gryll,	65

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

v

	VOL I. PAGE.
The suspition upon his over-much familiarity with a gentlewoman,	65
Single life most secure,	66
The curse. A song,	67
The wounded Cupid. Song,	ib.
To dewes. A song,	68
Some comfort in calamity,	ib.
The vision,	ib.
Love me little, love me long,	69
Upon a virgin kissing a rose,	ib.
Upon a wife that dyed mad with jealousy,	70
Upon the Bishop of Lincolne's imprisonment,	ib.
Disswasions from idlenesse,	71
Upon Strut,	ib.
An epithalamie to Sir Thomas Southwell and his ladie,	72
Teares are tongues,	79
Upon a young mother of many children,	ib.
To Electra,	ib.
His wish,	80
His protestation to Perilla,	ib.
Love perfumes all parts,	ib.
To Julia,	81
On himselfe,	ib.
Vertue is sensible of suffering,	ib.
The cruell maid,	82
To Dianeme,	83
To the King, to cure the evill,	ib.
His misery in a mistresse,	84
Upon Jollie's wife,	85
To a gentlewoman, objecting to him his gray haire,	ib.
To cedars,	86
Upon Cupid,	ib.
How primroses came green,	ib.
To Jos. Lo. Bishop of Exeter,	87
Upon a black twist, rounding the arme of the Coun- tesse of Carlile,	ib.
On himselfe,	88
Upon Pagget,	ib.
A ring presented to Julia,	ib.
To the detracter,	89

	VOL. I. PAGE.
Upon the same,	90
Julia's petticoat,	ib.
To musick,	91
Distrust,	93
Corinna's going a maying,	ib.
On Julia's breath,	94
Upon a child. An epitaph,	ib.
A dialogue betwixt Horace and Lydia, translated anno 1627, and set by Mr Ro. Ramsey,	95
The captiv'd bee ; or, the little filcher,	96
Upon Prig,	97
Upon Batt,	ib.
An ode to Master Endymion Porter, upon his brother's death,	ib.
To his dying brother, Master William Herrick,	98
The olive branch,	99
Upon much-more. Epig.	100
To cherry-blossomes,	ib.
How lillies came white,	ib.
To pansies,	101
On gelli-flowers begotten,	ib.
The lilly in a christal,	102
To his booke,	104
Upon some women,	ib.
Supreme fortune falls soonest,	105
The welcome to sack,	ib.
Impossibilities to his friend,	108
Upon Luggs. Epig.	109
Upon Gubbs. Epig.	ib.
To live merrily, and to trust to good verses,	ib.
Faire dayes ; or, dawnes deceitfull,	111
Lips tonguelesse.	112
To the fever, not to trouble Julia,	ib.
To violets,	113
Upon Bunce. Epig.	114
To Carnations. A song,	ib.
To the virgins, to make much of time,	ib.
Safety to look to one's selfe,	115
To his friend, on the untuneable times,	ib.
His poetrie his pillar,	116
Safety on the shore,	117

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

vii

	VOL. I. PAGE.
A pastorall upon the birth of Prince Charles, presented to the King, and set by Mr Nic. Lanier,	117
To the lark,	119
The bubble. A song,	120
A meditation for his mistresse,	ib.
The bleeding hand; or, the sprig of eglantine given to a maid,	121
Lyrick for legacies,	122
A dirge upon the death of the Right Valiant Lord Bernard Stuart,	ib.
To Perenna, a mistresse,	123
Great boast, small rost,	ib.
Upon a blear-ey'd woman,	124
The fairie temple; or, Oberon's chappell. Dedicated to Mr John Merrifield, counsellor at law,	ib.
The temple,	ib.
To Mistresse Katharine Bradshaw, the lovely, that crowned him with laurel,	129
The plaudite, or end of life,	130
To the most vertuous Mistresse Pot, who many times entertained him,	ib.
To musique, to becalme his fever,	131
Upon a gentlewoman with a sweet voice,	132
Upon Cupid,	ib.
Upon Julia's breasts,	ib.
Best to be merry,	133
The changes. To Corinna,	ib.
No lock against letcherie,	134
Neglect,	ib.
Upon himselfe,	ib.
Upon a physitian,	ib.
Upon Sudds, a laundresse,	135
To the rose. Song.	ib.
Upon Guesse. Epig.	136
To his booke,	ib.
Upon a painted gentlewoman,	ib.
Upon a crooked maid,	ib.
Draw-gloves,	ib.
To musick, to becalme a sweet sick youth,	137
To the high and noble Prince George, Duke, Marquesse, and Earle of Buckingham,	ib.

	VOL. I. PAGE.
His recantation,	137
The coming of good luck,	138
The present ; or the bag of the bee,	ib.
On love,	139
The hock-cart, or harvest-home : To the Right Honourable, Mildmay, Earle of Westmorland,	ib.
The perfume,	141
Upon her voice,	ib.
Not to love,	ib.
To musick. A song,	142
To the western wind,	143
Upon the death of his sparrow. An elegie,	ib.
To primroses fill'd with morning dew,	144
How roses came red,	145
Comfort to a lady upon the death of her husband,	ib.
How violets came blew,	146
Upon Groynes. Epig.	ib.
To the willow-tree,	147
Mrs Eliz. Wheeler, under the name of the lost shepherdesse,	ib.
To the King,	148
To the Queene,	149
The poet's good wishes for the most hopefull and handsome prince, the Duke of Yorke,	ib.
To Anthea, who may command him any thing,	150
Prevision, or provision,	151
Obedience in subjects,	ib.
More potent, lesse peccant,	ib.
Upon a maid that dyed the day she was marryed,	ib.
Upon Pink, an ill-fac'd painter. Epig.	152
Upon Brock. Epig.	ib.
To meddowes,	ib.
Crosses,	153
Miseries,	ib.
Laugh and lie downe,	154
To his household gods,	ib.
To the Nightingale and Robin Red-brest,	ib.
To the yew and cypresse to grace his funerall,	ib.
I call and I call,	155
On a perfum'd lady,	ib.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ix

	VOL. I. PAGE.
A nuptiall song, or epithalamie on Sir Clipsey Crew and his lady,	156
The silken snake,	162
Upon himselfe,	ib.
Upon love,	163
Reverence to riches,	ib.
Devotion makes the Deity,	ib.
To all young men that love,	164
The eyes,	ib.
No fault in women,	ib.
Upon Shark. Epig.	165
Oberon's feast,	ib.
Event of things not in our power,	167
Upon her blush,	ib.
Merits make the man,	168
To virgins,	ib.
Vertue,	ib.
The Bell-man,	169
Bashfulnesse,	ib.
To the most accomplit gentleman, Master Edward Norgate, clark of the signet to his Majesty,	ib.
Upon Prudence Baldwin, her sicknesse,	170
To Apollo. A short hymne,	ib.
A hymne to Bacchus,	ib.
Upon Bungie,	171
On himselfe,	ib.
Casualties,	172
Bribes and gifts get all,	ib.
The end,	ib.
Upon a child that dyed,	ib.
Upon Sneape. Epig.	ib.
Content, not cates,	173
The entertainment; or, porch-verse, at the mar- riage of Mr. Hen. Northly, and the most witty Mrs. Lettice Yard,	173
The good-night, or blessing,	174
Upon Leech,	ib.
To daffadills,	ib.
To a maid,	175
Upon a lady that dyed in child-bed, and left a daugh- ter behind her,	ib.

VOL. II.

U

	VOL. I. PAGE.
A new yeare's gift sent to Sir Simeon Steward,	176
Mattens, or morning prayer,	178
Evensong,	ib.
The bracelet to Julia,	ib.
The Christian militant,	179
A short hymne to Larr,	ib.
Another to Neptune,	180
Upon Greedy. Epig.	ib.
His embalming to Julia,	ib.
Gold before goodnesse,	ib.
The kisse. A dialogue,	181
The admonition,	182
To his honoured kinsman, Sir William Soame. Epig.	ib.
On himselfe,	183
To Larr,	ib.
The departure of the good dæmon,	ib.
Clemency,	184
His age, dedicated to his peculiar friend, M. John Wickes, under the name of Posthumus,	ib.
A short hymne to Venus,	190
To a gentlewoman, on just dealing,	ib.
The hand and tongue,	ib.
Upon a delaying lady,	191
To the Lady Mary Villars, governesse to the Prin- cesse Henrietta,	ib.
Upon his Julia,	192
To flowers,	ib.
To my ill reader,	193
The power in the people,	ib.
A hymne to Venus and Cupid,	ib.
On Julia's picture,	ib.
Her bed,	194
Her legs,	ib.
Upon her almes,	ib.
Rewards,	ib.
Nothing new,	ib.
The rainbow,	195
The meddow verse, or anniversary to Mistris Brid- get Lowman,	ib.
The parting verse, the feast there ended,	ib.
Upon Judith. Epig.	196

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xi

	VOL. I. PAGE.
Long and lazie,	196
Upon Ralph. Epig.	ib.
To the Right Honourable Philip, Earle of Pembroke and Montgomerie,	197
An hymne to Juno,	ib.
Upon Mease. Epig.	198
Upon Sapho, sweetly playing and sweetly singing,	ib.
Upon Paske, a draper,	ib.
Chop-cherry,	ib.
To the most learned, wise, and arch-antiquary, M. John Selden,	199
Upon himself,	ib.
Upon wrinkles,	200
Upon Prigg,	ib.
Upon Moon,	ib.
Pray and prosper,	ib.
His lachrimæ, or mirth turn'd to mourning,	201
Upon Shift,	ib.
Upon Cuts,	202
Gain and gettings,	ib.
To the most fair and lovely Mistris Anne Soame, now Lady Abdie,	ib.
Upon his kinswoman, Mistris Elizabeth Herrick,	203
A panegyrick to Sir Lewis Pemberton,	204
To his Valentine, on S. Valentine's day,	208
Upon Doll. Epig.	209
Upon Skrew. Epig.	ib.
Upon Linnit. Epig.	ib.
Upon M. Ben Johnson. Epig.	ib.
Another,	210
To his nephew, to be prosperous in his art of paint- ing,	ib.
Upon Glasse. Epig.	ib.
A vow to Mars,	211
To his maid Prew,	ib.
A canticle to Apollo,	ib.
A just man,	212
Upon a hoarse singer,	ib.
How pansies or hart-ease came first,	ib.
To his peculiar friend, Sir Edward Fish, Knight Baronet,	213

	VOL. I. PAGE.
Larr's portion and the poet's part,	213
Upon man,	ib.
Liberty,	214
Lots to be liked,	ib.
Griefes,	ib.
Upon celes. Epig.	ib.
The dreame,	ib.
Upon Raspe. Epig.	215
Upon center, a spectacle-maker, with a flat nose,	ib.
Clothes do but cheat and cousen us,	ib.
To Dianeme,	216
Upon Electra,	ib.
To his booke,	ib.
Of love,	217
Upon himself,	ib.
Another,	ib.
Upon Skinns. Epig.	218
Upon Pievish. Epig.	ib.
Upon Jolly and Jilly. Epig.	ib.
The mad maid's song,	ib.
To springs and fountains,	219
Upon Julia's unlacing her self,	220
To Bacchus, a canticle,	ib.
The lawne,	221
The frankincense,	ib.
Upon Patrick, a footman. Epig.	ib.
Upon Bridget. Epig.	ib.
To sycamores,	ib.
A pastorall sung to the King,	222
The poet loves a mistresse, but not to marry,	224
Upon Flimsey. Epig.	225
Upon shewbread. Epig.	ib.
The willow garland,	ib.
A hymne to Clipsey Crew,	226
Upon roots. Epig.	227
Upon Crow,	ib.
Observation,	ib.
Empires,	228
Felicity, quick of flight,	ib.
Putrefaction,	ib.
Passion,	ib.
Jack and Jill,	ib.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xiii

	VOL. I. PAGE.
Upon Parson Beanes,	229
The crowd and company,	ib.
Short and long both likes,	ib.
Pollicie in princes,	ib.
Upon Rook. Epig.	ib.
Upon the nipples of Julia's breast,	230
To daisies, not to shut so soone,	ib.
To the little spinners,	231
Oberon's palace,	ib.
To his peculiar friend, Master Thomas Shapcoat, lawyer,	235
To Julia in the temple,	236
To Oenone,	ib.
His weaknesse in woes,	237
Fame makes us forward,	ib.
To groves,	ib.
An epitaph upon a virgin,	238
To the Right Gracious Prince, Lodwick, Duke of Richmond and Lenox,	ib.
To jealousie,	239
To live freely,	240
Upon Spunge. Epig.	ib.
His almes,	ib.
Upon himself,	241
To enjoy the time,	ib.
Upon love,	ib.
To the Right Honourable Mildmay, Earle of West- morland,	242
The plunder,	ib.
Littlenesse no cause of leannesse,	243
Upon one who said she was alwayes young,	ib.
Upon Huncks. Epig.	ib.
The jimmall ring; or, true-love-knot,	ib.
The parting verse, or charge to his supposed wife, when he travelled,	244
To his kinsman, Sir Tho. Soame,	247
To blossoms,	ib.
Man's dying-place uncertain,	248
Nothing free-cost,	ib.
Few fortunate,	ib.
To Perenna,	ib.

	VOL. I. PAGE.
To the ladies,	249
The old wives prayer,	ib.
Upon a cheape laundresse. Epig.	ib.
Upon his departure hence,	250
The wassaile,	ib.
Upon a lady faire, but fruitlesse,	252
How springs came first,	ib.
To rosemary and Baies,	253
Upon Skurffe,	ib.
Upon a scarre in a virgin's face,	ib.
Upon his eye-sight failing him,	ib.
To his worthy friend, M. Tho. Falconbridge,	ib.
Upon Julia's haire fill'd with dew,	254
Another on her,	ib.
Losse from the least,	255
Rewards and punishments,	ib.
Shame, no statist,	ib.
To Sir Clipsby Crew,	ib.
Upon himselfe,	256
Fresh cheese and cream,	257
An eclogue, or pastorall between Endimion Porter and Lycidas Herrick, set and sung,	ib.
To a bed of tulips,	259
A caution,	ib.
To the water nymphs drinking at the fountain,	260
To his honoured kinsman, Sir Richard Stone,	ib.
Upon a flie,	ib.
Upon Jack and Jill. Epig.	261
To Julia,	262
To Mistresse Dorothy Parsons,	ib.
Upon Parrat,	ib.
How he would drink his wine,	ib.
How marigolds came yellow,	263
The broken christall,	ib.
Precepts,	ib.
To the Right Honourable Edward Earle of Dorset,	ib.
Upon himself,	264
Hope well and have well; or, faire after foule weather,	ib.
Upon love,	265
To his kinswoman, Mrs Penelope Wheeler,	ib.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

XV

	VOL. I. PAGE.
Another upon her,	265
Kissing and bussing,	266
Crosse and pile,	ib.
To the Lady Crew, upon the death of her child,	ib.
His winding-sheet,	ib.
To Mistresse Mary Willand,	268
Change gives content,	ib.
Upon Magot, a frequenter of ordinaries,	ib.
On himselfe,	269
Fortune favours,	ib.
To Phillis, to love and live with him,	ib.
To his kinswoman, Mistresse Susanna Herrick,	271
Upon Mistresse Susanna Southwell, her cheeks,	272
Upon her eyes,	ib.
Upon her feet,	ib.
To his honoured friend, Sir John Mince,	273
Upon his gray haire,	ib.
Accusation,	ib.
Pride allowable in poets,	274
A vow to Minerva,	ib.
On Jone,	ib.
Upon Letcher. Epig.	ib.
Upon Dunbridge,	ib.
To Electra,	275
Discord not disadvantageous,	ib.
Ill government,	276
To marygolds,	ib.
To Dianeme,	ib.
To Julia, the flaminica dialis; or, queen-priest,	ib.
Anacreontike,	277
Meat without mirth,	278
Large bounds doe but bury us,	ib.
Upon Ursley,	ib.
An ode to Sir Clipsebie Crew,	ib.
To his worthy kinsman, Mr Stephen Soame,	280
To his tomb-maker,	ib.
Great spirits supervive,	281
None free from fault,	ib.
Upon himselfe being buried,	ib.
Pitie to the prostrate,	ib.
Way in a crowd,	ib.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	VOL. I. PAGE.
His content in the country,	282
The credit of the conqueror,	ib.
On himselfe,	283
Upon one-ey'd broomsted. Epig.	ib.
The fairies,	ib.
To his honoured friend, M. John Weare, councellour,	ib.
The watch,	285
Lines have their linings, and bookes their buckram,	ib.
Art above nature. To Julia,	ib.
Upon Sibilla,	286
Upon his kinswoman, Mistresse Bridget Herrick,	ib.
Upon love,	ib.
Upon a comely and curious maide,	287
Upon the losse of his finger,	ib.
Upon Irene,	ib.
Upon Electra's teares,	288
Upon Tooly,	ib.

 TABLE OF CONTENTS.

 VOLUME SECOND.

 HESPERIDES.

	VOL. II. PAGE.
A hymne to the graces,	5
To Silvia,	6
Upon Blanch. Epig.	ib.
Upon Umber. Epig.	ib.
The poet hath lost his pipe,	ib.
True friendship,	ib.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xvii

	VOL. II. PAGE.
The apparition of his mistresse calling him to Elizium,	7
Life is the bodies light,	9
Upon Urles. Epig.	ib.
Upon Franck,	10
Love lightly pleased,	ib.
The primrose,	ib.
The tythe. To the bride,	11
A frolick,	ib.
Change common to all,	ib.
To Julia,	ib.
No lucke in love.	12
In the darke none dainty,	ib.
A charme, or an allay for love,	13
Upon a free maid with a foule breath,	ib.
Upon Coone. Epig.	ib.
To his brother-in-law, Master John Wingfield,	ib.
The head-ake,	14
On himselfe,	ib.
Upon a maide,	15
Upon Spalt,	ib.
Of Horne, a comb-maker,	ib.
Upon the troublesome times,	ib.
Cruelty base in commanders,	16
Upon a sowre-breath lady. Epig.	ib.
Upon Lucia,	ib.
Little and loud,	17
Ship-wrack,	ib.
Paines without profit,	ib.
To his booke,	ib.
His prayer to Ben Johnson,	ib.
Poverty and riches,	18
Again,	ib.
The covetous still captives,	ib.
Lawes,	19
Of love,	ib.
Upon Cock,	ib.
To his muse,	ib.
The bad season makes the poet sad,	20
To Vulcan,	ib.
Like pattern, like people,	ib.

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Purposes,	21
To the maids to walk abroad,	ib.
His own epitaph,	22
A nuptiall verse to Mistresse Elizabeth Lee, now Lady Tracie,	23
The night-piece. To Julia,	ib.
To Sir Clipsey Crew,	24
Good luck not lasting,	ib.
A kisse,	ib.
Glorie,	ib.
Poets,	ib.
No despight to the dead,	ib.
To his verses,	26
His charge to Julia at his death,	ib.
Upon love,	27
The cobbler's catch,	ib.
Upon Bran. Epig.	ib.
Upon Snare, an usurer,	28
Upon grudgings,	ib.
Connubii Flores, or the well-wishes at weddings, To his lovely mistresses,	31
Upon love,	32
Upon Gander. Epig.	33
Upon Lungs. Epig.	ib.
The beggar to Mab, the fairie queen, An end decreed,	ib.
Upon a child,	ib.
Painting sometimes permitted,	35
Farewell frost, or welcome spring,	ib.
The hag,	36
Upon an old man, a residenciarie,	37
Upon teares,	ib.
Physitians,	ib.
The primitiæ to parents,	ib.
Upon Cob. Epig.	38
Upon Lucie. Epig.	ib.
Upon Skoles. Epig.	ib.
To Silvia,	ib.
To his closet gods,	ib.
A Bacchanalian verse,	39

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xix

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Long lookt for comes at last,	40
To youth,	ib.
Never too late to dye,	ib.
A hymne to the muses,	ib.
On himselfe,	41
Upon Jone and Jane,	ib.
To Momus,	ib.
Ambition,	42
The country life, to the honoured M. End. Porter, groome of the bed-chamber to his Maj.	ib.
To Electra,	45
To his worthy friend, M. Arthur Bartly,	ib.
What kind of mistresse he would have,	ib.
Upon Zelot,	46
The rosemarie branch,	ib.
Upon Madam Ursly. Epig.	ib.
Upon Crab. Epig.	47
A paranæticall, or advise verse, to his friend, M. John Wicks,	ib.
Once seen, and no more,	48
Love,	49
To M. Denham, on his prospective poem,	ib.
A hymne, to the lares,	ib.
Deniall in women no disheartening to men,	50
Adversity,	ib.
To fortune,	51
To Anthea,	ib.
Cruelties,	ib.
Perseverance,	52
Upon his verses,	ib.
Distance betters dignities,	ib.
Health,	ib.
To Dianeme. A ceremonie in Glocester,	ib.
To the King,	53
The funerall rites of the rose,	ib.
The rain-bow; or curious covenant,	54
The last stroke strikes sure,	ib.
Fortune,	ib.
Stool-ball,	55
To Sappho,	ib.

	VOL. II. PAGE.
On poet Prat. Epig.	55
Upon Tuck. Epig.	56
Biting of beggars,	ib.
The May-pole,	ib.
Men mind no state in sicknesse,	ib.
Adversity,	57
Want,	ib.
Griefe,	ib.
Love palpable,	ib.
No action hard to affection,	58
Meane things overcome mighty,	ib.
Upon Trigg. Epig.	ib.
Upon Smeaton,	ib.
The bracelet of pearle To Silvia,	ib.
How roses came red,	59
Kings,	ib.
First work, and then wages,	ib.
Teares and laughter,	ib.
Glory,	60
Possessions,	ib.
Laxare Fibulam,	ib.
His return to London,	ib.
Not every day fit for verse,	61
Poverty the greatest pack,	ib.
A beucolick, or discourse of neatherds,	62
True safety,	64
A prognostick,	ib.
Upon Julia's sweat,	ib.
Proof to no purpose,	65
Fame,	ib.
By use comes easinesse,	ib.
To the genius of his house,	66
His grange, or private wealth,	ib.
Good precepts, or counsell,	68
Money makes the mirth,	ib.
Up tailes all,	ib.
Upon Frank,	69
Upon Lucia dabled in the deaw,	ib.
Charon and Phylomel, a dialogue sung,	ib.
Upon Paul. Epig.	70

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xxi

	VOL. II. PAGE
Upon Sibb. Epig.	71
A ternarie of littles, upon a pipkin of jellies sent to a lady,	ib.
Upon the roses in Julia's bosom,	72
Maids nay's are nothing,	ib.
The smell of the sacrifice,	ib.
Lovers how they come and part,	ib.
To women, to hide their teeth, if they be rotten or rusty,	73
In praise of women,	ib.
The apron of flowers,	ib.
The candor of Julia's teeth,	74
Upon her weeping,	ib.
Another upon her weeping,	ib.
Delay,	ib.
To Sir John Berkley, governour of Exeter,	75
To Electra. Love looks for love,	ib.
Regression spoiles resolution,	76
Contention,	ib.
Consultation,	ib.
Love dislikes nothing,	ib.
Our own sinnes unseen,	77
No paines, no gaines,	ib.
Upon Slouch,	78
Vertue best united,	ib.
The eye,	ib.
To Prince Charles, upon his coming to Exeter,	ib.
A song,	79
Princes and favourites,	ib.
Examples, or like prince like people,	80
Potentates,	ib.
The wake,	ib.
The Peter-penny,	81
To Doctor Alablaster,	82
Upon his kinswoman, Mrs M. S.	ib.
Felicitie knowes no fence,	83
Death ends all woe,	ib.
A conjuration. To Electra,	ib.
Courage cool'd,	84
The spell,	ib.

	VOL. II. PAGE.
His wish to privacie,	85
A good husband,	ib.
A hymne to Bacchus,	86
Upon Pusse and her prentice. Epig.	87
Blame the reward of princes,	ib.
Clemency in kings,	ib.
Anger,	ib.
A Psalme, or hymne to the Graces,	ib.
An hymne to the Muses,	88
Upon Julia's clothes,	89
Moderation,	ib.
To Anthea,	ib.
Upon Prew, his maid,	90
The invitation,	ib.
Ceremonies for Christmasse,	91
Christmasse-eve, another ceremonie,	92
Another to the maids,	ib.
Another,	ib.
Power and peace,	93
To his deare valentine, Mistresse Margaret Falcon- brige,	ib.
To Oenone,	ib.
Verses,	ib.
Happinesse,	94
Things of choice, long a comming,	ib.
Poetry perpetuates the poet,	ib.
Upon Bice,	ib.
Upon Trencherman,	ib.
Kisses,	95
Orpheus,	ib.
Upon Comely, a good speaker, but an ill singer. Epig.	ib.
Any way for wealth,	96
Upon an old woman,	ib.
Upon Pearch. Epig.	ib.
To Sapho,	ib.
To his faithfull friend, Master John Crofts, cup-bear- er to the King,	97
The bride-cake,	ib.
To be merry,	98

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xxiii

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Buriall,	98
Lenitie,	ib.
Penitence,	ib.
Griefe,	ib.
The maiden-blush,	99
The meane,	ib.
Haste hurtfull,	ib.
Purgatory,	100
The cloud,	ib.
Upon Loach,	ib.
The amber bead,	ib.
To my dearest sister, M. Mercie Herrick,	101
The transfiguration,	ib.
Suffer that thou canst not shift,	102
To the passenger,	ib.
Upon Nodes,	ib.
To the King, upon his taking of Leicester,	103
To Julia, in her dawne, or day-breake,	ib.
Counsell,	104
Bad princes pill their people,	ib.
Most words, lesse workes,	ib.
To Dianeme,	ib.
Upon Tap,	105
His losse,	ib.
Draw and drinke,	ib.
Upon Punchin. Epig.	106
To Oenone,	ib.
Upon Blinks. Epig.	ib.
Upon Adam Peapes. Epig.	ib.
To Electra,	107
To Mistresse Amie Porter,	ib.
Upon a maide,	ib.
Upon love,	108
Beauty,	ib.
Upon love,	ib.
Upon Hanch, a schoolmaster. Epig.	ib.
Upon Peason. Epig.	109
To his booke,	ib.
Readinesse,	ib.
Writing,	ib.
Society,	110

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Upon a maid,	110
Satisfaction for sufferings,	ib.
The delaying bride,	ib.
To M. Henry Lawes, the excellent composer of his lyricks,	111
Age unfit for love,	ib.
The bed-man, or grave-maker,	112
To Anthea,	ib.
Need,	ib.
To Julia,	ib.
On Julia's lips,	113
Twilight,	ib.
To his friend Master J. Jincks,	ib.
On himselfe,	ib.
Kings and tyrants,	114
Crosses,	ib.
Upon love,	ib.
No difference i'th' dark,	115
The body,	ib.
To Sapho,	ib.
Out of time out of tune,	ib.
To his booke,	116
To his honoured friend Sir Thomas Heale,	ib.
The sacrifice, by way of discourse betwixt himselfe and Julia,	ib.
To Apollo,	117
On love,	ib.
Another,	ib.
An hymne to Cupid,	ib.
To Electra,	118
How his soule came ensnared,	ib.
Factions,	119
Kisses loathsome,	ib.
Upon Reape,	ib.
Upon Teage,	120
Upon Julia's haire bundled up in a golden net,	ib.
Upon Truggin,	ib.
The showre of blossomes,	ib.
Upon Spenke,	121
A defence of women,	ib.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

XXV

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Upon Lulls,	122
Slavery,	ib.
Charmes,	ib.
Another,	ib.
Another to bring in the witch,	ib.
Another charme for stables,	123
Ceremonies for Candlemasse eve,	ib.
The ceremonies for Candlemasse day,	124
Upon Candlemasse day,	ib.
Surfeits,	125
Upon Nis,	ib.
To Biancha, to blesse him,	ib.
Julia's churching, or purification,	ib.
To his book,	126
Teares,	127
To his friend, to avoid contention of words,	ib.
Truth,	ib.
Upon Prickles. Epig.	ib.
The eyes before the eares,	ib.
Want,	128
To a friend,	ib.
Upon M. William Lawes, the rare musitian,	ib.
A song upon Silvia,	ib.
The hony-combe,	129
Upon Ben Johnson,	ib.
An ode for him,	130
Upon a virgin,	ib.
Blame,	131
A request to the Graces,	ib.
Upon himselfe,	ib.
Multitude,	132
Feare,	ib.
To M. Kellam,	ib.
Happinesse to hospitalitie, or a hearty wish to good house-keeping,	133
Cunctation in correction,	134
Present government grievous,	ib.
Rest refreshes,	ib.
Revenge,	ib.
The first marrs or makes,	135

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Beginning, difficult,	135
Faith four-square,	ib.
The present time best pleaseth,	ib.
Cloathes are conspirators,	ib.
Cruelty,	ib.
Faire after foule,	136
Hunger,	ib.
Bad wages for good service,	ib.
The end,	ib.
The bondman,	ib.
Choose for the best,	137
To Silvia,	ib.
Faire shewes deceive,	ib.
His wish,	ib.
Upon Julia's washing herself in the river,	138
A meane in our meanes,	ib.
Upon Clunn,	ib.
Upon Cupid,	139
Upon Blisse,	ib.
Upon Burr,	140
Upon Megg,	ib.
An hymne to love,	ib.
To his honoured and most ingenious friend Mr Charles Cotton,	141
Women uselesse,	142
Love is a sirrup,	ib.
Leven,	ib.
Repletion,	143
On himselfe,	ib.
No man without money,	ib.
On himselfe,	ib.
To M. Leonard Willan, his peculiar friend,	ib.
To his worthy friend, M. John Hall, Student of Grayes-Inn,	144
To Julia,	145
To the most comely and proper M. Elizabeth Finch,	ib.
Upon Ralph,	ib.
To his booke,	146
To the King, upon his welcome to Hampton-Court. Set and sung,	ib.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xxvii

VOL. II. PAGE.

Ultimus Heroum ; or, to the most learned, and to the Right Honourable Henry, Marquesse of Dorchester,	147
To his muse. Another to the same,	ib.
Upon vineger,	ib.
Upon Mudge,	148
To his learned friend, M. Jo. Harmar, physitian to the Colledge of Westminster,	ib.
Upon his spaniell Tracie,	ib.
The deluge,	149
Upon Lupes,	ib.
Raggs, : :	ib.
Strength to support soveraignty,	150
Upon Tubbs,	ib.
Crutches,	ib.
To Julia,	151
Upon Case,	ib.
To Perenna,	ib.
To his sister in law, M. Susanna Herrick,	152
Upon the Lady Crew,	ib.
On Tomasin Parsons,	ib:
Ceremonie upon Candlemas eve,	ib.
Suspicion makes secure,	153
Upon Spokes,	ib.
To his kinsman, M. Tho. Herrick, who desired to be in his book,	ib.
A bucolick betwixt two ; Lacon and Thyrsis,	ib.
Upon Sapho,	155
Upon Faunus,	ib.
The quintell,	156
A Bacchanalian verse,	ib:
Care a good keeper,	ib.
Rules for our reach,	157
To Biancha,	ib.
To the handsome Mistresse Grace Potter,	ib.
Anacreontike,	158
More modest, more manly,	159
Not to covet much where little is the charge,	ib.
Anacreontick verse,	ib.
Upon Pennie,	ib.

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Patience in princes,	160
Feare gets force,	ib.
Parcell-gilt poetry,	ib.
Upon love, by way of question and answer,	ib.
To the Lord Hopton, on his fight in Cornwall,	161
His grange,	ib.
Leprosie in houses,	ib.
Good manners at meat,	162
Anthea's retractation,	ib.
Comforts in crosses,	ib.
Seeke and finde,	ib.
Rest,	163
Leprosie in cloathes,	ib.
Upon Buggins,	ib.
Great maladies, long medicines,	ib.
His answer to a friend,	164
The begger,	ib.
Bastards,	ib.
His change,	165
The vision,	ib.
A vow to Venus,	166
On his booke,	ib.
A sonnet of Perilla,	ib.
Bad may be better,	ib.
Posting to printing,	167
Rapine brings ruine,	ib.
Comfort to a youth that had lost his love,	ib.
Upon Boreman. Epig.	168
Saint Distaff's day; or, the morrow after Twelfth Day,	ib.
Sufferance,	169
His teares to Thamasis,	ib.
Pardons,	170
Peace not permanent,	ib.
Truth and errour,	ib.
Things mortall still mutable,	ib.
Studies to be supported,	171
Wit punisht prospers most,	ib.
Twelke Night, or King and Queene,	ib.
His desire,	172

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xxix

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Caution in councill,	173
Moderation,	ib.
Advice the best actor,	ib.
Conformity is comely,	ib.
Lawes,	ib.
The meane,	ib.
Like loves his like,	174
His hope or sheat-anchor,	ib.
Comfort in calamity,	ib.
Twilight,	ib.
False mourning,	ib.
The will makes the work, or consent makes the cure,	175
Diet,	ib.
Smart,	ib.
The tinker's song,	ib.
His comfort,	176
Sincerity,	ib.
To Anthea,	ib.
Nor buying or selling,	177
To his peculiar friend, M. Jo. Wicks,	ib.
The more mighty, the more mercifull,	178
After autumn, winter,	ib.
A good death,	ib.
Recompence,	ib.
On fortune,	ib.
To Sir George Parry, Doctor of the Civill Law,	179
Charmes,	ib.
Another,	ib.
Another,	180
Upon Gorgonius,	ib.
Gentlenesse,	ib.
A dialogue betwixt himselfe and Mistresse Eliza. Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis,	181
To Julia,	182
To roses in Julia's bosome,	ib.
To the honoured Master Endimion Porter,	ib.
Speake in season,	183
Obedience,	ib.
Another of the same,	ib.
Of love,	ib.
Upon Trap,	184

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Upon Grubs,	184
Upon Dol,	ib.
Upon Hog,	ib.
The school or perl of Putney, the mistresse of all singular manners, Mistresse Portman,	185
To Perenna,	186
On himselfe,	ib.
On love,	ib.
Another on love,	ib.
Upon Gut,	ib.
Upon Chub,	187
Pleasures pernicious,	ib.
On himself,	ib.
To M. Laurence Swetnaham,	ib.
His covenant or protestation to Julia,	188
On himselfe,	ib.
To the most accomplit gentleman, Master Mi- chael Oulsworth,	189
To his girles, who would have him sportfull,	ib.
Truth and falsehood,	ib.
His last request to Julia,	ib.
On himselfe,	190
Upon kings,	ib.
To his girles,	ib.
Upon Spur,	ib.
To his brother, Nicolas Herrick,	191
The voice and violl,	ib.
Warre,	192
A king and no king,	ib.
Plots not still prosperous,	ib.
Flatterie,	ib.
Upon Rumpe,	ib.
Upon Shopter,	ib.
Upon Deb,	193
Excesse,	ib.
Upon Croot,	ib.
The soule is the salt,	ib.
Upon Flood, or a thankful man,	ib.
Upon Pimpe,	194
Upon Luske,	ib.
Foolishnesse,	ib.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xxxī

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Upon Rush,	194
Abstinence,	ib.
No danger to men desperate,	195
Sauce for sorrowes,	ib.
To Cupid,	ib.
Distrust,	ib.
The hagg,	ib.
The mount of the muses,	196
On himselfe,	ib.
To his booke,	197
The end of his worke,	ib.
To crowne it,	ib.
On himselfe,	ib.
The pillar of Fame,	198

HIS NOBLE NUMBERS.

His confession,	201
His prayer for absolution,	ib.
To finde God,	202
What God is,	203
Upon God,	ib.
Mercy and love,	ib.
God's anger without affection,	ib.
God not to be comprehended,	ib.
God's part,	204
Affliction,	ib.
Three fatall sisters,	ib.
Silence,	ib.
Mirth,	ib.
Loading and unloading,	205
God's mercy,	ib.

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Prayers must have poise,	205
To God ; an anthem sung in the chappell at White- hall, before the King,	ib.
Upon God,	206
Calling and correcting,	ib.
No escaping the scourging,	ib.
The rod,	ib.
God has a twofold part,	207
God is one,	ib.
Persecutions profitable,	ib.
To God,	ib.
Whips,	208
God's providence,	ib.
Temptation,	ib.
His ejaculation to God,	ib.
God's gifts not soone granted,	209
Persecutions purifie,	ib.
Pardon,	ib.
An ode of the birth of our Saviour,	ib.
Lip-labour,	211
The heart,	ib.
Eare-rings,	ib.
Sin seen,	ib.
Upon time,	ib.
His petition,	212
To God,	ib.
His letanie, to the Holy Spirit,	213
Thanksgiving,	215
Cock-crow,	ib.
All things run well for the righteous,	ib.
Paine ends in pleasure,	ib.
To God,	ib.
A thanksgiving to God, for his house,	216
To God,	218
Another to God,	ib.
None truly happy here,	219
To his ever-loving God,	ib.
Another,	220
To death,	ib.
Neutrality loathsome,	221
Welcome what comes,	ib.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xxxiii

	VOL. II. PAGE.
To his angrie God,	221
Patience, or comforts in crosses,	222
Eternitie,	ib.
To his Saviour, a child ; a present, by a child,	223
The New-Yeere's gift,	224
To God,	ib.
God and the King,	ib.
God's mirth, man's mourning,	ib.
Honours are hindrances,	225
The parasceve, or preparation,	ib.
To God,	ib.
A will to be working,	226
Christ's part,	ib.
Riches and poverty,	ib.
Sobriety in search,	227
Almes,	ib.
To his conscience,	ib.
To his Saviour,	228
To God,	ib.
His dreame,	ib.
God's bounty,	229
To his sweet Saviour,	ib.
His creed,	ib.
Temptations,	230
The lamp,	ib.
Sorrows,	ib.
Penitence,	231
The dirge of Jephthah's daughter. Sung by the virgins,	ib.
To God, on his sicknesse,	234
Sins loath'd, and yet lov'd,	ib.
Sin,	235
Upon God,	ib.
Faith,	ib.
Humility,	ib.
Teares,	ib.
Sin and strife,	236
An ode, or Psalm to God,	ib.
Graces for children,	237
God to be first serv'd,	ib.

	VOL. I. PAGE.
Another grace for a child,	237
A Christmas caroll, sung to the King in the presence at Whitehall,	238
The New Yeere's gift, or circumcision's song, sung to the King in the presence at White-hall,	239
Another New-Yeere's gift, or song for the circumcision,	241
God's pardon,	242
Sin,	ib.
Evill,	ib.
The star-song; a caroll to the King. Sung at Whitehall,	243
To God,	244
To his deere God,	ib.
To God, his good will,	245
On heaven,	ib.
The summe, and the satisfaction,	246
Good men afflicted most,	247
Good Christians,	ib.
The will the cause of woe,	ib.
To Heaven,	248
The recompence,	ib.
To God,	ib.
To God,	249
His wish to God,	ib.
Satan,	250
Hell,	ib.
The way,	ib.
Great grieffe, great glory,	ib.
Hell,	251
The bell-man,	ib.
The goodnesse of his God,	ib.
The widdowe's teares; or, dirge of Dorcas,	252
To God, in time of plundering,	255
To his Saviour. The New Yeer's gift,	256
Doomes-day,	ib.
The poore's portion,	ib.
The White Island; or place of the blest,	257
To Christ,	258
To God,	ib.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

XXXV

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Free welcome,	258
God's grace,	259
Coming to Christ,	ib.
Correction,	ib.
God's bounty,	ib.
Knowledge,	ib.
Salutation,	ib.
Lasciviousnesse,	260
Teares,	ib.
God's blessing,	ib.
God and Lord,	ib.
The judgment-day,	261
Angells,	ib.
Long life,	ib.
Teares,	ib.
Manna,	ib.
Reverence,	262
Mercy,	ib.
Wages,	ib.
Temptation,	ib.
God's hands,	ib.
Labour,	263
Mora sponsi, the stay of the bridegroom,	ib.
Roaring,	ib.
The eucharist,	ib.
Sin severely punisht,	ib.
Montes scripturarum, the mounts of the scriptures,	264
Prayer,	ib.
Christ's sadnesse,	ib.
God heares us,	ib.
God,	265
Clouds,	ib.
Comforts in contentions,	ib.
Heaven,	ib.
God,	ib.
His power,	ib.
Christ's words on the crosse, " My God, my God,"	266
Jehovah,	ib.
Confusion of face,	ib.
Another,	ib.
Beggars,	ib.

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Good and bad,	267
Sin,	ib.
Martha, Martha,	ib.
Youth and age,	ib.
God's power,	ib.
Paradise,	ib.
Observation,	268
The asse,	ib.
Observation,	ib.
Tapers,	269
Christ's birth,	ib.
The Virgin Mary,	ib.
Another,	ib.
God,	ib.
Another of God,	270
Another,	ib.
God's presence,	ib.
God's dwelling,	ib.
The Virgin Mary,	ib.
To God,	271
Upon woman and Mary,	ib.
North and south,	ib.
Sabbaths,	ib.
The fast, or Lent,	272
Sin,	ib.
God,	ib.
This, and the next world,	ib.
Ease,	ib.
Beginnings and endings,	273
Temporall goods,	ib.
Hell fire,	ib.
Abel's bloud,	ib.
Another,	274
A position in the Hebrew Divinity,	ib.
Penitence,	ib.
God's presence,	ib.
The resurrection possible and probable,	275
Christ's suffering,	ib.
Sinners,	ib.
Temptations,	ib.
Pittie and punishment,	ib.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xxxvii

	VOL. II. PAGE.
God's price and man's price,	276
Christ's action,	ib.
Predestination,	ib.
Another,	ib.
Sin,	277
Another,	ib.
Another,	ib.
Prescience,	ib.
Christ,	ib.
Christ's incarnation,	278
Heaven,	ib.
God's keyes,	ib.
Sin,	ib.
Almes,	ib.
Hell fire,	279
To keep a true lent,	ib.
No time in eternitie,	280
His meditation upon death,	ib.
Cloaths for continuance,	282
To God,	ib.
The soule,	283
The judgement-day,	ib.
Sufferings,	ib.
Paine and pleasure,	ib.
God's presence,	ib.
Another,	284
The poore man's part,	ib.
The right hand,	ib.
The staffe and rod,	ib.
God sparing in scourging,	ib.
Confession,	285
God's descent,	ib.
No coming to God without Christ,	ib.
Another, to God,	ib.
The resurrection,	286
Coheires,	ib.
The number of two,	ib.
Hardning of hearts,	ib.
The rose,	287
God's time must end our trouble,	ib.
Baptisme,	ib.

xxxviii TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	VOL. II. PAGE.
Gold and frankincense,	287
To God,	288
The chewing the cud,	ib.
Christ's twofold coming,	ib.
To God, his gift,	ib.
God's anger,	289
God's commands,	ib.
To God,	ib.
To God,	ib.
Good Friday; rex tragicus, or Christ going to his crosse,	290
His words to Christ, going to the crosse,	291
Another, to his Saviour,	ib.
His Saviour's words, going to the crosse,	292
His anthem, to Christ on the crosse,	293
The cross-tree,	294
To his Saviour's sepulcher. His devotion,	295
His offering, with the rest, at the sepulcher,	296
His coming to the sepulcher,	ib.

END OF TABLE OF CONTENTS.



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