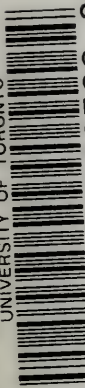


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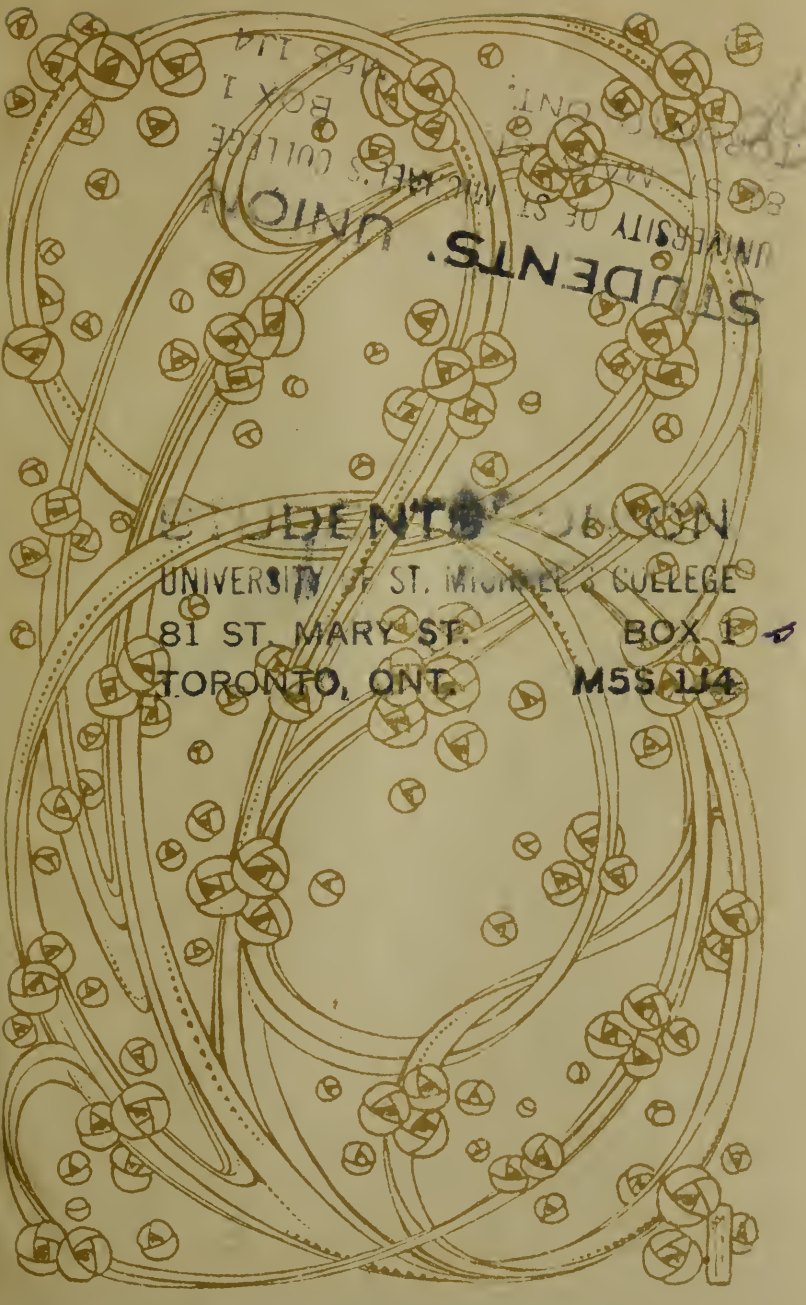
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POEMS BY
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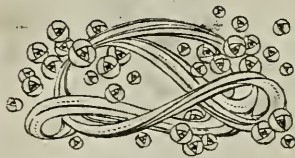
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POEMS

BY
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A certain time of the seventeenth century is Herrick's, but Herrick is also the time's. He occurs, with his genius and simplicity, precisely when the language was simple and full of genius. It is as though English, in those few decades of years, had only to speak in order to say something exquisite; but then it must be with Herrick's tongue. His time is virtually between the Elizabethan age and that seventeenth century which fulfilled the promise of ages and with its close brought a whole literature to an end. At times Herrick is purely, freshly, an Elizabethan; then again there is the riper and richer phrase of the mellowed day. The silver sunshine of morning changes to the golden sunshine of afternoon, of the westering hours. "Rise and put on your foliage!" he cries to Corinna in that poem which has so cool and so clear an Elizabethan note in its many lines; and the sentence has the

conscious richness of the somewhat later time. This is but one example of the fuller, if not deeper, fancy of this riper day. *Corinna's* apparel—her foliage—may represent for us that more abundant fancy; but, to continue the similitude, there may be also for us a suggestion of regret for the slender leafage of the fresher Elizabethan reign, the time when some of the leaves were still in bud, and when the green was light.

Herrick follows generally the convention of his time, and writes of love, of beauty, of the country, of approaching old age, of death, as did his contemporaries; we hardly know how much the clear poetic sincerity owed to his experience as a man. He certainly loved town, and he hated Devonshire, which was probably as far as he ever went from it; and he bravely breaks from the convention to tell us so. But soon he is back again at play with the praise of a country life, making a little ready-made boast of his frugal table and his content. "His Noble Numbers" surely carry a truer as well as a graver burden. In these fine poems he exerts himself to think—always very simply, but still to think; he is no longer content with that mere utterance

which with him is almost always so enchanting. He has thought out his plain religious position, and has undergone something in the change of heart. Here and everywhere in the several regions of his to-and-fro, limited, and repeated little poetic walks, he has his own proper dignity, the dignity of his fortunate lyrical language.

For it is to the lyrical language—the vintage of a happy year, Herrick's year, that we return. It was a language not overcharged by the poets of the past, but charged to the right point. It bore the significance of the sixteenth century and earlier; it was capable of the "golden pomp" of the late seventeenth, but the capacity was not yet filled. When Herrick speaks to his lady of "the babies in her eyes", he uses a delightful phrase of which the sweetness is both his and the time's; and, we may add, the modern reader's in his place. "Babies" are in sixteenth and seventeenth centuries what we call dolls. Shakespeare's "baby of a girl" is merely a little girl's doll. If Herrick meant to give to the images in clear eyes, the name of dolls, we know not precisely; but we find the word babies exquisite and innocent. We refer the word

*to the lovelier poem of a modern poet,
Coventry Patmore, who writes of eyes*

*“In whose brown shade
Bright Venus and her baby played”.*

*Here speaks the poet of imagination, and Her-
rick was perhaps not this—not more than the
poet of fancy; but of poets of fancy the spright-
liest, and—the word is not too great—the
noblest.*

ALICE MEYNELL.

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Hesperides

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i

B

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, Wassails,
Wakes,

Of Bride-grooms, 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 Amber-
Greece.

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 Fairie-
King.

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

To his Muse



Whither, mad maiden, wilt thou roam?
Far safer 't were to stay at home:
Where thou mayst sit, and piping please
The poor and private cottages,
Since cots 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 handsom 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:

TO HIS MUSE

Where thou mayst hear thine own lines
read

By no one tongue, there, censurèd.
That man's unwise will search for ill,
And may prevent it, sitting still.

To his Book



While thou didst keep thy candor undefil'd,
Dearly I lov'd thee, as my first-born child:
But when I saw thee wantonly to roam
From house to house, and never stay at
home,
I brake my bonds of Love, and bad thee
go,
Regardless whether well thou sped'st, or
no.
On with thy fortunes then, whate'er they
be;
If good I'll smile, if bad I'll sigh for thee.

Another



To read my book the virgin shy
May blush, (while Brutus standeth by;)
But when he's gone, read through what's
writ;
And never stain a cheek for it.

To the Sour
Reader



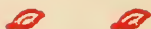
If thou dislik'st the piece thou light'st on
first;
Think that of all that I have writ, the
worst:
But if thou read'st my book unto the end,
And still dost this and that verse reprehend:
O perverse man! If all disgustful be,
The extreme scabb take thee, and thine,
for me.

To his Book



Come thou not near those men, who are
like bread
O'er-leaven'd; or like cheese, o'er-rennetted.

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 thyrse is rais'd, and when
the sound
Of sacred orgies flies, a round, a round!
When the rose reigns, and locks with
ointments shine,
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

To Dianeme



Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
Which star-like sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours yet free.
Be you not proud of that rich 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 Meadows



Ye have been fresh and green,
Ye have been filled with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye 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 crowned.

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with dishevelled hair
Adorned this smoother mead.

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

To Blossoms

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

What, were you born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'T was 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, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

To Daffodils



Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
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 any thing.
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.

To Daisies,
Not to Shut
so Soon

Shut not so soon; the dull-eyed night
Hath 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 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.

Y'are the Maiden Posies,
And so graced,
To be placed
'Fore Damask Roses.

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

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.

Dress



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
Enthrals the crimson stomacher,—
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands 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.

In Silks



Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

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

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 bowed toward
the east

Above an hour since; yet you not drest—

Nay! not so much as out of bed,

When all the birds have matins said,

And sung their thankful hymn: '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,

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

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 un-
wept:
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief
in praying:
Few beads are best, when once we go
a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come! and coming,
mark
How each field turns a street, each street
a park
Made green, and trimmed 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?

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

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 despatched their cakes and
cream,
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and wooed, and
plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off
sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, Love's firmament:
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked:—Yet we're
not a-Maying.

Come! let us go, while we are in our
prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

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.

Ben Jonson



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

My Ben!
Or come again
Or send to us
Thy wit's great over-plus;
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.

Upon Julia's Recovery

Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,
Ye roses almost witherèd;
New strength, and newer purple get
Each here declining violet.
O Primroses! let this day be
A Resurrection unto ye;
And to all flowers allied in blood,
Or sworn to that sweet sister-hood:
For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Claret, and cream comminglèd.
And those her lips do now appear
As beams of coral, but more clear.

The Parliament
of Roses
to Julia



I dreamt the roses one time went
To meet and sit in Parliament:
The place for these, and for the rest
Of flowers, was thy spotless breast:
Over the which a State was drawn
Of tiffany, or cob-web lawn;
Then in that parley, 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 gray hairs
 bid come,
And haste away to mine eternal home;
'T will 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 be-
 fore).
Follow me weeping to my turf, and there
Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear:

TO PERILLA

Then lastly, let some weekly-strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me:
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but
 keep
Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

No Loathsomeness in Love

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

To Anthea



If, dear Anthea, my hard fate it be
To live some few-sad-hours after thee:
Thy sacred corse with odours I will burn,
And with my laurel crown thy golden urn.
Then holding up (there) such religious
things,
As were (time past) thy holy filletings:
Near to thy reverend pitcher I will fall
Down dead for grief, and end my woes
withal:
So three in one small plat of ground shall
lie,
Anthea, Herrick, and his Poetry.

Soft Music



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

Love, What it is



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

Presence and
Absence



When what is lov'd is present, love doth
spring;
But being absent, love lies languishing.

The Pomander
Bracelet



To me my Julia lately sent
A bracelet richly redolent:
The beads I kissed, but most lov'd her
That did perfume the pomander.

How the Wall-
flower Came
First, and Why
So Called



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

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 casques 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 ex-
press

A depth in love, and that depth, bottomless.
Now since my love is tongue-less, know
me such,

Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

The Dream



Methought (last night) Love in an anger
came,
And brought a rod, so whipt me with the
same:

Myrtle the twigs were, merely to imply,
Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle cruelty.
Patient I was: Love pitiful grew then,
And stroked the stripes, and I was whole
agen.

Thus like a bée, Love gentle still doth bring
Honey to salve, where he before did sting.

To Love



I'm free from thee; and thou no more
shalt hear

My puling pipe to beat against thine ear:
Farewell my shackles (though of pearl
they be);

Such precious thraldom ne'er shall fetter
me.

He loves his bonds, who when the first
are broke,

Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

The Rosary



One ask'd me where the roses grew?
I bade him not go seek;
But forthwith bade my Julia shew
A bud in either cheek.

The Parcæ; or,
Three Dainty
Destinies

THE ARMELET

Three lovely sisters working were
 (As they were closely set)
Of soft and dainty maiden-hair,
 A curious armelet.
I smiling, ask'd them what they did?
 (Fair Destinies all three)
Who told me, they had drawn a thread
 Of life, and 't was for me.
They show'd me then, how fine 't was spun:
 And I replied thereto,
I care not now how soon 't is done,
 Or cut, if cut by you.

To Robin
Red-breast



Laid 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

More 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 loath'd so much.

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-oak, or Gospel-tree:

Where (though thou see'st not) thou may
think upon

Me, when thou yearly go'st procession:

Or for mine honour, lay me in that tomb
In which thy sacred reliques shall have
room.

For my embalming (sweetest) there will be
No spices wanting, when I 'm laid by thee.

Sweetness in Sacrifice



'Tis not greatness they require,
To be offer'd up by fire:
But 't is sweetness that doth please
Those Eternal Essences.

Steam in
Sacrifice



If meat the Gods give, I the steam
High-towering will devote to them:
Whose easy natures like it well,
If we the roast have, they the smell.

All Things
Decay and Die

All things decay with Time: the forest sees
The growth, and down-fall of her aged
trees;
That timber tall, which three-score lustres
stood
The proud dictator of the state-like wood:
I mean (the sovereign of all plants) the oak
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's
stroke.

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 Shipwrack of Virtue

TO A FRIEND

Thou sail'st with others in this Argus here;
Nor wrack or bulging 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 effusions due unto the dead,
My solemn vows have here accomplishèd:
Next, how I love thee, that my grief must
tell,
Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Dear, fare-
well.

Of Love ✓



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

To the King,
upon his Coming
with his Army
into the West



Welcome, most welcome, to our vows and
us,
Most great, and universal Genius!
The drooping west, which hitherto has
stood
As one, in long-lamented widowhood,
Looks like a bride now, or a bed of
flowers,
Newly refresh'd, both by the sun, and
showers.
War, which before was horrid, now ap-
pears
Lovely in you, brave Prince of Cavaliers!
A deal of courage in each bosom springs
By your access; (O you the best of Kings!)
Ride on with all white omens; so that
where
Your standard's up, we fix a conquest
there.

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 showers 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.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID

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 dropping tresses:

But when he felt him warm'd:
Let's try this bow of ours,
And string, if they be harm'd,
(Said he) with these late 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 lustres 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 justments to the
dead),

Forgive, forgive me; since I did not know
Whether thy bones had here their rest, or
no.

But now 't is known: Behold, behold, I
bring

Unto thy ghost th' effuséd offering:
And look, what smallage, night-shade,
cypress, yew,

Unto the shades have been, or now are
due,

Here I devote; and something more than
so,

I come to pay a debt of birth I owe.

TO HIS FATHER

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.

Upon Love



Love scorch'd my finger, but did spare
The burning of my heart;
To signify, in Love my share
Should be a little part.

Little I love; but if that he
Would but that heat recall:
That joint to ashes should be burnt,
Ere I would love at all.

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.

The Bag of the Bee



About the sweet bag of a bee,
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vow'd to ask the Gods.

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

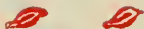
Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown sh'ad seen them,
She kist, and wip'd their dove-like eyes;
And gave the bag between them.

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.

A Country Life:
To his Brother,
Mr. Thomas Herrick



Thrice, and above, blest (my soul's half)
art thou,

In thy both last, and better vow;
Couldst 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
canst live

Led by thy conscience; to give
Justice to soon-pleas'd nature; and to
know,

Wisdom and she together go,
And keep one centre: This with that con-
spires,

To teach Man to confine desires:

A COUNTRY LIFE

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 blessed in thy brass, than land)
To keep cheap Nature even, and upright;
To cool, not cocker appetite.
Thus thou canst tersely live to satisfy
The belly chiefly; not the eye:
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
Less with a neat, than needful diet.
But that which most makes sweet thy
country life,
Is, the fruition of a wife:
Whom (stars consenting with thy fate)
thou hast
Got, not so beautiful, as chaste:
By whose warm side thou dost securely
sleep
(While Love the sentinel doth keep)
With those deeds done by day, which ne'er
affright
Thy silken slumbers in the night.

A COUNTRY LIFE

Nor has the darkness power to usher in
Fear to those sheets, that know no sin.
The damask'd meadows, and the pebbly
streams

Sweeten, and make soft your dreams:
The purling springs, groves, birds, and
well-weav'd bowers,

With fields enamelléd with flowers,
Present their shapes; while fantasy dis-
closes

Millions of lilies mixt 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
Warns the last watch; but with the dawn
dost rise

To work, but first to sacrifice;
Making thy peace with heav'n, for some
late fault,

With holy-meal, and spiriting-salt.
Which done, thy painful thumb this sen-
tence tells us,

Jove for our labour all things sells us.

A COUNTRY LIFE

Nor are thy daily and devout affairs
Attended with those desp'rate cares,
The industrious merchant has; who for to
find
Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,
And back again (tortur'd with fears) doth
fly,
Untaught to suffer poverty.
But thou at home, blest with securest
ease,
Sitt'st, and believ'st that there be seas,
And wat'ry dangers; while thy whiter hap
But sees these things within thy map.
And viewing them with a more safe sur-
vey,
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 ad-
vice,
Buy'st travel at the lowest price.
Nor are thine ears so deaf, but thou canst
hear,
(Far more with wonder, than with fear)

A COUNTRY LIFE

Fame tell of states, of countries, courts,
and kings;

And believe there be such things:

When of these truths, thy happier know-
ledge lies,

More in thine ears, than in thine eyes.

And when thou hear'st by that too-true
report,

Vice rules the most, or all, at court:

Thy pious wishes are (though thou not
there)

Virtue had, and mov'd her sphere.

But thou liv'st fearless; and thy face ne'er
shows

Fortune when she comes, or goes.

But with thy equal thoughts, prepar'd
dost stand,

To take her by the either hand:

Nor car'st which comes the first, the foul
or fair;

A wise man ev'ry way lies square;

And like a surly oak with storms perplexed,

Grows still the stronger; strongly vexed.

Be so, bold spirit; stand centre-like, un-
mov'd;

And be not only thought, but prov'd,

To be what I report thee; and inure

Thy self, if want comes, to endure.

And so thou dost: for thy desires are

Confin'd to live with private Lar:

A COUNTRY LIFE

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, beets, and
eat

These, and sour herbs, as dainty meat.
While soft opinion makes thy genius say,
Content makes all ambrosia.

Nor is it, that thou keep'st this stricter
size

So much for want, as exercise:
To numb the sense of dearth, which should
sin haste it,

Thou mightst but only see't, not taste
it.

Yet can thy humble roof maintain a quire
Of singing crickets by thy fire:

And the brisk mouse may feast herself
with crumbs,

Till that the green-ey'd kitling comes.
Then to her cabin, blest she can escape
The sudden danger of a rape.

And thus thy little well-kept stock doth
prove,

Wealth cannot make a life, but Love.

A COUNTRY LIFE

Nor art thou so close-handed, but canst
spend

(Counsel concurring with the end)

As well as spare: still conning o'er this
theme,

To shun the first, and last, extreme.

Ordaining that thy small stock find no
breach,

Or to exceed thy tether's reach:

But to live round, and close, and wisely
true

To thine own self; and known to few.

Thus let thy rural sanctuary be

Elisium to thy wife and thee;

There to disport yourselves with golden
measure:

For seldom use commends the pleasure.

Live, and live blest, thrice happy pair; let
breath,

But lost to one, be th' other's death.

And as there is one love, one faith, one
troth,

Be so one death, one grave, to both.

Till when, in such assurance live, ye may

Nor fear, or wish your dying day.

Divination by
a Daffodil



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

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 under-ground,
Where all damps and mists are found?
Shall I seek (for speedy ease)
All the floods, and frozen seas?
Or descend into the deep,
Where eternal cold does keep?
These may cool; but there's a zone
Colder yet than any one:
That's my Julia's breast, where dwells
Such destructive icicles;
As that the congelation will
Me sooner starve, than those can kill.

To the Patron
of Poets, M.
Endymion Porter



Let there be patrons, patrons like to thee,
Brave Porter! Poets ne'er will wanting be.
Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live
In thee, thou man of men! who here dost
give

Not only subject-matter for our wit,
But likewise oil of maintenance to it:
For which, before thy threshold, we'll lay
down

Our thyrses, for sceptre; and our bays, for
crown.

For, to say truth, all garlands are thy due;
The laurel, myrtle, oak, and ivy too.

His Parting
from Mrs. Dorothy
Keneday



When I did go from thee, I felt that
smart,
Which bodies do, when souls from them
depart.
Thou didst not mind it; though thou
then mightst see
Me turn'd to tears; yet didst not weep
for me.
'Tis true, I kissed thee; but I could not
hear
Thee spend a sigh, t' accompany my tear.
Methought 'twas strange, that thou so hard
shouldst prove,
Whose heart, whose hand, whose ev'ry
part spake love.
Prythee (lest maids should censure thee)
but say
Thou shed'st one tear, whenas I went
away;
And that will please me somewhat: though
I know,
And Love will swear 't, my dearest did
not so.

An Epitaph
upon a Child



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

Upon Mrs.
Elizabeth Wheeler,
under the name
of Amaryllis



Sweet Amaryllis, by a spring's
Soft and soul-melting murmurings,
Slept; and thus sleeping, thither flew
A robin 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 chirped for joy, to see himself deceiv'd.

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! O help! your boy’s a-dying.”
“And why, my pretty lad?” said she.
Then blubbering, replied he,
“A winged snake has bitten me,
Which country people call a bee.”
At which she smil’d; then with her hairs
And kisses drying up his tears:
“Alas!” said she, “my wag! if this
Such a pernicious torment is,
Come tell me then, how great’s the smart
Of those thou woundest with thy dart!”

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, 't will then
Trouble death to lay agen.

Upon the Bishop
of Lincoln's
Imprisonment



Never was day so over-sick with showers,
But that it had some intermitting hours.
Never was night so tedious, but it knew
The last watch out, and saw the dawning
too.

Never was dungeon so obscurely deep,
Wherein or light, or day, did never peep.
Never did moon so ebb, or seas so wane,
But they left hope-seed to fill up again.
So you, my lord, though you have now
your stay,
Your night, your prison, and your ebb;
you may
Spring up afresh, when all these mists
are spent,
And star-like, once more gild our firma-
ment.

Let but that mighty Cesar speak, and then,
All bolts, all bars, all gates shall cleave;
as when

THE BISHOP'S IMPRISONMENT

That earthquake shook the house, and
gave the stout

Apostles way (unshackled) to go out.

This, as I wish for, so I hope to see;

Though you (my Lord) have been unkind
to me:

To wound my heart, and never to apply,
(When you had power) the meanest remedy:
Well; though my grief by you was gall'd,
the more

Yet I bring balm and oil to heal your sore.

Tears are
Tongues



When Julia chid, I stood as mute the
while,
As is the fish, or tongueless crocodile.
Air coin'd to words, my Julia could not
hear;
But she could see each eye to stamp a tear:
By which, mine angry mistress might
descry,
Tears are the noble language of the eye.
And when true love of words is destitute,
The eyes by tears speak, while the tongue
is mute.

His Wish



It is sufficient if we pray
To Jove, who gives, and takes away:
Let him the land and living find;
Let me alone to fit the mind.

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;

THE CRUEL MAID

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 despisèd lover:
And write thereon, *This, Reader, know,*
Love kill'd this man. No more but so.

His Misery in a Mistress



Water, water I espy:
Come, and cool ye; all who fry
In your loves; but none as I.

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

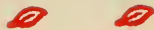
Happy you, who can have seas
For to quench ye, or some ease
From your kinder mistresses.

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

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

Gentle friends, though I despair
Of my cure, do you beware
Of those girls, which cruel are.

To a Gentle-
woman Objecting
to Him His
Gray Hairs



Am I despis'd, 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 shew
Where such a rare carnation grow.
Ah! then too late, close in your chamber
 keeping,
 It will be told
 That you are old;
By those true tears y'are weeping.

Upon Cupid



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

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

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

A Ring Pre-
sented 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 over-slide;
Or be so strait to choke.

A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA

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 De-
tracter



Where others love, and praise my verses,
still

Thy long, black thumb-nail marks 'em out
for ill:

A felon take it, or some whit-flaw come
For to unslate, or to untile that thumb!
But cry thee mercy! Exercise thy nails
To scratch or claw, so that thy tongue
not rails:

Some numbers prurient are, and some of
these

Are wanton with their itch; scratch, and
't will please.

Upon the
Same



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 strokest
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 silv'ry strain;
And make me smooth as balm, and oil
again.

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-slumb'ring 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 suckt 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:

THE CAPTIV'D BEE

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

An Ode to
Master Endy-
mion Porter,
upon his
Brother's Death

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

Alas for me! that I have lost
E'en all almost:
Sunk is my sight; set is my sun;
And all the loom of life undone:
The staff, the elm, the prop, the shelt'ring
wall
Whereon my vine did crawl,
Now, now, blown down; needs must the
old stock fall.

AN ODE

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

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

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 dispatched is by the night, as
day.

Let us not then so rudely henceforth go
Till we have wept, kissed, sighed, shook
hands, or so.

There's pain in parting; and a kind of
hell,

When once true-lovers take their last Fare-
well.

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.

TO HIS DYING BROTHER

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 walked 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 his Book



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

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 uncontrolled brow,
And my retorted hairs.

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

TO LIVE MERRILY

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

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 immense cup
Of aromatic wine,
Catullus, I quaff up
To that terse Muse of thine.

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

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

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

TO LIVE MERRILY

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.

To his Friend,
on the Untune-
able 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 piece-meal rot
Without a fame in death?

HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR

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.

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
Blest in my love,
Then thou shalt be
High-Priest to me,
At my return,
To incense burn;
And so to solemnize
Love's and my sacrifice.

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.

A MEDITATION

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 thus 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.

The Plaudite;
or, End of Life

If after rude and boisterous seas,
My wearied pinnace here finds ease:
If so it be I've gain'd the shore
With safety of a faithful oar;
If having run my barque on ground,
Ye see the agèd 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,
'T was 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.

Upon a Gentle-
woman with a
Sweet Voice



So long you did not sing, or touch your
lute,

We knew 't was flesh and blood, that there
sat mute.

But when your playing, and your voice
came in,

'T was no more you then, but a cherubin.

Neglect



Art quickens Nature; care will make a
face:
Neglected beauty perisheth apace.

Upon a Painted
Gentlewoman



Men say y'are fair; and fair ye are, 'tis
true;
But (hark!) we praise the painter now,
not you.

To Music, to
becalm a Sweet-
sick Youth



Charms, that call down the moon from
out her sphere,

On this sick youth work your enchant-
ments 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 slumbering bride, awake again.

His Recantation



Love, I recant,
And pardon crave,
That lately I offended,
But 't was,
Alas,
To make a brave,
But no disdain intended.

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.

On Love



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

The Hock-Cart, or
Harvest Home:
To the Right Honour-
able 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.
Crown'd 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, there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet:
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
(Clad, all, in linen, white as lilies.)
The harvest swains, and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd.
About the cart, hear, how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout;
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with
laughter.

THE HOCK-CART

Some bless the cart; some kiss the sheaves;
Some prank them up with oaken leaves:
Some cross the fill-horse; 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,
And here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumenty.
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that, which drowns all care, stout
 beer;
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough (the commonwealth),
Next to your flails, your fans, your fats;
Then to the maids with wheaten hats:
To the rough sickle, and crooked 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 HOCK-CART

The patient ox unto the yoke,
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, (though they're hang'd up
now.)
And you must know your lord's words
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.

Upon her Voice  

Let but thy voice engender with the string,
And angels will be born, while thou dost
sing.

Not to Love



He that will not love, must be
My scholar, and learn this of me:
There be in love as many fears,
As the summer's corn has ears:
Sighs, and sobs, and sorrows more
Than the sands that make the shore:
Freezing cold, and fiery heats,
Fainting swoons, and deadly sweats;
Now an ague, then a fever,
Both tormenting lovers ever.
Wouldst 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-charm-
ing 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.

To the
Western
Wind

Sweet western wind, whose luck it is,
 (Made rival with the air)
To give Perenna's lip a kiss,
 And fan her wanton hair;
Bring me but one, I'll promise thee,
 Instead of common showers,
Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me,
 And all beset with flowers.

Upon the Death of his Sparrow

AN ELEGY

Why do not all fresh maids appear
To work love's sampler only here,
Where spring-time smiles throughout the
year?

Are not here rose-buds, pinks, all 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 scorned her own:
And for this dead which underlies,
Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.

But endless Peace sit here, and keep
My Phil, the time he has to sleep,
And thousand virgins come and weep,
To make these flowery carpets show
Fresh as their blood, and ever grow;
Till passengers shall spend their doom,
Not Virgil's gnat had such a tomb.

To Primroses fill'd
with Morning Dew

Why do ye weep, sweet Babes? can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the modest morn
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower,
 That mars a flower;
 Nor felt th' unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worn with years;
 Or warpt, 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?

TO PRIMROSES

Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart, to this?
No, no, this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read,
That things of greatest, so of meanest
worth,
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears
brought forth.

Comfort to a Lady
upon the Death of
her Husband



Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with
sorrow's rain;
Since clouds dispersed, suns gild the air
again.
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-
boil;
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 spring-time of the
year.
Off then with grave-clothes; put fresh
colours on;
And flow, and flame, in your vermillion.
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 dis-
tress'd,
And left of love, are crown'd.

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

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

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

Mrs. Elizabeth
Wheeler, under
the Name of
the Lost
Shepherdess



Among the myrtles, as I walked,
Love and my sighs thus intertalked:
“Tell me,” said I, in deep distress,
“Where I may find my shepherdess.”
“Thou fool,” said Love, “know’st thou
not. this?

In every thing that’s sweet, she is.
In yond’ carnation go and seek,
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek:
In that enamel’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 an union;
But on a sudden all were gone.
At which I stopped; said Love, “These be
The true resemblances of thee;

MRS. ELIZABETH WHEELER

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.

THE POET'S GOOD WISHES

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 Any Thing



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

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

TO ANTHEA

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.

To the Night-
ingale, and
Robin Red-
breast



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 (Red-breast) for to cover me.

To the Yew and
Cypress to Grace
his Funeral

Both you two have
Relation to the grave:
And where
The fun'ral-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.

Oberon's Feast



*Shapcot!*¹ to thee the Fairy State
I with discretion, dedicate.
Because thou prizest things that are
Curious and un-familiar,
Take first the feast; these dishes gone,
We'll see the Fairy-Court anon.

A little mushroom-table spread,
After short prayers, they set on bread;
A moon-parched grain of purest wheat,
With some small glitt'ring 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

¹ Shapcot, Thomas, a lawyer, the poet's friend.

OBERON'S FEAST

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 fuz-ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coarse; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugar'd rush, and eats the sag
And well bestrutted bee's sweet bag:
Gladding his pallet with some store
Of emmet's eggs; what would he more?
But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,
A bloated earwig, and a fly;
With the red-capped 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:
With withered cherries; mandrake's ears;
Mole's 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 ravished from the flattering vine,
But gently pressed from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,

OBERON'S FEAST

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 locked 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.

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 giv'n up to thee.

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.

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 every-
thing.

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

The Admonition



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

To Flowers



In 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.

The Meadow Verse,
or Anniversary to
Mistress Bridget
Lowman

Come with the Spring-time forth, fair
maid, and be
This year again, the meadows' 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.

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.

The spangling dew dredged o'er the grass
shall be

Turn'd all to mell and manna there for
thee.

Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oil
Shall run, as rivers, ali throughout thy
soil.

Would'st thou to sincere-silver turn thy
mould?

Pray once; twice pray, and turn thy ground
to gold.

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 spicèd wine;
Or essences of jessamine:
So smells the breath about the hives,
When well the work of honey thrives;
And all the busy factors come
Laden with wax and honey home;
So smell those neat and woven bowers,
And over-arched with orange flowers,
And almond blossoms, that do mix
To make rich these aromatics:
So smell those bracelets, and those bands
Of amber chafed between the hands,
When thus enkindled they transpire
A noble perfume from the fire;

TO MISTRESS ANNE SOAME

The wine of cherries, and to these,
The cooling breath of respases;
The smell of morning's milk, and cream
Butter of cowslips mixed 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.
Thus sweet she smells, or what can be
More lik'd by her, or lov'd by me.

Upon his Kins-
woman Mistress
Elizabeth Herrick



Sweet virgin, that I do not set
The pillars up of weeping jet
Or mournful marble, let thy shade
Not wrathful seem, or fright the maid,
Who hither at her wonted hours
Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.
No, know (blest maid) when there's not
one

Remainder left of brass or stone,
Thy living epitaph shall be
Though lost in them, yet found in me.
Dear, in thy bed of roses, then,
Till this world shall dissolve as men,
Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
Drawing thy curtains round: Good night.

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;
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't 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 vigil from thy door
Beats with a button'd-staff the poor:
But from thy warm-love-hatching gates
each may
Take friendly morsels, and there stay

TO SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON

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 (irked with
corns) says, " Sir,
Y'ave dipt too long i' th' vinegar,
And with our broth and bread, and bits;
Sir, friend,
Y'ave fared well, pray make an end;
Two days y'ave 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
You merry at another's hearth; y'are here
Welcome as thunder to our beer:
Manners knows 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
No such crab'd vizard: thou hast learnt thy
train,
With heart and hand to entertain:
And by the arms-full (with a breast unhid)
As the old race of mankind did,

A PANEGYRIC TO

When either's heart, and either's hand did
strive

To be the nearer relative,
Thou dost redeem 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 set'st ope to feast, and late:
Keeping no currish waiter to affright,
With blasting eye, the appetite,
Which fain would waste upon thy cates,
but that

The trencher-creature marketh what
Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and
by

Some private pinch 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 checkèd by the butler's look.
No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund
beer

Is not reserv'd for Trebius 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

SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON

To eat thy bullocks' thighs, thy veals, thy
fat

Wethers, and never grudged at.

The pheasant, partridge, godwit, 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 temp'rate 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:

A PANEGYRIC TO

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 know'st order, ethics, and hast
read

All economics, know'st to lead
A house-dance neatly, and can'st truly show
How far a figure ought to go,
Forward, or backward, side-ward, 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 foundations'
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 fixed it stands, by her own power,

SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON

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 racked 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 yon star-chamber, or does seal
A curse to thee, or thine; but all things even
 Make for thy peace, and pace to
 heaven.

A PANEGYRIC

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.

To his
Maid Prue



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.
But thou, kind Prue, 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.

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 flow'rs.

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.

Upon Electra



When out of bed my Love doth spring,
'Tis but as day a-kindling:
But when she's up and fully dressed,
'Tis then broad day throughout the East.

Of Love



I do not love, nor can it be
Love will in vain spend shafts on me:
I did this godhead once defy;
Since which I freeze, but cannot fry.
Yet out, alas! the death's the same,
Kill'd by a frost or by a flame.

The Mad
Maid's Song



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

Good morrow 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 welladay!
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.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG

I'll seek him there; I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth take 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 't is decreed
That I shall never find him.

To Sycamores



I'm sick of love; O let me lie
Under your shades, to sleep or die;
Either is welcome, so I have
Or here my bed, or here my grave.
Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep
Time with the tears that I do weep?
Say, have ye sense, or do you prove
What crucifixions are in love?
I know ye do; and that's the why,
You sigh for love, as well as I.

To Groves

Ye silent shades, whose each tree here
Some relic 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
Scorched with the self-same martyrdom:
And have deserv'd as much (Love knows)
As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those
Whose deeds and death 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 S. Phillis, pity me:

TO GROVES

By dear S. Iphis, and the rest,
Of all those other saints now blest;
Me, me, forsaken, here admit
Among your myrtles to be writ:
That my poor name may have the glory
To live remembered in your story.

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
Of oil and meal
Shall fuller grow,
More I'll bestow:
Mean time be it
E'en but a bit,
Or else a crumb,
The scrip hath some.

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.

Nothing
Free-cost



Nothing comes free-cost here; Jove will
not let
His gifts go from him, if not bought with
sweat.

Few Fortunate



Many we are, and yet but few possess
Those fields of everlasting happiness.

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.

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 stand repleat;
Your larders too so hung with meat,
That though a thousand thousand eat,

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

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

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

THE WASSAIL

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

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

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

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

Where 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:

The time will come, when you'll be sad
And reckon this for fortune bad,
T'ave have 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
Eye-sight
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 Filled
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,
Danced by the streams.

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, 't will be,
As time had never known ye.

To Julia



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

How Marigolds
Came Yellow



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

Upon Himself



Th'art 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,
Marked in thy Book for faithful witnesses.

Hope Well and
Have Well; or,
Fair After
Foul Weather



What though the heaven be lowering now,
And look with a contracted brow?
We shall discover, by and by,
A repurgation of the sky:
And when those clouds away are driven,
Then will appear a cheerful heaven.

Upon Love



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

Ai 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?

**Fortune
Favours**



Fortune did never favour one
Fully, without exception ;
Though free she be, there 's something yet
Still wanting to her favourite.

To Phillis to
Love, and Live
With Him



Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee:
What sweets the country can afford
Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board.
The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
With crawling woodbine overspread:
By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
Thy clothing, next, shall be a gown
Made of the fleeces' 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 carcanets
Of primroses and violets.

TO PHILLIS

A bag and bottle thou shalt have;
That richly wrought, and this as brave;
So that as either shall express
The wearer's no mean shepherdess.
At shearing-times, and yearly wakes,
When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be; and be the wit,
Nay more, the feast, and grace of it.
On holy-days, when virgins meet
To dance the heyes 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 shepherdling)
The blushing apple, bashful pear,
And shamefaced plum, (all simp'ring
there):

Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
The name of Phillis in the rind
Of every straight and smooth-skin tree,
Where kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee.
To thee a sheep-hook I will send,
Be-pranked 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,

TO PHILLIS

All sitting near the glitt'ring hearth.
Thou shalt have ribands, roses, rings,
Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and
strings.

These (nay) and more, thine own shall be,
If thou wilt love, and live with me.

To His Kins-
woman, Mis-
tress Susanna
Herrick

When I consider (dearest) thou dost stay
But here awhile, 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.

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 started at Bo-peep,
Did soon draw in agen.

Upon His
Gray Hairs



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

Meat With- out 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.

To His
Tomb-maker

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

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 Prue 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 belovèd privacy:
And like our living, where w' are 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.
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 shew
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:
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 Electra's
Tears



Upon her cheeks she wept, and from
those showers
Sprang up a sweet Nativity of Flowers.

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,
Suppling and successful too:
Winning postures; and withal,
Manners each way musical:
Sweetness to allay my sour
And unsmooth behaviour.
For I know you have the skill
Vines to prune, though not to kill,
And of any wood ye see,
You can make a Mercury.

The Apparition
of his Mistress
Calling Him to
Elysium. Desunt
Nonnulla——

Come then, and like two doves with silv'ry
wings,
Let our souls fly to th' shades, where ever
springs
Sit smiling in the meads; where balm and
oil,
Roses and cassia crown the untill'd soil.
Where no disease reigns, or infection comes
To blast the air, but amber-greece 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

CALL TO ELYSIUM

Like morning-sunshine tinselling the dew.
Here in green meadows sits eternal May,
Purfling the margents, while perpetual

Day

So double-gilds the air, as that no night
Can ever rust th' enamel of the light.

Here, naked younglings, handsome strip-
lings run

Their goals for virgins' kisses; which when
done,

Then unto dancing forth the learnèd round
Commixt they meet, with endless roses
crown'd.

And here we'll sit on primrose-banks, and
see

Love's Chorus led by Cupid; and we'll be
Two loving followers too unto the Grove
Where Poets sing the stories of our love.

There thou shalt hear divine Musæus sing
Of Hero, and Leander; then I'll bring
Thee to the stand, where honour'd Homer
reads

His Odysseys and his high Iliades;
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 burn-
ing wine,

CALL TO ELYSIUM

And in his raptures speaking lines of thine,
Like to his subject; and as his frantic-
Looks, shew him truly Bacchanalian like,
Besmear'd with grapes; welcome he shall
thee thither,
Where both may rage, both drink and
dance together.
Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
Whom fair Corinna sits, and doth comply,
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 Perseus, these, and those,
whom Rage
(Dropped from 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, (crown'd with
sacred bays,
And flatt'ring ivy) two recite their plays,
Beaumont and Fletcher, swans, to whom
all ears
Listen, while they (like syrens in their
spheres)
Sing their *Evadne*; and still more for
thee

CALL TO ELYSIUM

There yet remains to know, than thou
canst see

By glimm'ring of a fancy: do but come,
And there I'll shew thee that capacious
room

In which thy father Jonson now is placed,
As in a globe of radiant fire, and graced
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 bell-man of the night) proclaim the
clock

Of late struck one; and now I see the
prime

Of day break from the pregnant east;
't is time

I vanish; more I had to say;
But night determines here; away.

Life is the
Body's Light



Life is the body's light; which once de-
clining
Those crimson clouds i' th' cheeks and
lips leave shining.
Those counter-changed tabbies in the air,
(The sun once set) all of one colour are.
So, when death comes, fresh tinctures
lose their place,
And dismal darkness then doth smutch
the face.

Love Lightly
Pleased



Let fair or foul my mistress be,
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me:
Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
The posture hers, I'm pleased with it.
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
Graceful is ev'ry thing from her.
Or let her grant, or else deny,
My Love will fit each history.

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 mixed with tears.

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

The Headache

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

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

His Prayer to
Ben Jonson

When I a verse shall make,
Know I have prayed 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.

The Bad
Season Makes
the Poet Sad



Dull to my self, and almost dead to these
My many fresh and fragrant mistresses:
Lost to all music now; since every thing
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing;
Sick is the land to th' heart; and doth
endure

More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate
cure.

But if that golden age would come again,
And Charles here rule, as he before did
reign;

If smooth and unperplexed the Seasons
were,

As when the sweet Maria lived here:

I should delight to have my curls half
drown'd

In Tyrian dews, and head with roses
crown'd;

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

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-gloves we will play;
So spend some minutes of the day:
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at Questions and Commands:
Or tell what strange tricks Love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will sit and talk; but tell
No cruel truths of Philomel,
Or Phillis, whom hard fate forc'd on,
To kill herself for 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;

TO THE MAIDS

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 ribanings:
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 spicèd wine.
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 mis-light 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 His Verses



What will ye (my poor orphans) do
When I must leave the world (and you)?
Who'll give ye then a shelt'ring 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 Westmoreland,
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.

His Charge to
Julia at his Death

Dearest of thousands, now the time draws
near,
That with my lines, my life must full-
stop here.
Cut off thy hairs; and let thy tears be
shed
Over my turf, when I am buried.
Then for effusions, let none wanting be,
Or other rites that do belong to me;
As Love shall help thee, when thou dost
go hence
Unto thy everlasting residence.

The Cobblers' Catch

Come sit we by the fire side,
And roundly drink we here;
Till that we see our cheeks ale-dyed
And noses tann'd with beer.

The Beggar
to Mab, the
Fairy Queen



Please your Grace, from out your store,
Give an alms to one that's poor,
That your mickle may have more.
Black I'm grown for want of meat;
Give me then an ant to eat;
Or the cleft ear of a mouse
Over-sour'd in drink of souce:
Or, sweet Lady, reach to me
The abdomen of a bee;
Or commend a cricket's-hip,
Or his huckson, to my scrip;
Give me for bread, a little bit
Of a pea, that 'gins to chit,
And my full thanks take for it.
Flour of fuz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needy-hood:
But the meal of mill-dust can
Well content a craving man.
Any orts the Elves refuse
Well will serve the beggar's use.

THE BEGGAR TO MAB

But if this may seem too much
For an alms, then give me such
Little bits that nestle there
In the pris'ners' panier.
So a blessing light upon
You, and mighty Oberon:
That your plenty last till when
I return your alms again.

Upon an Old
Man, a
Residentiary



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

A Bacchan-
alian 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.

The Country Life,
to the Honoured
Mr. Endymion Porter,
Groom of the
Bed-Chamber 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, *'t is not the extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.*

THE COUNTRY LIFE

When now the cock (the ploughman's horn)
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go;
Which though well soil'd, yet thou dost
know

That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them:
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to the enamell'd meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads
Thou seest 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:

THE COUNTRY LIFE

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 graced:
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;
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 time 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 cockrood, and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made:
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls then
To catch the pilf'ring birds, not men.
O happy life! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood!
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these.
And, lying down, have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the
night.

Cætera desunt—

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 kissèd thee.

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 scarecrow-like I'll walk, as one
Neglecting thy derision.

Upon his
Verses



What offspring other men have got,
The how, where, when, I question not.
These are the children I have left;
Adopted some; none got by theft.
But all are touch'd (like lawful plate)
And no verse illegitimate.

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.

Adversity



Adversity hurts none but only such
Whom whitest Fortune dandled has too
much.

His Return to London



From the dull confines of the drooping
west,
To see the day spring from the pregnant
east,
Ravished 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;

HIS RETURN TO LONDON

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 panicles
Full of fire; then I write
As the Godhead doth indite.
Thus enrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
Like the sibyl's, 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.

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.

Full fill the larders, and with strengthening
bread

Be evermore these bins replenishèd.

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 recom-
pense.

Charm then the chambers; make the beds
for ease

More than for pœvish pining sicknesses.

Fix the foundation fast, and let the roof
Grow old with time, but yet keep water-
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 Prue) by good luck sent,
To save
That little, Fates me gave or lent.
A hen
I keep, which creaking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay.
A goose
I have, which, with a jealous ear,
Lets loose
Her tongue, to tell what danger's near.
A lamb
I keep (tame) with my morsels fed,
Whose dam
An orphan left him (lately dead).

HIS GRANGE

A cat
I keep, that plays about my house,
Grown fat,
With eating many a miching mouse.
To these
A Tracy¹ I do keep, whereby
I please
The more my rural privacy:
Which are
But toys, to give my heart some ease.
Where care
None is, slight things do lightly please.

¹ His spaniel.

Good Precepts,
or Counsel



In all thy need, be thou possess'd
Still with a well-preparèd breast:
Nor let the shackles make thee sad;
Thou canst but have what others had.
And this for comfort thou must know,
Times that are ill won't still be so.
Clouds will not ever pour down rain;
A sullen day will clear again.
First, peals of thunder we must hear,
Then lutes and harps shall stroke the ear.

A Ternary of
Littles, upon a
Pipkin of Jelly
Sent to a Lady



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

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

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

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

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

A TERNARY OF LITTLES

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

Love Dislikes Nothing



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

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

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

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

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

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

The Wake



Come, Anthea, let us two
Go to feast, as others do.
Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,
Are the junkets still at wakes,
Unto which the tribes resort,
Where the business is the sport.
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian too in pageantry;
And a mimic to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base in action as in clothes:
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious villages.
Near the dying of the day
There will be a cudgel-play,
Where a coxcomb will be broke
Ere a good word can be spoke:
But the anger ends all here,
Drench'd in ale, or drown'd in beer.
Happy rustics, best content
With the cheapest merriment:
And possess no other fear,
Than to want the wake next year.

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 Psalm or
Hymn to
the Graces

Glory be to the Graces!
That do in public places
Drive thence what e'er encumbers
The list'ning to my numbers.

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

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

An 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 Prue
his Maid



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

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.

The Maiden- Blush



So look the mornings when the sun
Paints them with fresh vermilion:
So cherries blush, and Kathern pears
And apricocks, in youthful years:
So corals look more lovely red,
And rubies, lately polishèd:
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.

To my Dearest
Sister M.
Mercy Herrick



Whene'er I go, or whatsoe'er befalls
Me in mine age, or foreign funerals,
This blessing I will leave thee, ere I go:
Prosper thy basket, and therein thy dough.
Feed on the paste of filberts, or else knead
And bake the flour of amber for thy bread.
Balm may thy trees drop, and thy springs
run oil,
And everlasting harvest crown thy soil!
These I but wish for; but thyself shall
see
The blessing fall in mellow times on thee.

The Trans- figuration

Immortal clothing I put on,
So soon as, Julia, I am gone
To mine eternal mansion.

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

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

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
 How thou canst sit and smile
To see me bleed, and not desire
 To stanch 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 his Book



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

On Himself



If that my fate has now fulfill'd my year,
And so soon stopp'd my longer living here;
What was't (ye gods!) a dying man to
 save,
But while he met with his paternal grave?
Though while we living 'bout the world
 do roam,
We love to rest in peaceful urns at home,
Where we may snug and close together lie
By the dead bones of our dear ancestry.

A Defence for Women



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

Rest Refreshes



Lay by the good a while; a resting field
Will, after ease, a richer harvest yield:
Trees this year bear; next, they their
wealth withhold:

Continual reaping makes a land wax old.

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 asked 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 touched 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.

Upon his
Spaniel, Tracy



Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,
For shape and service, spaniel like to
thee.

This shall my love do, give thy sad death
one

Tear, that deserves of me a million.

Anacreontic
Verse



Brisk methinks I am, and fine,
When I drink my capering wine;
Then to love I do incline,
When I do drink my wanton wine;
And I wish all maidens mine,
When I drink my sprightly wine;
Well I sup, and well I dine,
When I drink my frolic wine;
But I languish, lower, and pine,
When I want my fragrant wine.

Parcel-gilt
Poetry



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

Anthea's Retractation



Anthea laugh'd, and, fearing lest excess
Might stretch the cords of civil comeliness,
She with a dainty blush rebuk'd her face,
And call'd each line back to his rule and
space.

Leprosy in Clothes



When flowing garments I behold
Inspir'd with purple, pearl, and gold,
I think no other but I see
In them a glorious leprosy,
That does infect, and make the rent
More mortal in the vestiment.
As flowry vestures do descry
The wearers' rich immodesty;
So plain and simple clothes do show
Where virtue walks, not those that flow.

His Tears to Thamasis

I send, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis.
No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
Whereon so many stately structures stand:
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go,
To bathe in thee (as thousand others do);
No more shall I along thy crystal glide,
In barge (with boughs and rushes beau-
tified)
With soft-smooth virgins (for our chaste
disport)
To Richinond, 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 belovèd Westminster;
Or to the golden Cheap-side, where the
earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
May all clean nymphs and curious water
dames,

HIS TEARS TO THAMASIS

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.

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.

TWELFTH NIGHT

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 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 does clearly sing,
Whenas the roof's a-tottering:
And, though it falls, continues still
Tickling the cithern with his quill.

The Tinkers' Song

Along, come along,
Let's meet in a throng
 Here of tinkers;
And quaff up a bowl
As big as a cowl
 To beer drinkers.
The pole of the hop
Place in the ale-shop
 To bethwack us,
If ever we think
So much as to drink
 Unto Bacchus.
Who frolic will be
For little cost, he
 Must not vary
From beer-broth at all,
So much as to call
 For canary.

To his Peculiar
Friend, M. John
Wicks



Since shed or cottage I have none,
I sing the more, that thou hast one;
To whose glad threshold, and free door
I may a poet come, though poor;
And eat with thee a savoury bit,
Paying but common thanks for it.
Yet should I chance (my Wicks) to see
An over-leaven look in thee,
To sour the bread, and turn the beer
To an exalted vinegar;
Or should'st thou prize me as a dish
Of thrice-boil'd worts, or third day's fish,
I'd rather hungry go and come,
Than to thy house be burdensome;
Yet, in my depth of grief, I'd be
One that should drop his beads for thee.

On Fortune



This is my comfort, when she's most un-
kind
She can but spoil me of my means, not
mind.

To Sir George
Parrie, Doctor
of the Civil
Law

I have my laurel chaplet on my head,
If 'mongst these many numbers to be read,
But one by you be hugg'd and cherishèd.

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

The mean pass by, or over; none con-
demn,
Since absolution you can give to them.

Stand forth, brave man, here to the public
sight,
And in my book now claim a twofold
right:
The first as doctor, and the last as knight.

A Dialogue
betwixt Himself
and Mistress
Eliza Wheeler,
under the name
of Amarillis



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

Amarillis

In country meadows pearl'd with dew,
And set about with lilies,
There filling maunds with cowslips, you
May find your Amarillis.

Herrick

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.

A DIALOGUE

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

Amarillis

You set too high a rate upon
A shepherdess so homely.

Herrick

Believe it (dearest) there's not one
I' th' court that's half so comely.

I prithee stay. (*Am.*) 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.

On Himself



A wearied pilgrim, I have wander'd here
Twice five and twenty (bate me but one
year).

Long I have lasted in this world ('tis
true)

But yet those years that I have liv'd but
few.

Who by his gray hairs, doth his lustres
tell,

Lives not those years, but he that lives
them well.

One man has reach'd his sixty years, but
he,

Of all those threescore, has not liv'd half
three:

He lives, who lives to virtue: men who
cast

Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but
last.

His Last Re-
quest to Julia



I have been wanton, and too bold, I fear,
To chafe o'ermuch the virgin's cheek or
ear.

Beg for my pardon, Julia; *he doth win*
Grace with the gods, who's sorry for his
sin.

That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come,
And go with me to choose my burial
room:

My fates are ended; when thy Herrick
dies,

Clasp thou his book, then close thou up
his eyes.

The Book's
End



To his book's end this last line he'd have
plac'd:
*Jocond his muse was; but his life was
chaste.*

His Noble Numbers

His Prayer for Absolution



For those my unbaptized 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
Mixed in the watery theatre;
And taste thou them as saltless there,
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
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.

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 over-act His part:
Sometimes He strikes us more than flesh
 can bear;
But yet still less than grace can suffer here.

Three Fatal Sisters



Three fatal sisters wait upon each sin;
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt
within.

The Rod



God's Rod doth watch while men do
sleep, and then
The Rod doth sleep, while vigilant are
men.'

God has a
Twofold Part

God when for sin He makes His children
smart,
His own He acts not, but another's part:
But when by stripes He saves them, then
'tis known,
He comes to play the part that is His own.

**Persecutions
Profitable**



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

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 harp's enchantments strike
mine ear.

Here give me thorns; there, in Thy King-
dom, 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.

His Ejaculation to God



My God! look on me with Thine eye
Of pity, not of scrutiny;
For if Thou dost, Thou then shalt see
Nothing but loathsome sores in me.
Oh then! for mercy's sake, behold
These my eruptions manifold;
And heal me with Thy look, or touch:
But if Thou wilt not deign so much,
Because I'm odious in Thy sight,
Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

An Ode of the
Birth of our
Saviour

In numbers, and but these few,
I sing Thy birth, Oh 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 inter-woven 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,)
With sundry precious jewels,

THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR

And lily-work will dress Thee;
And as we dispossess Thee
Of clouts, 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 free-born of our city.

The Heart



In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning
part,
Without the sweet concurrence of the
heart.

Sin Seen



When once the sin has fully acted been,
Then is the horror of the trespass seen.

His Petition



If war, or want shall make me grow so
poor,

As for to beg my bread from door to door,
Lord! let me never act that beggar's part,
Who hath Thee in his mouth, not in his
heart.

He who asks alms in that so sacred Name,
Without due reverence, plays the cheater's
game.

To God



Thou hast promis'd, Lord, to be
With me in my misery ;
Suffer me to be so bold,
As to speak, Lord, Say and hold.

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 discomforted,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the 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!

HIS LITANY

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 pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

Penitency



A man's transgression God does then remit,
When man he makes a penitent for it.

Upon God



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

Tears



Our present tears here (not our present
laughter)
Are but the handsels of our joys hereafter.

Thanks



What God gives, and what we take,
'Tis a gift for Christ His sake:
Be the meal of beans and peas,
God be thank'd for those, and these:
Have we flesh, or have we fish,
All are fragments from His dish.
He His Church save, and the King,
And our peace here, like a spring,
Make it ever flourishing.

Indemnity



All I have lost, that could be rapt from me;
And fare it well; yet, Herrick, if so be
Thy dearest Saviour renders thee but one
Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

The Way



When I a ship see on the seas,
Cuff'd with those watery 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 Bell-Man



Along the dark and silent night,
With my lantern, and my light,
And the tinkling of my bell,
Thus I walk, and this I tell:
Death and dreadfulness call on,
To the general session;
To whose dismal bar we there
All accounts must come to clear:
Scores of sins we've made here many,
Wip'd out few (God knows) if any.
Rise, ye debtors, then, and fall
To make payment, while I call.
Ponder this when I am gone;
By the clock 't is almost one.

To God, in
Time of
Plundering



Rapine has yet took nought from me;
But if it please my God, I be
Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,
God make me thankful still for it.
I have been grateful for my store:
Let me say grace when there's no more.

The Poor's Portion

The sup'rabundance of my store,
That is the portion of the poor:
Wheat, barley, rye, or oats; what is't
But he takes toll of? all the grist.
Two raiments have I: Christ then makes
This law; that He and I part stakes.
Or have I two loaves; then I use
The poor to cut, and I to choose.

To God



God! to my little meal and oil
Add but a bit of flesh, to boil:
And Thou my pipkinnet shalt see
Give a wave-offering unto Thee.

Free Welcome



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

God's Grace



God's grace deserves here to be daily fed,
That, thus increas'd, it might be perfected.

Coming
to Christ



To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to
go,
Celerity even itself is slow.

God's Bounty



God, as He's potent, so He's likewise
known
To give us more than hope can fix upon.

Salutation



Christ, I have read, did to His chaplains
say,
Sending them forth, *Salute no man by th'
way:*
Not that He taught His ministers to be
Unsmooth, or sour, to all civility;
But to instruct them to avoid all snares
Of tardidation in the Lord's affairs.
Manners are good: but till his errand
ends,
Salute we must nor strangers, kin, or
friends.

God's Blessing



In vain our labours are, whatsoe'er they
be,
Unless God gives the *Benedicite*.

The Judgment Day



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

Mercy



Mercy, the wise Athenians held to be
Not an affection, but a deity.

The Eucharist



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

Christ's
Sadness



Christ was not sad, i' th' garden, for His
own
Passion, but for His sheep's dispersion.

Heaven



Heav'n is most fair; but fairer He
That made that fairest canopy.

God



In God there's nothing but 'tis known to
be
Ev'n God Himself, in perfect entity.

Christ's Words
on the Cross,
My God, My God





Christ, when He hung the dreadful cross
upon,
Had (as it were) a dereliction;
In this regard, in those great terrors He
Had no one beam from God's sweet
majesty.

Sin



*Sin no existence, nature none it hath,
Or good at all (as learn'd Aquinas saith).*

Martha, Martha  

The repetition of the name made known
No other, than Christ's full affection.

The Virgin
Mary



To work a wonder, God would have her
shown,
At once, a bud, and yet a rose full-blown.

Sabbaths



Sabbaths are threefold, (as S. Austin says:)
The first of Time, or Sabbath here of days;
The second is a Conscience trespass-free;
The last the Sabbath of Eternity.

Temporal Goods

These temp'ral goods God (the most wise)
commends
To th' good and bad, in common, for two
ends:
First, that these goods none here may o'er
esteem,
Because the wicked do partake of them:
Next, that these ills none cowardly may
shun,
Being, oft here, the just man's portion.

God's Presence



God's present ev'rywhere; but most of all
Present by union hypostatical:
God, He is there, where's nothing else
(schools say),
And nothing else is there, where He's
away.

The Resurrec-
tion Possible,
and Probable



For each one body, that i' th' earth is
sown,

There's an up-rising but of one for one:
But for each grain that in the ground is
thrown,

Threescore or fourscore spring up thence
for one:

So that the wonder is not half so great
Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

Sinners



Sinners confounded are a twofold way,
Either as when (the learnèd schoolmen say)
Men's sins destroyed are, when they
repent;
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

Christ's Action



Christ never did so great a work, but
there

His human nature did, in part, appear:
Or ne'er so mean a piece, but men might
see

Therein some beams of His divinity:
So that, in all He did, there did combine
His human nature, and His part divine.

Predestination



Art thou not destin'd? then, with haste
go on

To make thy fair predestination:

If thou canst change thy life, God then
will please

To change, or call back, His past sen-
tences.

Sin



Sin is an act so free, that if we shall
Say, 't is not free, 't is then no sin at all.

Christ's In-
carnation



Christ took our nature on Him, not that
He
'Bove all things lov'd it, for the purity:
No, but He dress'd Him with our human
trim,
Because our flesh stood most in need of
Him.

Heaven



Heaven is not given for our good works
here:

Yet is it given to the labourer.

God's Keys



God has four keys, which he reserves
alone:

The first of rain, the key of hell next
known:

With the third key He opes and shuts the
womb;

And with the fourth key He unlocks the
tomb.

Sin



There's no constraint to do amiss,
Whereas but one enforcement is.

Hell Fire



One only fire has hell; but yet it shall
Not after one sort, there excruciate all:
But look, how each transgressor onward
 went
Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

To God



Come to me, God; but do not come
To me, as to the gen'ral doom,
In power; or come Thou in that state,
When Thou Thy laws didst promulgate,
Whenas the mountains quak'd for dread,
And sullen clouds bound up his head.
No, lay thy stately terrors by,
To talk with me familiarly;
For if Thy thunder-claps I hear,
I shall less swoon than die for fear.
Speak Thou of Love, and I'll reply
By way of Epithalamy,
Or sing of mercy, and I'll suit
To it my viol and my lute:
Thus let Thy lips but love distil,
Then come, my God, and hap what will.

Sufferings



We merit all we suffer, and by far
More stripes than God lays on the sufferer.

No Coming
to God with-
out Christ



Good and great God! how should I fear
To come to Thee, if Christ not there!
Could I but think He would not be
Present, to plead my cause for me;
To hell I'd rather run, than I
Would see Thy face, and He not by.

Another,
to God



Though Thou beest all that active love,
Which heats those ravish'd souls above;
And though all joys spring from the glance
Of Thy most winning countenance;
Yet sour and grim Thou'dst seem to me;
If through my Christ I saw not Thee

To God



God, who me gives a will for to repent,
Will add a power, to keep me innocent;
That I shall ne'er that trespass recommit,
When I have done true penance here for it.

God's Anger



God can't be wrathful; but we may conclude,
Wrathful He may be, by similitude:
God's wrathful said to be, when He doth do
That without wrath, which wrath doth
force us to.

God's Commands



In God's commands, ne'er ask the reason
why;
Let thy obedience be the best reply.

To God



If I have played the truant, or have here
Fail'd in my part; oh! Thou that art my
 dear,
My mild, my loving tutor, Lord and God!
Correct my errors gently with Thy rod.
I know, that faults will many here be
 found,
But where sin swells, there let Thy grace
 abound.

Good Friday:
Rex Tragicus, or
Christ going to
His Cross

Put off Thy robe of purple, then go on
To the sad place of execution:
Thine hour is come; and the tormentor
 stands
Ready, to pierce Thy tender feet, and
 hands.
Long before this, the base, the dull, the
 rude,
Th' inconstant, and unpurgèd multitude
Yawn for Thy coming; some ere this time
 cry,
How He defers, how loath! He is to die!
Amongst this scum, the soldier with his
 spear,
And that sour fellow, with his vinegar,
His sponge, and stick, do ask why Thou
 dost stay?
So do the scurf and bran too: go Thy
 way,

GOOD FRIDAY

Thy way, Thou guiltless man, and satisfy
By Thine approach, each their beholding
eye.

Not as a thief, shalt Thou ascend the
mount,

But like a person of some high account:
The cross shall be Thy stage; and Thou
shalt there

The spacious field have for Thy theatre.
Thou art that Roscius, and that mark'd-
out man,

That must this day act the tragedian,
To wonder and affrightment; Thou art
He,

Whom all the flux of nations comes to
see;

Not those poor thieves that act their parts
with Thee:

Those act without regard, when once a
King,

And God, as Thou art, comes to suffering.
No, no, this scene from Thee takes life
and sense,

And soul and spirit, plot and excellence.

Why then begin, great King! ascend Thy
throne,

And thence proceed to act Thy passion,
To such an height, to such a period rais'd,
As hell, and earth, and heav'n may stand
amaz'd.

GOOD FRIDAY

God, and good angels guide Thee; and
so bless
Thee in Thy several parts of bitterness:
That those, who see Thee nail'd unto the
Tree,
May (though they scorn Thee) praise and
pity Thee.
And we (Thy lovers) while we see Thee
keep
The laws of action, will both sigh, and
weep;
And bring our spices, to embalm Thee
dead;
That done, we'll see Thee sweetly buried.

His Words to Christ,
going to the Cross



When Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have
read,
Ali Thy disciples Thee forsook, and fled.
Let their example not a pattern be
For me to fly, but now to follow Thee.

His Saviour's Words,
going to the Cross

Have, have ye no regard, all ye
Who pass this way, to pity me,
Who am a man of misery?

A man both bruis'd, and broke, and one
Who suffers not here for mine own,
But for my friends' transgression!

Ah! Sion's daughters, do not fear
The cross, the cords, the nails, the spear,
The myrrh, the gall, the vinegar,

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath
Drunk up the wine of God's fierce wrath;
Only, there's left a little froth,

Less for to taste, than for to show,
What bitter cups had been your due,
Had He not drank them up for you.

His Anthem,
to Christ on
the Cross

When I behold Thee, almost slain,
With one, and all parts, full of pain:
When I Thy gentle heart do see
Pierc'd through, and dropping blood, for
me,
I'll call, and cry out, Thanks to Thee.

Verse

But yet it wounds my soul, to think,
That for my sin, Thou, Thou must drink
Even Thou alone, the bitter cup
Of fury, and of vengeance up.

Chorus

Lord, I'll not see Thee to drink all
The vinegar, the myrrh, the gall:

Verse and Chorus

But I will sip a little wine;
Which done, Lord say, *The rest is mine.*

To his Saviour's
Sepulchre: his
Devotion



Hail, holy, and all honour'd tomb,
By no ill haunted; here I come,
With shoes put off, to tread thy room.
I'll not profane, by soil of sin,
Thy door, as I do enter in:
For I have washed both hand and heart,
This, that, and ev'ry other part;
So that I dare, with far less fear,
Than full affection, enter here.
Thus, thus I come to kiss Thy stone
With a warm lip, and solemn one:
And as I kiss, I'll here and there
Dress Thee with flow'ry diaper.
How sweet this place is! as from hence
Flow'd all Panchaia's frankincense;
Or rich Arabia did commix,
Here, all her rare aromatics.
Let me live ever here, and stir
No one step from this sepulchre.
Ravish'd I am! and down I lie,
Confus'd, in this brave ecstasy.

TO HIS SAVIOUR'S SEPULCHRE

Here let me rest; and let me have
This for my heaven, that was Thy grave:
And, coveting no higher sphere,
I'll my eternity spend here.

His Offering,
with the rest, at
the Sepulchre



To join with them who here confer
Gifts to my Saviour's sepulchre,
Devotion bids me hither bring
Somewhat for my thank-offering.
Lo! thus I bring a virgin-flower,
To dress my Maiden-Saviour.

His coming to
the Sepulchre



Hence they have borne my Lord; behold!
the stone

Is roll'd away, and my sweet Saviour's
gone.

Tell me, white angel, what is now become
Of Him we lately seal'd up in this tomb?
Is He, from hence, gone to the shades
beneath,

To vanquish hell, as here He conquer'd
death?

If so, I'll thither follow, without fear,
And live in hell, if that my Christ stays
there.

To Death



Thou bidst 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
With charity throughout;
And so to travail hence
With feet of innocence:
These done, I'll only cry
God, mercy! and so die.

The New- Year's Gift



Let others look for pearl and gold,
Tissues or tabbies manifold;
One only look of that sweet hay
Whereon the blessed Baby lay,
Or one poor swaddling-clout, shall be
The richest New-Year's gift to me.

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 handsell too),
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean straight 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.

To his Conscience



Can I not sin, but thou wilt be
My private protonotary?
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 tied
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, nor thee.

Cock-Crow



Bell-man of night, if I about shall go
For to deny my Master, do thou crow.
Thou stop'st St. Peter in the midst of sin;
Stay me, by crowing ere I do begin.
Better it is, premonished, for to shun
A sin, than fall to weeping when 't is done.

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:
Likeas my parlour, so my hall
 And kitchen's small:
A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD

Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipp'd, unflead:
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits, that be
 There plac'd 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 belovèd beet
 To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spic'd to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
 That soils my land;
And gives 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).

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD

All these, and better Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart;
Which, fir'd with incense, I resign
 As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee.

His Dream



I dreamt, last night, Thou didst transfuse
Oil from Thy jar, into my cruse;
And pouring still Thy wealthy store,
The vessel, full, did then run o'er:
Methought I did Thy bounty chide,
To see the waste; but 't was replied
By Thee, dear God, God gives man seed
Oft-times for waste, as for his need.
Then I could say, that house is bare
That has not bread, and some to spare.

An Ode, or
Psalm, to God

Dear God,
If thy smart rod
Here did not make me sorry,
I should not be
With Thine, or Thee,
In Thy eternal glory.

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

Fear me,
Or scourging tear me;
That thus from vices driven,
I may from hell
Fly up, to dwell
With Thee, and Thine in Heaven.

Evil



Evil no nature hath; the loss of good
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

Grace for
a Child

Here, a little child, I stand,
Heaving up my either hand:
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on our all. Amen.

To his
Dear God



I 'll hope no more
For things that will not come:
And, if they do, they prove but cumber-
some;

Wealth brings much woe:
And, since it fortunes so,
'Tis better to be poor,
Than so abound,
As to be drown'd,
Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care, avant!
I 'll learn to be content
With that small stock, Thy bounty gave
or lent.

What may conduce
To my most healthful use,
Almighty God me grant;
But that, or this,
That hurtful is,
Deny Thy suppliant.

To Heaven



Open thy gates
To him, who weeping waits,
And might come in,
But that held back by sin.
Let mercy be
So kind, to set me free,
And I will straight
Come in, or force the gate.

His Meditation upon Death

Be those few hours, which I have yet to
spend,
Blest with the meditation of my end:
Though they be few in number, I'm con-
tent;
If otherwise, I stand indifferent:
Nor makes it matter, Nestor's years to tell,
If man lives long, and if he live not well.
A multitude of days still heapèd on,
Seldom brings order, but confusion.
Might I make choice, long life should be
withstood;
Nor would I care how short it were, if
good:
Which to effect, let every passing bell
Possess my thoughts, next comes my dole-
ful knell:
And when the night persuades me to my
bed,
I'll think I'm going to be buried:
So shall the blankets which come over me,
Present those turfs, which once must cover
me:

MEDITATION UPON DEATH

And with as firm behaviour I will meet
The sheet I sleep in, as my winding-sheet.
When sleep shall bathe his body in mine
 eyes,
I will believe, that then my body dies:
And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,
I'll have in mind my resurrection,
Which must produce me to that general
 doom,
To which the peasant, so the prince, must
 come,
To hear the Judge give sentence on the
 throne,
Without the least hope of affection.
Tears, at that day, shall make but weak
 defence,
When hell and horror fright the conscience.
Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin
To shun the least temptation to a sin;
Though to be tempted be no sin, until
Man to the alluring object gives his will.
Such let my life assure me, when my
 breath
Goes thieving from me, I am safe in
 death;
Which is the height of comfort, when I
 fall,
I rise triumphant in my funeral.

To God



The work is done; let now my laurel be
Given by none, but by Thyself, to me:
That done, with honour Thou dost me
 create
Thy Poet, and Thy Prophet Laureate.



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Herrick, Robert
Poems

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