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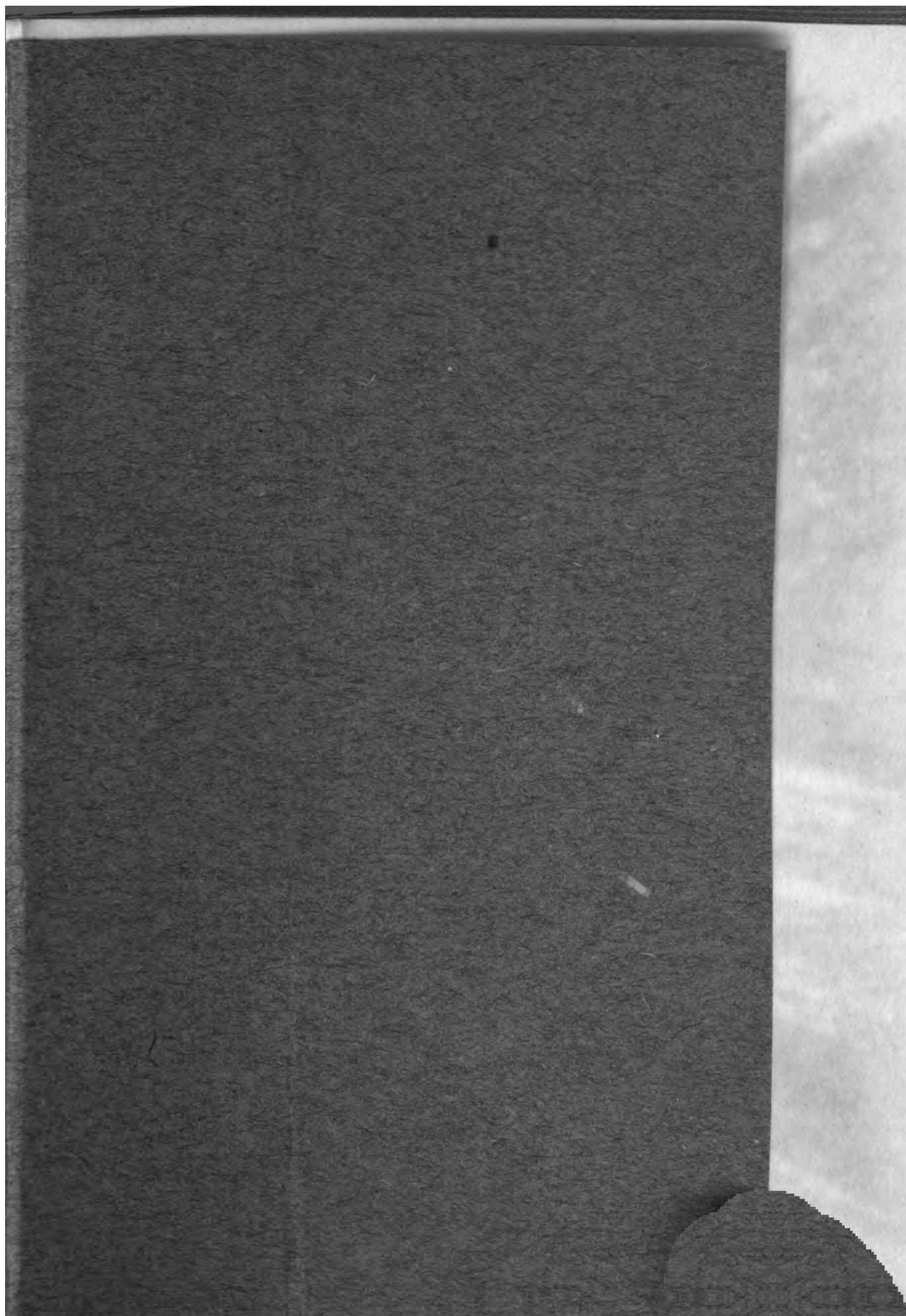
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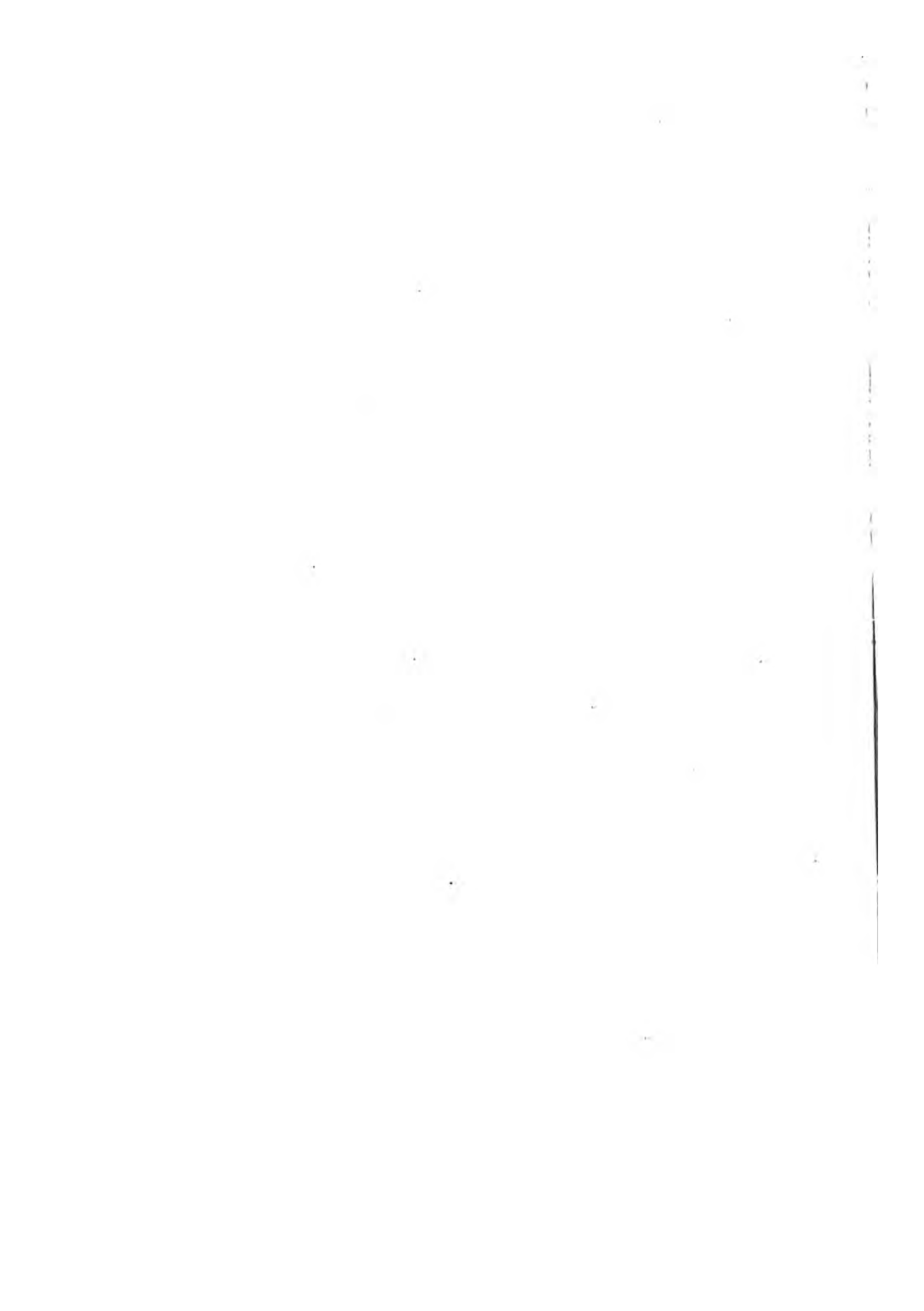
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HERRICK



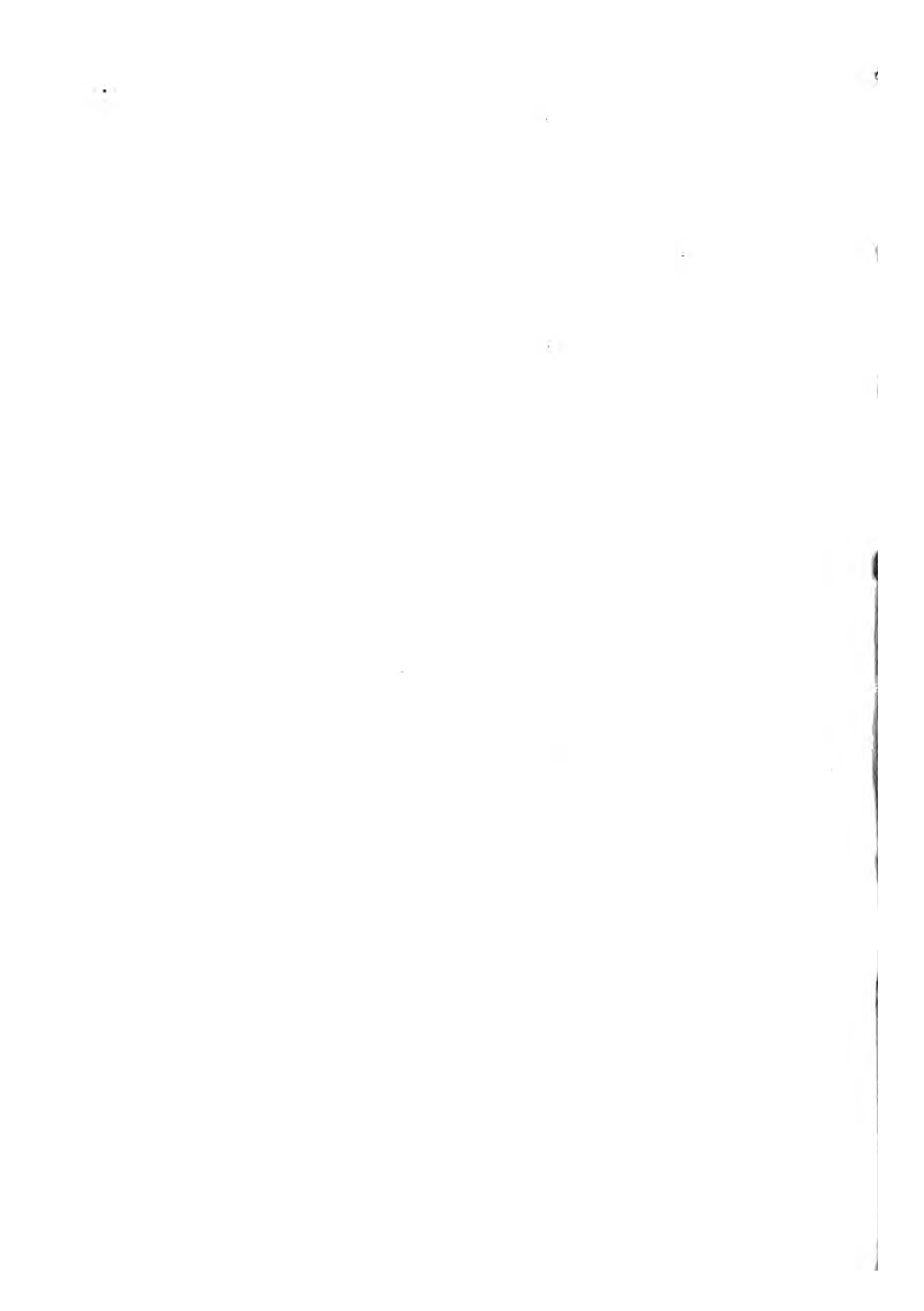
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The Golden Poets

EDITED BY OLIPHANT SMEATON

HERRICK

SELECTED AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

CANON HENRY C. BEECHING

FRONTISPIECE AND VIGNETTE TITLE BY A. S. HARTRICK
COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH STANHOPE FORBES



Robert Herrick.



POEMS OF
HERRICK

*Selected & with an
Introduction by*

The Rev. Canon Beeching DD.



EDINBURGH
T. & E. C. JACK



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INTRODUCTION

THE few facts that we know about the life of Robert Herrick can be very briefly stated. Genealogy.

He came of an ancient Leicestershire family, whose pedigree may be read in Nichols's 'History and Antiquities' of that county. His godfather and uncle, Robert Herrick, after whom he was named, was a wealthy citizen of Leicester, three times mayor, and member of Parliament for the borough, who, probably for the sake of distinguishing his own branch of the family, obtained from Heralds' College the grant of a new crest to be borne with the ancient shield of his house.¹ Robert's brother, Nicholas, settled as a goldsmith in Cheapside; married in 1582 a Miss Julia Stone, of a Bedfordshire family, whose sister had married Sir Stephen Soame, afterwards Lord Mayor, and on the 24th August 1591 took the future poet to be baptized at St. Vedast's, in Foster Lane. The next year he died by a fall from a window. For reasons which are not

¹ This is figured in Nichols's 'Leicestershire,' ii. 2.

School-days.

given, but perhaps because his will was found to be dated on the day of his death, there was a suspicion of suicide ; and the Lord High Almoner claimed by right of his office the goods and chattels of the deceased. In the event he obtained £220 in satisfaction of his claim. It has been thought probable, from a reference in 'His tears to Thamesis,' that Herrick was educated at Westminster School. He says—

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

But the age of sentiment for a man's school-days was not yet, and by Westminster Herrick intends the Court at Whitehall. In the lines to the Lady Mary Villiers he prefers her above all the 'sweets of Westminster.' Still if Herrick can be shown not to have gone to St. Paul's school, or Merchant Taylors', or Christ's Hospital, the probability would be that he was at Westminster, for certainly he had received a good classical education. Many day-boys were admitted at that period from the City of London. Moreover, several of the poems are addressed to persons connected with the Abbey, and one of the two to Dean Williams, a New Year's Carol, reads as though

it had been written for the boys to sing as a welcome on his return from the Tower. Bio-
graphy.

At sixteen years old Herrick was apprenticed to his uncle William, who, like his father, was a goldsmith ; but when he came of age, finding the Muses 'more golden than gold,' he went up to Cambridge as a fellow-commoner of St. John's, presently migrating to Trinity Hall, where he took the usual degrees in arts. We do not know at what time he determined upon the profession of a clergyman ;—at Cambridge he seems to have read law ;—nor do we know when he took orders. All the letters that survive are appeals to his guardian for advances of money from his patrimony. In 1627 we find him chaplain to Buckingham's expedition to the Isle of Rhé, and two years later he was presented by the King to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devon. There he remained until, in 1648, he was ejected by the Commonwealth, when he came to London and published his *Hesperides* ; 'Hesperides.' thither he returned when the King enjoyed his own again ; and there, on October 15, 1674, he was buried. He was thus thirty-eight years old when he went to his living, fifty-seven when he printed his book, seventy-one when he returned to Devonshire, and eighty-three when he died.

The chief interest of these memoranda lies in

**Chrono-
logy of the
Poems.**

what suggestion they can offer for the chronology of the poems. The *Hesperides*, as Herrick sent it to press, is in two parts, secular and sacred, the latter having a separate pagination and a separate title, *Noble Numbers*, though *Hesperides* is the title of the whole book. But beyond this division the book has as little method as possible, and the arrangement of the poems affords of itself no clue to their dates. Commentators who have had respect to Herrick's profession have conjectured that the best of the secular verse was written before 1629, when he accepted the charge of his Devonshire parish, and the conjecture is on other grounds plausible enough. We know that after leaving Cambridge Herrick lived in London, was much at Court, and was a friend and disciple of Ben Jonson. He tells in his well-known Ode of

‘ Those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun,
Where *we* such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad.’

Moreover, a poet may be reasonably expected to write the bulk of his love-poems before he is forty. There is also direct evidence pointing to this conclusion. In a poem called ‘His Farewell unto Poetry,’ written in immediate view of taking Orders, he says to the Muse—

'I my desires screw from thee, and direct
Them and my thoughts to that sublim'd respect
And conscience unto priesthood.'

**Chrono-
logy of the
Poems.**

And in one of the poems written in contempt of Devonshire, he says, in mitigation of his discontent—

'I must confess
I ne'er invented such
Ennobled members for the press
Than where I loathed so much ;'

which seems to claim the *Noble Numbers* as the chief product of his country retirement. But, on the other hand, there are evidences that the 'Farewell unto Poetry' must not be construed without some regard to poetical licence. The Civil War poems and the descriptions of the poet's life in the country are obviously later than the 'Farewell' and the banishment. Then there are a series of poems dedicated to the memory of Ben Jonson, who did not die till 1637, when Herrick had been eight years at Dean Prior. His 'Prayer to Ben Jonson'—

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

looks as if his vow of renunciation had been altogether forgotten. And when a poet, taking leave of the Secular Muse, compares himself to Orpheus looking back with dotting eyes upon

**Qualities
of Verse.**

Eurydice, we do not anticipate that the vow is to be interpreted with rigour, any more than when we find among his poems a lyric opening 'I'll sing no more,' we necessarily place it the last of the series. Mr. Pollard, than whom Herrick has found no more learned and judicious editor, would date the last, and on the whole worst, six hundred of the poems later than the migration to Devonshire, on the ground that there are no manuscript versions of these, as there would have been if they had been written in town, and as there are of the others; and, speaking roughly, for there are obviously early poems among those last printed, this may very well be the fact. A poem called 'His Lacrymæ' seems to acknowledge that the poet himself preferred the verses written before his 'banishment into the loathed west.' The conclusion, then, seems to be that, if it is desirable to regard any poem among the first five hundred as a juvenile work, we have ample warrant for doing so; but, otherwise, we need not much concern ourselves with a division into early and late.

Let me now endeavour to enumerate a few of the qualities of Herrick's verse that must strike any competent reader. The first is his concreteness. He moves about in a world which is very real, and which he thoroughly realises. Even his flights of fancy do not take him far from

home. His loves are all substantial ladies in heavy silks ; his pastures are full of fat cattle ; even the dew-drops on his flowers are full-bodied. In a certain degree this concreteness is a poetical virtue, being allied to simplicity ; but in Herrick it is not relieved by any intellectual interest. A second noticeable feature is the skill with which this concrete world is represented. Every artist is always labouring to express what is in fact inexpressible ; to convey, somewhat more adequately than his predecessors have succeeded in conveying it, the impression that things make upon him. And Herrick is an artist to the finger-tips ; his poetry is full of experiments and successes. It is interesting and instructive, in turning his pages, to see how he came back and back to the same theme ; trying the same thought in different metres, trying the same effective word in a different place in the line, and so on.

Here are a few examples of doublets. In the *Hesperides* he has two epigrams upon *Love* ; one is—

‘ Love is a circle and an endless sphere,
From good to good revolving here and there ;’

the other—

‘ Love is a circle that doth restless move
In the same sweet eternity of love.’

Rhyth-
mical
deftness.

Plainly these are two attempts to express the same idea, both of which seemed to the poet worth preserving. The same may be said of the two epigrams upon sacrifice. One is called 'Cheerfulness in Charity, or The Sweet Sacrifice,' the other 'Sweetness in Sacrifice.'

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

'Tis not greatness they require
To be offered up by fire ;
But 'tis sweetness that doth please
Those eternal essences.'

His various poems, again, upon Music are interesting less for their ideas than for the various skill with which he plays with such words as 'charm' and 'enchant,' 'strike' and 'stroke.' We may compare, too, his two attempts after Horace's *Fortem et tenacem* :

'Tumble me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruins, smiling yet ;
Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be
Patient in my necessity.
Laugh at my scraps of clothes, and shun
Me, as a fear'd infection,
Yet, scare-crow-like, I'll walk as one
Neglecting thy derision.'

His second attempt was far more brilliant a success :

' Give me a man that is not dull,
 When all the world with rifts is full;
 But unamazed dares clearly sing,
 Whenas the roof's a-tottering :
 And, though it falls, continues still
 Tickling the cittern with his quill.'

**Success in
 difficult
 descrip-
 tion.**

I suppose every one would admit that Herrick's description of the movement of a silk dress, in its appeal to eye and ear, was in its time a novelty, and must rank as a success :

' Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
 Then, then, methinks how sweetly flows
 The liquefaction of her clothes.
 Next, when I cast my eyes and see
 That brave vibration, each way free,
 O ! how that glittering taketh me.'

For another example of success in difficult description, we may take a poem, 'The Lily in a Crystal,' which he seems to have considered his masterpiece ; for in the Ode to Mr. John Wickes, forecasting his old age, he says of his imaginary son :

' Then shall he read that flower of mine
 Enclosed within a crystal shrine.'

The poem is not one of those that modern anthologists select to represent Herrick by, for its subject is not, at any rate to the male mind, specially interesting or remarkable. It is that veils do not interfere with female beauty, but, on the contrary, augment it, and this fact of observation is illustrated from the superior

Concrete
presenta-
tion.

attractiveness of a lily in a crystal, of cherries in a glass, of cream with strawberries added, and so forth. But Herrick was quite right as to the merit of the poem as an adequate expression of what he set himself to express.

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

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

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

It must be allowed that the treatment here is too elaborate for the smallness of the idea, and this is a fault of which the general reader

is a very stern judge. He will be better pleased with the perfect balance between motive and expression in such a masterpiece in miniature as the lines 'To Electra':

**Balance
between
motive
and ex-
pression.**

'I dare not ask a kiss,
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
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee.'

Or the still more exquisite *dizain* 'To Dianeme':

'Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
Which, starlike, sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives, yours yet free;
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the love-sick air:
Whenas that ruby which you wear
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of beauty's gone.'

As an element in this sincerity of expression we notice Herrick's extraordinary freshness, the cleanness of his colour. In the 'Epithalamy on Sir Clipsey Crew' he speaks of

'A savour like unto a blessed field
When the bedabbled morn
Washes the golden ears of corn.'

Every artist gets his effects in ways peculiar to himself, and Herrick no less has his own

**Herrick's
methods.**

methods. That word 'bedabbled' is one of his peculiar uses; and he has other tricks of vocabulary that are effective enough. His early training as a goldsmith comes out in his frequent use of such words as 'tinsel' and 'enamel.'

'All the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew
Like morning sunshine tinselling the dew.
Here in green meadows sits eternal May
Purfling the margents, while perpetual day
So double gilds the air, as that no night
Can ever rust th' enamel of the light.'

Other peculiarities are his Latinisms, like 'candour' and 'pullulate,' and the extraordinary compounds he creates with the prepositions *inter-* and *circum-*. He refers to his friend Mr. Shapcott's soul as his 'circummortal part'; and speaks of 'daisy rings' as being 'interplaced with ribbonings.' A more conspicuous peculiarity of method is his frequent *naïveté*, an almost childish directness and simplicity, by which he at any rate avoids, what all poetry at all costs must avoid, being commonplace. A good and effective example is the 'long white egg' of 'His Grange.' 'Speak, whimp'ring younglings,' he says to the dewy primroses; and he makes his child say for a grace:

'Here a little child I stand
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee.'

The 'Thanksgiving to God for his House' is **Metrical skill.** the most perfect of the poems written in this naïve manner. A part of the same caprice is his passion for diminutives, both in words and things. One poem is called 'A Ternary of Littles'; many are written in diminutive lines like Swift's Liliputian Ode, and the poet coins at will forms like 'quarrelet, zonulet, pipkinet, shepherdling, disposeress.' This *naïveté* is allied to his humour, a quality that pervades much of his writing, even when the intention is not directly humorous; as it is in such poems as 'The Invitation,' or 'A Hymn to Bacchus.'

It remains to notice his masterly skill in the use of metre. In this he was the pupil of Ben Jonson; and certain of his metres, such as that of the famous 'Night-piece to Julia,' and the common form of his Epode in ten and six, or ten and eight, he borrowed from the master. From him also he learned the habit of interjecting lines of two syllables amongst verses of greater length. But it must be admitted that in the variety and success of his experiments he left Jonson far behind. It is interesting, for the sake of observing his rhythmical skill, to compare two poems that he wrote upon the immortality of his verses. The metres are not so very different, but in effect they are poles apart; the one being

**Metrical
skill.**

as brisk and lively as the spring, the other slow
and meditative and melancholy.

‘ Now is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek or tongue be dumb ;
For with the flowery earth
The golden pomp is come.

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

Now reigns the rose, and now
Th’ Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrolled brow
And my retorted hairs.

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

As a contrast to this, observe the infinite skill
with which the pace is slackened in the follow-
ing—

‘ Only a little more
I have to write,
Then I’ll give o’er,
And bid the world good-night.

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

INTRODUCTION

xxxi

O Time, thou cut'st down all !
And scarce leav'st here
Memorial
Of any men that were.

**True
rhyth-
mical
genius.**

Pillars let some set up,
If so they please :
Here is my hope
And my Pyramides.'

But one need only think of any of the better-known songs, 'Gather ye Rosebuds,' 'Welcome, Maids of Honour,' 'Ye have been Fresh and Green,' to see the rhythmical genius of the poet. In each of them the metre fits like a skin. A poem, less well known than it deserves, called 'Comfort to a Youth that had Lost his Love,' shows how skilfully Herrick could move even in a metre of only two feet—

'What needs complaints
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints ?
In endless mirth
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth.

She sees no tears,
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears ;
Nor does she mind
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind.

**Classifi-
cation of
Poems.**

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

Having said so much about manner, it is time to devote a little attention to what may be considered the more important subject of the poet's matter. He gives a fairly complete list of his topics in the opening verses of the *Hesperides*; but it will be sufficient here to divide the poems into the three classes of Nature, of Love, and of Religion.

The poems of Nature open with one of some eighty odd lines to his brother Thomas upon 'A Country Life.' Thomas Herrick had moved into the country when Robert was not more than eighteen, and the poem belongs to that period. It is mainly interesting as a somewhat painful study after Ben Jonson; but it has a few phrases that were to become part of the poet's stock-in-trade, such as 'white' used in the sense of lucky, and 'Lar' used for household; and there is one passage that foreshows the Herrick whom we have come to know.

' Yet can thy humble roof maintain a choir
Of singing crickets by the fire :

And the brisk mouse may feast herself with crumbs
 Till that the green-eyed kitten comes,
 Then to her cabin blest she can escape
 The sudden danger of a rape.'

Poems of
 Nature.

The next long poem upon the same subject shows a vast improvement. It is inscribed "To the honoured M. End. Porter, Groom of the Bedchamber to his Majesty," and is written in the octosyllabic couplet. As one reads it, one sees that it was not for nothing that Herrick had turned country parson.

'When now the cock (the ploughman's horn)
 Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
 Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know
 That the best compost for the lands
 Is the wise master's feet and hands.
 Then at the plough thou find'st thy team
 With a hind whistling there to them;
 And cheer'st them up by singing how
 The kingdom's portion is the plough.
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
 Unto the dewlaps up in meat.
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
 Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
 And find'st their bellies there as full
 Of short sweet grass as backs with wool,
 And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
 A shepherd piping on a hill.'

Even fuller of the country spirit and of the detail of country life is 'The Hock-cart, or Harvest Home,' also written in octosyllables; and then there is the famous description of his

Country
sports and
merry-
makings.

own grange, and the 'Thanksgiving for his House,' both written with that delightful *naïveté* of which Herrick alone among English poets had the secret.

'Lord, I confess too, when I dine
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits, that be
There placed by Thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress;
Which of thy kindness Thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.'

Allied with these poems descriptive of country life are those which celebrate country sports and merry-makings. On these it is unnecessary to enlarge; they belong for the most part to folklore rather than to poetry, and have found their fit apotheosis in the pages of Brand's *Popular Antiquities*. They include one famous poem, 'Corinna's going a-maying,' which Mr. Palgrave well describes as 'faultless and sweet,'—faultless in rhythm, and sweet in its dewy freshness as of early morning. Of far finer quality, however, are certain poems addressed to flowers. The beautiful lyric 'To Violets' and its companion 'To Blossoms' are too well known to bear commendation. Less popular, perhaps, is the poem 'To Meadows,' which I should rank higher even than these, if not for the perfection of its workman-

ship, above anything else in the *Hesperides*. 'Mea-
dows.' The images in the third and fourth verses recall Botticelli's picture of Spring; all the epithets are admirable; and what a beautiful phrase is the 'wicker arks' of the second verse!

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

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

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

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

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

The poem 'To Daffodils' would be more interesting if one but knew what flower Herrick had in mind. The common daffodil is a pretty flower enough, but it makes no attempt to 'haste away' at noon; and I have never known the most sentimental person inclined to 'weep' over it.

Love
Poems.

To pass now to the Love Poems. Here the poet somewhat recalls Mr. Secretary Pepys of the Admiralty. There is passion of a sort, but the passion is not 'all air and fire.' On the other hand, if not ethereal, it cannot fairly be called gross. Let us call it *gusto*, the passion of a connoisseur. It is more concerned with details of beauty or dress than with any whole-hearted devotion to a person. And one fancies sometimes that the poet is still more concerned with his skill in describing the beauties than with the actual beauties themselves. Julia's nose may have been exquisite, but the triumph of calling it

'the grace
And *proscenium* of her face'

gave the poet, one has little doubt, very much more real satisfaction. So for her clothes. His excellent description of her silk dress has already been referred to; but the 'brave expansion' of her petticoat receives even more elaborate treatment; and he returns to the subject in a second poem called 'Disorders in Dress,' for the sake of an epithet, which posterity has acknowledged to be consummate:

'A winning wave, deserving note
In the *tempestuous* petticoat:
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.'

The most beautiful, because the most delicate, of these poems of particular beauties is that 'Upon Julia's hair filled with dew':

'Dew sat on Julia's hair
And spangled too,
Like leaves that laden are
With trembling dew:
Or glittered to my sight,
As when the beams
Have their reflected light
Danc'd by the streams.'

The finest of the love-poems, and indeed the only one of them that has even the air of sincerity, being addressed not to a schedule of features but to a person, is the celebrated 'To Anthea, who may command him anything.' One feels that Herrick must have been reading Lovelace, and then experimented in his manner just as he experimented in Wyatt's manner in the lines 'Upon a delaying lady.'

The question now presents itself, and although it is unanswerable, it must nevertheless be answered, Do these fantastic names, Anthea, Julia, Perenna, Perilla, Electra, Bianca, represent real people, or are they shadows? Mr. Gosse, in a brilliant and characteristic essay in his *Seventeenth Century Studies*, allows that most of them are 'airy nothings'; but he believes in Julia, and even goes the length of saying that she bore Herrick a daughter, relying upon the poem

**Herrick's
names.**

entitled 'His Daughter's Dowry.' But as in that poem Herrick entreats his daughter to cultivate the 'good seeds of chastity' which she inherited from her father, the implication is that she was born in lawful wedlock; and she must therefore be as imaginary as the son whom the poet speaks of in the Ode to Mr. John Wickes, and the wife to whom he gives, perhaps in imitation of Donne, elaborate but most unmarital instruction before setting out on an imaginary voyage. The only reason for distinguishing Julia from the other names is the greater frequency of its occurrence, and that is accounted for by its greater metrical convenience. Possibly also it may have been a favourite name with Herrick, being his mother's. At any rate, we are debarred from treating the Julia poems as biographical by two facts: first, that the name is found in poems unmistakably early and also in poems unmistakably late; and, secondly, that in two cases it has been changed. The poem that opens "Julia and I did lately sit," appears in *Wit's Recreations*, which usually gives an earlier text, as 'Nicholas and Nell did lately sit'; and the poem now inscribed 'To Electra' is there given to Julia. We shall probably be right in treating as creatures of the imagination all of the fair sex whose names are not given at length, such as are 'the most virtuous Mistress Pot, who many times

Julia.

entertained him'; 'Mistress Katherine Bradshaw, the lovely, that crowned him with laurel'; and 'Mistress Elizabeth Wheeler,' whom he celebrates under the name of 'Amarillis.' The student will be better able to realise how many of the poems are exercises if he will go through any series of them dealing with the same subject. Take, for example, the subject of the poet's funeral. In the course of the *Hesperides*, five of the ladies are invited to perform the poet's obsequies—Perilla, Perenna, Anthea, Julia, and Bianca; Anthea's, nevertheless, he promises to perform himself; and yet again he wishes Electra's to be at the same moment with his own. Mr. Gosse allows that Herrick's life at Dean Prior was probably respectable, he having then passed his meridian, and he attributes the intimacy with Julia to the Cambridge period; but we are justified, until some evidence is produced, in doubting whether there was any such person.

In passing on to speak of the Religious Poems, it is only fair to clear the ground by saying what seems to be the truth about the moral character of Herrick. It cannot be denied that now and then he poses as a sensualist, and once he goes so far as to explain elaborately that he remains a bachelor because he wishes to remain a free lover. Every one must regret that he wrote such verses even in

Moral
character.

**Moral
character.**

youth, and every one must wonder why he published them in mature years. I think both the writing and the publishing are explained by the fact that the poet's interest in the verses was mainly technical. They lack altogether the grace of sincerity, and we seem to discover the reason for their existence in some quaint phrase or clever classical reminiscence. Another bachelor poet, Abraham Cowley, who was contemporary with Herrick, wrote a whole bookful of erotic poetry for which he apologised in a preliminary essay. 'Poets,' he says, 'are scarce thought Freemen of their Company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true, to love;' and he points out that the poet 'may be in his own practice and disposition a Philosopher, nay, a Stoick, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous Sappho.' If this was the theory of the time, Herrick's looser verses are explained if they are not justified; and if he speaks sometimes with the softness of an amorous Anacreon, we need not deny that in his own practice and disposition he was a philosopher, if an Epicurean rather than a Stoic. Such a conclusion is supported by various pieces in which, like Cowley, with a very justifiable fear that his attitude to all these mistresses might be misconstrued, he makes a solemn protestation of

the innocence of his own life. Thus he writes **Religious Poems.**
 'Upon himself':

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

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

But have hitherto liv'd free
 As the air that circles me:
 And kept credit with my heart,
 Neither broke i' th' whole, or part.'

And in a more sententious vein, 'To his Tomb-maker':

'Go I must ; when I am gone
 Write but this upon my stone :
 Chaste I lived, without a wife,
 That's the story of my life.
 Strewings need none, every flower
 Is in this word, bachelor.'

That glory in bachelordom reminds us of Cowley's praise of solitude, and there is no reason to doubt that it was as genuine. Nor need we refuse to believe the solemn assertion with which he closes his secular poems :

'To his book's end this last line he'd have placed :
 Jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste.'

A second cause of misconception will be removed if it is recognised that the references to the

**Religious
Poems.**

classical Pantheon which occur so frequently in the *Hesperides*, are part of the same convention which led the poet to speak of himself as a Roman citizen and sit for his picture in a toga. It is a little staggering to a modern reader to find a poem called 'Evensong' open with the words 'Begin with Jove.' But Herrick meant no harm, he was but remembering Virgil's third eclogue; and it is absurd to found a charge of paganism on such a usage. In the lines 'To Julia in the Temple' he speaks both of 'the altar of perfume' and 'pews'; when Prudence Baldwin, his house-keeper, has fallen ill, he promises, humorously, a cock to Æsculapius; but when she dies and he writes her epitaph in all sober seriousness, he still combines the classical and Christian methods of sepulture:

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

In poems where the sentiment is frankly pagan, it will generally be found that the poet is translating or paraphrasing. One critic has denied him the name of a Christian priest on the score of some verses which begin:

'I fear no earthly powers,
But care for crowns of flowers;
And love to have my beard
With wine and oil besmeared.'

The reference to the beard should have put the critic on his guard, for Herrick was clean-shaven, as his portrait shows; even if the metre had not suggested, what is the fact, that the lines are straight from Anacreon, and may have been written in undergraduate days at Cambridge.

Religious
Poems.

There is no evidence, again, to support the theory that Herrick was merely perfunctory in the discharge of his pastoral duty. Mr. Barron Field, who visited Dean Prior to collect reminiscences of the poet, which he contributed to the *Quarterly Review* for August 1810, came upon evidence that he had taught some of his religious verses to his parishioners.

'The person,' he wrote, 'who knows more of Herrick than all the rest of the neighbourhood we found to be a poor woman in the ninety-ninth year of her age, named Dorothy King. She repeated to us, with great exactness, five of his *Noble Numbers*, among which was his beautiful "Litany." These she had learnt from her mother, who was apprenticed to Herrick's successor at the vicarage. She called them her prayers, which she said she was in the habit of putting up in bed whenever she could not sleep.'

There can be no doubt that it was Herrick's pastoral experience which gave to his religious poems the air of sincerity which the love poems lack. They contain no raptures such as we find

**Religious
Poems.**

in Crashaw, and no subtleties of thought as in Herbert, but a very genuine sort of practical religion, which would not have been above the apprehension of the simple villagers at Dean Prior, touched into grace by the poet's never-failing instinct for style. What could be more catechetically valuable as well as rhythmically beautiful than the directions how 'to keep a true Lent.' How finely, as well as simply, anthropomorphic are the lines 'To God.'

' God gives not only corn for need,
But likewise sup'rabundant seed ;
Bread for our service, bread for shew,
Meat for our meals, and fragments too :
He gives not poorly, *taking some
Between the finger and the thumb ;*
But for our glut and for our store,
Fine flour press'd down and running o'er.'

That Herrick should be specially successful with Christmas odes and carols—poems of picturesque rather than intellectual religion—we might expect ; but the author of 'The Litany,' 'A Thanksgiving for his House,' and the lines on 'Humility' and 'To his Conscience' must take, if not a high, yet a sure place among our English religious poets.

HESPERIDES

THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK

I SING of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July-flowers ;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts,¹ wassails, wakes,²
Of bridegrooms, brides and of their bridal cakes ;
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness ;
I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece
Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergris ;³
I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white ;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The Court of Mab, and of the Fairy King ;
I write of hell ; I sing (and ever shall)
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

TO HIS MUSE

WHITHER, mad maiden, wilt thou roam ?
Far safer 'twere to stay at home,
Where thou mayst sit and piping please
The poor and private cottages,

¹ *Hock-cart*, the last cart from the harvest-field.

² *Wakes*, village festivals, properly on the dedication-day of a church.

³ *Ambergris*, 'grey amber,' much used in perfumery.

Since cotes and hamlets best agree
 With this thy meaner minstrelsy.
 There with the reed thou mayst express
 The shepherd's fleecy happiness,
 And with thy eclogues intermix
 Some smooth and harmless bucolics.
 There on a hillock thou mayst sing
 Unto a handsome shepherdling,
 Or to a girl, that keeps the neat,
 With breath more sweet than violet.
 There, there, perhaps, such lines as these
 May take the simple villages ;
 But for the court, the country wit
 Is despicable unto it.
 Stay, then, at home, and do not go
 Or fly abroad to seek for woe.
 Contempts in courts and cities dwell,
 No critic haunts the poor man's cell,
 Where thou mayst hear thine own lines read
 By no one tongue there censuréd.
 That man's unwise will search for ill,
 And may prevent it, sitting still.

WHEN HE WOULD HAVE HIS
 VERSES READ

IN sober mornings, do not thou rehearse
 The holy incantation of a verse ;
 But when that men have both well drunk and fed,
 Let my enchantments then be sung or read.
 When laurel spirits i' th' fire, and when the hearth
 Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with mirth ;

When up the thyse¹ is rais'd, and when the sound
 Of sacred orgies² flies, a round, a round.³
 When the rose reigns, and locks with ointments shine,
 Let rigid Cato⁴ read these lines of mine.

UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY

DROOP, droop no more, or hang the head,
 Ye roses almost witheréd ;
 Now strength and newer purple get,
 Each here declining violet.
 O primroses ! let this day be
 A resurrection unto ye ;
 And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
 Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood :
 For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
 Claret and cream commingléd ;
 And those her lips do now appear
 As beams⁵ of coral, but more clear.

THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES TO JULIA

IDREAMT the roses one time went
 To meet and sit in parliament ;
 The place for these, and for the rest
 Of flowers, was thy spotless breast,

¹ " A javelin twined with ivy."

² " Songs to Bacchus."

³ *Round*, a rustic dance.

⁴ *Cato*, see Martial, x. 17.

⁵ *Beams*, perhaps here = branches.

Over the which a state¹ was drawn
 Of tiffanie² or cobweb lawn.
 Then in that parly³ all those powers
 Voted the rose the queen of flowers ;
 But so as that herself should be
 The maid of honour unto thee.

TO PERILLA

AH, my Perilla ! dost thou grieve to see '
 Me, day by day, to steal away from thee ?
 Age calls me hence, and my grey hairs bid come,
 And haste away to mine eternal home ;
 'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,
 That I must give thee the supremest kiss.
 Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
 Part of the cream from that religious spring ;
 With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet ;
 That done, then wind me in that very sheet
 Which wrapt thy smooth limbs when thou didst
 implore
 The gods' protection but the night before.
 Follow me weeping to my turf, and there
 Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear :
 Then, lastly, let some weekly-strewings⁴ be
 Devoted to the memory of me :
 Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
 Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

¹ *State*, a canopy.

² *Tiffanie*, gauze.

³ *Parly*, a parliament.

⁴ *Weekly strewings*, *i.e.*, of flowers on his grave.



'The mellow touch of music most doth wound
The soul when it doth rather sigh than sound.'

SOFT MUSIC



THE WOUNDED HEART

COME bring your sampler, and with art
 Draw in't a wounded heart
 And dropping here and there :
 Not that I think that any dart
 Can make yours bleed a tear,
 Or pierce it anywhere ;
 Yet do it to this end : that I
 May by
 This secret see,
 Though you can make
 That heart to bleed, yours ne'er will ache
 For me.

THE WEEPING CHERRY

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

SOFT MUSIC

THE mellow touch of music most doth wound
 The soul when it doth rather sigh than sound.

HIS ANSWER TO A QUESTION

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

LOVE, WHAT IT IS

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

HIS SAILING FROM JULIA

WHEN that day comes, whose evening says I'm
 gone
 Unto that watery desolation.
 Devoutly to thy closet-gods¹ then pray
 That my wing'd ship may meet no remora.²
 Those deities which circum-walk the seas,
 And look upon our dreadful passages,

¹ *Closet-gods*, the Roman Lares.

² *Remora*, the sea Lamprey or suckstone, believed to check the course of ships by clinging to their keels.

Will from all dangers re-deliver me
 For one drink-offering pouréd out by thee.
 Mercy and truth live with thee ! and forbear
 (In my short absence) to unsluice a tear ;
 But yet for love's sake let thy lips do this,
 Give my dead picture one engendering kiss :
 Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
 In thy remembrance, Julia. So farewell.

WHY FLOWERS CHANGE COLOUR

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

TO HIS MISTRESS OBJECTING TO HIM
NEITHER TOYING OR TALKING

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

So, when love speechless is, she doth express
 A depth in love and that depth bottomless.
 Now, since my love is tongueless, know me such
 Who speak but little 'cause I love so much.

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESSES

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

THE PARCÆ

OR, THREE DAINTY DESTINIES : THE ARMILLET

THREE lovely sisters working were,
 As they were closely set,
 Of soft and dainty maidenhair
 A curious armillet.
 I, smiling, asked them what they did,
 Fair Destinies all three,
 Who told me they had drawn a thread
 Of life, and 'twas for me.

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

TO ROBIN REDBREAST

L AID out for dead, let thy last kindness be
 With leaves and moss-work for to cover me :
 And while the wood-nymphs my cold corpse inter,
 Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister !
 For epitaph, in foliage, next write this :
Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is.

DISCONTENTS IN DEVON

M ORE discontents I never had
 Since I was born than here,
 Where I have been, and still am sad,
 In this dull Devonshire ;
 Yet, justly too, I must confess
 I ne'er invented such
 Ennobled numbers for the press,
 Than where I loathed so much.

TO HIS PATERNAL COUNTRY

O EARTH! earth! earth! hear thou my voice,
 and be
 Loving and gentle for to cover me :
 Banish'd from thee I live, ne'er to return,
 Unless thou giv'st my small remains an urn.

CHERRY-RIPE

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

TO ANTHEA

NOW is the time, when all the lights wax dim ;
 And thou, Anthea, must withdraw from him
 Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me
 Under that Holy-oak¹ or Gospel-tree,
 Where, though thou see'st not, thou may'st think upon
 Me, when thou yearly go'st procession ;
 Or, for mine honour, lay me in that tomb
 In which thy sacred relics shall have room.
 For my embalming, sweetest, there will be
 No spices wanting when I'm laid by thee.

DREAMS

HERE we are all by day ; by night we're hurl'd
 By dreams, each one into a sev'ral world.

¹ *Holy-oak*, the oak under which the minister read the Gospel in the procession round the parish bounds in Rogation week.



'Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come, and buy.'

CHERRY-RIPE

HIS REQUEST TO JULIA

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

UPON JULIA'S VOICE

SO smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the damn'd would make
no noise,
But listen to thee, walking in the chamber,
Melting melodious words to lutes of amber.¹

AGAIN

WHEN I thy singing next shall hear,
I'll wish I might turn all to ear,
To drink in notes and numbers such
As blessed souls can't hear too much ;
Then melted down, there let me lie
Entranc'd and lost confusedly,
And, by thy music stricken mute,
Die and be turn'd into a lute.

¹ *Amber*=rich material.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR SWEET
MONTHS

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

NO SHIPWRECK OF VIRTUE

TO A FRIEND

THOU sail'st with others in this Argus here ;
 Nor wreck or bulging¹ thou hast cause to fear ;
 But trust to this, my noble passenger ;
 Who swims with virtue, he shall still be sure
 (Ulysses-like) all tempests to endure,
 And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

UPON HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MISTRESS
ELIZABETH HERRICK

FIRST, for effusions² due unto the dead,
 My solemn vows have here accomplishéd :
 Next, how I love thee, that my grief must tell,
 Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Dear, farewell.

¹ *Bulging*, leaking.

² *Effusions*, drink-offerings.

OF LOVE

A SONNET

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

THE ROCK OF RUBIES, AND THE
QUARRY OF PEARLS

SOME ask'd me where the rubies grew,
And nothing I did say :
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where ;
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show'd them there
The quarrelets¹ of Pearl.

UPON ROSES

UNDER a lawn, than skies more clear,
Some ruffled roses nestling were :
And, snugging there, they seem'd to lie
As in a flowery nunnery :

¹ *Quarrelets*, little squares.

They blush'd, and look'd more fresh than flowers
 Quicken'd of late by pearly showers,
 And all because they were possess'd
 But of the heat of Julia's breast :
 Which, as a warm and moisten'd spring,
 Gave them their ever-flourishing.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID
 OR, THE UNGENTLE GUEST

ONE silent night of late,
 When every creature rested,
 Came one unto my gate
 And, knocking, me molested.

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

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

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

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

I to my chimney's shine
 Brought him, as Love professes,
 And chafed his hands with mine,
 And dried his drooping tresses.

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

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

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

TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS
 RELIGIOUS FATHER

THAT for seven lusters¹ I did never come
 To do the rites to thy religious tomb ;
 That neither hair was cut, or true tears shed
 By me, o'er thee, as justments² to the dead,
 Forgive, forgive me ; since I did not know
 Whether thy bones had here their rest or no.
 But now 'tis known, behold ! behold, I bring
 Unto thy ghost th' effuséd offering :
 And look what smallage,³ night-shade, cypress, yew,
 Unto the shades have been, or now are due,

¹ *Seven lusters*, five and thirty years.

² *Justments*, dues.

³ *Smallage*, water parsley.

Here I devote ; and something more than so ;
 I come to pay a debt of birth I owe.
 Thou gav'st me life, but mortal ; for that one
 Favour I'll make full satisfaction ;
 For my life mortal rise from out thy hearse,
 And take a life immortal from my verse.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

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

TO DEAN BOURN,

A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON, BY WHICH SOMETIMES
 HE LIVED

DEAN BOURN, farewell ; I never look to see
 Dean, or thy watery ¹ incivility.
 Thy rocky bottom, that doth tear thy streams
 And makes them frantic even to all extremes,

¹ Orig. ed., *warty*.



'A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness ;
A lawn upon the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction.'

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

To my content I never should behold,
 Were thy streams silver, or thy rocks all gold.
 Rocky thou art, and rocky we discover
 Thy men, and rocky are thy ways all over.
 O men, O manners, now and ever known
 To be a rocky generation !
 A people currish, churlish as the seas,
 And rude almost as rudest savages,
 With whom I did, and may re-sojourn when
 Rocks turn to rivers, rivers turn to men.

KISSING USURY

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

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

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

TO JULIA

HOW rich and pleasing thou, my Julia, art
 In each thy dainty and peculiar part!
 First, for thy queenship, on thy head is set
 Of flowers a sweet commingled coronet:
 About thy neck a carcanet¹ is bound,
 Made of the ruby, pearl and diamond:
 A golden ring that shines upon thy thumb:
 About thy wrist, the rich dardanium.²
 Between thy breasts (than down of swans more white)
 There plays the sapphire with the chrysolite.
 No part besides must of thyself be known,
 But by the topaz, opal, chalcedon.

TO LAURELS

A FUNERAL stone
 Or verse I covet none,
 But only crave
 Of you that I may have
 A sacred laurel springing from my grave:
 Which being seen,
 Blest with perpetual green,
 May grow to be
 Not so much call'd a tree
 As the eternal monument of me.

¹ *Carcanet*, necklace.

² *Dardanium*, a bracelet, from Dardanus so called.

HIS CAVALIER

GIVE me that man that dares bestride
The active sea-horse, and with pride
Through the huge field of waters ride.

Who with his looks, too, can appease
The ruffling winds and raging seas,
In midst of all their outrages.

This, this a virtuous man can do,
Sail against rocks, and split them too ;
Ay, and a world of pikes pass through.

THE BAG OF THE BEE

ABOUT the sweet bag of a bee
Two cupids fell at odds,
And whose the pretty prize should be
They vow'd to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stripp'd them,
And, taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipp'd them.

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

TO HIS MISTRESS

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

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

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

TO CRITICS

I'LL write, because I'll give
 You critics means to live;
 For should I not supply
 The cause, th' effect would die.

BEING ONCE BLIND

HIS REQUEST TO BIANCA

WHEN age or chance has made me blind,
 So that the path I cannot find,
 And when my falls and stumblings are
 More than the stones i' th' street by far,

Go thou afore, and I shall well
 Follow thy perfumes by the smell ;
 Or be my guide, and I shall be
 Led by some light that flows from thee.
 Thus held or led by thee, I shall
 In ways confus'd nor slip or fall.

THE DEFINITION OF BEAUTY

BEAUTY no other thing is than a beam
 Flashed out between the middle and extreme.

TO DIANEMÉ

DEAR, though to part it be a hell,
 Yet, Dianemé, now farewell :
 Thy frown last night did bid me go,
 But whither only grief does know.
 I do beseech thee ere we part,
 If merciful as fair thou art,
 Or else desir'st that maids should tell
 Thy pity by love's chronicle,
 O Dianemé, rather kill
 Me, than to make me languish still !
 'Tis cruelty in thee to th' height
 Thus, thus to wound, not kill outright ;
 Yet there's a way found, if you please,
 By sudden death to give me ease ;
 And thus devis'd, do thou but this—
 Bequeath to me one parting kiss,
 So sup'rabundant joy shall be
 The executioner of me.

A COUNTRY-LIFE

TO HIS BROTHER, MR. THO. HERRICK

THRICE, and above, bless'd, my soul's half, art
 thou

In thy both last and better vow :
 Could'st leave the city, for exchange, to see
 The country's sweet simplicity :
 And it to know and practise, with intent
 To grow the sooner innocent
 By studying to know virtue, and to aim
 More at her nature than her name.
 The last is but the least ; the first doth tell
 Ways less to live than to live well :
 And both are known to thee, who now can'st live
 Led by thy conscience ; to give
 Justice to soon-pleas'd nature ; and to show
 Wisdom and she together go
 And keep one centre : this with that conspires
 To teach man to confine desires
 And know that riches have their proper stint
 In the contented mind, not mint :
 And canst instruct that those who have the itch
 Of craving more are never rich.
 These things thou know'st to th' height, and dost
 prevent
 That plague ; because thou art content
 With that heav'n gave thee with a wary hand,
 More bless'd in thy brass¹ than land,
 To keep cheap nature even and upright ;
 To cool, not cocker² appetite.

¹ *Brass*, money.² *Cocker*, pamper.

Thus thou canst tersely live to satisfy
The belly chiefly, not the eye ;
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
Less with a neat ¹ than needful diet.
But that which most makes sweet thy country life
Is the fruition of a wife :
Whom, stars consenting with thy fate, thou hast
Got not so beautiful as chaste :
By whose warm side thou dost securely sleep,
While love the sentinel doth keep,
With those deeds done by day, which ne'er affright
Thy silken slumbers in the night.
Nor has the darkness power to usher in
Fear to those sheets that know no sin ;
But still thy wife, by chaste intentions led,
Gives thee each night a maidenhead.
The damask'd meadows and the pebbly streams
Sweeten and make soft your dreams :
The purling springs, groves, birds, and well-weav'd
bowers,
With fields enamelléd with flowers,
Present their shapes ; while fantasy discloses
Millions of lilies mix'd with roses.
Then dream ye hear the lamb by many a bleat
Woo'd to come suck the milky teat :
While Faunus in the vision comes to keep
From rav'ning wolves the fleecy sheep.
With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet
To make sleep not so sound as sweet :
Nor can these figures so thy rest endear
As not to rise when Chanticleere

¹ *Neat*, dainty.

Warns the last watch ; but with the dawn dost rise
 To work, but first to sacrifice ;
 Making thy peace with heav'n, for some late fault,
 With holy-meal and spirting-salt.¹
 Which done, thy painful thumb this sentence tells us,
 Jove for our labour all things sells us.
 Nor are thy daily and devout affairs
 Attended with those desp'rate cares
 Th' industrious merchant has ; who, for to find
 Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,
 And back again, tortured with fears, doth fly,
 Untaught to suffer poverty.
 But thou at home, bless'd with securest ease,
 Sitt'st, and believ'st that there be seas
 And watery dangers ; while thy whiter hap
 But sees these things within thy map.
 And viewing them with a more safe survey
 Mak'st easy fear unto thee say,—
 “ *A heart thrice wall'd with oak and brass that man
 Had, first durst plough the ocean.* ”
 But thou at home, without or tide or gale,
 Canst in thy map securely sail :
 Seeing those painted countries, and so guess
 By those fine shades their substances :
 And, from thy compass taking small advice,
 Buy'st travel at the lowest price.
 Nor are thine ears so deaf but thou canst hear,
 Far more with wonder than with fear,
 Fame tell of states, of countries, courts, and kings,
 And believe there be such things :
 When of these truths thy happier knowledge lies
 More in thine ears than in thine eyes.

¹ *Spirting-salt*, the “ saliente mica ” of Horace.

And when thou hear'st by that too true report
 Vice rules the most or all at court,
 Thy pious wishes are, though thou not there,
 Virtue had, and mov'd her sphere.
 But thou liv'st fearless ; and thy face ne'er shows
 Fortune when she comes or goes,
 But with thy equal thoughts prepared dost stand,
 To take her by the either hand ;
 Nor car'st which comes the first, the foul or fair :
 A wise man ev'ry way lies square,
 And, like a surly oak with storms perplex'd,
 Grows still the stronger, strongly vex'd.
 Be so, bold spirit ; stand centre-like, unmov'd ;
 And be not only thought, but prov'd
 To be what I report thee ; and inure
 Thyself, if want comes to endure :
 And so thou dost, for thy desires are
 Confin'd to live with private lar :¹
 Not curious whether appetite be fed
 Or with the first or second bread,
 Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates :
 Hunger makes coarse meats delicates.
 Canst, and unurg'd, forsake that larded fare,
 Which art, not nature, makes so rare,
 To taste boil'd nettles, colworts,² beets, and eat
 These and sour herbs as dainty meat,
 While soft opinion makes thy Genius say,
 Content makes all ambrosia.
 Nor is it that thou keep'st this stricter size³
 So much for want as exercise :

¹ *Lar*, the "closet-gods," or gods of the house.

² *Colworts*, cabbages.

³ *Size* or *assize*, a fixed allowance of food, a ration.

UPON JULIA'S RIBAND

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

THE FROZEN ZONE

OR, JULIA DISDAINFUL

WHITHER? say, whither shall I fly,
 To slack these flames wherein I fry?
 To the treasures, shall I go,
 Of the rain, frost, hail, and snow?
 Shall I search the underground,
 Where all damps and mists are found?
 Shall I seek (for speedy ease)
 All the floods and frozen seas?
 Or descend into the deep,
 Where eternal cold does keep?
 These may cool; but there's a zone
 Colder yet than anyone:
 That's my Julia's breast, where dwells
 Such destructive icicles,
 As that the congelation will
 Me sooner starve than those can kill.

FOUR THINGS MAKE US HAPPY HERE

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

THE TEAR SENT TO HER FROM
STAINES

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

See! see, she's yonder set,
 Making a carcanet¹
 Of maiden-flowers!
 There, there present
 This orient
 And pendant pearl of ours.

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

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

¹ *Carcanet*, necklace.

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

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

AN EPITAPH UPON A CHILD

VIRGINS promis'd when I died
 That they would each primrose-tide
 Duly, morn and evening, come,
 And with flowers dress my tomb.
 Having promis'd, pay your debts,
 Maids, and here strew violets.

THE HOUR-GLASS

THAT hour-glass which there you see
 With water fill'd, sirs, credit me,
 The humour¹ was, as I have read,
 But lovers' tears incrySTALLÉd.
 Which, as they drop by drop do pass
 From th' upper to the under-glass,

¹ *Humour*, moisture.

Do in a trickling manner tell,
 By many a watery syllable,
 That lovers' tears in lifetime shed
 Do restless run when they are dead.

HIS FAREWELL TO SACK

FAREWELL thou thing, time past so known,
 so dear
 To me as blood to life and spirit ; near,
 Nay, thou more near than kindred, friend, man, wife,
 Male to the female, soul to body ; life
 To quick action, or the warm soft side
 Of the resigning, yet resisting bride.
 The kiss of virgins, first fruits of the bed,
 Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the maidenhead :
 These and a thousand sweets could never be
 So near or dear as thou wast once to me.
 O thou, the drink of gods and angels ! wine
 That scatter'st spirit and lust, whose purest shine
 More radiant than the summer's sunbeams shows ;
 Each way illustrious, brave, and like to those
 Comets we see by night, whose shagg'd¹ portents
 Foretell the coming of some dire events,
 Or some full flame which with a pride aspires,
 Throwing about his wild and active fires ;
 'Tis thou, above nectar, O divinest soul !
 Eternal in thyself, that can'st control
 That which subverts whole nature, grief and care,
 Vexation of the mind, and damn'd despair.
 'Tis thou alone who, with thy mystic fan,²
 Work'st more than wisdom, art, or nature can

¹ *Shagg'd*, rough-haired.

² *Mystic fan*, cf. Virgil, *Georgics*, i. 166, the "mystica vannus Iacchi."

To rouse the sacred madness and awake
 The frost-bound blood and spirits, and to make
 Them frantic with thy raptures flashing through
 The soul like lightning, and as active too.
 'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three
 Castalian sisters, sing, if wanting thee.
 Horace, Anacreon, both had lost their fame,
 Had'st thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame.
 Phœbean splendour! and thou, Thespian spring!
 Of which sweet swans must drink before they sing
 Their true-pac'd numbers and their holy lays,
 Which makes them worthy cedar¹ and the bays.
 But why, why longer do I gaze upon
 Thee with the eye of admiration?
 Since I must leave thee, and enforc'd must say
 To all thy witching beauties, Go, away.
 But if thy whimpering looks do ask me why,
 Then know that nature bids thee go, not I.
 'Tis her erroneous self has made a brain
 Uncapable of such a sovereign
 As is thy powerful self. Prithee not smile,
 Or smile more inly, lest thy looks beguile
 My vows denounc'd in zeal, which thus much show
 thee
 That I have sworn but by thy looks to know thee.
 Let others drink thee freely, and desire
 Thee and their lips espous'd, while I admire
 And love thee, but not taste thee. Let my muse
 Fail of thy former helps, and only use
 Her inadult'rate strength: what's done by me
 Hereafter shall smell of the lamp, not thee.

¹ *Cedar*, *i.e.*, cedar oil, for the preservation of manuscripts.

UPON MRS. ELIZABETH WHEELER,

UNDER THE NAME OF AMARILLIS

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

TO MYRRHA, HARD-HEARTED

FOLD now thine arms and hang the head,
 Like to a lily withered ;
 Next look thou like a sickly moon,
 Or like Jocasta in a swoon ;
 Then weep and sigh and softly go,
 Like to a widow drown'd in woe,
 Or like a virgin full of ruth
 For the lost sweetheart of her youth ;
 And all because, fair maid, thou art
 Insensible of all my smart,
 And of those evil days that be
 Now posting on to punish thee.
 The gods are easy, and condemn
 All such as are not soft like them.

THE WOUNDED CUPID

SONG

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

 UPON A WIFE THAT DIED MAD
 WITH JEALOUSY

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

DISSUASIONS FROM IDLENESS

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

HIS PROTESTATION TO PERILLA

NOONDAY and midnight shall at once be seen :
 Trees, at one time, shall be both sere and
 green :
 Fire and water shall together lie
 In one self-sweet-conspiring sympathy :
 Summer and winter shall at one time show
 Ripe ears of corn, and up to th' ears in snow :
 Seas shall be sandless ; fields devoid of grass ;
 Shapeless the world, as when all chaos was,
 Before, my dear Perilla, I will be
 False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

ON HIMSELF

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

THE CRUEL MAID

AND cruel maid, because I see
 You scornful of my love and me,
 I'll trouble you no more; but go
 My way where you shall never know
 What is become of me: there I
 Will find me out a path to die,
 Or learn some way how to forget
 You and your name for ever: yet,
 Ere I go hence, know this from me,
 What will, in time, your fortune be:
 This to your coyness I will tell,
 And, having spoke it once, farewell.
 The lily will not long endure,
 Nor the snow continue pure;
 The rose, the violet, one day,
 See, both these lady-flowers decay:
 And you must fade as well as they.
 And it may chance that Love may turn,
 And, like to mine, make your heart burn
 And weep to see't; yet this thing do,
 That my last vow commends to you:

When you shall see that I am dead,
 For pity let a tear be shed ;
 And, with your mantle o'er me cast,
 Give my cold lips a kiss at last :
 If twice you kiss you need not fear
 That I shall stir or live more here.
 Next, hollow out a tomb to cover
 Me—me, the most despiséd lover,
 And write thereon : *This, reader, know :*
Love kill'd this man. No more, but so.

TO DIANEME

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
 Which, starlike, sparkle in their skies ;
 Nor be you proud that you can see
 All hearts your captives, yours yet free ;
 Be you not proud of that rich hair
 Which wantons with the love-sick air ;
 Whenas that ruby which you wear,
 Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
 Will last to be a precious stone
 When all your world of beauty's gone.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN OBJECTING TO
HIM HIS GRAY HAIRS

AM I despised because you say,
 And I dare swear, that I am gray ?
 Know, lady, you have but your day :
 And time will come when you shall wear
 Such frost and snow upon your hair ;

And when (though long, it comes to pass)
 You question with your looking-glass ;
 And in that sincere crystal seek,
 But find no rose-bud in your cheek :
 Nor any bed to give the show
 Where such a rare carnation grew.
 Ah ! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,
 It will be told
 That you are old,
 By those true tears y'are weeping.

A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA

JULIA, I bring
 To thee this ring,
 Made for thy finger fit ;
 To show by this
 That our love is
 (Or should be) like to it.

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

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

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

And as this round
 Is nowhere found
 To flaw, or else to sever :
 So let our love
 As endless prove,
 And pure as gold for ever.

TO THE DETRACTOR

I ASK'D thee oft what poets thou hast read,
 And lik'st the best. Still thou reply'st : The
 dead.

I shall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd be ;
 Then sure thou'lt like or thou wilt envy me.

TO MUSIC

BEGIN to charm, and, as thou strok'st mine
 ears

With thy enchantment, melt me into tears.
 Then let thy active hand scud o'er thy lyre,
 And make my spirits frantic with the fire.
 That done, sink down into a silvery strain,
 And make me smooth as balm and oil again.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

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

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
 To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown or hair :
 Fear not ; the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you :
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept ;
 Come and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying :
 Few beads¹ are best when once we go a-Maying.

¹ *Beads, prayers.*

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

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
 Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream
 Before that we have left to dream :¹
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
 Many a green-gown² has been given ;
 Many a kiss, both odd and even :
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament ;
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying
 This night, and locks pick'd, yet we're not
 a-Maying.

¹ *Left to dream*, ceased dreaming.

² *Green-gown*, tumble on the grass.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime ;
 And take the harmless folly of the time.
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun ;
 And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

UPON A CHILD

AN EPITAPH

BUT born, and like a short delight,
 I glided by my parents' sight.
 That done, the harder fates denied
 My longer stay, and so I died.
 If, pitying my sad parents' tears,
 You'll spill a tear or two with theirs,
 And with some flowers my grave bestrew,
 Love and they'll thank you for't. Adieu.

THE CAPTIV'D BEE

OR THE LITTLE FILCHER

AS Julia once a-slumbering lay
 It chanced a bee did fly that way,
 After a dew or dew-like shower,
 To tipple freely in a flower.

For some rich flower he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip ;
But when he felt he sucked from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence,
He drank so much he scarce could stir,
So Julia took the pilferer.
And thus surprised, as filchers use,
He thus began himself t' excuse :
Sweet lady-flower, I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought ;
But, taking those rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much syrup ran at waste.
Besides, know this : I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing ;
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away.
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her ladyship :
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That that he took, and that was all.
At which she smiled, and bade him go
And take his bag ; but thus much know :
When next he came a-pilfering so,
He should from her full lips derive
Honey enough to fill his hive.

TO HIS DYING BROTHER

MASTER WILLIAM HERRICK

LIFE of my life, 'take not so soon thy flight,
 But stay the time till we have bade good-night.
 Thou hast both wind and tide with thee ; thy way
 As soon despatch'd is by the night as day.
 Let us not then so rudely henceforth go
 Till we have wept, kissed, sigh'd, shook hands, or so.
 There's pain in parting, and a kind of hell,
 When once true lovers take their last farewell.
 What ! shall we two our endless leaves take here
 Without a sad look or a solemn tear ?
 He knows not love that hath not this truth proved,
Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.
 Pay we our vows and go ; yet when we part,
 Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart
 Into thy loving hands ; for I'll keep none
 To warm my breast when thou, my pulse, art gone.
 No, here I'll last, and walk (a harmless shade)
 About this urn wherein thy dust is laid,
 To guard it so as nothing here shall be
 Heavy to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

THE OLIVE BRANCH

SADLY I walk'd within the field,
 To see what comfort it would yield ;
 And as I went my private way
 An olive branch before me lay,
 And seeing it I made a stay,

And took it up and view'd it ; then
 Kissing the omen, said Amen ;
 Be, be it so, and let this be
 A divination unto me ;
 That in short time my woes shall cease
 And Love shall crown my end with peace.

TO CHERRY-BLOSSOMS

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

THE LILY IN A CRYSTAL

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

You see how cream but naked is
 Nor dances in the eye
 Without a strawberry,
 Or some fine tincture¹ like to this,

¹ *Tincture*, colour, dye.

Which draws the sight thereto
More by that wantoning with it
Than when the paler hue
No mixture did admit.

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

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

Thus lily, rose, grape, cherry, cream,
And strawberry do stir
More love when they transfer
A weak, a soft, a broken beam,
Than if they should discover
At full their proper excellence ;
Without some scene¹ cast over
To juggle with the sense.

¹ *Scene*, a covering.

TO HIS BOOK

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

THE WELCOME TO SACK

SO soft streams meet, so springs with gladder
 smiles
 Meet after long divorcement by the isles ;
 When love, the child of likeness, urgeth on
 Their crystal natures to a union :
 So meet stolen kisses, when the moony nights
 Call forth fierce lovers to their wish'd delights ;

As I meet thee. Soul of my life and fame !
 Eternal lamp of love ! whose radiant flame
 Out-glares the heaven's Osiris,¹ and thy gleams
 Out-shine the splendour of his mid-day beams.
 Welcome, O welcome, my illustrious spouse ;
 Welcome as are the ends unto my vows ;
 Aye ! far more welcome than the happy soil
 The sea-scourged merchant, after all his toil,
 Salutes with tears of joy, when fires betray
 The smoky chimneys of his Ithaca.²
 Where hast thou been so long from my embraces,

¹ The sun.

² *Ithaca*, the home of Ulysses.

Poor pitied exile? Tell me, did thy graces
 Fly discontented hence, and for a time
 Did rather choose to bless another clime?
 Or went'st thou to this end, the more to move me,
 By thy short absence, to desire and love thee?
 Why frowns my sweet? Why won't my saint confer
 Favours on me, her fierce idolater?
 Why are those looks, those looks the which have been
 Time-past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in
 Like a dull twilight? Tell me, and the fault
 I'll expiate with sulphur, hair and salt;
 And, with the crystal humour of the spring,
 Purge hence the guilt and kill this quarrelling.
 Wo't thou not smile or tell me what's amiss?
 Have I been cold to hug thee, too remiss,
 Too temp'rate in embracing? Tell me, has desire
 To thee-ward died i' th' embers, and no fire
 Left in this rak'd-up ash-heap as a mark
 To testify the glowing of a spark?

True, I confess I left thee, and appeal
 'Twas done by me more to confirm my zeal
 And double my affection . . . as do those
 Whose love grows more inflam'd by being foes.
 But to forsake thee ever, could there be
 A thought of such-like possibility?
 When thou thyself dar'st say thy isles shall lack
 Grapes before Herrick leaves canary sack,
 Thou mak'st me airy, active to be borne,
 Like Iphiclus,¹ upon the tops of corn.
 Thou mak'st me nimble, as the winged hours,
 To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,

¹ *Iphiclus* won the foot-race at the funeral games of Pelias.

And ride the sunbeams. Can there be a thing
 Under the heavenly Isis¹ that can bring
 More love unto my life, or can present
 My genius with a fuller blandishment?
 Illustrious idol! could th' Egyptians seek
 Help from the garlic, onion and the leek
 And pay no vows to thee, who wast their best
 God, and far more transcendent than the rest?
 Had Cassius, that weak water-drinker, known
 Thee in thy vine, or had but tasted one
 Small chalice of thy frantic liquor, he,
 As the wise Cato, had approv'd of thee.

Come, come and kiss me; love and lust commends
 Thee and thy beauties; kiss, we will be friends
 Too strong for fate to break us. Look upon
 Me with that full pride of complexion
 As queens meet queens, or come thou unto me
 As Cleopatra came to Anthony,
 When her high carriage did at once present
 To the triumvir love and wonderment.
 Swell up my nerves with spirit; let my blood
 Run through my veins like to a hasty flood.
 Fill each part full of fire, active to do
 What thy commanding soul shall put it to;
 And till I turn apostate to thy love,
 Which here I vow to serve, do not remove
 Thy fires from me, but Apollo's curse
 Blast these-like actions, or a thing that's worse,
 When these circumstants² shall but live to see
 The time that I prevaricate from thee.

¹ The moon.

² *Circumstants*, surroundings.

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

IMPOSSIBILITIES TO HIS FRIEND

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

TO LIVE MERRILY AND TO TRUST TO GOOD VERSES

NOW is the time for mirth,
 Nor cheek or tongue be dumb ;
 For, with the flowery earth,
 The golden pomp is come.

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

Now reigns the rose, and now
Th' Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrólléd brow
And my retorted¹ hairs.

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

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

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

Then this immensive² cup
Of aromatic wine,
Catullus, I quaff up
To that terse muse of thine.

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

Round, round the roof does run,
And, being ravish'd thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
To my Propertius.

¹ *Retorted*, bound back. Cf. Martial, "retorto crine."

² *Immensive*, measureless.

HERRICK

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

Behold, Tibullus lies
 Here burnt, whose small return
 Of ashes scarce suffice
 To fill a little urn.

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

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

FAIR DAYS

OR, DAWNS DECEITFUL

FAIR was the dawn, and but e'en now the skies
 Show'd like to cream inspir'd with straw-
 berries,

But on a sudden all was chang'd and gone
 That smil'd in that first sweet complexion.
 Then thunder-claps and lightning did conspire
 To tear the world, or set it all on fire.
 What trust to things below, whenas we see,
 As men, the heavens have their hypocrisy?

LIPS TONGUELESS

FOR my part, I never care
 For those lips that tongue-tied are :
 Tell-tales I would have them be
 Of my mistress and of me.
 Let them prattle how that I
 Sometimes freeze and sometimes fry :
 Let them tell how she doth move
 Fore or backward in her love :
 Let them speak by gentle tones,
 One and th' other's passions :
 How we watch, and seldom sleep ;
 How by willows we do weep ;
 How by stealth we meet, and then
 Kiss, and sigh, so part again.
 This the lips we will permit
 For to tell, not publish it.

TO THE FEVER, NOT TO TROUBLE

JULIA

THOU'ST dar'd too far ; but, fury, now forbear
 To give the least disturbance to her hair :
 But less presume to lay a plait upon
 Her skin's most smooth and clear expansion.
 'Tis like a lawny firmament as yet,
 Quite dispossess'd of either fray or fret.
 Come thou not near that film so finely spread,
 Where no one piece is yet unlevelléd.
 This if thou dost, woe to thee, fury, woe,
 I'll send such frost, such hail, such sleet, and snow,

Such flesh-quakes, palsies, and such fears as shall
 Dead thee to th' most, if not destroy thee all.
 And thou a thousand thousand times shalt be
 More shak'd thyself than she is scorch'd by thee.

TO VIOLETS

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

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

You're the maiden posies,
 And so grac'd
 To be plac'd
 'Fore damask roses.

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

TO CARNATIONS

A SONG

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



'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may :
Old Time is still a-flying.'

TO THE VIRGINS

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

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH
 OF TIME

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

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ;
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

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

SAFETY TO LOOK TO ONESELF

FOR my neighbour I'll not know,
 Whether high he builds or no :
 Only this I'll look upon,
 Firm be my foundation.

Sound or unsound, let it be !
 'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.
 He who to the ground does fall
Has not whence to sink at all.

TO HIS FRIEND, ON THE UNTUNABLE
 TIMES

PLAY I could once ; but, gentle friend, you see
 My harp hung up here on the willow tree.
 Sing I could once ; and bravely, too, inspire
 With luscious numbers my melodious lyre.
 Draw I could once, although not stocks or stones,
 Amphion-like, men made of flesh and bones,
 Whither I would ; but ah ! I know not how,
 I feel in me this transmutation now.
 Grief, my dear friend, has first my harp unstrung,
 Wither'd my hand, and palsy-struck my tongue.

HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR

ONLY a little more
 I have to write,
 Then I'll give o'er,
 And bid the world good-night.

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

O time that cut'st down all
 And scarce leav'st here
 Memorial
 Of any men that were.
 How many lie forgot
 In vaults beneath?
 And piecemeal rot
 Without a fame in death?
 Behold this living stone
 I rear for me,
 Ne'er to be thrown
 Down, envious Time, by thee.
 Pillars let some set up
 If so they please:
 Here is my hope
 And my Pyramides.

A PASTORAL UPON THE BIRTH OF
 PRINCE CHARLES

PRESENTED TO THE KING, AND SET BY
 MR. NIC. LANIERE.

The Speakers, MIRTILLO, AMINTAS and AMARILLIS.

Amin. Good-day, Mirtillo. *Mirt.* And to you no less,
 And all fair signs lead on our shepherdess.

Amar. With all white¹ luck to you. *Mirt.* But
 say, what news
 Stirs in our sheep-walk? *Amin.* None, save that my
 ewes,
 My wethers, lambs, and wanton kids are well,
 Smooth, fair and fat! none better I can tell:

¹ *White*, favourable.

Or that this day Menalcas keeps a feast
For his sheep-shearers. *Mirt.* True, these are the
least ;

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

Three days before the shutting in of May
(With whitest wool be ever crown'd that day !)
To all our joy a sweet-fac'd child was born,
More tender than the childhood of the morn.

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

Let lullaby the pretty prince asleep !

Mirt. And that his birth should be more singular
At noon of day was seen a silver star,
Bright as the wise men's torch which guided them
To God's sweet babe, when born at Bethlehem ;
While golden angels (some have told to me)
Sung out his birth with heavenly minstrelsy.

Amin. O rare ! But is't a trespass if we three
Should wend along his babyship to see ?

Mirt. Not so, not so.

Chor. But if it chance to prove
At most a fault, 'tis but a fault of love.

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

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

Amar. A garland for my gift shall be
Of flowers ne'er suck'd by th' thieving bee ;
And all most sweet ; yet all less sweet than he.

Amin. And I will bear, along with you,
Leaves dropping down the honeyed dew,
With oaten pipes as sweet as new.

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

Chor. Come, let's away, and quickly let's be dress'd,
And quickly give—*the swiftest grace is best.*
And when before him we have laid our treasures,
We'll bless the babe, then back to country pleasures.

TO THE LARK

GOOD speed, for I this day
Betimes my matins say :
Because I do
Begin to woo,
Sweet-singing lark,
Be thou the clerk,
And know thy when
To say, Amen.
And if I prove
Bless'd in my love,
Then thou shalt be
High-priest to me,
At my return,
To incense burn ;
And so to solemnise
Love's and my sacrifice.

THE BUBBLE

A SONG

TO my revenge and to her desperate fears
Fly, thou made bubble of my sighs and tears.
In the wild air when thou hast rolled about,
And, like a blasting planet, found her out,
Stoop, mount, pass by to take her eye, then glare
Like to a dreadful comet in the air :
Next, when thou dost perceive her fixed sight
For thy revenge to be most opposite,
Then, like a globe or ball of wild-fire, fly,
And break thyself in shivers on her eye.

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS

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

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

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

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

You are like balm enclosed well
 In amber, or some crystal shell,
 Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty violet,
 Yet wither'd ere you can be set
 Within the virgin's coronet.

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

THE BLEEDING HAND

OR, THE SPRIG OF EGLANTINE GIVEN TO A MAID

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

LYRIC FOR LEGACIES

GOLD I've none, for use or show,
 Neither silver to bestow
 At my death ; but this much know,
 That each lyric here shall be
 Of my love a legacy,
 Left to all posterity
 Gentle friends, then do but please
 To accept such coins as these
 As my last remembrances.

TO PERENNA

A MISTRESS

DEAR Perenna, prithee come
 And with smallage¹ dress my tomb :
 Add a cypress sprig thereto,
 With a tear, and so Adieu.

THE FAIRY TEMPLE

OR, OBERON'S CHAPEL DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN
 MERRIFIELD, COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW

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

THE TEMPLE

AWAY enchased with glass and beads
 There is, that to the chapel leads :
 Whose structure, for his holy rest,
 Is here the halcyon's² curious nest :
 Into the which who looks shall see
 His temple of idolatry,
 Where he of godheads has such store,
 As Rome's pantheon had not more.

¹ *Smallage*, water-parsley.

² *Halcyon*, king-fisher.

His house of Rimmon this he calls,
 Girt with small bones instead of walls.
 First, in a niche, more black than jet,
 His idol-cricket there is set :
 Then in a polished oval by
 There stands his idol-beetle-fly :
 Next in an arch, akin to this,
 His idol-canker seated is :
 Then in a round is placed by these
 His golden god, Cantharides.
 So that, where'er ye look, ye see,
 No capital, no cornice free,
 Or frieze, from this fine frippery.
 Now this the fairies would have known,
 Theirs is a mixed religion :
 And some have heard the elves it call
 Part pagan, part papistical.
 If unto me all tongues were granted,
 I could not speak the saints here painted.
 Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,
 Who 'gainst Mab's-state¹ placed here right is ;
 Saint Will o' th' Wisp, of no great bigness,
 But *alias* called here *Fatuus ignis* ;
 Saint Fripp, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, Saint
 Fillie,
 Neither those other saintships will I
 Here go about for to recite
 Their number, almost infinite,
 Which one by one here set down are
 In this most curious calendar.
 First, at the entrance of the gate
 A little puppet-priest doth wait,

¹ *Mab's-state*, Mab's chair of state.

Who squeaks to all the comers there :
 " *Favour your tongues who enter here ;
 Pure hands bring hither without stain.*"
 A second pules : " *Hence, hence, profane !*"
 Hard by, i' th' shell of half a nut,
 The holy-water there is put :
 A little brush of squirrel's hairs
 (Composed of odd, not even pairs,)
 Stands in the platter, or close by,
 To purge the fairy family.
 Near to the altar stands the priest,
 There off'ring up the Holy Grist,
 Ducking in mood and perfect tense,
 With (much-good-do-'t him) reverence.
 The altar is not here four-square,
 Nor in a form triangular,
 Nor made of glass, or wood, or stone,
 But of a little transverse bone ;
 Which boys and bruckel'd¹ children call
 (Playing for points and pins) cockal.²
 Whose linen drapery is a thin
 Subtile and ductile codlin's³ skin :
 Which o'er the board is smoothly spread
 With little seal-work damaskéd.
 The fringe that circumbinds it too
 Is spangle-work of trembling dew,
 Which, gently gleaming, makes a show
 Like frost-work glitt'ring on the snow.
 Upon this fetuous⁴ board doth stand
 Something for show-bread, and at hand,

¹ *Bruckel'd*, begrimed.

² *Cockal*, a game played with four huckle-bones.

³ *Codlin*, an apple. ⁴ *Fetuous*, feat, neat.

Just in the middle of the altar,
 Upon an end, the fairy-psalter,
 Grac'd with the trout-flies' curious wings,
 Which serve for watchet ¹ ribbonings.
 Now, we must know, the elves are led
 Right by the rubric which they read.
 And, if report of them be true,
 They have their text for what they do ;
 Aye, and their book of canons too.
 And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
 They have their book of articles ;
 And, if that fairy-knight not lies,
 They have their book of homilies ;
 And other scriptures that design
 A short but righteous discipline.
 The basin stands the board upon
 To take the free oblation :
 A little pin-dust, which they hold
 More precious than we prize our gold
 Which charity they give to many
 Poor of the parish, if there's any.
 Upon the ends of these neat rails,
 Hatch'd ² with the silver-light of snails,
 The elves in formal manner fix
 Two pure and holy candlesticks :
 In either which a small tall bent ³
 Burns for the altar's ornament.
 For sanctity they have to these
 Their curious copes and surplices
 Of cleanest cobweb hanging by
 In their religious vestery.
 They have their ash-pans and their brooms
 To purge the chapel and the rooms ;

¹ *Watchet*, pale blue. ² *Hatch'd*, inlaid. ³ *Bent*, bent grass.

Their many mumbling Mass-priests here,
 And many a dapper chorister,
 Their ush'ring vergers, here likewise
 Their canons and their chanteries.
 Of cloister-monks they have enow,
 Aye, and their abbey-lubbers too ;
 And, if their legend do not lie,
 They much affect the papacy.
 And since the last is dead, there's hope
Elf Boniface shall next be pope.
 They have their cups and chalices ;
 Their pardons and indulgences ;
 Their beads of nits,¹ bells, books, and wax
 Candles, forsooth, and other knacks ;
 Their holy oil, their fasting spittle ;
 Their sacred salt here, not a little ;

.
 Many a trifle, too, and trinket,
 And for what use, scarce man would think it.
 Next, then, upon the chanters' side
 An apple's core is hung up dri'd,
 With rattling kernels, which is rung
 To call to morn and even-song.
 The saint to which the most he prays
 And offers incense nights and days,
 The lady of the lobster² is,
 Whose foot-pace³ he doth stroke and kiss ;
 And humbly chives⁴ of saffron brings
 For his most cheerful offerings.

¹ *Nits*, nuts.

² *The lady of the lobster*, part of the lobster's apparatus for digestion.

³ *Foot-pace*, a mat.

⁴ *Chives*, shreds.

When, after these, h'as paid his vows
 He lowly to the altar bows ;
 And then he dons the silk-worm's shed,
 Like a Turk's turban on his head,
 And reverently departeth thence,
 Hid in a cloud of frankincense,
 And by the glow-worm's light well guided,
 Goes to the feast that's now provided.

TO MISTRESS KATHERINE BRADSHAW,
 THE LOVELY, THAT CROWNED HIM
 WITH LAUREL

MY muse in meads has spent her many hours,
 Sitting, and sorting several sorts of flowers
 To make for others garlands, and to set
 On many a head here many a coronet ;
 But, amongst all encircled here, not one
 Gave her a day of coronation,
 Till you, sweet mistress, came and interwove
 A laurel for her, ever young as love—
 You first of all crown'd her : she must of due
 Render for that a crown of life to you.

THE PLAUDITE, OR END OF LIFE

IF, after rude and boisterous seas,
 My wearied pinnace here finds ease ;
 If so it be I've gained the shore
 With safety of a faithful oar ;
 If, having run my barque on ground,
 Ye see the agéd vessel crown'd :

What's to be done, but on the sands
 Ye dance and sing and now clap hands?
 The first act's doubtful, but we say
 It is the last commends the play.

TO THE MOST VIRTUOUS MISTRESS POT

WHO MANY TIMES ENTERTAINED HIM

WHEN I through all my many poems look,
 And see yourself to beautify my book,
 Methinks that only lustre doth appear
 A light fulfilling all the region here.
 Gild still with flames this firmament, and be
 A lamp eternal to my poetry.
 Which, if it now or shall hereafter shine,
 'Twas by your splendour, lady, not by mine.
 The oil was yours ; and that I owe for yet :
He pays the half who does confess the debt.

TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER

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

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

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

BEST TO BE MERRY

FOOLS are they who never know
How the times away do go ;
But for us, who wisely see
Where the bounds of black death be,
Let's live merrily, and thus
Gratify the Genius.

THE CHANGES TO CORINNA

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

TO THE ROSE

A SONG

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

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
 Of pearl and gold to bind her hands.
 Tell her, if she struggle still,
 I have myrtle rods (at will)
 For to tame, though not to kill.

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

TO MUSIC TO BECALM A SWEET-SICK
 YOUTH

CHARMS, that call down the moon from out her
 sphere,
 On this sick youth work your enchantments here :
 Bind up his senses with your numbers so
 As to entrance his pain, or cure his woe.
 Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep
 Lost in the civil wilderness of sleep :
 That done, then let him, dispossessed of pain,
 Like to a slumb'ring bride, awake again.

HIS RECANTATION

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

HERRICK

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

THE COMING OF GOOD LUCK

SO good luck came, and on my roof did light,
 Like noiseless snow, or as the dew of night :
 Not all at once, but gently, as the trees
 Are by the sunbeams tickled by degrees.

THE PRESENT

OR, THE BAG OF THE BEE

FLY to my mistress, pretty pilfering bee,
 And say thou bring'st this honey bag from me :
 When on her lip thou hast thy sweet dew placed,
 Mark if her tongue but slyly steal a taste.
 If so, we live ; if not, with mournful hum
 Toll forth my death ; next, to my burial come.

THE HOCK-CART OR HARVEST HOME

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILDMAY,
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND

COME, sons of summer, by whose toil
 We are the lords of wine and oil :
 By whose tough labours and rough hands
 We rip up first, then reap our lands.

Crowned with the ears of corn, now come,
 And to the pipe sing harvest home.
 Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
 Dressed up with all the country art :
 See here a maukin,¹ there a sheet,
 As spotless pure as it is sweet :
 The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
 Clad all in linen white as lilies.
 The harvest swains and wenches bound
 For joy, to see the hock-cart crowned.
 About the cart, hear how the rout
 Of rural younglings raise the shout ;
 Pressing before, some coming after,
 Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
 Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
 Some prank them up with oaken leaves :
 Some cross the fill-horse,² some with great
 Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat :
 While other rustics, less attent
 To prayers than to merriment,
 Run after with their breeches rent.
 Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
 Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,
 Ye shall see first the large and chief
 Foundation of your feast, fat beef :
 With upper stories, mutton, veal
 And bacon (which makes full the meal),
 With sev'ral dishes standing by,
 As here a custard, there a pie,
 And here all-tempting frumenty.³
 And for to make the merry cheer,

¹ *Maukin*, a cloth.

² *Fill-horse*, shaft-horse.

³ *Frumenty*, wheat boiled in milk.

If smirking wine be wanting here,
 There's that which drowns all care, stout beer ;
 Which freely drink to your lord's health,
 Then to the plough, the commonwealth,
 Next to your flails, your fans, your fats,²
 Then to the maids with wheaten hats :
 To the rough sickle, and crook'd scythe,
 Drink, frolic boys, till all be blithe.
 Feed, and grow fat ; and as ye eat
 Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
 As you, may have their fill of meat.
 And know, besides, ye must revoke
 The patient ox unto the yoke,
 And all go back unto the plough
 And harrow, though they're hanged up now.
 And, you must know, your lord's word's true,
 Feed him ye must, whose food fills you ;
 And that this pleasure is like rain,
 Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
 But for to make it spring again.

NOT TO LOVE

HE that will not love must be
 My scholar, and learn this of me :
 There be in love as many fears
 As the summer's corn has ears :
 Sighs, and sobs, and sorrows more
 Than the sand that makes the shore :
 Freezing cold and fiery heats,
 Fainting swoons and deadly sweats ;

¹ *Fats, vats.*

Now an ague, then a fever,
 Both tormenting lovers ever.
 Would'st thou know, besides all these,
 How hard a woman 'tis to please,
 How cross, how sullen, and how soon
 She shifts and changes like the moon.
 How false, how hollow she's in heart :
 And how she is her own least part :
 How high she's priz'd, and worth but small ;
 Little thou'lt love, or not at all.

TO MUSIC

A SONG

MUSIC, thou queen of heaven, care-charming
 spell,
 That strik'st a stillness into hell :
 Thou that tam'st tigers, and fierce storms that rise,
 With thy soul-melting lullabies,
 Fall down, down, down from those thy chiming
 spheres,
 To charm our souls, as thou enchant'st our ears.

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SPARROW

AN ELEGY

WHY do not all fresh maids appear
 To work love's sampler only here,
 Where spring-time smiles throughout the year ?
 Are not here rosebuds, pinks, all flowers
 Nature begets by th' sun and showers,

Met in one hearse-cloth to o'erspread
 The body of the under-dead?
 Phil, the late dead, the late dead dear,
 O! may no eye distil a tear
 For you once lost, who weep not here!
 Had Lesbia, too-too kind, but known
 This sparrow, she had scorn'd her own:
 And for this dead which under lies
 Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.
 But, endless peace, sit here and keep
 My Phil¹ the time he has to sleep;
 And thousand virgins come and weep
 To make these flowery carpets show
 Fresh as their blood, and ever grow,
 Till passengers shall spend their doom:
 Not Virgil's gnat² had such a tomb.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH
 MORNING DEW

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? can tear
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the modest morn
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?
 Alas! you have not known that shower
 That mars a flower,
 Nor felt th' unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind,

¹ *Phil*, otherwise Philip or Phip, was a pet name for a sparrow.

² *Virgil's gnat*, the *Culex* attributed to Virgil.

Nor are ye worn with years,
 Or warp'd as we,
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
 To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

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

HOW ROSES CAME RED

R OSES at first were white,
 Till they could not agree,
 Whether my Sappho's breast
 Or they more white should be.

But, being vanquish'd quite,
 A blush their cheeks bespread ;
 Since which, believe the rest,
 The roses first came red.

COMFORT TO A LADY UPON THE
DEATH OF HER HUSBAND

DRY your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrow's
rain,
Since, clouds dispers'd, suns gild the air again.
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and overboil,
But turn soon after calm as balm or oil.
Winds have their time to rage ; but when they cease
The leafy trees nod in a still-born peace.
Your storm is over ; lady, now appear
Like to the peeping springtime of the year.
Off then with grave clothes ; put fresh colours on,
And flow and flame in your vermilion.
Upon your cheek sat icicles awhile ;
Now let the rose reign like a queen, and smile.

HOW VIOLETS CAME BLUE

LOVE on a day, wise poets tell,
Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the violets should excel,
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But Venus having lost the day,
Poor girls, she fell on you :
And beat ye so, as some dare say,
Her blows did make ye blue.

TO THE WILLOW-TREE

THOU art to all lost love the best,
 The only true plant found,
 Wherewith young men and maids distres't,
 And left of love, are crown'd.

When once the lover's rose is dead,
 Or laid aside forlorn :
 Then willow-garlands 'bout the head
 Bedew'd with tears are worn.

When with neglect, the lovers' bane,
 Poor maids rewarded be,
 For their love lost, their only gain
 Is but a wreath from thee.

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

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

AMONG the myrtles as I walk'd,
 Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd :
 Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
 Where I may find my shepherdess.
 Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this ?
 In everything that's sweet she is.
 In yond' carnation go and seek,
 There thou shalt find her lip and cheek :

In that enamell'd pansy by,
 There thou shalt have her curious eye :
 In bloom of peach and rose's bud,
 There waves the streamer of her blood.
 'Tis true, said I, and thereupon
 I went to pluck them one by one,
 To make of parts a union :
 But on a sudden all were gone.
 At which I stopp'd ; said Love, these be
 The true resemblances of thee ;
 For, as these flowers, thy joys must die,
 And in the turning of an eye :
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,
 Like those short sweets, ere knit together.

THE POET'S GOOD WISHES

FOR THE MOST HOPEFUL AND HANDSOME PRINCE,
 THE DUKE OF YORK

MAY his pretty dukeship grow
 Like t'a rose of Jericho :
 Sweeter far than ever yet
 Showers or sunshines could beget.
 May the Graces and the Hours
 Strew his hopes and him with flowers :
 And so dress him up with love
 As to be the chick of Jove.
 May the thrice-three sisters sing
 Him the sovereign of their spring :
 And entitle none to be
 Prince of Helicon but he.
 May his soft foot, where it treads,
 Gardens thence produce and meads :

And those meadows full be set
 With the rose and violet.
 May his ample name be known
 To the last succession :
 And his actions high be told
 Through the world, but writ in gold.

TO ANTHEA

WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

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

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

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

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

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
 Under that cypress-tree :
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en death to die for thee.

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

UPON A MAID THAT DIED THE DAY
 SHE WAS MARRIED

THAT morn which saw me made a bride,
 The evening witness'd that I died.
 Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
 Unto the bed the bashful bride,
 Serv'd but as tapers for to burn
 And light my relics to their urn.
 This epitaph, which here you see,
 Supplied the epithalamy.

TO MEADOWS

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

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

Y've heard them sweetly sing,
 And seen them in a round :¹
 Each virgin like a spring,
 With honeysuckles crown'd.

¹ *Round*, a rustic dance,

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

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

TO HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS

RISE, household gods, and let us go;
 But whither I myself not know.
 First, let us dwell on rudest seas;
 Next, with severest savages;
 Last, let us make our best abode
 Where human foot as yet ne'er trod:
 Search worlds of ice, and rather there
 Dwell than in loathéd Devonshire.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE AND
ROBIN REDBREAST

WHEN I departed am, ring thou my knell,
 Thou pitiful and pretty Philomel:
 And when I'm laid out for a corse, then be
 Thou sexton, redbreast, for to cover me.

TO THE YEW AND CYPRESS TO
GRACE HIS FUNERAL

BOTH you two have
Relation to the grave :
And where
The funeral-trump sounds, you are there.

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

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

A NUPTIAL SONG OR EPITHALAMY ON
SIR CLIPSEBY CREW AND HIS LADY

WHAT'S that we see from far? the spring of
day
Bloom'd from the east, or fair enjewell'd May
Blown out of April, or some new
Star filled with glory to our view,
Reaching at heaven,
To add a nobler planet to the seven?
Say, or do we not descry
Some goddess in a cloud of tiffany¹
To move, or rather the
Emergent Venus from the sea?

¹ *Tiffany*, gauze.

'Tis she ! 'tis she ! or else some more divine
 Enlightened substance ; mark how from the shrine
 Of holy saints she paces on,
 Treading upon vermilion
 And amber : spicing
 the chaft air with fumes of Paradise.
 Then come on, come on and yield
 A savour like unto a blessed field
 When the bedabbled morn
 Washes the golden ears of corn.

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

Hymen, O Hymen ! tread the sacred ground ;
 Show thy white feet and head with marjoram crown'd :
 Mount up thy flames and let thy torch
 Display the bridegroom in the porch,
 In his desires
 More towering, more disparkling¹ than thy fires :
 Show her how his eyes do turn
 And roll about, and in their motions burn
 Their balls to cinders : haste
 Or else to ashes he will waste.

¹ *More disparkling*, more widespreading.

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

In love's name do so ; and a price
Set on yourself by being nice :¹

But yet take heed ;

What now you seem be not the same indeed,

And turn apostat : love will,

Part of the way be met or sit stone-still.

On, then, and though you slowly
go, yet, howsoever, go.

And now y'are entered ; see the coddled² cook

Runs from his torrid zone to pry and look

And bless his dainty mistress : see

The aged point out, " This is she

Who now must sway

The house (love shield her) with her yea and nay" :

And the smirk butler thinks it

Sin in's napery not to express his wit ;

Each striving to devise

Some gin wherewith to catch your eyes.

.

THE SILKEN SNAKE

FOR sport my Julia threw a lace³

Of silk and silver at my face :

Watchet⁴ the silk was, and did make

A show as if't had been a snake :

The suddenness did me affright,

But though it scar'd, it did not bite.

¹ *Nice*, fastidious.

² *Coddled*, lit. boiled.

³ *Lace*, a girdle.

⁴ *Watchet*, pale blue.

NO FAULT IN WOMEN

NO fault in women to refuse
 The offer which they most would choose.
 No fault in women to confess
 How tedious they are in their dress.
 No fault in women to lay on
 The tincture of vermilion :
 And there to give the cheek a dye
 Of white, where nature doth deny.
 No fault in women to make show
 Of largeness when they're nothing so :
 (When true it is the outside swells
 With inward buckram, little else).
 No fault in women, though they be
 But seldom from suspicion free.
 No fault in womankind at all
 If they but slip and never fall.

OBERON'S FEAST

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

A LITTLE mushroom table spread,
 After short prayers, they set on bread ;
 A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat,
 With some small glittering grit to eat

His choice bits with ; then in a trice
 They make a feast less great than nice.
 But all this while his eye is serv'd,
 We must not think his ear was sterv'd ;
 But that there was in place to stir
 His spleen, the chirring grasshopper,
 The merry cricket, puling fly,
 The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
 And now we must imagine, first
 The elves present, to quench his thirst,
 A pure seed-pearl of infant dew
 Brought and besweetened in a blue
 And pregnant violet ; which done,
 His kitling eyes begin to run
 Quite through the table, where he spies
 The horns of papery butterflies :
 Of which he eats, and tastes a little
 Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle.
 A little fuzz-ball pudding stands
 By, yet not blesséd by his hands ;
 That was too coarse : but then forthwith
 He ventures boldly on the pith
 Of sugar'd rush, and eats the sagg¹
 And well-bestrutted² bee's sweet bag :
 Gladding his palate with some store
 Of emmets' eggs ; what would he more ?
 But beards of mice, a newt's stewed thigh,
 A bloated earwig and a fly ;
 With the red-capp'd worm that's shut
 Within the concave of a nut,
 Brown as his tooth. A little moth
 Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth :

¹ *Sagg*, laden.

² *Bestrutted*, swollen.

With withered cherries, mandrakes' ears,
Moles' eyes ; to these the slain stag's tears,
The unctuous dewlaps of a snail,
The broke-heart of a nightingale
O'ercome in music ; with a wine
Ne'er ravish'd from the flattering vine,
But gently press'd from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
Brought in a dainty daisy, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height ; this done, commended
Grace by his priest ; *the feast is ended.*

TO VIRGINS

HEAR, ye virgins, and I'll teach
What the times of old did preach.
Rosamond was in a bower
Kept, as Danae in a tower :
But yet Love, who subtle is,
Crept to that, and came to this.
Be ye lock'd up like to these,
Or the rich Hesperides,
Or those babies in your eyes,
In their crystal nunneries ;
Notwithstanding Love will win,
Or else force a passage in :
And as coy be as you can,
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

THE BELLMAN

FROM noise of scare-fires,¹ rest ye free,
 From murders *Benedicite*.
 From all mischances that may fright
 Your pleasing slumbers in the night,
 Mercy secure ye all, and keep
 The goblin from ye while ye sleep.
 Past one o'clock, and almost two!
 My masters all, good-day to you.

UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN: HER
SICKNESS

PRUE, my dearest maid, is sick,
 Almost to be lunatic:
 Æsculapius! come and bring
 Means for her recovering;
 And a gallant cock² shall be
 Offer'd up by her to thee.

TO APOLLO

A SHORT HYMN

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

¹ *Scare-fires*, alarms of fire.

² *Cock*, the traditional offering to Æsculapius.

A HYMN TO BACCHUS

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

ON HIMSELF

HERE down my wearied limbs I'll lay ;
My pilgrim's staff, my weed of gray,
My palmer's hat, my scallop's shell,
My cross, my cord, and all, farewell.
For having now my journey done,
Just at the setting of the sun,
Here I have found a chamber fit,
God and good friends be thanked for it,
Where if I can a lodger be,
A little while from trampers free,
At my up-rising next I shall,
If not requite, yet thank ye all.
Meanwhile, the holy-rood hence fright
The fouler fiend and evil sprite
From scaring you or yours this night.

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED

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

CONTENT, NOT CATES

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

TO DAFFODILS

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

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

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMON
 STEWARD

NO news of navies burnt at seas ;
 No noise of late-spawn'd tittyries ;
 No closet plot, or open vent,
 That frights men with a parliament ;
 No new device or late-found trick
 To read by the stars the kingdom's sick ;
 No gin to catch the state, or wring
 The freeborn nostril of the king,
 We send to you ; but here a jolly
 Verse, crown'd with ivy and with holly,
 That tells of winter's tales and mirth,
 That milkmaids make about the hearth,
 Of Christmas sports, the wassail-bowl,
 That[']s] tost up, after fox-i'-th'-hole ;²
 Of blind-man-buff, and of the care
 That young men have to shoe the mare ;³

¹ *Tittyries*, i.e., the Tityre-tues.

² *Fox-i'-th'-hole*, a game of hopping.

³ *To shoe the mare*, or, shoe the wild mare, a Christmas game.

Of Twelfth-tide cakes, of peas and beans,
 Wherewith you make those merry scenes,
 Whenas ye choose your king and queen,
 And cry out : *Hey, for our town green ;*
 Of ash-heaps, in the which ye use
 Husbands and wives by streaks to choose ;
 Of crackling laurel, which fore-sounds
 A plenteous harvest to your grounds :
 Of these and such-like things for shift,
 We send instead of New-Year's gift.
 Read then, and when your faces shine
 With buxom¹ meat and cap'ring wine,
 Remember us in cups full crown'd,
 And let our city-health go round,
 Quite through the young maids and the men
 To the ninth number, if not ten ;
 Until the fired chesnuds leap
 For joy to see the fruits ye reap
 From the plump chalice and the cup,
 That tempts till it be tosséd up ;
 Then as ye sit about your embers,
 Call not to mind those fled Decembers,
 But think on these that are t' appear
 As daughters to the instant year :
 Sit crown'd with rosebuds, and carouse
 Till Liber Pater² twirls the house
 About your ears ; and lay upon
 The year your cares that's fled and gone.
 And let the russet swains the plough
 And harrow hang up, resting now ;

¹ *Buxom*, tender.

² *Liber Pater*, Father Bacchus.

And to the bagpipe all address,
 Till sleep takes place of weariness.
 And thus, throughout, with Christmas plays
 Frolic the full twelve holidays.

MATINS

OR, MORNING PRAYER

WHEN with the virgin morning thou dost rise,
 Crossing thyself, come thus to sacrifice ;
 First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring
 Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure everything.
 Next to the altar humbly kneel, and thence
 Give up thy soul in clouds of frankincense.
 Thy golden censer, fill'd with odours sweet,
 Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

EVENSONG

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

THE BRACELET TO JULIA

WHY I tie about thy wrist,
 Julia, this my silken twist ;
 For what other reason is't,
 But to show thee how, in part,
 Thou my pretty captive art ?

But thy bondslave is my heart ;
 'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,
 Knap the thread and thou art free :
 But 'tis otherwise with me ;
 I am bound, and fast bound, so
 That from thee I cannot go ;
 If I could, I would not so.

THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT

A MAN prepar'd against all ills to come,
 That dares to dead the fire of martyrdom ;
 That sleeps at home, and sailing there at ease,
 Fears not the fierce sedition of the seas ;
 That's counter-proof against the farm's mishaps,
 Undreadful too of courtly thunderclaps ;
 That wears one face, like heaven, and never shows
 A change when fortune either comes or goes ;
 That keeps his own strong guard in the despite
 Of what can hurt by day or harm by night ;
 That takes and re-delivers every stroke
 Of chance (as made up all of rock and oak) ;
 That sighs at others' death, smiles at his own
 Most dire and horrid crucifixion.
 Who for true glory suffers thus, we grant
 Him to be here our Christian militant.

A SHORT HYMN TO LAR

THOUGH I cannot give thee fires
 Glittering to my free desires ;
 These accept, and I'll be free,
 Offering poppy unto thee,

ANOTHER TO NEPTUNE

MIGHTY Neptune, may it please
Thee, the rector of the seas,
That my barque may safely run
Through thy watery region ;
And a tunny-fish shall be
Offered up with thanks to thee.

THE KISS

A DIALOGUE

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

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips (all cherry-red),
By love and warm desires fed.

Chor. And makes more soft the bridal bed.

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

Chor. And stills the bride, too, when she cries.

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies, now here, now there,
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near.

Chor. And here and there and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue? 2. Yes.
 1. How speaks it, say? 2. Do you but this ;
 Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss,

Chor. And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body? 2. Aye, and wings
 With thousand rare encolourings ;
 And, as it flies, it gently sings,

Chor. Love honey yields, but never stings.

ON HIMSELF

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

TO LAR

NO more shall I, since I am driven hence,
 Devote to thee my grains of frankincense ;
 No more shall I from mantle-trees hang down,
 To honour thee, my little parsley crown ;
 No more shall I (I fear me) to thee bring
 My chives¹ of garlic for an offering ;
 No more shall I from henceforth hear a choir
 Of merry crickets by my country fire.
 Go where I will, thou lucky Lar stay here,
 Warm by a glitt'ring chimney all the year.

¹ *Chives*, shreds.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD DEMON

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

HIS AGE

DEDICATED TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKES,
 UNDER THE NAME OF POSTHUMUS¹

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

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

¹ *Posthumus*. The name is taken from Horace, Ode ii. 14, from which the beginning of this lyric is translated.

W've seen the past best times, and these
 Will ne'er return ; we see the seas
 And moons to wane
 But they fill up their ebbs again ;
 But vanish'd man,
 Like to a lily lost, ne'er can,
 Ne'er can repullulate,¹ or bring
 His days to see a second spring.

But on we must, and thither tend,
 Where Anchus and rich Tullus² blend
 Their sacred seed :
 Thus has infernal Jove decreed ;
 We must be made,
 Ere long a song, ere long a shade.
 Why then, since life to us is short,
 Let's make it full up by our sport.

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

We are not poor, although we have
 No roofs of cedar, nor our brave
 Baiaë,³ nor keep
 Account of such a flock of sheep ;

¹ *Repullulate*, be born again.

² *Anchus and rich Tullus*. Cf. Horace (Ode iv. 7. 14).

³ *Baiaë*, the favourite sea-side resort of the Romans in the time of Horace.

Nor bullocks fed
 To lard the shambles : barbels bred
 To kiss our hands ; nor do we wish
 For Pollio's¹ lampreys in our dish.

If we can meet and so confer
 Both by a shining salt-cellar,
 And have our roof,
 Although not arch'd, yet weather-proof,
 And ceiling free
 From that cheap candle bawdery ;²
 We'll eat our bean with that full mirth
 As we were lords of all the earth.

Well then, on what seas we are toss'd,
 Our comfort is, we can't be lost.

 Let the winds drive
 Our barque, yet she will keep alive
 Amidst the deeps.

'Tis constancy, my Wickes, which keeps
 The pinnacle up ; which, though she errs
 I' th' seas, she saves her passengers.

Say, we must part (sweet mercy bless
 Us both i' th' sea, camp, wilderness),

 Can we so far
 Stray to become less circular³

 Than we are now ?
 No, no, that self-same heart, that vow
 Which made us one, shall ne'er undo,
 Or ravel so to make us two.

¹ *Pollio*, Vedio Pollio, whose lampreys were fed with human flesh.

² *Bawdery*, dirt.

³ *Circular*, self-sufficing. Cf. Horace, Sat. ii. 7, 86, "in se ipso totus teres atque rotundus."

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

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

True calendars, as puss's ear
 Washed o'er's, to tell what change is near :
 Then to assuage
 The gripings of the chine by age,
 I'll call my young
 Iulus¹ to sing such a song
 I made upon my Julia's breast ;
 And of her blush at such a feast.

Then next I'll cause my hopeful lad,
 If a wild apple can be had,
 To crown the hearth,
 Lar thus conspiring with our mirth ;

¹ *Iulus*, the son of Æneas.

Then to infuse
 Our browner ale into the cruse,
 Which sweetly spic'd, we'll first carouse
 Unto the Genius of the house.

Then the next health to friends of mine,
 Loving the brave Burgundian wine,
 High sons of pith,¹
 Whose fortunes I have frolicked with ;
 Such as could well
 Bear up the magic bough and spell ;
 And dancing 'bout the mystic thyse,²
 Give up the just applause to verse :

To those, and then again to thee,
 We'll drink, my Wickes, until we be
 Plump as the cherry,
 Though not so fresh, yet full as merry
 As the cricket,
 The untam'd heifer, or the pricket,³
 Until our tongues shall tell our ears
 We're younger by a score of years.

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

¹ *Pith*, marrow.

² *Thyrse*, bacchic staff.

³ *Pricket*, a buck in his second year.

A SHORT HYMN TO VENUS

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

UPON A DELAYING LADY

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

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

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

TO THE LADY MARY VILLARS

GOVERNESS TO THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA

WHEN I of Villars do but hear the name,
It calls to mind that mighty Buckingham,
Who was your brave exalted uncle here,
Binding the wheel of fortune to his sphere,
Who spurned at envy, and could bring with ease
An end to all his stately purposes.
For his love then, whose sacred relics show
Their resurrection and their growth in you ;
And for my sake, who ever did prefer
You above all those sweets of Westminster ;
Permit my book to have a free access
To kiss your hand, most dainty governess.

UPON HIS JULIA

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

TO FLOWERS

I N time of life I graced ye with my verse ;
 Do now your flowery honours to my hearse.
 You shall not languish, trust me ; virgins here
 Weeping shall make ye flourish all the year.

TO MY ILL READER

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

THE MEADOW-VERSE¹

OR, ANNIVERSARY TO MISTRESS BRIDGET LOWMAN

C OME with the spring-time forth, fair maid, and
 be
 This year again the meadow's deity.
 Yet ere ye enter give us leave to set
 Upon your head this flowery coronet ;
 To make this neat distinction from the rest,
 You are the prime and princess of the feast ;
 To which with silver feet lead you the way,
 While sweet-breath nymphs attend on you this day.
 This is your hour, and best you may command,
 Since you are lady of this fairy land.
 Full mirth wait on you, and such mirth as shall
 Cherish the cheek but make none blush at all.

¹ *Meadow-verse*, to be recited at a rustic feast.

THE PARTING VERSE, THE FEAST
THERE ENDED

LOTH to depart, but yet at last each one
Back must now go to's habitation ;
Not knowing thus much when we once do sever,
Whether or no that we shall meet here ever.
As for myself, since time a thousand cares
And griefs hath filed upon my silver hairs,
'Tis to be doubted whether I next year
Or no shall give ye a re-meeting here.
If die I must, then my last vow shall be,
You'll with a tear or two remember me,
Your sometime poet ; but if fates do give
Me longer date and more fresh springs to live,
Oft as your field shall her old age renew,
Herrick shall make the meadow-verse for you.

UPON SAPPHO SWEETLY PLAYING AND
SWEETLY SINGING

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

CHOP-CHERRY¹

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

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

UPON HIMSELF

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

PRAY AND PROSPER

FIRST offer incense, then thy field and meads
 Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads.²
 The spangling dew, dredg'd o'er the grass, shall be
 Turn'd all to mell³ and manna there for thee.
 Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oil
 Shall run, as rivers, all throughout thy soil.
 Would'st thou to sincere silver⁴ turn thy mould?
 Pray once, twice pray, and turn thy ground to gold.

¹ *Chop-cherry*, another name of cherry-bob.

² *Beads*, prayers. ³ *Mell*, honey.

⁴ *Sincere silver*, pure silver.

HIS LACHRYMÆ

OR, MIRTH TURNED TO MOURNING

CALL me no more,
As heretofore,
The music of a feast ;
Since now, alas !
The mirth that was
In me is dead or ceas'd.

Before I went,
To banishment,
Into the loathed west,
I could rehearse
A lyric verse,
And speak it with the best.

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

TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY
MISTRESS ANNE SOAME, NOW
LADY ABDIE

SO smell those odours that do rise
From out the wealthy spiceries ;
So smells the flower of blooming clove,
Or roses smother'd in the stove ;

So smells the air of spicéd wine,
 Or essences of jessamine ;
 So smells the breath about the hives
 When well the work of honey thrives,
 And all the busy factors¹ come
 Laden with wax and honey home ;
 So smell those neat and woven bowers
 All over-arch'd with orange flowers,
 And almond blossoms that do mix
 To make rich these aromatics ;
 So smell those bracelets and those bands
 Of amber chaf'd between the hands,
 When thus enkindled they transpire
 A noble perfume from the fire ;
 The wine of cherries, and to these
 The cooling breath of respasses ;²
 The smell of morning's milk and cream,
 Butter of cowslips mix'd with them ;
 Of roasted warden or bak'd pear,
 These are not to be reckon'd here,
 Whenas the meanest part of her,
 Smells like the maiden pomander.³
 Thus sweet she smells, or what can be
 More lik'd by her or lov'd by me.

A PANEGYRIC
 TO SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON

TILL I shall come again let this suffice,
 I send my salt, my sacrifice
 To thee, thy lady, younglings, and as far
 As to thy Genius and thy Lar ;

¹ *Factors*, workers. ² *Respasses*, raspberries.

³ *Pomander*, ball of scent.

To the worn threshold, porch, hall, parlour, kitchen,
 The fat-fed smoking temple, which in
 The wholesome savour of thy mighty chines
 Invites to supper him who dines,
 Where laden spits, warp'd with large ribs of beef,
 Not represent but give relief
 To the lank stranger and the sour swain,
 Where both may feed and come again ;
 For no black bearded vigil¹ from thy door
 Beats with a button'd-staff² the poor ;
 But from thy warm love-hatching gates each may
 Take friendly morsels and there stay
 To sun his thin-clad members if he likes,
 For thou no porter keep'st who strikes.
 No comer to thy roof his guest-rite wants,
 Or staying there is scourg'd with taunts
 Of some rough groom, who, yirkt³ with corns, says :
 " Sir,
 Y've dipped too long i' th' vinegar ;
 And with our broth, and bread, and bits, sir friend,
 Y've fared well : pray make an end ;
 Two days y've larded here ; a third, ye know,
 Makes guests and fish smell strong ; pray go
 You to some other chimney, and there take
 Essay of other giblets ; make
 Merry at another's hearth—y'are here
 Welcome as thunder to our beer ;
 Manners know distance, and a man unrude
 Would soon recoil and not intrude
 His stomach to a second meal." No, no !
 Thy house well fed and taught can show

¹ *Vigil*, watchman.

² *Button'd-staff*, staff with a knob at its end.

³ *Yirkt*, scourged.

No such crabb'd vizard : thou hast learnt thy train
 With heart and hand to entertain,
 And by the armsful, with a breast unhid,
 As the old race of mankind did,
 When either's heart and either's hand did strive
 To be the nearer relative.

Thou dost redeem¹ those times, and what was lost
 Of ancient honesty may boast

It keeps a growth in thee, and so will run
 A course in thy fame's pledge, thy son.

Thus, like a Roman tribune, thou thy gate
 Early sets ope to feast and late ;

Keeping no currish waiter to affright
 With blasting eye the appetite,

Which fain would waste upon thy cates, but that

The trencher-creature marketh what
 Best and more suppling² piece he cuts, and by
 Some private pinch tells danger's nigh,

A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites
 Skin-deep into the pork, or lights

Upon some part of kid, as if mistook,
 When checked by the butler's look.

* No, no ; thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund beer
 Is not reserved for Trebius³ here,

But all who at thy table seated are
 Find equal freedom, equal fare ;

And thou, like to that hospitable god,
 Jove, joy'st when guests make their abode

To eat thy bullock's thighs, thy veals, thy fat
 Wethers, and never grudged at.

¹ *Redeem*, buy back.

² *Suppling*, tender.

³ *Trebius*, friend of Lucullus, the epicure ; cp. *Juv.* v. 19.

The *pheasant, partridge, gotwit, reeve, ruff, rail,*
 The *cock, the curlew, and the quail,*
 These and thy choicest viands do extend
 Their taste unto the lower end
 Of thy glad table : not a dish more known
 To thee than unto anyone.
 But as thy meat so thy *immortal wine*
 Makes the smirk face of each to shine
 And spring fresh rosebuds, while the salt, the
 wit,
 Flows from the wine and graces it ;
 While reverence, waiting at the bashful board,
 Honours my lady and my lord.
 No scurril jest ; no open scene is laid
 Here for to make the face afraid ;
 But temperate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-
 ly that it makes the meat more sweet ;
 And adds perfumes unto the wine, which thou
 Dost rather pour forth than allow
 By cruse and measure ; thus devoting wine
 As the Canary Isles were thine ;
 But with that wisdom and that method, as
 No one that's there his guilty glass
 Drinks of distemper, or has cause to cry
 Repentance to his liberty.
 No, thou knowest order, ethics, and has read
 All economics, know'st to lead
 A house-dance neatly, and canst truly show
 How far a figure ought to go,
 Forward or backward, sideward, and what pace
 Can give, and what retract a grace ;
 What gesture, courtship, comeliness agrees
 With those thy primitive decrees,

To give subsistence to thy house, and proof
 What Genii support thy roof,
 Goodness and Greatness ; not the oaken piles ;
 For these and marbles have their whiles
To last, but not their ever ; virtue's hand
 It is which builds 'gainst fate to stand.
 Such is thy house, whose firm foundation's trust
 Is more in thee than in her dust
 Or depth ; these last may yield and yearly shrink
 When what is strongly built, no chink
 Or yawning rupture can the same devour,
 But fix'd it stands, by her own power
 And well-laid bottom, on the iron and rock
 Which tries and counter-stands the shock
 And ram of time, and by vexation grows
 The stronger ; *virtue dies when foes*
Are wanting to her exercise, but great
 And large she spreads by dust and sweat.
 Safe stand thy walls and thee, and so both will,
 Since neither's height was rais'd by th' ill
 Of others ; since no stud, no stone, no piece
 Was rear'd up by the poor man's fleece ;
 No widow's tenement was rack'd to gild
 Or fret thy ceiling or to build
 A sweating-closet to anoint the silk-
 soft skin, or bathe in asses' milk ;
 No orphan's pittance left him serv'd to set
 The pillars up of lasting jet,
 For which their cries might beat against thine
 ears,
 Or in the damp jet read their tears.
 No plank from hallowed altar does appeal
 To yond' Star-Chamber, or does seal

A curse to thee or thine ; but all things even
 Make for thy peace and pace to heaven.
 Go on directly so, as just men may
 A thousand times more swear than say :
 This is that princely Pemberton who can
 Teach man to keep a god in man ;
 And when wise poets shall search out to see
 Good men, they find them all in thee.

UPON M. BEN. JONSON

EPIGRAM

AFTER the rare arch-poet, Jonson, died,
 The sock grew loathsome, and the buskin's pride,
 Together with the stage's glory, stood
 Each like a poor and pitied widowhood.
 The cirque profan'd was, and all postures rack'd ;
 For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
 Then temper flew from words, and men did squeak,
 Look red, and blow, and bluster, but not speak ;
 No holy rage or frantic fires did stir
 Or flash about the spacious theatre.
 No claps of hands, or shout, or praise's proof
 Did crack the play-house sides, or cleave her roof.
 Artless the scene was, and that monstrous sin
 Of deep and arrant ignorance came in :
 Such ignorance as theirs was who once hiss'd
 At thy unequall'd play, the *Alchemist* ;
 Oh, fie upon 'em ! Lastly, too, all wit
 In utter darkness did, and still will sit,
 Sleeping the luckless age out, till that she
 Her resurrection has again with thee.

TO HIS NEPHEW

TO BE PROSPEROUS IN HIS ART OF PAINTING

ON, as thou hast begun, brave youth, and get
 The palm from Urbin,¹ Titian, Tintoret,
 Brugel² and Coxu,³ and the works outdo
 Of Holbein and that mighty Rubens too.
 So draw and paint as none may do the like,
 No, not the glory of the world, Vandyke.

A VOW TO MARS

STORE of courage to me grant,
 Now I'm turn'd a combatant;
 Help me, so that I my shield,
 Fighting, lose not in the field.
 That's the greatest shame of all
 That in warfare can befall.
 Do but this, and there shall be
 Offer'd up a wolf to thee.

TO HIS MAID, PREW

THESE summer-birds did with thy master stay
 The times of warmth, but then they flew away,
 Leaving their poet, being now grown old,
 Expos'd to all the coming winter's cold.

¹ *Urbin*, Raphael.

² *Brugel*, Jan Breughel, Dutch landscape painter (1569-1625).

³ *Coxu*, Michael van Coxcie, the Flemish painter (1497-1592).

But thou, kind Prew, did'st with my fates abide
As well the winter's as the summer's tide ;
For which thy love, live with thy master here,
Not one, but all the seasons of the year.

A CANTICLE TO APOLLO

PLAY, Phœbus, on thy lute ;
And we will all sit mute,
By listening to thy lyre,
That sets all ears on fire.

Hark, hark, the god does play !
And as he leads the way
Through heaven the very spheres,
As men, turn all to ears.

HOW PANSIES OR HEART'S-EASE
CAME FIRST

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

LAR'S PORTION AND THE POET'S PART

AT my homely country-seat
 I have there a little wheat,
 Which I work to meal, and make
 Therewithal a holy cake :
 Part of which I give to Lar,
 Part is my peculiar.¹

LIBERTY

THOSE ills that mortal men endure
 So long, are capable of cure,
 As they of freedom may be sure ;
 But, that denied, a grief, though small,
 Shakes the whole roof, or ruins all.

THE DREAM

BY dream I saw one of the three
 Sisters of fate appear to me ;
 Close to my bedside she did stand,
 Showing me there a firebrand ;
 She told me too, as that did spend,
 So drew my life unto an end.
 Three quarters were consum'd of it ;
 Only remained a little bit,
 Which will be burnt up by-and-by ;
 Then, Julia, weep, for I must die.

¹ *Peculiar*, his own property.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG

GOOD-MORROW to the day so fair,
Good-morning, sir, to you ;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO SPRINGS AND FOUNTAINS

I HEARD ye could cool heat, and came
 With hope you would allay the same ;
 Thrice I have wash'd but feel no cold,
 Nor find that true which was foretold.
 Methinks, like mine, your pulses beat
 And labour with unequal heat ;
 Cure, cure yourselves, for I descry
 Ye boil with love as well as I.

TO BACCHUS, A CANTICLE

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

THE LAWN

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

A PASTORAL SUNG TO THE KING
MONTANO, SILVIO, AND MIRTILLO, *Shepherds*

Mon. Bad are the times. *Sil.* And worse than they are we.

Mon. Troth, bad are both ; worse fruit and ill the tree :

The feast of shepherds fail. *Sil.* None crowns the cup

Of wassail now or sets the quintell¹ up ;
And he who us'd to lead the country-round,
Youthful Mirtillo, here he comes grief-drown'd.

Ambo. Let's cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him weeping-ripe.

Mir. Ah ! Amaryllis, farewell mirth and pipe ;
Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play
To these smooth lawns my mirthful roundelay.

Dear Amaryllis ! *Mon.* Hark ! *Sil.* Mark ! *Mir.*

This earth grew sweet
Where, Amaryllis, thou didst set thy feet.

Ambo. Poor pitied youth ! *Mir.* And here the breath of kine

And sheep grew more sweet by that breath of thine.
This flock of wool and this rich lock of hair,
This ball of cowslips, these she gave me here.

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

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

How each thing smells divinely redolent !

¹ *Quintell*, quintain or tilting-board.

Like to a field of beans when newly blown,
Or like a meadow being lately mown.

Mon. A sweet-sad passion——

Mir. In dewy mornings when she came this way
Sweet bents¹ would bow to give my love the day ;
And when at night she folded had her sheep,
Daisies would shut, and, closing, sigh and weep.
Besides (ay me !) since she went hence to dwell,
The voices' daughter ne'er spake syllable.
But she is gone. *Sil.* Mirtillo, tell us whither.

Mir. Where she and I shall never meet together.

Mon. Forfend it Pan, and, Pales,² do thou please
To give an end. *Mir.* To what? *Sil.* Such griefs
as these.

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

Mon. Love for thy sake will bring her to these hills
And dales again. *Mir.* No, I will languish still ;
And all the while my part shall be to weep,
And with my sighs, call home my bleating sheep :
And in the rind of every comely tree
I'll carve thy name, and in that name kiss thee.

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

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

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

¹ *Bents*, grasses.

² *Pales*, the goddess of sheepfolds.

THE WILLOW GARLAND

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

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

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

A HYMN TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW

'T WAS not love's dart,
 Or any blow
 Of want, or foe,
 Did wound my heart
 With an eternal smart ;

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

HERRICK

May your fault die,
 And have no name
 In books of fame ;
 Or let it lie
 Forgotten now, as I.

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

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

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON

SHUT not so soon ; the dull-ey'd night
 Has not as yet begun
 To make a seizure on the light,
 Or to seal up the sun.

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

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

TO THE LITTLE SPINNERS

YE pretty housewives, would ye know
 The work that I would put ye to?
 This, this it should be : for to spin
 A lawn for me, so fine and thin
 As it might serve me for my skin.
 For cruel Love has me so whipp'd
 That of my skin I all am stripp'd ;
 And shall despair that any art
 Can ease the rawness or the smart,
 Unless you skin again each part.
 Which mercy if you will but do,
 I call all maids to witness to
 What here I promise : that no broom
 Shall now or ever after come
 To wrong a spinner ¹ or her loom.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, MR. THOMAS
 SHAPCOTT, LAWYER

I 'VE paid thee what I promis'd ; that's not all ;
 Besides I give thee here a verse that shall
 (When hence thy circummortal ² part is gone),
 Arch-like, hold up thy name's inscription.
 Brave men can't die, whose candid ³ actions are
 Writ in the poet's endless calendar :
 Whose vellum and whose volume is the sky,
 And the pure stars the praising poetry.
 Farewell.

¹ *Spinners*, spiders.

² *Circummortal*, more than mortal.

³ *Candid*, fair.

TO JULIA IN THE TEMPLE

BESIDES us two, i' th' temple here's not one
 To make up now a congregation.
 Let's to the altar of perfumes then go,
 And say short prayers ; and when we have done so,
 Then we shall see, how in a little space
 Saints will come in to fill each pew and place.

TO OENONE

WHAT conscience, say, is it in thee,
 When I a heart had one,
 To take away that heart from me,
 And to retain thy own ?

For shame or pity now incline
 To play a loving part ;
 Either to send me kindly thine,
 Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both ; but if thou dost
 Resolve to part with neither,
 Why ! yet to show that thou art just,
 Take me and mine together.

TO GROVES

YE silent shades, whose each tree here
 Some relique of a saint doth wear,
 Who, for some sweetheart's sake, did prove
 The fire and martyrdom of love :

Here is the legend of those saints
That died for love, and their complaints :
Their wounded hearts and names we find
Encarv'd upon the leaves and rind.
Give way, give way to me, who come
Scorch'd with the self-same martyrdom :
And have deserv'd as much (love knows)
As to be canonis'd 'mongst those
Whose deeds and deaths here written are
Within your greeny calendar :
By all those virgins' fillets hung
Upon your boughs, and requiems sung
For saints and souls departed hence
(Here honour'd still with frankincense) ;
By all those tears that have been shed,
As a drink-offering to the dead ;
By all those true love-knots that be
With mottoes carv'd on every tree ;
By sweet Saint Phyllis¹ pity me :
By dear Saint Iphis,² and the rest
Of all those other saints now blest,
Me, me, forsaken, here admit
Among your myrtles to be writ :
That my poor name may have the glory
To live remembered in your story.

¹ *Phyllis*, a princess of Thrace who hanged herself for love of Demophon.

² *Iphis*, a youth of Cyprus who hanged himself for love of Anaxaretes.

AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN

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

TO JEALOUSY

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

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

HIS ALMS

HERE, here I live,
 And somewhat give
 Of what I have
 To those who crave,

Little or much,
 My alms is such ;
 But if my deal ¹
 Of oil and meal
 Shall fuller grow,
 More I'll bestow ;
 Meantime be it
 E'en but a bit,
 Or else a crumb,
 The scrip hath some.

UPON HIMSELF

COME, leave this loathéd country life, and then
 Grow up to be a Roman citizen.
 Those mites of time, which yet remain unspent,
 Waste thou in that most civil government.
 Get their comportment and the gliding tongue
 Of those mild men thou art to live among ;
 Then, being seated in that smoother sphere,
 Decree thy everlasting topic there ;
 And to the farm-house ne'er return at all :
 Though granges do not love thee, cities shall.

TO ENJOY THE TIME

WHILE Fates permit us let's be merry,
 Pass all we must the fatal ferry ;
 And this our life too whirls away
 With the rotation of the day.

¹ *Deal*, portion.

UPON LOVE

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

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

THE PLUNDER

I AM of all bereft
 Save but some few beans left,
 Whereof, at last, to make
 For me and mine a cake,
 Which eaten, they and I
 Will say our grace, and die.

THE JIMMALL RING OR TRUE-LOVE
KNOT

THOU sent'st to me a true love-knot, but I
 Returned a ring of jimmals¹ to imply
 Thy love had one knot, mine a triple tie.

¹ *Jimmal* or *gimmal*, double or triple ring.

TO BLOSSOMS

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

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you a while, they glide
Into the grave.

THE OLD WIVES' PRAYER

HOLY rood, come forth and shield
Us i' th' city and the field:
Safely guard us, now and aye,
From the blast that burns by day;
And those sounds that us affright
In the dead of dampish night.
Drive all hurtful fiends us fro,
By the time the cocks first crow.

UPON HIS DEPARTURE HENCE

THUS I
 Pass by,
 And die :
 As one
 Unknown
 And gone :
 I'm made
 A shade,
 And laid
 I' th' grave :
 There have
 My cave,
 Where tell
 I dwell.
 Farewell.

THE WASSAIL

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

May both with manchet ¹ stand replete ;
 Your larders, too, so hung with meat,
 That though a thousand, thousand eat,

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

¹ *Manchet*, fine white bread.

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

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

Then, may your plants be prest¹ with fruit,
Nor bee, or hive you have be mute ;
But sweetly sounding like a lute.

Last, may your harrows, shears, and ploughs,
Your stacks, your stock, your sweetest mows,
All prosper by our virgin vows.

Alas ! we bless, but see none here
That brings us either ale or beer ;
*In a dry house all things are near.*²

Let's leave a longer time to wait,³
Where rust and cobwebs bind the gate,
And all live here with needy fate.

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

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

¹ *Prest*, laden.

² *Near*, penurious.

³ *Leave to wait*, cease waiting.

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

HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST

THese springs were maidens once that lov'd,
 But lost to that they most approv'd :
 My story tells by Love they were
 Turn'd to these springs which we see here ;
 The pretty whimpering that they make,
 When of the banks their leave they take,
 Tells ye but this, they are the same,
 In nothing chang'd but in their name.

UPON HIS EYESIGHT FAILING HIM

I BEGIN to wane in sight ;
 Shortly I shall bid good-night :
 Then no gazing more about,
 When the tapers once are out.

UPON JULIA'S HAIR FILL'D WITH DEW

DEW sat on Julia's hair
 And spangled too,
 Like leaves that laden are
 With trembling dew :
 Or glitter'd to my sight,
 As when the beams
 Have their reflected light
 Danc'd by the streams.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW

SINCE to the country first I came
I have lost my former flame :
And, methinks, I not inherit,
As I did, my ravish'd spirit.
If I write a verse or two,
'Tis with very much ado ;
In regard I want that wine
Which should conjure up a line.
Yet, though now of Muse bereft,
I have still the manners left
For to thank you, noble sir,
For those gifts you do confer
Upon him who only can
Be in prose a grateful man.

UPON HIMSELF

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

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

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

I could never walk alone ;
 Put a shirt of sackcloth on
 Never keep a fast, or pray
 For good luck in love that day.

But have hitherto liv'd free
 As the air that circles me :
 And kept credit with my heart,
 Neither broke i' th' whole, or part.

AN ECLOGUE OR PASTORAL BETWEEN
 ENDYMION PORTER AND LYCIDAS
 HERRICK

SET AND SUNG

End. **A**H! Lycidas, come tell me why
 Thy whilom merry oat ¹
 By thee doth so neglected lie,
 And never purls a note ?

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

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

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

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

¹ *Oat*, oaten pipe.

Thou leav'st our hills, our dales, our bowers,
 Our finer fleecéd sheep,
 Unkind to us, to spend thine hours
 Where shepherds should not keep.

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

End. But I the courtly state would see.

Lyc. Then see it in report.

What has the court to do with swains,
 Where Phyllis is not known ?
 Nor does it mind the rustic strains
 Of us, or Corydon.

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

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

Then Jessamine, with Florabell,
 And dainty Amaryllis,
 With handsome-handed Drosomell¹
 Shall prank² thy hook with lilies.

Lyc. Then Tityrus, and Corydon,
 And Thyrsis, they shall follow
 With all the rest ; while thou alone
 Shalt lead like young Apollo.

And till thou com'st, thy Lycidas,
 In every genial cup,
 Shall write in spice : Endymion 'twas
 That kept his piping up.

¹ *Drosmell*, honey dew.

² *Prank*, bedeck.

And, my most lucky swain, when I shall live to see
 Endymion's moon to fill up full, remember me :
 Meantime, let Lycidas have leave to pipe to thee.

TO A BED OF TULIPS

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

Your sisterhoods may stay,
 And smile here for your hour ;
 But die ye must away,
 Even as the meanest flower.

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

TO THE WATER NYMPHS DRINKING AT
 THE FOUNTAIN

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

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



'Bright tulips, we do know
You had your coming hither.'
TO A BED OF TULIPS

HOW HE WOULD DRINK HIS WINE

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

HOW MARIGOLDS CAME YELLOW

JEALOUS girls these sometimes were,
 While they liv'd or lasted here :
 Turn'd to flowers, still they be
 Yellow, mark'd for jealousy.

THE BROKEN CRYSTAL

TO fetch me wine my Lucia went,
 Bearing a crystal continent :¹
 But, making haste, it came to pass
 She brake in two the purer glass,
 Then smil'd, and sweetly chid her speed ;
 So with a blush beshrew'd the deed.

¹ *Continent*, holder.

UPON HIMSELF

THOU'RT hence removing (like a shepherd's
tent),
And walk thou must the way that others went :
Fall thou must first, then rise to life with these,
Mark'd in thy book for faithful witnesses.

UPON LOVE

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

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

HIS WINDING SHEET

COME thou, who art the wine and wit
Of all I've writ :
The grace, the glory, and the best
Piece of the rest.
Thou art of what I did intend
The all and end ;
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee, my sheet.

Come then, and be to my chaste side
Both bed and bride.
We two, as reliques left, will have
One rest, one grave.
And, hugging close, we will not fear
Lust entering here,
Where all desires are dead or cold
As is the mould ;
And all affections are forgot,
Or trouble not.
Here, here the slaves and pris'ners be
From shackles free :
And weeping widows long oppress'd
Do here find rest.
The wrongéd client ends his laws
Here, and his cause.
Here those long suits of chancery lie
Quiet, or die :
And all Star-Chamber bills do cease,
Or hold their peace.
Here needs no Court for our Request,
Where all are best,
All wise, all equal, and all just
Alike i' th' dust.
Nor need we here to fear the frown
Of court or crown :
*Where fortune bears no sway o'er things,
There all are kings.*
In this securer place we'll keep,
As lull'd asleep ;
Or for a little time we'll lie
As robes laid by ;

To be another day re-worn,
 Turn'd, but not torn :
 Or, like old testaments engrost,
 Lock'd up, not lost :
 And for a while lie here conceal'd,
 To be reveal'd
 Next at that great Platonick year,¹
 And then meet here.

ON HIMSELF

BORN I was to meet with age,
 And to walk life's pilgrimage.
 Much I know of time is spent,
 Tell I can't what's resident.²
 Howsoever, cares, adieu !
 I'll have nought to say to you :
 But I'll spend my coming hours
 Drinking wine and crown'd with flowers.

TO PHYLLIS, TO LOVE AND LIVE
WITH HIM

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see
 The pleasures I'll prepare for thee ;
 What sweets the country can afford
 Shall bless thy bed and bless thy board.
 The soft, sweet moss shall be thy bed
 With crawling woodbine over-spread ;

¹ *Platonick year*, the 36,000th year of our planet, in which it is said all persons and things will revert to their original state.

² *Resident*, remaining.

By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
Thy clothing, next, shall be a gown
Made of the fleece's purest down.
The tongues of kids shall be thy meat,
Their milk thy drink ; and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips buttered ;
Thy feasting-tables shall be hills
With daisies spread and daffodils,
Where thou shalt sit, and red-breast by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
I'll give thee chains and carcanets¹
Of primroses and violets.
A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
That richly wrought, and this as brave ;
So that as either shall express
The wearer's no mean shepherdess.
At shearing-times, and yearly wakes,²
When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be ; and be the wit,
Nay, more, the feast, and grace of it.
On holidays, when virgins meet
To dance the heyes³ with nimble feet,
Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
The queen of roses for that year ;
And having danced, 'bove all the best,
Carry the garland from the rest.
In wicker baskets maids shall bring
To thee, my dearest shepherling,

¹ *Carcanets*, necklaces.

² *Wakes*, village feasts on the dedication day of the church.

³ *The heyes*, a winding, country dance.

The blushing apple, bashful pear,
 And shame-fac'd plum, all simp'ring there.
 Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
 The name of Phyllis in the rind
 Of every straight and smooth-skin tree ;
 Where kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee.
 To thee a sheep-hook I will send,
 Be-prank'd¹ with ribands to this end ;
 This, this alluring hook might be
 Less for to catch a sheep than me.
 Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,
 Not made of ale, but spiced wine,
 To make thy maids and self free mirth,
 All sitting near the glitt'ring hearth.
 Thou shalt have ribands, roses, rings,
 Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings
 Of winning colours, that shall move
 Others to lust, but me to love.
 These, nay, and more, thine own shall be
 If thou wilt love, and live with me.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESS SUSANNA
 HERRICK

WHEN I consider, dearest, thou dost stay
 But here a-while, to languish and decay,
 Like to these garden-glories, which here be
 The flowery-sweet resemblances of thee ;
 With grief of heart, methinks, I thus do cry :
 Would thou hadst ne'er been born, or might'st not
 die.

¹ *Be-prank'd*, bedecked.

UPON HER EYES

CLEAR are her eyes,
Like purest skies,
Discovering from thence
A baby there
That turns each sphere,
Like an Intelligence.

UPON HER FEET

HER pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at Bo-Peep,
Did soon draw in again.

UPON HIS GREY HAIRS

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

A VOW TO MINERVA

GODDESS, I begin an art ;
 Come thou in, with thy best part
 For to make the texture lie
 Each way smooth and civilly ;¹
 And a broad-fac'd owl² shall be
 Offer'd up with vows to thee.

TO DIANEME

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

MEAT WITHOUT MIRTH

EATEN I have ; and though I had good cheer,
 I did not sup, because no friends were there.
 Where mirth and friends are absent when we dine
 Or sup, there wants the incense and the wine.

¹ *Civilly*, orderly.

² *Owl*, the bird sacred to Athene or Minerva.

AN ODE TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW

HERE we securely¹ live and eat
 The cream of meat,
 And keep eternal fires,
 By which we sit, and do divine
 As wine
 And rage inspires.

If full we charm, then call upon
 Anacreon
 To grace the frantic thyse ;²
 And having drunk, we raise a shout
 Throughout
 To praise his verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,
 Which sung, or said,
 A goblet to the brim
 Of lyric wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
 Around
 We quaff to him.

Thus, thus we live, and spend the hours
 In wine and flowers,
 And make the frolic year,
 The month, the week, the instant³ day
 To stay
 The longer here.

¹ *Securely*, free from care.

² *Thyse*, a Bacchic staff.

³ *Instant*, oncoming.

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

Take horse, and come, or be so kind
 To send your mind,
 Though but in numbers¹ few,
 And I shall think I have the heart,
 Or part
 Of Clipseby Crew.

TO HIS TOMB-MAKER

GO I must ; when I am gone,
 Write but this upon my stone :
 Chaste I lived, without a wife,
 That's the story of my life.
 Stewings need none, every flower
 Is in this word, bachelour.

UPON HIMSELF BEING BURIED

LET me sleep this night away,
 Till the dawning of the day ;
 Then at th' opening of mine eyes
 I, and all the world, shall rise.

¹ *Numbers, verses.*

HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY

HERE, here I live with what my board
 Can with the smallest cost afford.
 Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
 They well content my Prew¹ and me.
 Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beet,
 Whatever comes, content makes sweet.
 Here we rejoice, because no rent
 We pay for our poor tenement,
 Wherein we rest, and never fear
 The landlord or the usurer.
 The quarter-day does ne'er affright
 Our peaceful slumbers in the night.
 We eat our own and batten more,
 Because we feed on no man's score ;
 But pity those whose flanks grow great,
 Swell'd with the lard of others' meat.
 We bless our fortunes when we see
 Our own beloved privacy ;
 And like our living, where we're known
 To very few, or else to none.

THE FAIRIES

IF ye will with Mab find grace,
 Set each platter in his place ;
 Rake the fire up, and get
 Water in, ere sun be set.

¹ *Prew, i.e., his servant, Prudence Baldwin.*

Wash your pails, and cleanse your dairies ;
 Sluts are loathsome to the fairies ;
 Sweep your house, who doth not so,
 Mab will pinch her by the toe.

ART ABOVE NATURE : TO JULIA

WHEN I behold a forest spread
 With silken trees upon thy head,
 And when I see that other dress
 Of flowers set in comeliness ;
 When I behold another grace
 In the ascent of curious lace,
 Which like a pinnacle doth show
 The top, and the top-gallant too.
 Then, when I see thy tresses bound
 Into an oval, square, or round,
 And knit in knots far more than I
 Can tell by tongue, or true-love tie ;
 Next, when those lawny films I see
 Play with a wild civility,¹
 And all those airy silks to flow,
 Alluring me, and tempting so :
 I must confess mine eye and heart
 Dotes less on Nature than on Art.

UPON LOVE

I PLAYED with Love, as with the fire
 The wanton Satyr did ;
 Nor did I know, or could descry
 What under there was hid.

¹ *Civility, order.*



'When I behold a forest spread
With silken trees upon thy head.'

ART ABOVE NATURE: to JULIA



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

A HYMN TO THE GRACES

WHEN I love (as some have told,
 Love I shall when I am old),
 O ye Graces ! make me fit
 For the welcoming of it.
 Clean my rooms, as temples be,
 T' entertain that deity.
 Give me words wherewith to woo,
 Suppling¹ and successful too ;
 Winning postures, and, withal,
 Manners each way musical :
 Sweetness to allay my sour
 And unsmooth behaviour.
 For I know you have the skill
 Vines to prune, though not to kill,
 And of any wood ye see,
 You can make a Mercury.²

THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESS
 CALLING HIM TO ELYSIUM

Desunt nonnulla —

COME then, and like two doves with silv'ry
 wings,
 Let our souls fly to th' shades where ever springs

¹ *Suppling*, softening.

² *Mercury*, god of eloquence and inventor of the lyre.

Sit smiling in the meads ; where balm and oil
 Roses and cassia crown the untill'd soil.
 Where no disease reigns, or infection comes
 To blast the air, but ambergris and gums
 This, that, and ev'ry thicket doth transpire,
 More sweet than storax from the hallowed fire,
 Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue bears
 Of fragrant apples, blushing plums, or pears ;
 And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew
 Like morning sunshine tinselling the dew.
 Here in green meadows sits eternal May,
 Purfling¹ the margents, while perpetual day
 So double gilds the air, as that no night
 Can ever rust th' enamel of the light.
 Here, naked younglings, handsome striplings, run
 Their goals for virgins' kisses ; which when done,
 Then unto dancing forth the learned round²
 Commixed they meet, with endless roses crown'd.
 And here we'll sit on primrose-banks, and see
 Love's chorus led by Cupid ; and we'll be
 Two loving followers, too, unto the grove
 Where poets sing the stories of our love.
 There thou shalt hear divine Musæus sing
 Of Hero and Leander ; then I'll bring
 Thee to the stand, where honour'd Homer reads
 His Odysseys and his high Iliads ;
 About whose throne the crowd of poets throng
 To hear the incantation of his tongue :
 To Linus, then to Pindar ; and that done,
 I'll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon,
 Quaffing his full-crown'd bowls of burning wine,
 And in his raptures speaking lines of thine,

¹ *Purfling*, trimming, embroidering. ² *Round*, rustic dance.

Like to his subject ; and as his frantic
 Looks show 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 fair Corinna sits, and doth comply¹
 With ivory wrists his laureate head, and steeps
 His eye in dew of kisses while he sleeps ;
 Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,
 And towering Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
 And snaky Persius, these, and those, whom rage
 (Dropt for the jars of heaven) fill'd t' engage
 All times unto their frenzies,—thou shalt there
 Behold them in a spacious theatre.

Among which glories, crowned with sacred bays
 And flatt'ring ivy, two recite their plays—
 Beaumont and Fletcher, swans to whom all ears
 Listen, while they, like syrens in their spheres,
 Sing their *Evadne* ;² and still more for thee
 There yet remains to know than thou canst see
 By glim'ring of a fancy. Do but come,
 And there I'll show thee that capacious room
 In which thy father Jonson now is plac'd,
 As in a globe of radiant fire, and grac'd
 To be in that orb crown'd, that doth include
 Those prophets of the former magnitude,
 And he one chief ; but hark, I hear the cock
 (The bellman of the night) proclaim the clock

¹ *Comply*, encircle.

² *Their Evadne*, the sister of Melantius in their play "The Maid's Tragedy."

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.

THE PRIMROSE

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

Ask me why this flower does show
 So yellow-green, and sickly too ?
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending (yet it doth not break) ?
 I will answer : These discover
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES

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

Where shall I go,
 Or whither run
 To shun
 This public overthrow ?



'Come sit we under yonder tree,
Where merry as the maids we'll be.'
TO THE MAIDS TO WALK ABROAD

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

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

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON

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

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

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar,
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.

TO THE MAIDS TO WALK ABROAD

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

If not, at draw-gloves¹ we will play ;
 So spend some minutes of the day :
 Or else spin out the thread of sands,
 Playing at Questions and Commands :
 Or tell what strange tricks love can do,
 By quickly making one of two.
 Thus we will sit and talk, but tell
 No cruel truths of Philomel,²
 Or Phyllis, whom hard fate forc'd on
 To kill herself for Demophon.
 But fables we'll relate : how Jove
 Put on all shapes to get a love ;
 As now a satyr, then a swan ;
 A bull but then, and now a man.
 Next we will act how young men woo,
 And sigh, and kiss as lovers do ;
 And talk of brides, and who shall make
 That wedding-smock, this bridal cake,
 That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine,
 That smooth and silken columbine.
 This done, we'll draw lots who shall buy
 And gild the bays and rosemary ;
 What posies for our wedding rings ;
 What gloves we'll give and ribandings :
 And smiling at ourselves, decree,
 Who then the joining priest shall be.
 What short, sweet prayers shall be said ;
 And how the posset shall be made
 With cream of lilies, not of kine,
 And maiden's-blush, for spiced wine.

¹ *Draw-gloves*, talking on the fingers.

² *Philomela*, daughter of Pandion, changed into a nightingale.

Thus, having talked, we'll next commend
A kiss to each, and so we'll end.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA

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

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee ;
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

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

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

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW

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

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

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

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

TO HIS VERSES

WHAT will ye, my poor orphans, do
 When I must leave the world and you ?
 Who'll give ye then a sheltering shed,
 Or credit ye when I am dead ?
 Who'll let ye by their fire sit,
 Although ye have a stock of wit
 Already coin'd to pay for it ?
 I cannot tell, unless there be
 Some race of old humanity
 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 us'd, than babes left fatherless.

UPON LOVE

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

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

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

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

THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE
FAIRY QUEEN

PLEASE your Grace, from out your store,
 Give an alms to one that's poor,
 That your mickle¹ may have more.

¹ *Mickle*, much.

Black I'm grown for want of meat,
Give me then an ant to eat,
Or the cleft ear of a mouse
Over-sour'd in drink of souce ;¹
Or, sweet lady, reach to me
The abdomen of a bee ;
Or commend a cricket's hip,
Or his huckson,² to my scrip.
Give for bread a little bit
Of a pea that 'gins to chit,³
And my full thanks take for it.
Flour of fuzz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needihood ;
But the meal of milldust can
Well content a craving man.
Any orts ⁴ the elves refuse
Well will serve the beggar's use.
But if this may seem too much
For an alms, then give me such
Little bits that nestle there
In the prisoner's panier.⁵
So a blessing light upon
You and mighty Oberon :
That your plenty last till when
I return your alms again.

¹ *Souce*, salt-pickle.

² *Huckson*, huckle-bone.

³ *Chit*, sprout.

⁴ *Orts*, scraps of food.

⁵ *Prisoner's panier*, the basket which poor prisoners used to hang out of the gaol windows for alms in money or kind.

FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME
THE SPRING

FLED are the frosts, and now the fields appear
 Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant diaper.
 Thaw'd are the snows, and now the lusty spring
 Gives to each mead a neat enamelling.
 The palms put forth their gems,¹ and every tree
 Now swaggers in her leafy gallantry.
 The while the Daulian minstrel² sweetly sings,
 With warbling notes, her Terean sufferings.³
 What gentle winds perspire! As if here
 Never had been the northern plunderer
 To strip the trees and fields, to their distress,
 Leaving them to a pitied nakedness.
 And look how when a frantic storm doth tear
 A stubborn oak, or holm, long growing there,
 But lull'd to calmness, then succeeds a breeze
 That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees:
 So when this war, which tempest-like doth spoil
 Our salt, our corn, our honey, wine and oil,
 Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
 His inconsiderate frenzy off, at last,
 The gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease,
 Bring in her bill, once more, the branch of peace.

¹ *Gems*, buds.

² *Daulian minstrel*, the nightingale Philomela.

³ *Terean sufferings*, *i.e.*, at the hands of Tereus.

THE HAG

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

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur,
With a lash of a bramble she rides now ;
Through brakes and through briars,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

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

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

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE

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

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

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

A HYMN TO THE MUSES

O YOU the virgins nine !
That do our souls incline
To noble discipline !
Nod to this vow of mine.
Come, then, and now inspire
My viol and my lyre
With your eternal fire,
And make me one entire
Composer in your choir.
Then I'll your altars strew
With roses sweet and new ;
And ever live a true
Acknowledger of you.

THE COUNTRY LIFE

TO THE HONOURED M. END. PORTER, GROOM OF
THE BEDCHAMBER TO HIS MAJESTY

SWEET country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others', not their own!
But serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove;
Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
No, thy ambition's masterpiece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year:
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others larger grounds:
For well thou know'st *'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.*
When now the cock (the ploughman's horn)
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which though well soil'd,¹ yet thou dost know
That the best compost² for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy team
With a hind whistling there to them;

¹ *Soil'd*, manured.

² *Compost*, preparation.

And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamelled meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou see'st a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower ;
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
Unto the dew-laps up in meat ;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass as backs with wool,
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry and plays
Thou hast thy eves and holidays ;
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet ;
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintels here thou hast,
Thy May-poles, too, with garlands grac'd ;
Thy morris dance, thy Whitsun ale,
Thy shearing feast which never fail ;
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail bowl,
That's toss'd up after fox i' th' hole ;¹

¹ *Fox i' th' hole*, a hopping game in which boys beat each other with gloves.

Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-tide kings
 And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
 Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
 And no man pays too dear for it.
 To these, thou hast thy times to go
 And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow ;
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
 The lark into the trammel net ;
 Thou hast thy cockrood¹ and thy glade²
 To take the precious pheasant made ;
 Thy lime-twigs, snares and pit-falls then
 To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
 O happy life ! if that their good
 The husbandmen but understood !
 Who all the day themselves do please,
 And younglings, with such sports as these,
 And lying down have nought t' affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt —

TO ELECTRA

I DARE not ask a kiss,
 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
 Only to kiss that air
 That lately kisséd thee.

¹ *Cockrood*, a run for snaring woodcocks.

² *Glade*, an opening in the wood across which nets were hung to catch game. (Willoughby, *Ornithologie*, i. 3.)

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR
BARTLY

WHEN after many lusters¹ thou shalt be
Wrapt up in cere-cloth with thine ancestry ;
When of thy ragg'd escutcheons shall be seen
So little left, as if they ne'er had been ;
Thou shalt thy name have, and thy fame's best trust,
Here with the generation of my Just.

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 ox or ass
By noon, and let thy good days pass,
Not knowing this, that Jove decrees
Some mirth t' adulce² man's miseries ?
No ; 'tis a life to have thine oil
Without extortion from thy soil ;
Thy faithful fields to yield thee grain,
Although with some, yet little, pain ;
To have thy mind, and nuptial bed,
With fears and cares uncumberéd ;

This is to live, and to endear
Those minutes Time has lent us here.

¹ *Luster*, a period of five years.

² *Adulce*, sweeten.

Then, while fates suffer, live thou free
 As is that air that circles thee,
 And crown thy temples too, and let
 Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,
 To strut¹ thy barns with sheafs of wheat.
 Time steals away like to a stream,
 And we glide hence away with them.
*No sound recalls the hours once fled,
 Or roses, being withered ;*
 Nor us, my friend, when we are lost,
 Like to a dew or melted frost.
 Then live we mirthful while we should,
 And turn the iron age to gold.
 Let's feast, and frolic, sing, and play,
 And thus less last than live our day.
*Whose life with care is overcast,
 That man's not said to live, but last ;
 Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,
 But for to live that half seven well ;*
 And that we'll do, as men who know,
 Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
 Both to be blended in the urn
 From whence there's never a return.

A HYMN TO THE LARES

IT was, and still my care is,
 To worship ye, the Lares,
 With crowns of greenest parsley
 And garlic chives, not scarcely ;
 For favours here to warm me,
 And not by fire to harm me ;

¹ *Strut*, swell.

For gladding so my hearth here
 With inoffensive mirth here ;
 That while the wassail bowl here
 With North-down ale doth trou¹ here,
 No syllable doth fall here
 To mar the mirth at all here.
 For which, O chimney-keepers !
 (I dare not call ye sweepers)
 So long as I am able
 To keep a country table,
 Great be my fare, or small cheer,
 I'll eat and drink up all here.

TO FORTUNE

TUMBLE me down, and I will sit
 Upon my ruins, smiling yet ;
 Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be
 Patient in my necessity.
 Laugh at my scraps of clothes, and shun
 Me, as a fear'd infection ;
 Yet, scare-crow-like, I'll walk as one
 Neglecting thy derision.

THE FUNERAL RITES OF THE ROSE

THE rose was sick, and smiling died ;
 And, being to be sanctified,
 About the bed there sighing stood
 The sweet and flowery sisterhood.
 Some hung the head, while some did bring,
 To wash her, water from the spring.

¹ *Troul*, pass round.

Some laid her forth, while others wept,
 But all a solemn fast there kept.
 The holy sisters, some among,
 The sacred dirge and trentall¹ sung.
 But ah! what sweets smelt everywhere,
 As heaven had spent all perfumes there.
 At last, when prayers for the dead
 And rites were all accomplishéd,
 They, weeping, spread a lawny loom
 And clos'd her up, as in a tomb.

THE RAINBOW, OR CURIOUS COVENANT

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

THE LAST STROKE STRIKES SURE

THOUGH by well warding many blows we've
 pass'd,
That stroke most fear'd is which is struck the last.

¹ *Trentall*, a service for the dead.

FORTUNE

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

STOOL-BALL¹

AT stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar-cakes and wine :
Or for a tansy² let us pay,
The loss, or thine, or mine.

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

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

MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESS

THAT flow of gallants which approach
To kiss thy hand from out the coach ;
That fleet of lackeys which do run
Before thy swift postillion ;

¹ *Stool-ball*, a game of ball played by girls.

² *Tansy*, a cake made of eggs, cream, and herbs.

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 axletree.
 Thy wife, thy children, and the state
 Of Persian looms and antique plate ;
 All these, and more, shall then afford
 No joy to thee, their sickly lord.

HOW ROSES CAME RED

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

HIS RETURN TO LONDON

FROM the dull confines of the drooping West
 To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
 Ravish'd in spirit I come, nay, more, I fly
 To thee, bless'd place of my nativity !
 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, year by year.
 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 call'd back ; henceforward let me be,
 O native country, repossess'd by thee !
 For, rather than I'll to the West return,
 I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
 Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;
 Give thou my sacred relics burial.

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE

'TIS not ev'ry day that I
 Fitted am to prophesy ;
 No ; but when the spirit fills
 The fantastic pannicles¹
 Full of fire, then I write
 As the godhead doth indite.
 Thus enrag'd, my lines are hurled,
 Like the Sibyl's,² through the world.
 Look how next the holy fire
 Either slakes, or doth retire ;
 So the fancy cools, till when
 That brave spirit comes again.

A BUCOLIC, OR DISCOURSE OF
 NEATHERDS

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

¹ *Fantastic pannicles*, brain cells of the imagination.

² *Sibyl's*, the oracles of the Cumæan Sibyl were written on leaves, which the wind blew about her cave.—*Cf.* Virg. *Æn.* iv.

Chor. And Lalage 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 complete,
And wanton as a kid as yet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[1 *Neatherd* plays.

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

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

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

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

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

Chor. And Lalage 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'd 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 weary, not o'ercome by either.

PROOF TO NO PURPOSE

YOU see this gentle stream that glides,
Shov'd on by quick-succeeding tides;
Try if this sober stream 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 pores and caverns back again
 Induct that inadult'rate same
 Stream to the spring from whence it came.
 This with a wonder when ye do,
 As easy, and else easier too,
 Then may ye recollect the grains
 Of my particular remains,
 After a thousand lusters hurl'd
 By ruffling winds about the world.

TO THE GENIUS OF HIS
 HOUSE

COMMAND the roof, great Genius, and from
 thence
 Into this house pour down thy influence,
 That through each room a golden pipe may run
 Of living water by thy benison.
 Fulfill the larders, and with strengthening bread
 Be evermore these bins replenishéd.
 Next, like a bishop consecrate my ground,
 That lucky fairies here may dance their round ;
 And after that, lay down some silver pence
 The master's charge and care to recompense.
 Charm then the chambers, make the beds for ease,
 More than for peevish, pining sicknesses.
 Fix the foundation fast, and let the roof
 Grow old with time but yet keep weather-proof.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH

THOUGH clock,
 To tell how night draws hence, I've none,
 A cock
 I have to sing how day draws on.
 I have
 A maid, my Prew,¹ by good luck sent
 To save
 That little Fates me gave or lent.
 A hen
 I keep, which creaking² day by day,
 Tells when
 She goes her long white egg to lay.
 A goose
 I have, which with a jealous ear
 Lets loose
 Her tongue to tell that danger's near.
 A lamb
 I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,
 Whose dam
 An orphan left him, lately dead.
 A cat
 I keep that plays about my house,
 Grown fat
 With eating many a miching³ mouse.
 To these
 A Tracy⁴ I do keep whereby

¹ *My Prew*, Prudence Baldwin.

² *Creaking*, clucking.

³ *Miching*, skulking.

⁴ His spaniel.

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

Ch. What's that to me? I waft nor fish or fowls,
Nor beasts, fond¹ thing, but only human
souls.

Ph. Alas for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching
note

That made me thus hoist sail and bring my
boat:

But I'll return; what mischief brought thee
hither?

Ph. A deal of love and much, much grief to-
gether.

Ch. What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's now
beneath²

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 souls
pay me.

Ph. I'll give thee vows and tears. *Ch.* Can tears
pay scores

For mending sails, for patching boat and oars?

Ph. I'll beg a penny, or I'll 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 slothful passage o'er the Stygian Lake,
Thou and I'll sing to make these dull shades
merry,

Who else with tears would doubtless drown my
ferry.

¹ *Fond*, foolish.

² *She's now beneath*, her mother Zeuxippe?

A TERNARY OF LITTLES, UPON
A PIPKIN OF JELLY SENT
TO A LADY

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

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

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

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chapel fits a little choir :
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

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

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

UPON JULIA'S WEEPING

SHE by the river sat, and sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a tear.



'A little garland fits a little head.'

A TERNARY OF LITTLES



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TO ELECTRA

LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE

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

 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 preternatural fever, which did threat
 Death to our country, now hath lost his heat,
 And, calms succeeding, we perceive no more
 Th' unequal pulse to beat, as heretofore.
 Something there yet remains for thee to do ;
 Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.
 Go on with Sylla's fortune ;¹ let thy fate
 Make thee like him, this, that way fortunate :
 Apollo's image side with thee to bless
 Thy war (discreetly made) with white success.

¹ *Sylla's fortune*, a reference to Sylla's surname of *Felix*.

Meantime thy prophets watch by watch shall pray,
 While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the
 day :

That done, our smooth-paced poems all shall be
 Sung in the high doxology ¹ of thee.

Then maids shall strew thee, and thy curls from
 them

Receive with songs a flowery diadem.

THE WAKE

COME, Anthea, let us two
 Go to feast, as others do.
 Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,
 Are the junkets still at wakes :
 Unto which the tribes resort,
 Where the business is the sport.
 Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
 Marian,² too, in pageantry,
 And a mimic to devise
 Many grinning properties.
 Players there will be, and those
 Base in action ³ as in clothes ;
 Yet with strutting they will please
 The incurious villages.
 Near the dying of the day
 There will be a cudgel-play,

¹ *Doxology*, glorifying.

² *Marian*, Maid Marian of the Robin Hood ballads.

³ *Action*, *i.e.*, dramatic action.

Where a coxcomb¹ will be broke
 Ere a good word can be spoke :
 But the anger ends all here,
 Drenched in ale, or drown'd in beer.
 Happy rustics ! best content
 With the cheapest merriment,
 And possess no other fear
 Than to want the wake next year.

THE PETER-PENNY

FRESH strewings allow
 To my sepulchre now,
 To make my lodging the sweeter ;
 A staff or a wand
 Put then in my hand,
 With a penny to pay S. Peter.²

Who has not a cross³
 Must sit with the loss,
 And no whit further must venture ;
 Since the porter he
 Will paid have his fee,
 Or else not one there must enter.

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

¹ *Coxcomb*, to cause blood to flow from the opponent's head was the test of victory.

² *S. Peter*, as the porter of heaven.

³ *Cross*, a coin.

A CONJURATION TO ELECTRA

BY those soft tods of wool¹
 With which the air is full ;
 By all those tinctures² there,
 That paint the hemisphere ;
 By dews and drizzling rain
 That swell the golden grain ;
 By all those sweets that be
 I' th' flowery nunnery ;
 By silent nights, and the
 Three forms of Hecate ;³
 By all aspects⁴ that bless
 The sober sorceress,
 While juice she strains, and pith
 To make her philters with ;
 By time that hastens on
 Things to perfection ;
 And by yourself, the best
 Conjurement of the rest :
 O my Electra ! be
 In love with none, but me.

¹ *Tods of wool*, a tod of wool=twenty-eight pounds, here means the fleecy clouds.

² *Tinctures*, colours.

³ *Three forms of Hecate*. Luna in heaven, Diana on earth, Persephone in the world below. Cf. Hor. Od. iii. 22.

⁴ *Aspects*, i.e., of the planets.

HIS WISH TO PRIVACY

GIVE me a cell
 To dwell,
 Where no foot hath
 A path :
 There will I spend
 And end
 My wearied years
 In tears.

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 torn,
 Either with old, or plant therein new thorn ;
 Tread o'er his glebe, but with such care, that where
 He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there.

A HYMN TO BACCHUS

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

What though the lictors threat us,
 We know they dare not beat us,
 So long as thou doth heat us.
 When we thy orgies¹ sing,
 Each cobbler is a king,
 Nor dreads he any thing :
 And though he do not rave,
 Yet he'll the courage have
 To call my Lord Mayor knave ;
 Besides, too, in a brave,²
 Although he has no riches,
 But walks with dangling breeches,
 And skirts that want their stitches,
 And shows his naked flitches,
 Yet he'll be thought or seen
 So good as George-a-Green ;³
 And calls his blouze,⁴ his queen ;
 And speaks in language kecn.
 O Bacchus ! let us be
 From cares and troubles free ;
 And thou shalt hear how we
 Will chant new hymns to thee.

A PSALM OR HYMN TO THE GRACES

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

¹ *Orgies*, hymns to Bacchus.

² *Brave*, boast.

³ *George-a-Green*, the legendary pinner of Wakefield, renowned for the use of the quarterstaff. Cf. Greene's play.

⁴ *Blouze*, a fat wench.

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

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

A HYMN TO THE MUSES

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

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

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

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

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.

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

UPON PREW, HIS MAID

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

THE INVITATION

TO sup with thee thou did'st me home invite ;
And mad'st a promise that mine appetite
Should meet and tire¹ on such lautitious² meat,
The like not Heliogabalus did eat :
And richer wine would'st give to me, thy guest,
Than Roman Sylla pour'd out at his feast.
I came, 'tis true, and looked for fowl of price,
The bastard phoenix, bird of paradise,
And for no less than aromatic wine
Of maiden's-blush,³ commix'd with jessamine.
Clean was the hearth, the mantel larded jet ;⁴
Which wanting Lar, and smoke, hung weeping wet ;
At last, i' th' noon of winter, did appear
A ragg'd-soust-neat's-foot⁵ with sick vinegar :

¹ *Tire*, feed on.

² *Lautitious*, sumptuous.

³ *Maiden's-blush*, the pink-rose.

⁴ *Larded jet*, i. e., blacked.

⁵ *Soust*, pickled.

And in a burnished flagonet stood by,
 Beer small as comfort, dead as charity.
 At which amaz'd, and pondering on the food,
 How cold it was, and how it chill'd my blood ;
 I curs'd the master, and I damn'd the souce,
 And swore I'd got the ague of the house.
 Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
 I'll bring a fever, since thou keep'st no fire.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS

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

With the last year's brand
 Light the new block, and
 For good success in his spending
 On your psaltries¹ play,
 That sweet luck may
 Come while the log is a-teending.²

Drink now the strong beer,
 Cut the white loaf 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.

¹ *Psaltries*, a kind of guitar.

² *Teending*, kindling.

CHRISTMAS-EVE

ANOTHER CEREMONY

COME guard this night the Christmas-pie,
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks, don't come nigh
To catch it.
From him, who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his ear,
And a deal of nightly fear,
To watch it.

ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS

WASH your hands, or else the fire
Will not teend to your desire ;
Unwash'd hands, ye maidens, know,
Dead the fire, though ye blow.

ANOTHER

WASSAIL, the trees, that they may bear
You many a plum and many a pear :
For more or less fruits they will bring,
As you do give them wassailing.

TO SAPPHO

SAPPHO, I will choose to go
Where the northern winds do blow
Endless ice and endless snow :

Rather than I once would see
 But a winter's face in thee,
 To benumb my hopes and me.

THE BRIDE-CAKE

THIS day, my Julia, thou must make
 For Mistress Bride the wedding-cake :
 Knead but the dough, and it will be
 To paste of almonds turn'd by thee :
 Or kiss it thou but once or twice,
 And for the bride-cake there'll be spice.

TO BE MERRY

LET'S now take our time
 While w'are in our prime,
 And old, old age is afar off :
 For the evil, evil days
 Will come on apace,
 Before we can be aware of.

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH

SO look the mornings when the sun
 Paints them with fresh vermilion :
 So cherries blush, and Kathern pears,¹
 And apricots in youthful years :
 So corals look more lovely red,
 And rubies lately polishéd :

¹ *Kathern pears, i.e., Catharine pears.*

So purest diaper doth shine,
 Stain'd by the beams of claret wine :
 As Julia looks when she doth dress
 Her either cheek with bashfulness.

THE AMBER BEAD

I SAW a fly within a bead
 Of amber cleanly buried ;
 The urn was little, but the room
 More rich than Cleopatra's tomb.

COUNSEL

'T WAS Cæsar's saying : *Kings no less conquerors*
are
By their wise counsel, than they be by war.

TO DIANEME

I COULD but see thee yesterday
 Stung by a fretful bee ;
 And I the javelin suck'd away,
 And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns and briars and stings,
 I have in my poor breast ;
 Yet ne'er can see that salve which brings
 My passions any rest.

As love shall help me, I admire ¹
 How thou canst sit, and smile
 To see me bleed, and not desire
 To staunch the blood the while.

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

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

TOUCH but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear
 From thee some raptures of the rare Gotiere ;
 Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
 I hear in thee rare Laniere ² to sing ;
 Or curious Wilson : tell me, canst thou be
 Less than Apollo, that usurp'st such three ?
 Three, unto whom the whole world give applause ;
 Yet their three praises praise but one ; that's Lawes.

UPON LOVE

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

¹ *Admire*, wonder.

² *Laniere*, Nicholas Laniere (1590?-1670?), musician, appointed Master of the King's Music in 1626.

The halter was of silk and gold,
That he reach'd forth unto me ;
No otherwise than if he would
By dainty things undo me.

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

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

A HYMN TO CUPID

THOU, thou that bear'st the sway,
With whom the sea-nymphs play ;
And Venus, every way :
When I embrace thy knee,
And make short pray'rs to thee,
In love then prosper me.
This day I go to woo ;
Instruct me how to do
This work thou put'st me to.
From shame my face keep free ;
From scorn I beg of thee,
Love, to deliver me :
So shall I sing thy praise,
And to thee altars raise,
Unto the end of days.

A DEFENCE FOR WOMEN

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

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS EVE

DOWN with the rosemary and bays,
 Down with the mistletoe ;
 Instead of holly, now up-raise
 The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway ;
 Let box now domineer
 Until the dancing Easter day,
 Or Easter's eve appear.

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

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

Green rushes, then, and sweetest bents,
 With cooler oaken boughs,
 Come in for comely ornaments
 To re-adorn the house.
 Thus times do shift ; each thing his turn does hold ;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS DAY

KINDLE the Christmas brand, and then
 Till sunset let it burn ;
 Which quench'd, then lay it up again
 Till Christmas next return.
 Part must be kept wherewith to teend
 The Christmas log next year,
 And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
 Can do no mischief there.

UPON CANDLEMAS DAY

END now the white loaf and the pie,
 And let all sports with Christmas die.

UPON BEN JONSON

HERE lies Jonson with the rest
 Of the poets : but the best.
 Reader, would'st thou more have known ?
 Ask his story, not this stone.
 That will speak what this can't tell
 Of his glory. So farewell.

AN ODE FOR HIM

AH Ben !
 Say how, or when
 Shall we thy guests
 Meet at those lyric feasts
 Made at the Sun,¹
 The Dog, the Triple Tun ?
 Where we such clusters had,
 As made us nobly wild, not mad ;
 And yet each verse of thine
 Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

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

¹ *The Sun, etc.*, famous taverns.

TO M. KELLAM

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

For love or pity to his muse,
 That she may flow in verse,
 Contemn to recommend a cruse,
 But send to her a tierce.

THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH

PRAISE they that will times past ; I joy to see
 Myself now live : *this age best pleaseth me.*

UPON CUPID

LOVE, like a beggar, came to me
 With hose and doublet torn :
 His shirt bedangling from his knee,
 With hat and shoes outworn.

He ask'd an alms ; I gave him bread,
 And meat too, for his need :
 Of which, when he had fully fed,
 He wished me all good speed.

Away he went, but as he turn'd
 (In faith I know not how)
 He touch'd me so, as that I burn'd,
 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.

AN HYMN TO LOVE

I WILL confess
With cheerfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me,
That let her lay
On me all day,
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

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

No, no, I'll be
In fetters free :
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for pain,
I'll entertain
The wounds of love with singing.

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

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 public admiration :
Who with thine own eyes read'st what we do write,
And giv'st our numbers euphony and weight ;
Tell'st when a verse springs high, how understood
To be, or not, born of the royal blood.
What state above, what symmetry below,
Lines have, or should have, thou the best can'st show.
For which, my Charles, it is my pride to be
Not so much known, as to be lov'd of thee.
Long may I live so, and my wreath of bays
Be less another's laurel than thy praise.

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE

DOWN with the rosemary, and so
Down with the bays and mistletoe ;
Down with the holly, ivy, all,
Wherewith ye dressed 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.

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD
LOST HIS LOVE

WHAT needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints ?
In endless mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth.
She sees no tears,
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears :
Nor does she mind,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind ;
But chang'd above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy love.
Forbear, therefore,
And lull asleep
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

HIS TEARS TO THAMESIS

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my silver-footed Thamesis.
No more shall I reiterate¹ thy Strand,
Whereon so many stately structures stand :
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go
To bathe in thee, as thousand others do ;
No more shall I along thy crystal glide
In barge with boughs and rushes beautif'd,
With soft-smooth virgins for our chaste disport,
To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton Court.
Never again shall I with finny oar
Put from, or draw unto the faithful shore :
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster,
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
May all clean nymphs and curious water-dames
With swan-like state float up and down thy streams :
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
To make them lean and languishing at all.
No ruffling winds come hither to disease
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naiades.
Keep up your state, ye streams ; and as ye spring,
Never make sick your banks by surfeiting.
Grow young with tides, and though I see ye never,
Receive this vow, so fare ye well for ever.

¹ *Reiterate*, retread.

TWELFTH NIGHT : OR, KING AND QUEEN

NOW, now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plums,
Where bean's the king of the sport here ;
Beside we must know,
The pea also
Must revel, as queen, in the court here.

Begin then to choose,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here,
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfth-day queen for the night here.

Which known, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake ;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurg'd will not drink
To the base from the brink
A health to the king and the queen here.

Next crown the bowl full
With gentle lamb's wool :
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too ;
And thus ye must do
To make the wassail a swinger.

Give then to the king
 And queen wassailing :
 And though with ale ye be 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 clearly sing,
 Whenas the roof's a-tottering :
 And, though it falls, continues still
 Tickling the cittern with his quill.¹

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND
 MISTRESS ELIZA WHEELER, UNDER
 THE NAME OF AMARYLLIS

Her. **M**Y dearest love, since thou wilt go,
 And leave me here behind thee,
 For love or pity let me know
 The place where I may find thee.

Ama. In country meadows pearl'd with dew,
 And set about with lilies,
 There, filling maunds² with cowslips, you
 May find your Amaryllis.

¹ *Cittern*, a kind of lute ; *quill*, the plectrum for striking it.

² *Maunds*, baskets.

Her. What have the meads to do with thee,
 Or with thy youthful hours ?
 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 gems to shine,
 And like the stars to glitter.

Ama. You set too high a rate upon
 A shepherdess so homely.

Her. Believe it, dearest, there's not one
 I' th' Court that's half so comely.

I prithee stay. *Ama.* I must away ;
 Let's kiss first, then we'll sever.

Ambo. And though we bid adieu to-day,
 We shall not part for ever.

THE SCHOOL OR PEARL OF PUTNEY,
 THE MISTRESS OF ALL SINGULAR
 MANNERS, MISTRESS PORTMAN

WHETHER I was myself, or else did see
 Out of myself that glorious hierarchy ;
 Or whether those, in orders rare, or these
 Made up one state of sixty Venuses ;
 Or whether fairies, syrens, nymphs they were,
 Or muses on their mountain sitting there ;
 Or some enchanted place, I do not know,
 Or Sharon, where eternal roses grow.

This I am sure : I ravished stood, as one
 Confus'd in utter admiration.
 Methought I saw them stir, and gently move,
 And look as all were capable of love ;
 And in their motion smelt much like to flowers
 Inspir'd by th' sunbeams after dews and showers.
 There did I see the reverend rectress stand,
 Who with her eye's gleam, or a glance of hand,
 Those spirits raised ; and with like precepts then,
 As with a magic, laid them all again.
*A happy realm ! When no compulsive law,
 Or fear of it, but love keeps all in awe.*
 Live you, great mistress of your arts, and be
 A nursing mother so to majesty,
 As those your ladies may in time be seen,
 For grace and carriage, everyone a queen.
 One birth their parents gave them ; but their new,
 And better being, they receive from you.
*Man's former birth is graceless ; but the state
 Of life comes in, when he's regenerate.*

UPON KINGS

*KINGS must be dauntless ; subjects will contemn
 Those who want hearts and wear a diadem.*

TO HIS BROTHER, NICHOLAS HERRICK

WHAT others have with cheapness seen and ease
 In varnish'd maps, by th' help of compasses
 Or read in volumes and those books with all
 Their large narrations incanonical,

Thou hast beheld those seas and countries far,
And tell'st to us what once they were, and are.
So that with bold truth thou can'st now relate
This kingdom's fortune, and that empire's fate :
Can'st talk to us of Sharon, where a spring
Of roses have an endless flourishing ;
Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them
Make known to us the new Jerusalem ;
The Mount of Olives, Calvary, and where
Is, and hast seen, thy Saviour's sepulchre.
So that the man that will but lay his ears
As inapostate to the thing he hears,
Shall by his hearing quickly come to see
The truth of travels less in books than thee.

HIS
NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,

HIS PIOUS PIECES,

Wherein (amongst other things)

he sings the Birth of his CHRIST;
and sighes for his *Saviours* suffering
on the *Crosse*.

HESIOD.

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.
Ἴδμεν δ', εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθεία μυθήσασθαι.



LONDON.

Printed for *John Williams* and *Francis Eglesfield*.

1647.



HIS NOBLE NUMBERS

OR

HIS PIOUS PIECES

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION

FOR those my unbaptiséd rhymes,
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 FIND GOD

WEIGH me the fire ; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind ;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mix'd in that watery theatre ;
And taste thou them as saltless there
As in their channel first they were.

Tell me the people that do keep¹
 Within the kingdoms of the deep ;
 Or fetch me back that cloud again
 Beshiver'd into seeds of rain ;
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears
 Of corn, when summer shakes his ears ;
 Show me that world of stars, and whence
 They noiseless spill their influence :
 This if thou canst, then show 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.

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 anyone,
 His wrath is free from perturbation ;
 And when we think His looks are sour and grim,
 The alteration is in us, not Him.

¹ *Keep*, abide.

GOD NOT TO BE COMPREHENDED

'TIS hard to find God, but to comprehend
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

GOD'S PART

PRAYERS and praises are those spotless two
Lambs, by the law, which God requires as due.

AFFLICTION

GOD ne'er afflicts us more than our desert,
Though He may seem to overact His part :
Sometimes He strikes us more than flesh can bear ;
But yet still less than grace can suffer here.

GOD'S MERCY

GOD'S boundless mercy is, to sinful man,
Like to the ever-wealthy ocean :
Which though it sends forth thousand streams, 'tis
ne'er
Known, or else seen, to be the emptier ;
And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more
Full, and fill'd full, than when full fill'd before.

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 hear,
 Then let the harps' enchantments stroke mine ear :
 Here give me thorns, there, in Thy kingdom, set
 Upon my head the golden coronet ;
 There give me day ; but here my dreadful night :
 My sackcloth here ; but there my stole of white.

AN ODE ON THE BIRTH OF OUR
SAVIOUR

IN numbers, and but these few,
 I sing Thy birth, O JESU !
 Thou pretty baby, born 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 enclosures
 Of interwoven osiers,
 Instead of fragrant posies
 Of daffodils and roses,
 Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,
 As Gospel tells,
 Was nothing else
 But here a homely manger.

But we with silks, not crewels,¹
 With sundry precious jewels,
 And lily-work will dress Thee ;
 And as we dispossess Thee
 Of clouts,² we'll make a chamber,
 Sweet babe, for Thee
 Of ivory,
 And plaister'd round with amber.
 The Jews they did disdain Thee,
 But we will entertain Thee
 With glories to await here,
 Upon Thy princely state here ;
 And more for love than pity,
 From year to year,
 We'll make Thee, here,
 A freeborn of our city.

UPON TIME

TIME was upon
 The wing, to fly away ;
 And I call'd on
 Him but awhile to stay ;
 But he'd be gone,
 For ought that I could say.
 He held out then
 A writing, as he went ;
 And ask'd me, when
 False man would be content
 To pay again
 What God and Nature lent.

¹ *Crewels*, worsteds.² *Clouts*, rags.

An hour-glass,
 In which were sands but few,
 As he did pass,
 He showed, and told me, too,
 Mine end near was ;
 And so away he flew.

HIS LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

IN the hour of my distress,
 When temptations me oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
 Sick in heart and sick in head,
 And with doubts discomfited,
 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 artless 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
 Has, or none, or little skill,
 Meet for nothing, but to kill ;
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about,
Either with despair, or doubt ;
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
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 !

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 spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry ;
 Where Thou my chamber for to ward
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless 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 door
 Is worn by th' poor,
 Who thither come, and freely get
 Good words or meat ;
 Like as my parlour, so my hall
 And kitchen's small ;
 A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unclipt, unflead.¹
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.

¹ *Unflead*, lit. unflay'd.

Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits, that be
 There placed by Thee ;
The worts, the purslain,¹ and the mess
 Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness 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 guiltless mirth ;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
 That soils my land ;
And giv'st me for my bushel sown,
 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 year,
The while the conduits of my kine
 Run cream for wine.
All these, and better Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart ;
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
 As wholly Thine ;
But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee.

¹ *Purslain*, an herb.

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.¹
 Clear Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my miles,
 Remove the bars, or lift me o'er the stiles;
 Since rough the way is, help me when I call,
 And take me up; or else prevent the fall.
 I ken my home, and it affords some ease
 To see far off the smoking villages.
 Fain would I rest, yet covet not to die
 For fear of future biting penury:
 No, no, my God, Thou know'st my wishes be
 To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

TO DEATH

THOU bid'st me come away,
 And I'll no longer stay
 Than 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 loins about

¹ *Rids way*, gets over the ground.

With charity throughout ;
 And so to travel hence
 With feet of innocence :
 These done, I'll only cry
 God mercy, and so die.

ETERNITY

O YEARS! and age ! farewell :
 Behold, I go
 Where I do know
 Infinity to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
 All times, how they
 Are lost i' th' sea
 Of vast eternity.

Where never moon shall sway
 The stars ; but she
 And night shall be
 Drown'd in one endless day.

TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD

A PRESENT BY A CHILD

GO, pretty child, and bear 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 bib or stomacher ;

And tell Him, for good handsel¹ too,
 That thou hast brought a whistle new,
 Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
 To charm His cries at time of need.
 Tell Him, for coral, thou hast none,
 But if thou hadst, He should have one ;
 But poor thou art, and known to be
 Even as moneyless as He.
 Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss
 From those mellifluous lips of His ;
 Then never take a second on,
 To spoil the first impression.

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 vessels furnish'd ;
 The sacred towel and the holy ewer
 Are ready by, to make the guests all pure :
 Let's go, my Alma ; yet, ere we receive,
 Fit, fit it is we have our parasceve.²
 Who to that sweet bread unprepar'd doth come,
 Better be starv'd, than but to taste one crumb.

TO GOD

GOD gives not only corn for need,
 But likewise sup'rabundant seed ;
 Bread for our service, bread for show,
 Meat for our meals, and fragments too :

¹ *Handsel*, earnest money.

² *Parasceve*, preparation.

He gives not poorly, taking some
 Between the finger and the thumb ;
 But for our glut and for our store,
 Fine flour press'd down, and running o'er.

TO HIS CONSCIENCE

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be
 My private protonotary ?¹
 Can I not woo thee to pass 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 hugg'd impiety ;
 Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please
 And wind all other witnesses ;
 And wilt not thou with gold be ti'd
 To lay thy pen and ink aside ?
 That in the mirk and tongueless 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 SWEET SAVIOUR

NIGHT hath no wings to him that cannot sleep,
 And time seems then not for to fly, but creep ;
 Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
 Had broke her wheel, or crack'd her axletree.

¹ *Protonotary*, once the title of the chief clerk in the Courts of Common Pleas and King's Bench.

Just so it is with me, who, list'ning, pray
 The winds to blow the tedious night away,
 That I might see the cheerful, 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 hear :
 Call, and I'll come ; say Thou the when, and where.
 Draw me but first, and after Thee I'll run
 And make no one stop till my race be done.

HUMILITY

HUMBLE we must be, if to heaven we go :
 High is the roof there ; but the gate is low :
 Whene'er thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye :
 Grace is increaséd by humility.

GRACE FOR A CHILD

HERE a little child I stand
 Heaving up my either hand ;
 Cold as paddocks¹ though they be,
 Here I lift them up to Thee,
 For a benison to fall
 On our meat and on us all. Amen.

¹ *Paddocks*, frogs.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL SUNG TO THE
KING IN THE PRESENCE
AT WHITEHALL

Chor. **W**HAT sweeter music can we bring,
Than a carol for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! awake the string!
Heart, ear, and eye, and everything
Awake! the while the active finger
Runs division¹ with the singer.

FROM THE FLOURISH THEY CAME TO THE SONG

1. Dark and dull night, fly 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 year.
3. Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like to a mead new shorn,
Thus, on the sudden?

¹ *Division*, a rapid passage of music sung in one breath or a single syllable.

4. Come and see
 The cause, why things thus fragrant be :
 'Tis He is born, whose quick'ning birth
 Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
 To heaven and the under-earth.

Chor. We see Him come, and know Him ours,
 Who, with His sunshine and His showers,
 Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The darling of the world is come,
 And fit it is we find a room
 To welcome Him.

2. The nobler part
 Of all the house here is the heart,

Chor. Which we will give Him ; and bequeath
 This holly and this ivy wreath,
 To do Him honour ; who's our King,
 And Lord of all this revelling.

The musical part was composed by M. Henry Lawes.

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 soul
 In long white stole,

And palms in hand,
 Do ravish'd stand ;
 So in a ring,
 The praises sing
 Of Three in One
 That fill the Throne ;
 While harps and viols then
 To voices say, Amen.

GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST

GOD makes not good men wantons, but doth
 bring
 Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing.
 With trials 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 poison, 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.

TO GOD

LORD, I am like to mistletoe,
 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 fear at all,
 So long as I about Thee crawl?
 But if that tree should 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 poor almshouse ; there to lie, or stir
 Ghostlike, as in my meaner sepulchre ;
 A little piggin¹ and a pipkin by,
 To hold things fitting my necessity,
 Which rightly used, both in their time and place,
 Might me excite to fore and after-grace.
 Thy Cross, my Christ, fix'd 'fore mine eyes should 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 tears and tugs us than he did before ;
 Neglecting once to cast a frown on those
 Whom ease makes his without the help of blows.

¹ *Piggin*, a small wooden vessel.

THE WAY

WHEN I a ship see on the seas,
Cuff'd with those wat'ry savages,
And therewithal behold it hath
In all that way no beaten path,
Then, with a wonder, I confess
Thou art our way i' th' wilderness ;
And while we blunder in the dark,
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

THE GOODNESS OF HIS GOD

WHEN winds and seas do rage
And threaten to undo me
Thou dost their wrath assuage
If I but call unto Thee.

A mighty storm last night
Did seek my soul to swallow,
But by the peep of light
A gentle calm did follow.

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

THE WHITE ISLAND

OR, PLACE OF THE BLEST

I N this world, the isle of dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes

Reciting :

But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young Eternity

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 horror call,
To create, or cause at all,

Affrighting.

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

Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue
Me immortalised, and you ;
And fresh joys, as never to

Have ending.

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'er decay.
 Pray not for silver, rust eats this ;
 Ask not for gold, which metal is ;
 Nor yet for houses, which are here
 But earth : *such vows ne'er reach God's ear.*

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

IS this a fast, to keep
 The larder lean ?
 And clean
 From fat of veals and sheep ?
 Is it to quit the dish
 Of flesh, yet still
 To fill
 The platter high with fish ?
 Is it to fast an hour,
 Or ragg'd to go,
 Or show
 A downcast look and sour ?
 No ; 'tis a fast to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat,
 And meat,
 Unto the hungry soul.

HERRICK

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate ;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent ;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin ;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

NOTES

Page 1, l. 6. *Cleanly wantonness*.—Innocent playfulness. Cf. Horace's famous phrase, *Dulce est desipere in loco*.

P. 1, l. 12. *The Court of Mab*.—This is incorrect. Mab was not Queen of the Fairies, but only the 'fairies' midwife, who delivers men of dreams. Shelley in his 'Queen Mab' was misled as to the name, by Ben Jonson, Milton, and others. Titania was the true Queen and the wife of Oberon.

P. 2, l. 27. *When laurel spirts i' th' fire*.—To burn bay leaves was a popular Christmas custom.

P. 7, l. 19.—*Full casks are ever found*, &c.—Cf. George Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*, No. 639.

P. 9, l. 22. *O, earth, earth, earth, hear thou my voice and be*.—Cf. Jer. xxii. 29: 'O, earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord.'

P. 12. *Upon his sister-in-law, Mrs. Eliz. Herrick*.—She was the wife of his brother Thomas, to whom the poem in praise of a 'Country Life' is dedicated. Thomas was three years older than the poet.

P. 15, l. 23. *Since I did not know*, &c.—The fall of Herrick's father from a window some months before the poet's birth was by many attributed to suicide, but was afterwards proved to be an accident.

P. 15, l. 19. *Seven lusters* = seven times five years = thirty-five.

P. 16, l. 8. *Disorder in the dress*.—Cf. Ben Jonson's song, 'Still to be neat.'

P. 22, l. 1. *My soul's half*.—Cf. Horace, Odes, I. iii. 8: *Animae dimidium meae*.

P. 33, l. 16. *Fold now thine arms*.—To do so was a sign of

grief. Cf. the *Tempest*, I. ii. 224 ('His arms in this sad knot'), also *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 240 ('Musing and sighing with your arms across'), and *Hamlet*, I. v. 74 ('With arms encumbered thus').

P. 34, l. 1. *The wounded Cupid*.—This is a free translation of Anacreon's famous Ode, "Ἔρωσ ποτ' ἐν ῥόδοισιν."

P. 36, l. 9. *And cruel maid*.—With regard to this initial 'And,' which stands so peculiarly at the commencement of the poem, as though connecting what follows with something preceding, note what Ben Jonson says in his *English Grammar*, 'And in the beginning of a sentence serveth instead of an admiration.' Cf. *Anelida and Arcite*, l. 121, 'And eek he made him jelous over here.'

P. 37, l. 23. *To a Gentlewoman objecting to Him his gray hairs*.—The old title of this, as given by Hazlitt, is: "An old Man to his younge Mrs."

P. 40, l. 1. *Corinna's Going a Maying*.—Cf. Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, *Knights Tale*, 1042—

'She was arisen and al redy dight
For May wole have no slogardrie a nyght.'

See also Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, p. 117 ff., also Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*: 'To don observance to a morn of May.'

P. 49, l. 5. *Could the Egyptian seek help from the garlic, &c.*—Cf. Numbers xi. 5: 'We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely: the cucumbers and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions and the garlick.'

P. 49, l. 9. *Cassius, that weak water-drinker*.—C. Cassius Longinus, one of the murderers of Cæsar, to whom Montaigne refers in B. I. Cap. 2, 'On Drunkenness,' as 'Cassius that drank nothing but water.'

P. 58, l. 15. *A silver star, &c.*—'King Charles the First went to St. Paul's Church, the 30th day of May, 1630, to give praise for the birth of his son, attended with all his peers, and a most royal train, where a bright star appeared at high noon in the sight of all.'

P. 63, l. 20. *Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, &c.*—These saints are quite imaginary.

P. 74, l. 5. *Fats=vats.* In many cases in Herrick the dialectical interchange of 'f' and 'v' is noticeable.

P. 84. *Nuptial Song on Sir Clipseby Crew and his Lady.*—This beautiful epithalamium was written in 1625, at the time of the marriage of Sir Clipseby Crew with Jane, daughter of Sir John Pulteney. Sir Clipseby had been knighted by James I. at Theobalds in 1620. The version here published is the later one, an earlier version having been superseded by the one above.

P. 87, l. 19. *Oberon's feast.*—The individual to whom this poem is dedicated is Herrick's intimate friend, Master Thomas Shapcot, lawyer.

P. 93, l. 13. *No noise of late-spawned tittyries.*—A reference to a number of drinking clubs founded in London about 1620-25, calling themselves the 'Tityre Tues' from the first line of Virgil's first Eclogue. In the *Musarum Deliciae* there is a reference to the brotherhood in a piece entitled 'The Tityre Tues, or a Mock Song; to the tune of Chevy Chase, by Mr. G. Chambers,' in which one of the verses begins—

'They call themselves the Tytere-tues
And wore a blue rib-bin,
And when a-drie would not refuse
To drink. O fearful sin !'

P. 99, l. 8. *John Weekes* is spoken of by Anthony à Wood as a popular preacher and in social intercourse a jocular individual. He was prebendary of Bristol and Dean of St. Burian in Cornwall.

P. 102, l. 11. *Baucis.*—Baucis and Philemon were an old pair who lived in Phrygia. Though very poor, when Jupiter and Mercury came to the cottage they gave them of the best they had. Jupiter was so pleased by their simplicity and goodness, that he turned their mean cottage into a glorious temple, of which they were the first keepers. He also ordained that they should die at the same moment that the one might not have the pain of surviving the other.

P. 105, l. 1. *The Lady Mary Villars* was the niece of the

first Duke of Buckingham, and married in succession the three famous men, Charles, son of Philip, Earl of Pembroke, then Esmé Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and finally Thomas Howard. She died in 1685.

P. 107, l. 6. *Hath filed upon my silver hairs*=has placed. The meaning is that as time has literally impaled or spiked, against his will, a thousand cares upon his silver hairs, it is to be doubted whether he will meet his friends next year.

P. 108, l. 9. *Thou shalt not all die.*—Cf. in this connection Horace's Odes, B. iii. C. xxx. 6, 'Non omnis moriar.'

P. 109. *Mistress Anne Soame, now Lady Abdie.*—This lady was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Soame, and was the second wife of Sir Thomas Abdy, Bart., of Felix Hall, Essex.

P. 110. Sir Lewis Pemberton of Rushden in Northamptonshire, Sheriff of the county in 1622, had married Alice, a daughter of Thomas Bowles. He died in 1641. There is great similarity between this poem and Ben Jonson's *Epigram*, ci.

P. 116. *To his Nephew.*—There is some doubt as to which of his nephews this referred. His sister, Mercy Herrick, had married John Wingfield of Brantham, Suffolk, and it may have been one of her sons, who had become an artist. There is no contemporary record of the work in art of any artist of this name.

P. 125. *The Little Spinners.*—Cf. the Rev. S. Baring Gould's Devonshire romance of *The Red Spinner* for sentiments akin to what are stated here.

P. 141, l. 19. *Star Chamber.*—Founded by Henry VII. in 1487, for the trial of offenders whose crimes were 'too subtle, or who were themselves too powerful to be tried at the regular assizes'; abolished in 1641.

P. 141, l. 21. *Court of Requests.*—A reference to the Court of Requests, established by Richard II., to take the place of a lower Court of Equity for the trial of 'poor men's sints.' It was abolished in 1641 at the same time as the 'Court of the Star Chamber.'

P. 142, l. 18. *To Phyllis, to Love and Live with Him.*—Cf. Marlowe's well-known song, 'Come live with me and be my love.'

P. 144. *Mrs. Susanna Herrick* was the wife of his brother Nicholas.

P. 145. *Upon her feet.*—Cf. the well-known song by Sir John Suckling, 'Ballad upon a Wedding'—

' Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out
As if they feared the light.'

P. 145, l. 15. *Fly me not*—a translation of Anacreon's 49th song.

P. 149, l. 22. *The Fairies.*—Cf. the ballad *Robin Good-fellow*—

' When house or hearth doth sluttish lie
I pinch the maids both black and blue.'

P. 150, l. 6. *Art above Nature.*—This poem is really addressed to his niece, Mrs. Bridget Herrick, eldest daughter of his brother, Nicholas Herrick.

P. 150, l. 23. *Wanton satyr.*—Cf. Sir E. Dyer's *Shepherd's Conceit of Prometheus*, also *Euphues*—'Satirus not knowing what fire was would needs embrace it and was burnt.'

P. 152, l. 23—p. 153, l. 14. Note how aptly and accurately the characteristics of the various Latin poets are summed up: 'stately Virgil'; 'witty Ovid'; 'snaky Persius,' &c. &c.

P. 153, l. 20. Observe that of Shakespeare, Herrick says nothing. He praises Beaumont and Fletcher and Jonson, but mentions nothing regarding the work of the great glory of British letters, showing that in his lifetime and until after the Restoration the fame of Shakespeare stood at least third on the list of Jacobean writers.

P. 153, l. 26. *Father Jonson.*—All the younger writers who bowed to Jonson's literary dicta were called his 'sons.' See Howell's *Familiar Letters*, edition in Temple Classics.

P. 155, l. 12. *Saint Ben.*—The intimacy of the friendship between Herrick and Jonson seems to have been of the closest character. We have no reason to think that the poet is 'talking large.'

P. 156, l. 5. *Questions and Commands.*—A childish pastime (according to Strutt), which, though somewhat different in the modern modification, most probably derived its origin from the *Basilinda* of the Greeks, in which we are told (Pollux,

B. ix. c. vii.) a king elected by lot commanded his comrades what they should perform.

P. 166, l. 1. *Twelfth-tide kings*, &c.=the king of the Bean, drawn for on Twelfth-day. On the 5th of January, the vigil of Epiphany, the kings of the Bean are elected, and on the 6th the feast is held also of the 'Queen of the Bean,' his wife. The names King and Queen were given to the persons whose luck it was to hit upon that part of a divided cake in which was concealed a bean. Cf. *Twelfth-night, or King and Queen*, p. 203.

P. 172, l. 13. *His Return to London*.—This piece was probably composed about the same time as the Farewell to Dean Bourne, viz. about 1648, after he had been ejected, during the Civil War in England, from his living and compelled to repair to the metropolis.

P. 176, l. 21. *Lay down some silver pence*.—Pollard in his edition quotes the following from Bishop Corbet's *The Faeryes' Farewell*—

And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe.

P. 181, l. 11. *To Prince Charles*, upon his coming to Exeter—a visit he paid in August 1645.

P. 186, l. 16. *George-a-Greene*=the Pinner or Pinder of Wakefield. See Greene's plays, edited by Grosart or by Dyce.

P. 188, l. 13. *Heliogabalus*.—One of the Roman emperors infamous for his disgusting gluttony.

P. 189, l. 9. *Ceremonies for Christmas*.—Cf. also *Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve*, p. 195, and *The Wassail*, p. 132.

P. 193, l. 9. *Henry Lawes* (1595–1662) was admitted a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and was a friend of Milton. He composed many exquisite airs at this time, and is frequently referred to in contemporary annals with great regard. He composed the music to Herrick's *Christmas Carol* and other pieces.

P. 200. *Charles Cotton*.—Perhaps the translator of Montaigne and associate of Isaak Walton, says Grosart; or perhaps the father of the foregoing, says Pollard.

P. 202, l. 14. *My beloved Westminster*.—This refers to the time of his residence in London as a courtier. His love for the metropolis is well known, and the references in this poem are to the time between leaving Cambridge and going to Devonshire. Pollard thinks he resided in Westminster for its proximity to Whitehall.

P. 203. *Twelfth-Night*.—In this connection, see *Country Life*, p. 164.

P. 206. *To his Brother*.—Nicholas Herrick, born in 1589, and became in after life a prosperous merchant trading to the Levant.

NOBLE NUMBERS

P. 211, l. 11. *Weigh me the fire*.—Cf. 2 Esdras iv. 5, 7. 'Then said he (*Uriel the angel*) unto me, Go thy way; weigh me the weight of fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past.'

P. 216, l. 7. *Litany to the Holy Spirit*.—Of all the poems of Herrick this is perhaps the most widely known. Many who know little or nothing else of his works know this.

P. 222, l. 20. *My Alma* = My soul; cf. Prior's 'Alma.'

P. 223, l. 25 ff. *Sweet Saviour*.—Many of the lines in this piece are taken word for word from the Psalms and the Song of Solomon.

P. 225. *A Christmas Carol*.—This poem, with certain others, has given rise to the supposition that Herrick held some subordinate post in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall.



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GLOSSARY

*The numbers refer to the page of the text and the line
wherein the word explained occurs*

- Abbey-lubbers* (sub.), abbey-loungers, 66, 6.
Adulce (verb), to sweeten, 167, 12
Ambergris (sub.), a fragrant substance of an ash grey colour found floating on the sea, or lying on the sea-coast of tropical countries, also in the intestine of the spermaceti whale ; used in perfumery, 1, 8
- Beads* (sub.), prayers, 40, 27
Beams (sub.), branches, [?], iii, 16
Blouze (sub.), a fat wench, 186, 17
Brass (sub.), money : still used in the same sense as a slang term, 22, 24
Brave (verb), boast, 186, 10
Bruckel'd (verb), fouled, dirtied, 64, 19
Bucolics (sub.), pertaining to the tending of cattle—pastorals, 2, 6
Bulging (verb), leaking—letting in water, 12, 12
Buxom (adj.), fresh, tender, 94, 12.
- Canons* (sub.), rules, orders, 65, 9
Carcanet (sub.), necklace, 18, 5
Chaft (verb), smitten, 85, 6
Chalcedony (sub.), a precious stone, in colour resembling milk diluted with water, and clouded with spots, circles, and veins. It is greatly valued by jewellers. The onyx and the sardonyx are sub-species of it, 18, 12. (See Book of Revelation xxi. 19.)
Chick (sub.), the pet or favourite, 80, 25

- Chit* (verb), to sprout, 160, 10
Chives (sub.), strips, threads: in botany slender filaments, 66, 27
Chrysolite (sub.), a precious stone, in colour yellow or green, 18, 10
Circular (adj.), self-sufficient, 101, 24
Circumstants (sub.), surroundings, details, 49, 27
Civility (sub.), order, 150, 18
Closet-gods (sub.), a reference to the lares or family gods of the Romans, 6, 19
Clouts (sub.), rags, 215, 5
Cockal (sub.), a knuckle-bone, 64, 19
Cocker (verb), to indulge unduly or pamper, 22, 26. Cf. Shakespeare, *King John*, Act v. sc. i. 70
Coddled (adj.), parboiled, 86, 11
Colworts (sub.), cabbages, 25, 25
Comply (verb), encircle, 153, 6
Creeking (verb), clucking, 177, 10
Crewels (sub.), worsteds, 215, 1
Cross (sub.), a coin, 183, 15
- Dardanium* (sub.), a Latinism for a bracelet, from Dardanus, the reputed founder of Troy, 18, 8
Deal (sub.), ration, portion, 129, 3. Cf. *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii. sc. ii. 92
Disparkling (partic. adj.), wide-sparkling, 85, 26
Draw-gloves (sub.), talking on fingers, 156, 1
Drosomell (sub.), honey-dew, 137, 19
- Effusions* (sub.), drink offerings, 12, 17
- Factors* (sub.), workers, 110, 5
Fats (sub.), vats, 74, 5
Fetuous (adj.), neat, 64, 29. Cf. Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue, l. 157, "Ful fetise was hir cloke, as I was wane."
Fox-i'-the-hole (sub.), a game in which hopping formed a feature, 93, 25
Fray (sub.), bruise, 53, 24

Frumenty (sub.), wheat boiled in milk, and sweetened and seasoned to taste, 73, 30

Gems (sub.), buds, 161, 5

Halcyon (sub.), kingfisher, 62, 18. Cf. Shakespeare, *King Lear*, Act ii. sc. ii. 84

Handsel (sub.), earnest money, also a gift, 222, 1

Hatch (verb), inlaid, 65, 23

Heyes (sub.), a mazy, winding country-dance, 143, 24

Hock-cart (comp. sub.), the last cart which leaves the harvest field, 1, 3

Holy-oak (sub.), an oak in a parish usually set apart as the place under which the clergyman read the gospel on occasion of the annual procession in Rogation Week throughout the parish, 10, 12

Huckson (sub.), huckle-bone, 160, 8

Humour (sub.), moisture, liquid, 30, 23

Immensive (adj.), that cannot be measured, 51, 17

Incurious (adj.), careless, easily pleased, 182, 19

Jimmal (sub.), a double or triple ring, 130, 21

Justments (sub.), tithes, legal dues, then tributes owing by reverence or custom, 15, 22

Keep (verb), abide, 212, 1

Lace (sub.), a girdle, 86, 21. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, Act iii. sc. ii. 174

Lautitious (adj.), rich, 188, 10

Livery (sub.), badge, 55, 2

Manchet (sub.), fine white bread, 132, 19

Maukin (sub.), a cloth, 73, 5

Miching (verb), skulking, hiding, 177, 24

Mickle (sub.), much, 159, 23

- Near* (adj.), avaricious, penurious, 133, 15
Neat (sub.), cattle, and in single usually applied to black cattle,
 2, 9
Nice (adj.), particular, fastidious, 86, 4
- Orts* (sub.), scraps, 160, 16
- Paddocks* (sub.), toads, 224, 18
Parasceve (sub.), preparation, 222, 13
Parly (sub.), parliament, 4, 3
Phil (sub.), the pet name for a sparrow, 76, 11. Cf. Skelton's
Death of Philip Sparrow
Piggin (sub.), a little vessel of wood, 228, 9
Pith (sub.), marrow, 103, 7
Platonic Year=the 36,000th anniversary, in which all things
 return to their first state, 142, 7
Pomander (sub.), ball of scent. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, Act iv.
 sc. iv. 609
Prank (verb), bedeck, adorn, 137, 20. *Twelfth Night*, Act ii.
 sc. iv. 89
Prest (verb), laden, burdened, 133, 7
Pricket (sub.), a second year's buck, 103, 18
Psaltery (sub.), a kind of guitar, 189, 18
Purfling (verb), embroidering, 152, 12
- Quarrelets* (sub.), little squares, 13, 18
Quintell (sub.), quintain or tilting-board, 121, 4
- Remora* (sub.), the sea-sucker or squid, believed to hinder, and,
 if tradition can be believed, to sink ships by throwing its
 tentacles around them, 6, 20. Latin *remora*, delay
Repullulate (verb), to be born again, 100, 7
Resident (adj.), remaining, 142, 12
Respases (sub.), raspberries, 110, 16
Round (sub.), rustic dance, iii. 2
- Sagg* (adj.), heavy laden, 88, 23. Cf. *Macbeth*, Act v. sc. iii.
 10
Scene (sub.), covering, 46, 27

- Shed* (sub.), cast off skin, 67, 3
Shivers (sub.), splinters, 60, 10. Cf. Shakespeare, *Richard II.*,
 Act iv. sc. i. 289
Size (sub.), stipulated quantity, ration, 25-29
Smallage (sub.), water parsley, 15, 27
Souse (sub.), salt pickle, 160, 4
Spinner (sub.), a spider, 125, 15
Spirts (verb), makes small explosions, 2, 29
State (sub.), a canopy or top, 4, 1
Strut (verb), to swell, 168, 5
Suppling (adj.), softening, 151, 12
- Tansy* (sub.), a cake made of eggs, cream, and herbs, 171, 5
Teending (verb), kindling, 189, 20
Thyrse (sub.), a javelin round which is wound ivy, 3, 1
Tiffanie (sub.), gauze, 4, 2
Tire, feed on, 188, 10
Trentall (sub.), service for dead, 170, 4
Troul (verb), to pass round, 169, 4
- Vestery* (sub.), sacristy, 65, 31. Literally the "vestury," where
 the vestments used in the service of the church were kept
- Wake* (sub.), a festival in village life on the anniversary of the
 dedication
Watchet (adj.), a colour resembling pale blue, 65, 4
White (adj.), favourable, good, 57, 24
- Yirkt* (verb), scourged, beaten, 111, 17



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