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EVERYMAN,
I WILL GO WITH
THEE,
TO BE THY GUIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE

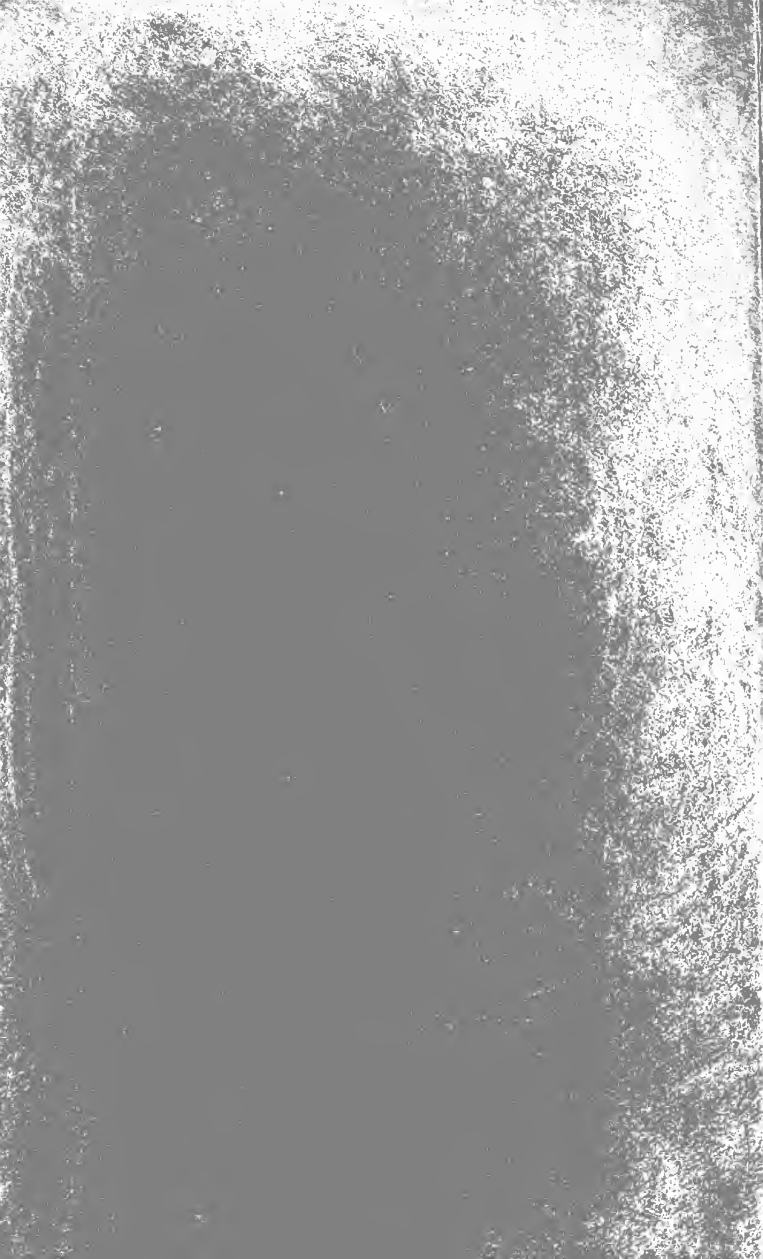


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Hugh Anson-Cartwright





EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY
EDITED BY ERNEST RHYS

POETRY

HERRICK'S POEMS
WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY ERNEST RHYS

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ROMANCE



IN TWO STYLES OF BINDING, CLOTH
FLAT BACK COLOURED TOP AND
LEATHER ROUND CORNERS GILT TOP.

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POETS
ARE
THE
TRUMPETS
WHICH SING
TO BATTLE.
POETS
ARE THE
UNACKNOWLEDGED
LEGISLATORS
OF THE
WORLD. SHELLEY

HERRICK'S HESPERIDES & NOBLE NUMBERS



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INTRODUCTION

IN the natural order of the English poets, Herrick is to be counted, for all ordinary ends and purposes, among the redoubtable "Sons of Ben." His five poems addressed to Ben Jonson, especially his brief ode and the "lyric feasts" of which it speaks,—

"Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun,"

recall at once the famous Fleet Street Academe, in which he studied to some purpose. If, in that school for poets, Jonson's "Underwoods" may represent the academic groves, Herrick's "Hesperides" brought us late fruits from the same noble stock.

From his father in poetry, Herrick learnt admirable doctrine. He learnt to qualify the Elizabethan music with a Latin note, without losing too much of the finer impulse of his own tongue. He went much further than his master, indeed, in keeping a lyric simplicity in his lines. He never let the new influences, which waxed hot in Donne and grew cold in Cowley, so much as breathe upon his verse. Ben Jonson, and his own genius and born sense of the lyric style, defended him against the fleeting fashions of the pseudo-metaphysical poetry. For Herrick's poems, which casual readers have thought artless, are really the result of consummate art, and of the happiest combination of natural inspiration and conscious

craftsmanship. In earlier youth, he was for a time a goldsmith's apprentice, and it is not too fanciful, perhaps, to consider, as some critics have done, that he gained something of his sense of form, and his fine art of turning the lyric into a sort of tiny and finished jewel, from his experiences in his uncle's workshop in Golden Cheapside.

In Golden Cheapside ("Golden," partly because of the goldsmiths' shops that abounded there, partly because of the cross at the end of Wood Street and other such gilded splendours) he was born, in August 1591. On the 24th of that month he was baptised at St Vedast's Church, Foster Lane, where his father, Nicholas Herrick, also practised the goldsmith's craft. Nicholas died, under suspicion of suicide, by a fall from an upper window of his house, in 1592. The suspicion is borne out by the action of the Bishop of Bristol, who, as High Almoner, attempted to sequester the goods and chattels of the deceased on grounds of *felo-de-se*, and succeeded in compounding his claim for £220. Meanwhile the dead goldsmith's family, eight in number, left town for Hampton Court, where a posthumous child was born, "at Harry Campion's house," a name which under the circumstances sounds suggestive. Robert, who more than once recalls Hampton with delight in his poems, was the youngest but one in the family. His school-days, according to the little evidence we have, were probably passed between Hampton and London. When he left school, in 1607, he was apprenticed for ten years to his uncle William, a younger brother of Nicholas Herrick, who still carried on his business, in which, it is likely, the widow still retained an interest. With his uncle, the poet did not, evidently, find himself much in sympathy; and a lyric fancy is not the

best reconciler, when one is young, and one's elders and everyday avocation grow tedious.

Before his apprenticeship had run out, Herrick succeeded in persuading his uncle that the goldsmith's was not his destined rôle, and he was entered as an undergraduate of St John's College, Cambridge. It is quite possible that he affected this step by diplomatically hinting a decided leaning to the law; for with his guardian, who was on the way to make a fortune after gaining a knighthood, the law was like to be an intelligible argument; while he himself, no doubt, saw in the law only a convenient ladder to other things, with poetry at the top of all. At Cambridge his uncle kept him on a rather straitened allowance, as we find from more than one appeal, written in amusingly euphuistic terms, as if to make an impression on a guardian who was to be affected by a certain parade of Latin and fine phrases. On grounds of economy, the undergraduate presently converted himself from a law to an arts student, and migrated from St John's to Trinity Hall, on the time-honoured plea of the Church. This only shows again that he had no very clear idea of what he wanted to do, beyond putting himself in the liberal way to be a poet and a gentleman, and to get as much entertainment out of life as possible. But how did he live on leaving Cambridge? He did not take his M.A. till 1620. He did not receive his presentation to the vicarage of Dean Prior until nine years later. Probably he contrived to exist on the residue of the small means—some four or five hundred pounds—which came to him from his father's estate; and to study life and cultivate the lyric art in London in his own way, sitting at the feet of Ben Jonson. It is clear that he entered with zest into the life which some of his

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poems, actively or retrospectively inspired, written then or afterwards, suggest :

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

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

This is no divinity student's note. In his “ Farewell unto Poetrie ” he is still more explicit. They kept it up in those days, as he reminds us in his most extravagant lines, morning, noon, and night ; nay, “ past noon of night,” and so on again, through “ the fresh and fairest flourish of the morn ” ; fleeting the time,

“ With flame and rapture, drinking to the odd
 Number of wine, which makes us full with God.
 And in that mystic frenzy, we have hurled
 (As with a tempest) nature through the world,
 And in a whirlwind twirl'd her home, aghast
 At that which in her ecstasy had past.”

Fortunately, if Ben Jonson lent his sanction to this valiant roystering, he did not let the illusions of sack disguise the true severity of poetry. He laid down the law for his sons with no uncertain sound. No son of mine, he said in effect, and how plainly one seems to hear him say it !—will think “ he can leap forth suddenly a poet by dreaming he hath been in Parnassus, or by having washt his lips, as they say, in Helicon. There goes more to his making than so ; for to Nature, Exercise, Imitation, and Study, Art must be added, to make all these perfect. And though these challenge much to themselves in the making up of our maker, it

is Art only can lead him to perfection." This is very good gospel, and in Herrick's case it fell on plastic ears.

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

There is the same text, paraphrased from Horace by himself, excellently concentrated in a couplet. To these splendid follies and Jonsonian dissertations over liberal sack and the rarer vintage of the "Underwoods" and the "Forest," Herrick, all too soon for his own satisfaction, was to bid good-bye. His four or five hundred pounds could not last long, under stress of the lyric levees at "The Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun." In 1829, as we said, he was presented to Dean Prior, and Devonshire seemed the end of the world to him.

His "Farewell unto Poetrie," already quoted from, was written no doubt at this time; evidently he thought he was bidding farewell not only to town but to poetry. As a matter of fact, his own poetry was only at its beginning. Almost all the poems which have done most to win him a familiar fame in our own time—such lyrics as "To Daffadils," "To Blossoms," and the rest—were written after he went

" . . . to banishment
Into the loathèd West."

It was there, in the "dull Devonshire" that bored him often to extinction, that lyric moments came and inspired limpid rhymes of the country life, its festivals and its flowers. He carried his Catullus to the country with him, and the Devonshire daffodils and "July flowers," the village maids and rural feasts, did the rest. If he had remained in London, London might

in the end have known him less. Even as it was, fame took a couple of centuries to gild his laurel.

Of Dean Bourne itself, I cannot do better than quote from Grosart's pleasant account of the place. From Brent, which lies some sixteen miles from Plymouth, the road approaches by quiet hamlets and pleasant meadows, with here and there glimpses of distant hills; and presently, fording a stream, where a little stone foot-bridge crosses alongside, reaches the narrow lane which leads down to Dean Church. Here, looking down from the high-road, the traveller sees the church and vicarage, with surrounding farm-buildings and cottages, set amid trees in a deep and narrow valley. Dean Prior lies about a mile further on. The "rude River . . . by which sometime he lived,"—Dean Bourne, flows down through the court and passes close to Dean Prior.

There, in that lonely vicarage, with his maid and housekeeper, Prue; his spaniel, Tracy; his pet lamb or pet pig; his hens and his geese; and, if we take the plain testimony of his "Thanksgiving," his cows, he settled down into the pastoral life which suited his genius better than it did his London-bred tastes. Both his disgust and his delight are vigorously expressed by him at different moments, according to his mood. His memories of Golden Cheapside, and of Fleet-Street, and the tavern nights of old, continually haunt him.

"London my home is; though by hard fate sent
 Into a long and irksome banishment;
 Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,
 O native country, repossess'd by thee!"

This he wrote in 1648, when, with his fellow-parsons, he was ejected on the coming of the Common-

wealth. He was then fifty-seven, and he returned to town, only to find it sadly changed. It seems the thought of London, and the necessity of reminding his friends there of his existence, and his present predicament, prompted him at last to collect his poems, previously only published, to the number of some sixty pieces, in "Wit's Recreations." In 1648 his book, "Hesperides," and "Noble Numbers," was published—not with any conspicuous success. His old circle, indeed, was by this time broken up. Ben Jonson was gone, and his influence had waned. So the "Hesperides," anything but "timely fortunate," as their poet wished, must be counted among the books that have missed, in their author's lifetime, their golden moment.

Three years before Herrick's return to London, Milton's earlier poems had appeared. It was not Milton, however, but Cowley, who marks for us the taste and fashion in poetry of the time. Cowley's poems, finely conceived, admirably phrased, but hardly inspired, ran through edition after edition in this period. Herrick's passed all but unnoticed. The same thing goes on in every period; and no doubt we have our over-indulged Cowleys and our overlooked Herricks to-day. There is the consolation of those who do not please their public, and wish to believe they write poems for posterity.

With the publication of the "Hesperides" and the "Noble Numbers," Herrick's career as a poet closes. The years intervening, ere the Restoration restored him, too, to his living at Dean Prior, were not, clearly, fortunate ones for him. His income, in spite of the stated provision for outlawed parsons, soon dwindled almost to nothing. He had rich relations, it is true; but what is the proverbial lot of the poor relation? And Herrick had a restless wit, quite apt to revenge

itself for meagre hospitalities and to alarm diffident hosts. In the end he was as glad to get back to his parishioners, and to his dull Devonshire, as he had previously been to leave them. He died at Dean Prior in 1674, at the ripe age of eighty-four, and was buried in the church, where now a memorial tablet commemorates him.

Of his fame, if he sometimes expressed a naïve mistrust of it, he felt fairly secure, it is clear, on the whole. Mr Andrew Lang once objected, in a lost leader, to the rhyming of "Herrick" with "lyric" by a modern rhymer, but Herrick himself was fond of the rhyme, used it more than once, and in the following quatrain used it yet again, to emphasise his faith in himself and his poetry :

"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."

Herrick quite accepted the theory that lyric poetry must hold to music as well as to prosody. He was not, like Campion, a musician himself, but he shows in numerous places in the "Hesperides" how much music counted to him. To Henry Lawes, in particular, who set some six poems of his, Herrick wrote eight lines, in which he mentions also Jacques Gouter, and other famous lutenists and musicians of the time :

"Touch but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear
From thee some raptures of the rare Gotiere :
Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
I hear in thee the rare Laniere to sing,
Or curious Wilson. Tell me, canst thou be
Less than Apollo, that usurp'st such three,
Three unto whom the whole world gave applause ?
Yet their three praises praise but one :
That's Lawes."

In his valuable notes to his select volume of Herrick, Mr H. P. Horne reminds us that Lawes set to music poems by Milton, Lovelace, Carew, and Ben Jonson, and adds, "at the present day he is chiefly remembered for having composed, in 1634, the songs for 'Comus.' He published several books of music, and amongst them his 'Choice Psalms' in 1648, for which Milton wrote the sonnet addressed to him." Lawes, it is interesting to note, learnt music from that Coperio, or Coprario (John Cooper, to wit), who was associated with Campion. Beside those set by Lawes, it is evident that many other of Herrick's poems were specially written, and are perfectly devised, for music, as various settings, old and new, may show.

A natural ear for music in both kinds; a lyrical fancy; a consummate sense of words; a fortunate schooling at the hands of Ben Jonson and certain Elizabethans, or of Catullus, Horace, and Martial; a congenial life for poetry, although in a London that was perhaps too lively, and a Devonshire that was too dull: all these were Herrick's, and went to make him what he was. Like Campion, he had an ear for music, but he never sacrificed a single song to the exigencies of a lute or theorbo. Like Donne, he had a subtle wit, but he rarely sacrificed a poem for the sake of even a finest conceit. And if his pastoral tunes have a classic accompaniment, and his love-lyrical note recalls other Julias than those of a Jacobean London, everything he wrote, good and bad, is unmistakably "toucht (like lawful plate)," as he claims; unmistakably and inimitably his own.

In all English lyric poetry, there are very few to compare with him. You may begin with Tennyson, and count only a score of names backwards, and then reduce the score to a scant half dozen, and still

his note is heard, clear, distinct among them all. Indeed, that note, so long neglected, is now grown almost too familiar, so that we are in danger, perhaps, of forgetting how fine it is. This as it may be, Herrick, as much as Burns or Shelley, can count to-day on that greater public, who know not Campion, and to whom his rare master, Ben Jonson, is little more than a name.

E. R.

HESPERIDES



THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK.

Nos. 1-2

I SING of Brooks, of Blossomes, Birds, and
Bowers :

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

I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, Wassails,
Wakes,

Of Bride-grooms, Brides, and of their Bridall-
cakes.

I write of Youth, of Love, and have Accesses
By these, to sing of cleanly-Wantonnesse.

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

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

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

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

TO HIS MUSE.

WHITHER, Mad maiden, wilt thou roame ?

Farre safer 'twere to stay at home :

Where thou mayst sit, and piping please

The poore and private Cottages.

Since Coats, and Hamlets, best agree

With this thy meaner Minstralsie.

There with the Reed, thou mayst expresse

The Shepherds Fleecie happinesse :

Nos. 2-4 And with thy Eclogues intermixe
 Some smooth, and harmlesse Beucolicks.
 There on a hillock thou mayst sing
 Unto a handsome Shephardling ;
 Or to a Girle (that keeps the Neat)
 With breath more sweet 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 doe not goe
 Or flie abroad to seeke for woe.
 Contempts in Courts and Cities dwell ;
 No Critick haunts the Poore mans Cell :
 Where thou mayst hear thine own Lines read
 By no one tongue, there, censurèd.
 That man's unwise will search for Ill,
 And may prevent it, sitting still.

TO HIS BOOKE.

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

ANOTHER.

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

ANOTHER.

Nos. 5-8

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TO THE SOURE READER.

IF thou dislik'st the Piece thou light'st on first ;
 Thinke that of All, that I have writ, the worst :
 But if thou read'st my Booke unto the end,
 And still do'st this, and that verse, reprehend :
 O Perverse man ! If All disgustfull be,
 The Extreame Scabbe take thee, and thine, for me.

TO HIS BOOKE.

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

WHEN HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ.

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

Nos. 9-11

UPON JULIAS 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 ally'd in blood,
 Or sworn to that sweet Sister-hood :
 For Health on Julia's cheek hath shed
 Clarret, and Creame comminglèd.
 And those her lips doe now appeare
 As beames of Corral, but more cleare.

TO SILVIA TO WED.

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

THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES TO JULIA.

I DREAMT the Roses one time went
 To meet and sit in Parliament :
 The place for these, and for the rest
 Of flowers, was thy spotlesse breast :
 Over the which a State was drawne
 Of Tiffanie, or Cob-web Lawne ;
 Then in that Parly, all those powers
 Voted the Rose, the Queen of flowers.

But so, as that her self should be
The maide of Honour unto thee.

Nos. 11-14

NO BASHFULNESSE IN BEGGING.

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

THE FROZEN HEART.

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

TO PERILLA.

AH, my Perilla ! do'st thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steale away from thee ?
Age calls me hence, and my gray haire bid come,
And haste away to mine eternal home ;
'Twill not be long (Perilla) after this,
That I must give thee the supremest kisse :
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
Part of the creame from that Religious Spring ;
With which (Perilla) wash my hands and feet ;
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs (when thou
didst implore
The Gods protection, but the night before)
Follow me weeping to my Turfe, and there
Let fall a Primrose, and with it a teare :

6 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 15-17 Then lastly, let some weekly-strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me :
Then shall my Ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the coole, and silent shades of sleep.

A SONG TO THE MASKERS.

COME down, and dance ye in the toyle
Of pleasures, to a Heate ;
But if to moisture, Let the oyle
Of Roses be your sweat.

Not only to your selves assume
These sweets, but let them fly ;
From this, to that, and so Perfume
E'ne all the standers by.

As Goddess Isis (when she went,
Or glided through the street)
Made all that touch't her, with her scent,
And whom she touch't, turne sweet.

TO PERENNA.

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

TREASON.

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

TWO THINGS ODIOUS.

Nos. 18-20

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

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

HELPE me! helpe me! now I call
To my pretty Witchcrafts all;
Old I am, and cannot do
That, I was accustom'd to.
Bring your Magicks, Spels, and Charmes,
To en flesh my thighs, and armes:
Is there no way to beget
In my limbs their former heat?
Æson had (as Poets faine)
Baths that made him young againe:
Find that Medicine (if you can)
For your drie-decrepid man:
Who would faine his strength renew,
Were it but to pleasure you.

THE WOUNDED HEART.

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

8 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 21-23

NO LOATHSOMNESSE IN LOVE.

WHAT I fancy, I approve,
No Dislike there is in love :
 Be my Mistresse short or tall,
 And distorted there-withall :
 Be she likewise one of those,
 That an Acre hath of Nose :
 Be her forehead, and her eyes
 Full of incongruities :
 Be her cheeks so shallow too,
 As to shew her Tongue wag through :
 Be her lips ill hung, or set,
 And her grinders black as jet ;
 Ha's she thinne haire, hath she none,
 She's to me a Paragon.

TO ANTHEA.

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

THE WEEPING CHERRY.

I SAW a Cherry weep, and why ?
 Why wept it ? but for shame,
 Because my Julia's lip was by,
 And did out-red the same.

But, pretty Fondling, let not fall
 A teare at all for that :
 Which Rubies, Corralls, Scarlets, all
 For tincture, wonder at.

Nos. 23-27

SOFT MUSICK.

THE mellow touch of musick most doth wound
 The soule, when it doth rather sigh, then sound.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT KINGS AND SUBIECTS.

TWIXT Kings and Subjects ther's this mighty
 odds,
 Subjects are taught by Men ; Kings by the Gods.

HIS ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

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

UPON JULIA'S FALL.

JULIA was carelesse, and withall,
 She rather took, then got a fall :
 The wanton Ambler chanc'd to see
 Part of her leggs sinceritie :

Nos. 27-31

And ravish'd thus, It came to passe,
 The Nagge (like to the Prophets Asse,)
 Began to speak, and would have been
 A telling what rare sights h'ad seen :
 And had told all ; but did refraine,
 Because his Tongue was ty'd againe.

EXPENCES EXHAUST.

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

LOVE WHAT IT IS.

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

PRESENCE AND ABSENCE.

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

NO SPOUSE BUT A SISTER.

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

Hesperides

11

THE POMANDER BRACELET.

Nos. 32-35

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

THE SHOE TYING.

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

THE CARKANET.

INSTEAD of Orient Pearls, of Jet,
I sent my Love a Karkanet :
About her spotlesse neck she knit
The lace, to honour me, or it :
Then think how wrapt was I to see
My Jet t'enthrall such Ivorie.

HIS SAILING FROM JULIA.

WHEN that day comes, whose evening says I'm
gone
Unto that watrie Desolation :
Devoutly to thy Closet-gods then pray,
That my wing'd Ship may meet no Remora.
Those Deities which circum-walk the Seas,
And look upon our dreadfull passages,
Will from all dangers re-deliver me,
For one drink offering pourèd out by thee.
Mercie and Truth live with thee ! and forbear
(In my short absence) to unsluce a teare :

Nos. 35-38 But yet for Loves-sake, let thy lips doe this,
 Give my dead picture one engending kisse :
 Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
 In thy remembrance (Julia). So farewell.

HOW THE WALL-FLOWER CAME FIRST, AND WHY
 SO CALLED.

WHY this Flower is now call'd so,
 List' sweet maids, and you shal know.
 Understand, this First-ling was
 Once a brisk and bonny Lasse,
 Kept as close as Danae was :
 Who a sprightly Springall lov'd,
 And to have it fully prov'd,
 Up she got upon a wall,
 Tempting down to slide withall :
 But the silken twist unty'd,
 So she fell, and bruis'd, she dy'd.
 Love, in pittie of the deed,
 And her loving-lucklesse speed,
 Turn'd her to this Plant, we call
 Now, The Flower of the Wall.

WHY FLOWERS CHANGE COLOUR.

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

TO HIS MISTRESSE OBJECTING TO HIM NEITHER
 TOYING OR TALKING.

You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play
 Still with your curles, and kisse the time away.
 You blame me too, because I cann't devise
 Some sport, to please those Babies in your eyes :

By Loves Religion, I must here confesse it, Nos. 38-40
 The most I love, when I the least expresse it.
Small griefs find tongues : Full Casques are ever
 found

To give, (if any, yet) but little sound.
Deep waters noyse-lesse are ; And this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below.
 So when Love speechlesse is, she doth expresse
 A depth in love, and that depth, bottomlesse.
 Now since my love is tongue-lesse, know me such,
 Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS MISTRESSES.

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

THE DREAM.

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

14 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 40-42 Patient I was : Love pitifull grew then,
 And stroak'd the stripes, and I was whole agen.
 Thus like a Bee, Love-gentle stil doth bring
 Hony to salve, where he before did sting.

THE VINE.

I DREAM'D this mortal part of mine
 Was Metamorphoz'd to a Vine ;
 Which crawling one and every way,
 Enthrall'd my dainty Lucia.

.

About her head I writhing hung,
 And with rich clusters (hid among
 The leaves) her temples I behung : }
 So that my Lucia seem'd to me
 Young Bacchus ravisht by his tree.
 My curles about her neck did craule,
 And armes and hands they did enthrall :
 So that she could not freely stir,
 (All parts there made one prisoner).

.

TO LOVE.

I'M free from thee ; and thou no more shalt
 heare
 My puling Pipe to beat against thine eare :

Farewell my shackles, (though of pearle they be) Nos. 42-45
 Such precious thraldome ne'r shall fetter me.
 He loves his bonds, who when the first are
 broke,
 Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

ON HIMSELFE.

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

LOVE'S PLAY AT PUSH-PIN.

LOVE and my selfe (beleeve me) on a day
 At childish Push-pin (for our sport) did play :
 I put, he pusht, and heedless of my skin,
 Love prickt my finger with a golden pin :
 Since which, it festers so, that I can prove
 'Twas but a trick to poyson me with love :
 Little the wound was ; greater was the smart ;
 The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

THE ROSARIE.

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

16 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 46-48

UPON CUPID.

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

THE PARCÆ, OR, THREE DAINTY DESTINIES.

THE ARMILET.

THREE lovely Sisters working were
 (As they were closely set)
 Of soft and dainty Maiden-haire,
 A curious Armelet.
 I smiling, ask'd them what they did ?
 (Faire Destinies all three)
 Who told me, they had drawn a thred
 Of Life, and 'twas for me.
 They shew'd me then, how fine 'twas spun :
 And I reply'd thereto,
 I care not now how soone 'tis done,
 Or cut, if cut by you.

SORROWES SUCCEED.

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

CHERRY-PIT.

Nos. 49-52

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

TO ROBIN RED-BREST.

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

DISCONTENTS IN DEVON. ✕

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

TO HIS PATERNALL COUNTRY.

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

Nos. 53-55

CHERRIE-RIPE.

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

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

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

TO ANTHEA.

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

THE VISION TO ELECTRA.

Nos. 56-60

I DREAM'D we both were in a bed
 Of Roses, almost smother'd :
 The warmth and sweetness had me there
 Made lovingly familiar ;
 But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
 Faults done by night, will blush by day :
 I kist thee (panting), and I call
 Night to the Record ! that was all.
 But ah ! if empty dreames so please,
 Love, give me more such nights as these.

DREAMES.

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

AMBITION.

IN man, Ambition is the common'st thing ;
 Each one, by nature, loves to be a king.

HIS REQUEST TO JULIA.

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

MONEY GETS THE MASTERIE.

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

Nos. 61-64

THE SCAR-FIRE.

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

UPON SILVIA, A MISTRESSE.

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

CHEERFULNESSE IN CHARITIE : OR,
THE SWEET SACRIFICE.

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

ONCE POORE, STILL PENURIOUS.

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

SWEETNESSE IN SACRIFICE.

Nos. 65-69

'Tis not greatness they require,
 To be offer'd up by fire :
 But 'tis sweetness that doth please
 Those *Eternall Essences*.

STEAME IN SACRIFICE.

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

UPON JULIA'S VOICE.

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

AGAIN.

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

ALL THINGS DECAY AND DIE.

All things decay with Time : The Forrest sees
 The growth, and down-fall of her aged trees ;

Nos. 69-73 That Timber tall, which three-score lusters stood
 The proud Dictator of the State-like wood :
 I meane (the Sovereaigne of all Plants) the Oke
 Droops, dies, and falls without the cleavers stroke.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOURE SWEET MONTHS.

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

NO SHIPWRACK OF VERTUE. TO A FRIEND.

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

UPON HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MISTRESSE
 ELIZAB : HERRICK.

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

OF LOVE. A SONET.

How Love came in, I do not know,
 Whether by th' eye, or eare, or no ;

Or whether with the soule it came
 (At first) infused with the same ;
 Whether in part 'tis here or there,
 Or, like the soule, whole every where :
 This troubles me : but I as well
 As any other, this can tell ;
 That when from hence she does depart
 The out-let then is from the heart.

TO ANTHEA.

AM my Anthea ! Must my heart still break ?
*(Love makes me write, what shame forbids to
 speak.)*

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

THE ROCK OF RUBIES : AND THE QUARRIE OF
PEARLS.

SOME ask'd me where the Rubies grew ?
 And nothing I did say :
 But with my finger pointed to
 The lips of Julia.

24 Herrick's Poems

Nos.75-78 Some ask'd how Pearls did grow, and where ?
 Then spoke I to my Girle,
 To part her lips, and shew'd them there
 The Quarelets of Pearl.

CONFORMITIE.

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

TO THE KING, UPON HIS COMMING WITH HIS ARMY INTO THE WEST.

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

UPON ROSES.

UNDER a Lawne, then skyes more cleare,
 Some ruffled Roses nestling were :
 And snugging there, they seem'd to lye
 As in a flowrie Nunnery :
 They blush'd, and look'd more fresh then flowers
 Quickned of late by Pearly showers ;
 And all, because they were possesst

But of the heat of Julia's breast :
Which as a warme, and moistned spring,
Gave them their ever flourishing.

Nos. 70-81

TO THE KING AND QUEENE, UPON THEIR
UNHAPPY DISTANCES.

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

DANGERS WAIT ON KINGS.

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

THE CHEAT OF CUPID: OR, THE UNGENTLE
GUEST.

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

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

26 Herrick's Poems

No. 81

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS RELIGIOUS FATHER. Nos. 82-83

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

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

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

*How different
 from 18th Century
 spirit.
 cf. Jansen -
 "Still to be neat."*

28 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 84-86

TO HIS MUSE.

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

UPON LOVE.

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

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

TO DEAN-BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON:
 BY WHICH SOMETIMES HE LIVED.

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

KISSING USURIE.

Nos. 87-88

BIANCHA, Let
 Me pay the debt
 I owe thee for a kisse
 Thou lend'st to me ;
 And I to thee
 Will render ten for this :

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

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

TO JULIA.

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

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

Nos. 92-94

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

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

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

LOVE KILL'D BY LACK.

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

TO HIS MISTRESSE.

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

Promise, and keep your vows,
 Or vow ye never :
 Loves doctrine disallows
 Troth-breakers ever.

*Love music
 of ideal lyric*

32 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 94-98

You have broke promise twice
(Deare) to undoe me ;
If you prove faithlesse thrice,
None then will woove ye.

TO THE GENEROUS READER.

SEE, and not see ; and if thou chance t'espie
Some Aberrations in my Poetry ;
Wink at small faults, the greater, ne'rthelesse
Hide, and with them, their Father's nakedness.
Let's doe our best, our Watch and Ward to
keep :
Homer himself, in a long work, may sleep.

TO CRITICKS.

Ile write, because Ile give
You Criticks means to live :
For sho'd I not supply
The Cause, th'effect wo'd die.

DUTY TO TYRANTS.

GOOD princes must be pray'd for : for the bad
They must be borne with, and in rev'rence had.
Doe they first pill thee, next, pluck off thy skin ?
Good children kisse the rods, that punish sin.
Touch not the Tyrant ; Let the Gods alone
To strike him dead, that but usurps a Throne.

BEING ONCE BLIND, HIS REQUEST TO BIANCHA.

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

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

Nos. 98-
 102

UPON BLANCH.

BLANCH swears her Husband's lovely ; when a
 scald
 Has blear'd his eyes : Besides, his head is bald.
 Next, his wilde eares, like Lethern wings full
 spread,
 Flutter to flie, and beare away his head.

NO WANT WHERE THERE'S LITTLE.

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

BARLY-BREAK : OR, LAST IN HELL.

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

THE DEFINITION OF BEAUTY.

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

34 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 103-
105

TO DIANEME.

DEARE, though to part it be a Hell,
 Yet, Dianemè, now farewell :
 Thy frown (last night) did bid me goe ;
 But whither, onely Grief do's know.
 I doe beseech thee, ere we part,
 (If mercifull, as faire thou art ;
 Or else desir'st that Maids sho'd tell
 Thy pittie by Loves-Chronicle)
 O Dianemè, rather kill
 Me, then to make me languish stil !
 'Tis cruelty in thee to'th'height,
 Thus, thus to wound, not kill out-right :
 Yet there's a way found (if thou please)
 By sudden death to give me ease :
 And thus devis'd, doe thou but this,
 Bequeath to me one parting kisse :
 So sup'rabundant joy shall be
 The Executioner of me.

TO ANTHEA LYING IN BED.

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

TO ELECTRA.

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

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

Nos. 105-
106

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

A COUNTRY-LIFE : TO HIS BROTHER,
M. THO : HERRICK.

THRICE, and above, blest (my soules halfe) art
thou,

In thy both Last, and Better Vow :
Could'st leave the City, for exchange, to see
The Countries sweet simplicity :

And it to know, and practice ; with intent
To grow the sooner innocent :

By studying to know vertue ; and to aime
More at her nature, then her name :

The last is but the least ; the first doth tell
Wayes lesse to live, then to live well :

And both are knowne to thee, who now can'st
live

Led by thy conscience ; to give
Justice to soone-pleas'd nature ; and to show,
Wisdome and she together goe,

And keep one Centre: This with that conspires,
To teach Man to confine desires :

And know, that Riches have their proper stint,
In the contented mind, not mint.

And can'st instruct, that those who have the itch
Of craving more, are never rich.

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

That plague ; because thou art content

36 Herrick's Poems

No. 106 With that Heav'n gave thee with a warie hand,
 (More blessed in thy Brasse, then Land)
 To keep cheap Nature even, and upright ;
 To coole, not cocker Appetite.
 Thus thou canst tearcely live to satisfie
 The belly chiefly ; not the eye :
 Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
 Lesse with a neat, then needfull diet.
 But that which most makes sweet thy country life,
 Is, the fruition of a wife :
 Whom (stars consenting with thy Fate) thou hast
 Got, not so beautifull, as chast :
 By whose warme side thou dost securely sleep
 (While Love the Centinell doth keep)
 With those deeds done by day, which ne'r affright
 Thy silken slumbers in the night.
 Nor has the darknesse power to usher in
 Feare to those sheets, that know no sin.
 But still thy wife, by chast intentions led,
 Gives thee each night a Maidenhead.
 The Damaskt medowes, and the peebly streames
 Sweeten, and make soft your dreames :
 The Purling springs, groves, birds, and well-
 weav'd Bows,
 With fields enamelèd with flowers,
 Present their shapes ; while fantasie discloses
 Millions of Lillies mixt with Roses.
 Then dream, ye heare the Lamb by many a bleat
 Woo'd to come suck the milkie Teat :
 While Faunus in the Vision comes to keep,
 From rav'ning wolves, the fleecie sheep.
 With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet
 To make sleep not so sound, as sweet :
 Nor can these figures so thy rest endcare,
 As not to rise when Chanticleere

Warnes the last Watch; but with the Dawne No. 106
dost rise

To work, but first to sacrifice;
Making thy peace with heav'n, for some late fault,
With Holy-meale, and spiriting-salt.
Which done, thy painfull Thumb this sentence
tells us,

Jove for our labour all things sells us.

Nor are thy daily and devout affaires
Attended with those desp'rate cares,
Th' industrious Merchant has; who for to find
Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,
And back again, (tortur'd with feares) doth fly,
Untaught to suffer Poverty.

But thou at home, blest with securest ease,
Sitt'st, and beleev'st that there be seas,
And watrie dangers; while thy whiter hap,
But sees these things within thy Map.
And viewing them with a more safe survey,
Mak'st easie Feare unto thee say,
*A heart thrice wall'd with Oke, and brasse, that
man*

Had, first, durst plow the Ocean.

But thou at home without or tyde or gale,
Canst in thy Map securely saile:
Seeing those painted Countries; and so guesse
By those fine Shades, their Substances:
And from thy Compasse taking small advice,
Buy'st Travell at the lowest price.
Nor are thine eares so deafe, but thou canst
heare,
(Far more with wonder, then with feare)
Fame tell of States, of Countries, Courts, and
Kings;
And beleeve there be such things:

38 Herrick's Poems

No. 106 When of these truths, thy happier knowledge lyes,
 More in thine eares, then 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)
 Vertue had, and mov'd her Sphere.
 But thou liv'st fearlesse ; and thy face ne'r shewes
 Fortune when she comes, or goes.
 But with thy equall thoughts, prepar'd dost stand,
 To take her by the either hand :
 Nor car'st which comes the first, the foule or faire ;
A wise man ev'ry way lies square.
 And like a surly Oke with storms perplex't ;
 Growes still the stronger, strongly vex't.
 Be so, bold spirit ; Stand Center-like, unmov'd ;
 And be not onely thought, but prov'd
 To be what I report thee ; and inure
 Thy selfe, if want comes to endure :
 And so thou dost : for thy desires are
 Confin'd to live with private Larr :
 Not curious whether Appetite be fed,
 Or with the first, or second bread.
 Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates :
 Hunger makes coorse meats, delicates.
 Can'st, and unurg'd, forsake that Larded fare,
 Which Art, not Nature, makes so rare ;
 To taste boyl'd Nettles, Colworts, Beets, and eate
 These, and sowre herbs, as dainty meat ?
 While soft Opinion makes thy Genius say,
Content makes all Ambrosia.
 Nor is it, that thou keep'st this stricter size
 So much for want, as exercise .
 To numb the sence of Dearth, which sho'd
 sinne haste it,
 Thou might'st but onely see't, not taste it.

Yet can thy humble rooffe maintaine a Quire Nos. 106-
 Of singing Crickets by thy fire : 107
 And the brisk Mouse may feast her selfe with
 crums,
 Till that the green-ey'd Kitling comes.
 Then to her Cabbin, blest she can escape
 The sudden danger of a Rape.
 And thus thy little-well-kept stock doth prove,
 Wealth cannot make a life, but Love.
 Nor art thou so close-handed, but can'st spend
 (Counsell concurring with the end)
 As well as spare : still conning o'r this Theame,
 To shun the first and last extreame.
 Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,
 Or to exceed thy Tether's reach :
 But to live round, and close, and wisely true
 To thine owne selfe ; and knowne to few.
 Thus let thy Rurall Sanctuary be
 Elizium to thy wife and thee ;
 There to disport your selves with golden measure :
 For seldome use commends the pleasure.
 Live, and live blest ; thrice happy Paire ; Let
 Breath,
 But lost to one, be th' others death.
 And as there is one Love, one Faith, one
 Troth,
 Be so one Death, one Grave to both.
 Till when, in such assurance live, ye may
 Nor feare, or wish your dying day.

DIVINATION BY A DAFFADILL.

WHEN a Daffadill I see,
 Hanging down his head t'wards me ;
 Guesse I may, what I must be :

Nos. 107-
110

First, I shall decline my head ;
Secondly, I shall be dead ;
Lastly, safely buryèd.

TO THE PAINTER, TO DRAW HIM A PICTURE.

COME, skilfull Lupo, now, and take
Thy Bice, thy Vmber, Pink, and Lake ;
And let it be thy Pensils strife,
To paint a Bridgeman to the life :
Draw him as like too, as you can,
An old, poore, lying, flatt'ring man :
His cheeks be-pimpled, red and blue ;
His nose and lips of mulbrie hiew.
Then for an easie fansie ; place
A Burling iron for his face :
Next, make his cheeks with breath to swell,
And for to speak, if possible :
But do not so ; for feare, lest he
Sho'd by his breathing, poyson thee.

UPON CUFFE. EPIG.

CUFFE comes to church much ; but he keeps his
bed
Those Sundayes onely, whenas Briefs are read.
This makes Cuffe dull ; and troubles him the
most,
Because he cannot sleep i'th' Church, free-cost.

UPON FONE, A SCHOOL-MASTER. EPIG.

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

A LYRICK TO MIRTH.

Nos. III-
114

WHILE the milder Fates consent,
 Let's enjoy our merriment :
 Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play ;
 Kisse our Dollies night and day :
 Crown'd with clusters of the Vine ;
 Let us sit, and quaffe our wine.
 Call on Bacchus ; chaunt his praise ;
 Shake the Thyrese, and bite the Bayes :
 Rouze Anacreon from the dead ;
 And return him drunk to bed :
 Sing o're Horace ; for ere long
 Death will come and mar the song :
 Then shall Wilson and Gotiere
 Never sing, or play more here.

TO THE EARLE OF WESTMERLAND.

WHEN my date's done, and my gray age must die,
 Nurse up, great Lord, this my posterity :
 Weak though it be, long may it grow, and stand,
 Shor'd up by you, (Brave Earle of Westmerland).

AGAINST LOVE.

WHEN ere my heart, Love's warmth, but enter-
 taines,
 O Frost ! O Snow ! O Haile ! forbid the Banes.
 One drop now deads a spark ; but if the same
 Once gets a force, Floods cannot quench the flame
 Rather then love, let me be ever lost ;
 Or let me 'gender with eternal frost.

UPON JULIA'S RIBAND.

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

Nos. 114-
117 THE FROZEN ZONE : OR, JULIA DISDAINFULL.

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

AN EPITAPH UPON A SOBER MATRON.

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

TO THE PATRON OF POETS, M. END: PORTER.

LET there be Patrons; Patrons like to thee,
Brave Porter! Poets ne'r will wanting be:
Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live
In thee, thou Man of Men! who here do'st
give

Not onely subject-matter for our wit,
 But likewise Oyle of Maintenance to it :
 For which, before thy Threshold, we'll lay downe
 Our Thyrese, for Scepter ; and our Baies for
 Crown.

Nos. 117-
 119

For to say truth, all Garlands are thy due ;
 The Laurell, Mirtle, Oke, and Ivie too.

THE SADNESSE OF THINGS FOR SAPHO'S
 SICKNESSE.

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

LEANDERS OBSEQUIES.

WHEN as Leander young was drown'd,
 No heart by love receiv'd a wound ;
 But on a Rock himselfe sate by,
 There weeping sup'rabundantly.
 Sighs numberlesse he cast about,
 And all his Tapers thus put out :
 His head upon his hand he laid ;
 And sobbing deeply, thus he said,
 Ah, cruell Sea ! and looking on't,
 Wept as he'd drowne the Hellespont.
 And sure his tongue had more exprest,
 But that his teares forbad the rest.

44 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 120-
123

HOPE HEARTENS.

NONE goes to warfare, but with this intent ;
The gaine must dead the feare of detriment.

FOURE THINGS MAKE US HAPPY HERE.

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

HIS PARTING FROM MRS DOROTHY KENEDAY.

WHEN I did goe from thee, I felt that smart,
Which Bodies do, when Souls from them depart.
Thou did'st not mind it ; though thou then
might'st see

Me turn'd to tears ; yet did'st not weep for me.
'Tis true, I kist thee ; but I co'd not heare
Thee spend a sigh, t'accompany my teare.

Me thought 'twas strange, that thou so hard
sho'dst prove,

Whose heart, whose hand, whose ev'ry part spake
love.

Prethee (lest Maids sho'd censure thee) but say
Thou shed'st one teare, whenas I went away ;
And that will please me somewhat: though I know,
And Love will swear't, my Dearest did not so.

THE TEARE SENT TO HER FROM STANES.

GLIDE, gentle streams, and beare
Along with you my teare

To that coy Girle ;
Who smiles, yet slayes
Me with delayes ;

And strings my tears as Pearle.

See! see, she's yonder set,
Making a Carkanet
Of Maiden-flowers!
There, there present
This Orient,
And Pendant Pearle of ours.

No. 123

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

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

Yet say; sho'd she condemne
Me to surrender them;
Then say; my part
Must be to weep
Out them, to keep
A poore, yet loving heart.

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

46 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 124- UPON ONE LILLIE, WHO MARRIED WITH A MAID
127 CALL'D ROSE.

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

AN EPITAPH UPON A CHILD.

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

UPON SCOBBLE. EPIG.

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THE HOURE-GLASSE.

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

HIS FARE-WELL TO SACK.

No. 128

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

To me, as blood to life and spirit : Neare,
Nay, thou more neare then kindred, friend, man,
wife,

Male to the female, soule to body : Life

To quick action, or the warme soft side

Of the resigning, yet resisting Bride.

The kisse of Virgins ; First-fruits of the bed ;

Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the Maiden-
head :

These, and a thousand sweets, co'd never be

So neare, or deare, as thou wast once to me.

O thou the drink of Gods, and Angels ! Wine

That scatter'st Spirit and Lust ; whose purest
shine,

More radiant than the Summers Sun-beams
shows :

Each way illustrious, brave ; and like to those

Comets we see by night ; whose shagg'd portents,

Fore-tell the comming of some dire events :

Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires,

Throwing about his wild, and active fires.

'Tis thou, above Nectar, O Divinest soule !

(Eternall in thy self) that canst controule

That, which subverts whole nature, grief and care ;

Vexation of the mind, and damn'd Despaire.

'Tis thou, alone, who with thy Mistick Fan,

Work'st more then Wisdome, Art, or Nature
can,

To rouse the sacred madnesse ; and awake

The frost-bound-blood, and spirits ; and to make

Them frantick with thy raptures, flashing through

The soule, like lightning, and as active too.

48 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 128- 'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three
 129 Castalian sisters, sing, if wanting thee.
 Horace, Anacreon both had lost their fame,
 Hadst thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame.
 Phœbean splendour! and thou Thespian spring!
 Of which, sweet Swans must drink, before they
 sing
 Their true-pac'd Numbers, and their Holy-Layes,
 Which makes them worthy Cedar, and the bayes.
 But why? why longer doe I gaze upon
 Thee with the eye of admiration?
 Since I must leave thee; and enforc'd, must say
 To all thy witching beauties, Goe, Away.
 But if thy whimpring looks doe ask me why?
 Then know, that Nature bids thee goe, not I.
 'Tis her erroneous self has made a braine
 Uncapable of such a Sovereigne,
 As is thy powerfull selfe. Prethee not smile;
 Or smile more inly; lest thy looks beguile
 My vowes denounc'd in zeale, which thus much
 show thee,
 That I have sworn, but by thy looks to know
 thee.
 Let others drink thee freely; and desire
 Thee and their lips espous'd; while I admire,
 And love thee; but not taste thee. Let my
 Muse
 Faile of thy former helps; and onely use
 Her inadult'rate strength: what's done by me
 Hereafter, shall smell of the Lamp, not thee.

UPON GLASCO. EPIG.

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

Six teeth he has, whereof twice two are known **Nos. 129-**
 Made of a Haft, that was a Mutton-bone. **132**
 Which not for use, but meerly for the sight,
 He weares all day, and drawes those teeth at
 night.

UPON MRS ELIZ : WHEELER, UNDER THE
 NAME OF AMARILLIS.

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

THE CUSTARD.

FOR second course, last night, a Custard came
 To th'board, so hot, as none co'd touch the same:
 Furze, three or foure times with his cheeks did
 blow
 Upon the Custard, and thus coolèd so;
 It seem'd by this time to admit the touch:
 But none co'd eate it, 'cause it stunk so much.

TO MYRRHA HARD-HEARTED.

FOLD now thine armes; and hang the head,
 Like to a Lillie witherèd:
 Next, look thou like a sickly Moone;
 Or like Jocasta in a swoone.

Nos. 132-
134

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

THE EYE.

MAKE me a heaven ; and make me there
 Many a lesse and greater spheare.
 Make me the straight, and oblique lines ;
 The Motions, Latitudes, and the Signes.
 Make me a Chariot, and a Sun ;
 And let them through a Zodiac run ;
 Next, place me Zones, and Tropicks there ;
 With all the Seasons of the Year.
 Make me a Sun-set ; and a Night :
 And then present the Mornings-light
 Cloath'd in her Chamlets of Delight.
 To these, make Clouds to poure downe raine ;
 With weather foule, then faire againe.
 And when, wise Artist, that thou hast,
 With all that can be, this heaven grac't ;
 Ah ! what is then this curious skie,
 But onely my Corinna's eye ?

UPON THE MUCH LAMENTED MR J. WARR.

WHAT Wisdome, Learning, Wit, or Worth,
 Youth, or sweet Nature, co'd bring forth,
 Rests here with him ; who was the Fame,
 The Volumne of himselfe, and Name.

If, Reader, then, thou wilt draw neere,
 And doe an honour to thy teare ;
 Weep then for him, for whom laments
 Not one, but many Monuments.

Nos. 134-
 136

UPON GRYLL.

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

THE SUSPITION UPON HIS OVER-MUCH FAMILIARITY
 WITH A GENTLEWOMAN.

AND must we part, because some say,
 Loud is our love, and loose our play,
 And more then well becomes the day ?
 Alas for pittie ! and for us
 Most innocent, and injur'd thus !
 Had we kept close, or play'd within,
 Suspition now had been the sinne,
 And shame had follow'd long ere this,
 T'ave plagu'd, what now unpunisht is.
 But we as fearlesse of the Sunne,
 As faultlesse ; will not wish undone,
 What now is done : since *where no sin*
Unbolts the doore, no shame comes in.
 Then, comely and most fragrant Maid,
 Be you more warie, then afraid
 Of these Reports ; because you see
 The fairest most suspected be.
 The common forme have no one eye,
 Or eare of burning jealousie

52 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 136-
139

To follow them : but chiefly, where
 Love makes the cheek, and chin a sphere
 To dance and play in : (Trust me) there
 Suspicion questions every haire.
 Come, you are faire ; and sho'd be seen
 While you are in your sprightfull green :
 And what though you had been embrac't
 By me,—were you for that unchast ?
 No, no, no more then is yond' Moone,
 Which shining in her perfect Noone ;
 In all that great and glorious light,
 Continues cold, as is the night.
 Then, beauteous Maid, you may retire ;
 And as for me, my chast desire
 Shall move t'wards you ; although I see
 Your face no more : So live you free
 From Fames black lips, as you from me.

SINGLE LIFE MOST SECURE.

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

THE CURSE. A SONG.

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

THE WOUNDED CUPID. SONG.

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, replyèd he,
 A wingèd 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 !

Nos. 139-
 142

TO DEWES. A SONG.

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

SOME COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

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

THE VISION.

SITTING alone (as one forsook)
 Close by a Silver-shedding Brook ;

54 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 142-
144

With hands held up to Love, I wept ;
 And after sorrowes spent, I slept :
 Then in a Vision I did see
 A glorious forme appeare to me :
 A Virgins face she had ; her dresse
 Was like a sprightly Spartanesse.
 A silver bow with green silk strung.
 Down from her comely shoulders hung :
 And as she stood, the wanton Aire
 Dangled the ringlets of her haire.
 Her legs were such Diana shows,
 When tuckt up she a-hunting goes ;
 With Buskins shortned to descrie
 The happy dawning of her thigh :
 Which when I saw, I made accesse
 To kisse that tempting nakednesse :
 But she forbad me, with a wand
 Of Mirtle she had in her hand
 And chiding me, said, Hence, Remove,
 Herrick, thou art too coorse to love.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

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

UPON A VIRGIN KISSING A ROSE.

'Twas but a single Rose,
 Till you on it did breathe ;
 But since (me thinks) it shows
 Not so much Rose, as Wreathe

UPON A WIFE THAT DYED MAD WITH JEALOUSIE. Nos. 145-146

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

UPON THE BISHOP OF LINCOLNE'S IMPRISONMENT.

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

Nos. 147-
149

DISSWASIONS FROM IDLENESS.

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

UPON STRUT.

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AN EPITHALAMIE TO SIR THOMAS SOUTHWELL
AND HIS LADIE.

I.

Now, now's the time ; so oft by truth
Promis'd sho'd come to crown your youth.
Then Faire ones, doe not wrong
Your joyes, by staying long :
Or let Love's fire goe out,
By lingring thus in doubt :
But learn, that Time once lost,
Is ne'r redeem'd by cost.
Then away ; come, Hymen guide
To the bed the bashfull Bride.

II.

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

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

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

III.

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

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

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

IV.

Night now hath watch'd her self half blind;
Yet not a Maiden-head resign'd!

'Tis strange, ye will not flie
To Love's sweet mysterie.
Might yon Full-Moon the sweets
Have, promis'd to your sheets;
She soon wo'd leave her spheare,
To be admitted there.

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

No. 149

v.

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

vi.

Behold ! how Hymens Taper-light
 Shews you how much is spent of night.
 See, see the Bride-grooms Torch
 Halfe wasted in the porch.
 And now those Tapers five,
 That shew the womb shall thrive :
 Their silv'rie flames advance,
 To tell all prosp'rous chance
 Still shall crown the happy life
 Of the good man and the wife.

vii.

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

VIII.

No. 149

And now the yellow Vaile, at last,
Over her fragrant cheek is cast.

Now seems she to expresse
A bashfull willingnesse :
Shewing a heart consenting ;
As with a will repenting.
Then gently lead her on
With wise suspicion :

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

IX.

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

But to avert the worst ;
Let her, her fillets first
Knit to the posts : this point
Remembring, to anoint
The sides : for 'tis a charme
Strong against future harme :

And the evil deeds, the which
There was hidden by the Witch.

X.

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

60 Herrick's Poems

No. 149

XI.

No Fatal Owle the Bedsted keeps,
 With direful notes to fright your sleeps;
 No Furies, here about,
 To put the Tapers out,
 Watch, or did make the bed:
 'Tis Omen full of dread:
 But all faire signs appeare
 Within the Chamber here.
 Juno here, far off, doth stand
 Cooling sleep with charming wand.

XII.

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

XIII.

Now barre the doors, the Bride-groom puts
 The eager Boyes to gather Nuts.
 And now, both Love and Time
 To their full height doe clime:
 O! give them active heat
 And moisture, both compleat:
 Fit Organs for encrease,
 To keep, and to release
 That, which may the honour'd Stem
 Circle with a Diadem.

xiv.

No. 149

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

xv.

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

xvi.

On your minutes, hours, dayes, months, years,
 Drop the fat blessing of the sphears.
 That good, which Heav'n can give
 To make you bravely live ;
 Fall, like a spangling dew,
 By day, and night on you.
 May Fortunes Lilly-hand
 Open at your command ;
 With all luckie Birds to side
 With the Bride-groom, and the Bride.

62 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 149-
152

XVII.

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

TEARES ARE TONGUES.

WHEN Julia chid, I stood as mute the while,
As is the fish, or tonguelesse Crocodile.
Aire coyn'd to words, my Julia co'd not heare ;
But she co'd see each eye to stamp a teare :
By which, mine angry Mistresse might descry,
Teares are the noble language of the eye.
And when true love of words is destitute,
The Eyes by tears speak, while the tongue is
mute.

UPON A YOUNG MOTHER OF MANY CHILDREN.

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

TO ELECTRA.

ILE come to thee in all those shapes
As Jove did, when he made his rapes :

Onely, Ile not appeare to thee,
 As he did once to Semele.
 Thunder and Lightning Ile lay by,
 To talk with thee familiarly.
 Which done, then quickly we'll undresse
 To one and th'others nakednesse.
 And ravisht, plunge into the bed,
 (Bodies and souls comminglèd)
 And kissing, so as none may heare,
 We'll weary all the Fables there.

Nos. 152-
 155

HIS WISH.

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

HIS PROTESTATION TO PERILLA.

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

LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS.

IF I kisse Anthea's brest,
 There I smell the Phenix nest :
 If her lip, the most sincere
 Altar of Incense, I smell there.

64 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 155-
159

Hands, and thighs, and legs, are all
Richly Aromaticall.
Goddesse Isis cann't transfer
Musks and Ambers more from her:
Nor can Juno sweeter be,
When she lyes with Jove, then she.

TO JULIA.

PERMIT me, Julia, now to goe away;
Or by thy love, decree me here to stay.
If thou wilt say, that I shall live with thee:
Here shall my endless Tabernacle be:
If not, (as banisht) I will live alone
There, where no language ever yet was known

ON HIMSELFE.

LOVE-SICK I am, and must endure
A desp'rate grief, that finds no cure.
Ah me! I try; and trying, prove,
No Herbs have power to cure Love.
Only one Sovereign salve, I know,
And that is Death, the end of Woe.

VERTUE IS SENSIBLE OF SUFFERING.

THOUGH a wise man all pressures can sustaine;
His vertue still is sensible of paine:
Large shoulders though he has, and well can beare,
He feesles when Packs do pinch him; and the
where.

THE CRUELL MAID.

AND, Cruell Maid, because I see
You scornfull of my love, and me:
Ile trouble you no more; but goe
My way, where you shall never know

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

Nos. 159-
 160

TO DIANEME.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
 Which Star-like sparkle in their skies :
 Nor be you proud, that you can see
 All hearts your captives ; yours, yet free :
 Be you not proud of that rich haire,
 Which wantons with the Love-sick aire :

66 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 160-
162

Whenas that Rubie, which you weare,
Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,
Will last to be a precious Stone,
When all your world of Beautie's gone.

TO THE KING, TO CURE THE EVILL.

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

HIS MISERY IN A MISTRESSE.

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

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

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

Nos. 162-
164

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

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

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

UPON JOLLIES WIFE.

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

TO A GENTLEWOMAN OBJECTING TO HIM
HIS GRAY HAIRE.

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 weare
Such frost and snow upon your haire ;
And when (though long, it comes to passe)
You question with your Looking-glasse ;
And in that sincere Christall seek,
But find no Rose-bud in your cheek :
Nor any bed to give the shew
Where such a rare Carnation grew.
Ah ! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,
It will be told
That you are old ;
By those true teares y'are weeping.

68 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 165-
168

TO CEDARS.

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

UPON CUPID.

LOVE, like a Gypsie, lately came ;
And did me much importune
To see my hand ; that by the same
He might fore-tell my Fortune.

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

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

HOW PRIMROSES CAME GREEN.

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

TO JOS : LO : BISHOP OF EXETER.

WHOM sho'd I feare to write to, if I can
Stand before you, my learn'd Diocesan ?
And never shew blood-guiltinesse, or feare
To see my Lines Excathedrated here.
Since none so good are, but you may condemne ;
Or here so bad, but you may pardon them.

If then, (my Lord) to sanctifie my Muse
 One onely Poem out of all you'l chuse ;
 And mark it for a Rapture nobly writ,
 'Tis Good Confirm'd ; for you have Bishop't it.

Nos. 168-
 171

UPON A BLACK TWIST, ROUNDING THE ARME
 OF THE COUNTESSE OF CARLILE.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

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

UPON PAGGET.

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

No. 172

A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA.

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

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

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

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

Hesperides 71

TO THE DETRACTER.

Nos. 173-
175

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

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

UPON THE SAME.

I ASK'Ŧ 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't like, or thou wilt envie me.

JULIA'S PETTICOAT.

THY Azure Robe, I did behold,
As ayrie as the leaves of gold :
Which erring here, and wandring there,
Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where :
Sometimes 'two'd pant, and sigh, and heave,
As if to stir it scarce had leave :
But having got it ; thereupon,
'Two'd make a brave expansion.
And pounc't with Stars, it shew'd to me
Like a Celestiall Canopic.
Sometimes 'two'd blaze, and then abate,
Like to a flame growne moderate :
Sometimes away 'two'd wildly fling ;
Then to thy thighs so closely cling,

72 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 175-
178

That some conceit did melt me downe,
As Lovers fall into a swoone :
And all confus'd, I there did lie
Drown'd in Delights ; but co'd not die.
That Leading Cloud, I follow'd still,
Hoping t'ave seene of it my fill ;
But ah ! I co'd not : sho'd it move
To Life Eternal, I co'd love.

TO MUSICK.

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

DISTRUST.

To safe-guard Man from wrongs, there nothing
must
Be truer to him, then a wise Distrust,
And to thy selfe be best this sentence knowne,
Heare all men speak ; but credit few or none.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

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

Nay! not so much as out of bed? No. 178
 When all the Birds have Mattens seyde,
 And sung their thankfull Hymnes: 'tis
 sin,

Nay, profanation to keep in,
 Whenas a thousand Virgins on this day,
 Spring, sooner then the Lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your Foliage, and be seene
 To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and
 greene;

And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire: '
 Feare not; the leaves will strew
 Gemms in abundance upon you:

Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,
 Against you come, some Orient Pearls unwept:

Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night:
 And Titan on the Eastern hill
 Retires himselfe, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe
 in praying:

Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and comming, marke
 How each field turns a street; each street a Parke
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees: see
 how

Devotion gives each House a Bough,
 Or Branch: Each Porch, each doore, ere
 this,

An Arke a Tabernacle is
 Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove;
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.

74 Herrick's Poems

No. 178

Can such delights be in the street,
 And open fields, and we not see't?
 Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
 The Proclamation made for May:

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
 But my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deale of Youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with White-thorn laden home.
 Some have dispatcht their Cakes and
 Creame,

Before that we have left to dreame:
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted
 Troth,

And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
 Many a green-gown has been given;
 Many a kisse, both odde and even:
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, Love's Firmament:
 Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying
 This night, and Locks pickt, yet w'are not a
 Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime;
 And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short; and our dayes run
 As fast away as do's the Sunne:

And as a vapour, or a drop of raine
 Once lost, can ne'r be found again:
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade;

All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying;
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

Nos. 178-
 181

ON JULIA'S BREATH.

BREATHE, Julia, breathe, and I'le protest,
 Nay more, I'le deeply sweare,
 That all the Spices of the East
 Are circumfusèd there.

UPON A CHILD. AN EPITAPH.

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

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

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

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

76 Herrick's Poems

Ncs. 181- *Hor.* Now Thracian Cloe governs me,
182 Skilfull i' th' Harpe, and Melodie :
For whose affection, Lydia, I
(So Fate spares her) am well content to die.

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

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

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

THE CAPTIV'D BEE : OR, THE LITTLE FILCHER.

As Julia once a-slumb'ring lay,
It chanc't a Bee did flie that way,
(After a dew, or dew-like 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
Hony, and in the quintessence :
He drank so much he scarce co'd stir ;
So Julia took the pilferer.
And thus surpriz'd (as Filchers use)
He thus began himselve t'excuse :
Sweet Lady-Flower, I never brought
Hither the least one theeving thought :
But taking those rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers :

78 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 185-
186

Alas for me! that I have lost
 E'en all almost:
 Sunk is my sight; set is my Sun;
 And all the loome of life undone:
 The staffe, the Elme, the prop, the shelt'ring wall
 Whereon my Vine did crawl,
 Now, now, blowne downe; needs must the old
 stock fall.

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

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

TO HIS DYING BROTHER, MASTER WILLIAM
 HERRICK.

LIFE of my life, take not so soone Thy flight,
 But stay the time till we have bade Good night.
 Thou hast both Wind and Tide with thee; Thy
 way
 As soone dispatcht is by the Night, as Day.
 Let us not then so rudely henceforth goe
 Till we have wept, kist, sigh't, shook hands, or so.
 There's paine in parting; and a kind of hell,
 When once true-lovers take their last Fare-well.

What? shall we two our endless leaves take here Nos. 186-188
 Without a sad looke, or a solemne teare?
 He knowes not Love, that hath not this truth
 proved,

Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.

Pay we our Vowes, and goe; yet when we part,
 Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart
 Into thy loving hands: For Ile keep none
 To warme my Breast, when thou my Pulse art
 gone.

No, here Ile last, and walk (a harmless shade)
 About this Urne, wherein thy Dust is laid,
 To guard it so, as nothing here shall be
 Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

SADLY I walk't within the field,
 To see what comfort it wo'd yeeld:
 And as I went my private way,
 An Olive-branch before me lay:
 And seeing it, I made a stay.
 And took it up, and view'd it; then
 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.

UPON MUCH-MORE. EPIG.

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

80 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 189-
191

TO CHERRY-BLOSSOMES.

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

HOW LILLIES CAME WHITE.

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

TO PANSIES.

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

ON GELLI-FLOWERS BEGOTTEN.

Nos. 192-
193

WHAT was't that fell but now
From that warme kisse of ours?
Look, look, by Love I vow
They were two Gelli-flowers.

Let's kisse, and kisse agen;
For if so be our closes
Make Gelli-flowers, then
I'm sure they'l fashion Roses.

THE LILLY IN A CHRISTAL.

YOU have beheld a smiling Rose
When Virgins hands have drawn
O'r it a Cobweb-Lawne:
And here, you see, this Lilly shows,
Tomb'd in a Christal stone,
More faire in this transparent case,
Then when it grew alone;
And had but single grace.

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

YOU see how Amber through the streams
More gently stroaks the sight,
With some conceal'd delight;
Then when he darts his radiant beams

No. 193

Into the boundlesse aire :
 Where either too much light, his worth
 Doth all at once impaire,
 Or set it little forth.

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

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

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

So though y'are white as Swan, or Snow,
 And have the power to move
 A world of men to love :
 Yet, when your Lawns & Silks shal flow ;

And that white cloud divide
 Into a doubtful Twi-light ; then,
 Then will your hidden Pride
 Raise greater fires in men.

Nos. 193-
 197

TO HIS BOOKE.

LIKE to a Bride, come forth, my Booke, at last,
 With all thy richest jewels over-cast :
 Say, if there be 'mongst many jems here ; one
 Deservelesse of the name of Paragon :
 Blush not at all for that ; since we have set
 Some Pearls on Queens, that have been counterfet.

UPON SOME WOMEN.

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

SUPREME FORTUNE FALLS SOONEST.

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

THE WELCOME TO SACK.

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

84 Herrick's Poems

No. 197 When Love (the child of likeness) urgeth on
 Their Christal natures to an union.
 So meet stolne kisses, when the Moonie nights
 Call forth fierce Lovers to their wisht Delights :
 So Kings & Queens meet, when Desire convinces
 All thoughts, but such as aime at getting Princes,
 As I meet thee. Soule of my life, and fame !
 Eternall Lamp of Love ! whose radiant flame
 Out-glares the Heav'ns Osiris ; and thy gleams
 Out-shine the splendour of his mid-day beams.
 Welcome, O welcome my illustrious Spouse ;
 Welcome as are the ends unto my Vowes :
 I ! far more welcome then the happy soile,
 The Sea-scourg'd Merchant, after all his toile,
 Salutes with tears of joy ; when fires betray
 The smoakie chimneys of his Ithaca.
 Where hast thou been so long from my embraces,
 Poore pittyed Exile ? Tell me, did thy Graces
 Flie discontented hence, and for a time
 Did rather choose to blesse another clime ?
 Or went'st thou to this end, the more to move
 me,
 By thy short absence, to desire and love thee ?
 Why frowns my Sweet ? Why won't my Saint
 confer
 Favours on me, her fierce Idolater ?
 Why are Those Looks, Those Looks the which
 have been
 Time-past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in
 Like a dull Twi-light ? Tell me ; and the fault
 Ile expiate with Sulphur, Haire, and Salt :
 And with the Christal humour of the spring,
 Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.
 Wo't thou not smile, or tell me what's amisse ?
 Have I been cold to hug thee, too remisse,

Too temp'rate in embracing? Tell me, has No. 197
desire

To thee-ward dy'd i'th'embers, and no fire
Left in this rak't-up Ash-heap, as a mark
To testify the glowing of a spark?
Have I divorc't thee onely to combine
In hot Adult'ry with another Wine?
True, I confesse I left thee, and appeale
'Twas done by me, more to confirme my zeale,
And double my affection on thee; as doe those,
Whose love growes more enflam'd, by being Foes.
But to forsake thee ever, co'd there be
A thought of such like possibilitie?
When thou thy selfe dar'st say, thy Iles shall lack
Grapes, before Herrick leaves Canarie Sack.
Thou mak'st me ayrie, active to be born,
Like Iphyclus upon the tops of Corn.
Thou mak'st me nimble, as the wingèd howers,
To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,
And ride the Sun-beams. Can there be a thing
Under the heavenly Isis, that can bring
More love unto my life, or can present
My Genius with a fuller blandishment?
Illustrious Idoll! co'd th' Ægyptians seek
Help from the Garlick, Onyon, and the Leek,
And pay no yowes to thee? who wast their best
God, and far more transcendent then the rest?
Had Cassius, that weak Water-drinker, known
Thee in thy Vine, or had but tasted one
Small Chalice of thy frantick liquor; He
As the wise Cato had approv'd of thee.
Had not Joves son, that brave Tyrinthian Swain,
(Invited to the Thesbian banquet) ta'ne
Full goblets of thy gen'rous blood; his spright
Ne'r had kept heat for fifty Maids that night.

86 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 197-198 Come, come and kisse me ; Love and lust com-
mends

Thee, and thy beauties ; kisse, we will be friends
Too strong for Fate to break us ; Look upon
Me, with that full pride of complexion,
As Queenes meet Queenes ; or come thou unto
me,

As Cleopatra came to Anthonie ;
When her high carriage did at once present
To the Triumvir, Love and wonderment.
Swell up my nerves with spirit ; let my blood
Run through my veines, like to a hasty flood.
Fill each part full of fire, active to doe
What thy commanding soule shall put it to.
And till I turne Apostate to thy love,
Which here I vow to serve, doe not remove
Thy Fiers from me ; but Apollo's curse
Blast these-like actions, or a thing that's worse ;
When these Circumstants shall but live to see
The time that I prevaricate from thee.
Call me The sonne of Beere, and then confine
Me to the Tap, the Tost, the Turfe ; Let Wine
Ne'r shine upon me ; May my Numbers all
Run to a sudden Death, and Funerall.
And last, when thee (deare Spouse) I disavow,
Ne'r may Prophetique Daphne crown my Brow.

IMPOSSIBILITIES TO HIS FRIEND.

My faithful friend, if you can see
The Fruit to grow up, or the Tree :
If you can see the colour come
Into the blushing Peare or Plum :
If you can see the water grow
To cakes of Ice, or flakes of Snow :

If you can see, that drop of raine
 Lost in the wild sea, once againe :
 If you can see, how Dreams do creep
 Into the Brain by easie sleep ;
 Then there is hope that you may see
 Her love me once, who now hates me.

Nos. 198-
 201

UPON LUGGS. EPIG.

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UPON GUBBS. EPIG.

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

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO TRUST TO
 GOOD VERSES.

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

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

Now raignes the Rose, and now
 Th' Arabian Dew besmeares
 My uncontrollèd brow,
 And my retortèd haire.

No. 201

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nos. 201-
 203

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

FAIRE DAYES : OR, DAWNES DECEITFULL.

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

LIPS TONGUELESSE.

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

90 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 203-
205 How by stealth we meet, and then
 Kisse, and sigh, so part agen.
 This the lips we will permit
 For to tell, not publish it.

TO THE FEVER, NOT TO TROUBLE JULIA.

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

TO VIOLETS.

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

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

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

Nos. 205-
 208

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

UPON BUNCE. EPIG.

MONEY thou ow'st me ; Prethee fix a day
 For payment promis'd, though thou never pay :
 Let it be Doomes-day ; nay, take longer scope ;
 Pay when th'art honest ; let me have some hope.

TO CARNATIONS. A SONG.

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

Within my Lucia's cheek,
 (Whose Livery ye weare)
 Play ye at Hide or Seek,
 I'm sure to find ye there.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME. *

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

92 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 208-
210

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

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

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

SAFETY TO LOOK TO ONES SELFE.

FOR my neighbour Ile not know,
Whether high he builds or no :
Onely this Ile look upon,
Firm be my foundation.
Sound, or unsound, let it be ;
'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.
He who to the ground do's fall,
Has not whence to sink at all.

TO HIS FRIEND, ON THE UNTUNEABLE TIMES.

PLAY I co'd once ; but (gentle friend) you see
My Harp hung up, here on the Willow tree.
Sing I co'd once ; and bravely too inspire,
(With luscious Numbers) my melodious Lyre.
Draw I co'd once (although not stocks or stones,
Amphion-like) men made of flesh and bones,

Whether I wo'd; but (ah!) I know not how, Nos. 210-
 I feele in me, this transmutation now. 211
 Griefe, (my deare friend) has first my Harp un-
 strung;
 Wither'd my hand, and palsie-struck my tongue.

HIS POETRIE HIS PILLAR.

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

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

O time that cut'st down all!
 And scarce leav'st here
 Memoriall
 Of any men that were.

How many lye forgot
 In Vaults beneath?
 And piece-meale rot
 Without a fame in death?.

Behold this living stone,
 I reare for me,
 Ne'r to be thrown
 Downe, envious Time by thee.

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

Nos. 212-

SAFETY ON THE SHORE.

213

WHAT though the sea be calme? Trust to the shore:

Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc't before.

A PASTORALL UPON THE BIRTH OF PRINCE CHARLES, PRESENTED TO THE KING, AND SET BY MR NIC: LANIERE.

The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, and Amarillis.

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

And all faire Signs lead on our Shepardsesse.

Amar. With all white luck to you. *Mirt.*

But say, what news

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

My Weathers, Lambes, and wanton Kids are well,

Smooth, faire, and fat; none better I can tell:

Or that this day Menalchas keeps a feast

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

But, dear Amintas, and, sweet Amarillis, Rest but a while here, by this bank of Lillies.

And lend a gentle eare to one report

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

From whence? *Mirt.* The Court.

Three days before the Shutting in of May,

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

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

More tender then the childhood of the Morne.

Chor. Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs No. 213
and sheep,

Let Lullaby the pretty Prince asleep !

Mirt. And that his birth sho'd be more singular,
At Noone of Day, was seene a Silver Star,
Bright as the Wise-men's Torch, which guided
them

To God's sweet Babe, when borne at Bethlehem ;
While Golden Angels (some have told to me)
Sung out his Birth with Heav'nly Minstralsie.

Amin. O rare ! But is't a trespasse if we three
Sho'd wend along his Baby-ship to see ?

Mirt. Not so, not so. *Chor.* But if it chance
to prove
At most a fault, 'tis but a fault of love.

Amar. But, deare Mirtillo, I have heard it
told,
Those learned men brought Incense, Myrrhe, and
Gold,

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

Mirt. 'Tis true indeed ; and each of us will
bring

Unto our smiling, and our blooming King,
A neat, though not so great an Offering.

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

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

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

96 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 213-
215 *Chor.* Come let's away, and quickly let's be
drest,
And quickly give, *The swiftest Grace is best.*
And when before him we have laid our treasures,
We'll blesse the Babe, Then back to Countrie
pleasures.

TO THE LARK.

GOOD speed, for I this day
Betimes my Mattens say :
Because I doe
Begin to wooe :
Sweet singing Lark,
Be thou the Clark,
And know thy when
To say, Amen.
And if I prove
Blest in my love ;
Then thou shalt be
High-Priest to me,
At my returne,
To Incense burne ;
And so to solemnize
Love's, and my Sacrifice.

THE BUBBLE. A SONG.

To my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares
Flie, thou made Bubble of my sighs, and tears.
In the wild aire, when thou hast rowl'd about,
And (like a blasting Planet) found her out ;
Stoop, mount, passe by to take her eye, then glare
Like to a dreadfull Comet in the Aire :

Next, when thou dost perceive her fixèd sight,
For thy revenge to be most opposite ;
Then like a Globe, or Ball of Wild-fire, flie,
And break thy self in shivers on her eye.

Nos. 215-
216

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESSE.

You are a Tulip seen to day,
But (Dearest) of so short a stay ;
That where you grew, scarce man can say.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nos. 217-
219THE BLEEDING HAND: OR, THE SPRIG OF
EGLANTINE GIVEN TO A MAID.

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

LYRICK FOR LEGACIES.

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

A DIRGE UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT
VALIANT LORD, BERNARD STUART.

HENCE, hence, profane; soft silence let us
have;
While we this Trentall sing about thy Grave.
Had Wolves or Tigers seen but thee,
They wo'd have shew'd civility;
And, in compassion of thy yeeres,
Washt those thy purple wounds with tears.
But since th'art slaine; and in thy fall,
The drooping Kingdome suffers all.

Chor. This we will doe; we'll daily come
And offer Tears upon thy Tomb:

And if that they will not suffice,
Thou shalt have soules for sacrifice.

Nos. 219-
222

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

Live, live thou dost, and shalt ; for why ?

Soules-doe not with their bodies die :

Ignoble off-springs, they may fall
Into the flames of Funerall :

Whenas the chosen seed shall spring
Fresh, and for ever flourishing.

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

TO PERENNA, A MISTRESSE.

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

GREAT BOAST, SMALL ROST.

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

UPON A BLEARE-EY'D WOMAN.

WITHER'D with yeeres, and bed-rid Mumma lyes ;
Dry-rosted all, but raw yet in her eyes.

Nos. 223-
224 THE FAIRIE TEMPLE: OR, OBERON'S CHAPPELL.
DEDICATED TO MR JOHN MERRIFIELD,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

*Fancy has
full play.*

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

THE TEMPLE.

AWAY enchac't with glasse & beads
There is, that to the Chappel leads :
Whose structure (for his holy rest)
Is here the Halcion's curious nest :
Into the which who looks shall see
His Temple of Idolatry :
Where he of God-heads has such store,
As Rome's Pantheon had not more.
His house of Rimmon this he calls,
Girt with small bones, instead of walls.
First, in a Neech, more black then jet,
His Idol-Cricket there is set :
Then in a Polisht Ovall by
There stands his Idol-Beetle-flie :
Next in an Arch, akin to this,
His Idol-Canker seated is :
Then in a Round, is plac't by these,
His golden god, Cantharides.
So that where ere ye look, ye see,
No Capitoll, no Cornish free,
Or Freeze, from this fine Fripperie.
Now this the Fairies wo'd have known,
Theirs is a mixt Religion.

And some have heard the Elves it call
 Part Pagan, part Papisticall.
 If unto me all Tongues were granted,
 I co'd not speak the Saints here painted.
 Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,
 Who 'gainst Mabs-state plac't here right is.
 Saint Will o'th' Wispe (of no great bignes)
 But *alias* call'd here *Fatuus ignis*.
 Saint Fripp, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, S. Fillie,
 Neither those other-Saint-ships will I
 Here goe about for to recite
 Their number (almost) infinite,
 Which one by one here set downe are
 In this most curious Calendar.
 First, at the entrance of the gate,
 A little Puppet-Priest doth wait,
 Who squeaks to all the commers there,
Favour your tongues, who enter here.
Pure hands bring hither, without staine.
 A second pules, *Hence, hence, profane.*
 Hard by, i'th'shell of halfe a nut,
 The Holy-water there is put :
 A little brush of Squirrils haire,
 (Compos'd of *modde*, not even paires)
 Stands in the Platter, or close by,
 To purge the Fairie Family.
 Neere to the Altar stands the Priest,
 There off'ring up the Holy-Grist :
 Ducking in Mood, and perfect Tense,
 With (much-good-do't him) reverence.
 The Altar is not here foure-square,
 Nor in a forme Triangular ;
 Nor made of glasse, or wood, or stone,
 But of a little Transverce bone ;
 Which boyes, and Bruckel'd children call

No. 224 (Playing for Points and Pins) Cockall.
 Whose Linnen-Drapery in a thin
 Subtile and ductile Codlin's skin ;
 Which o're the board is smoothly spred,
 With little Seale-work Damaskèd.
 The Fringe that circumbinds it too,
 Is Spangle-work of trembling dew,
 Which, gently gleaming, makes a show,
 Like Frost-work glitt'ring on the Snow.
 Upon this fetuous board doth stand
 Something for Shew-bread, and at hand
 (Just in the middle of the Altar)
 Upon an end, the Fairie-Psalter,
 Grac't with the Trout-flies curious wings,
 Which serve for watchèd Ribbanings.
 Now, we must know, the Elves are led
 Right by the Rubrick, which they read.
 And if Report of them be true,
 They have their Text for what they doe ;
 I, and their Book of Canons too.
 And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
 They have their Book of Articles :
 And if that Fairie Knight not lies,
 They have their Book of Homilies :
 And other Scriptures, that designe
 A short, but righteous discipline.
 The Bason stands the board upon
 To take the Free-Oblation :
 A little Pin-dust ; which they hold
 More precious, then we prize our gold :
 Which charity they give to many
 Poore of the Parish, (if there's any).
 Upon the ends of these neat Railes
 (Hatcht, with the Silver-light of snails,)
 The Elves, in formall manner, fix

Two pure, and holy Candlesticks :
In either which a small tall bent
Burns for the Altars ornament.
For sanctity, they have, to these,
Their curious Copes and Surplices
Of cleanest Cobweb, hanging by
In their Religious Vesterie.
They have their Ash-pans, & their Brooms
To purge the Chappel and the rooms :
Their many mumbling Masse-priests here,
And many a dapper Chorister.
There ush'ring Vergers, here likewise,
Their Canons, and their Chaunteries :
Of Cloyster-Monks they have enow,
I, and their Abby-Lubbers too :
And if their Legend doe not lye,
They much affect the Papacie :
And since the last is dead, there's hope,
Elve Boniface, shall next be Pope.
They have their Cups and Chalices ;
Their Pardons and Indulgences :
Their Beads of Nits, Bels, Books, & Wax
Candles (forsooth) and other knacks :
Their Holy Oyle, their Fasting-Spittle ;
Their sacred Salt here, (not a little.)
Dry chips, old shooes, rags, grease, & bones ;
Beside their Fumigations,
To drive the Devill from the Cod-piece
Of the Fryar, (of work an odde-piece.)
Many a trifle too, and trinket,
And for what use, scarce man wo'd think it.
Next, then, upon the Chanters side
An Apples-core is hung up dry'd,
With ratling Kirnils, which is rung
To call to Morn, and Even-Song.

Nos. 224-
226

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

TO MISTRESSE KATHERINE BRADSHAW, THE LOVELY,
 THAT CROWNED HIM WITH LAUREL.

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

THE PLAUDITE, OR END OF LIFE.

IF after rude and boystrous seas,
 My wearyed Pinnacle here finds ease :
 If so it be I've gain'd the shore
 With safety of a faithful Ore :
 If having run my Barque on ground,
 Ye see the agèd Vessell crown'd :

What's to be done? but on the Sands
 Ye dance, and sing, and now clap hands.
 The first Act's doubtfull, (but we say)
 It is the last commends the Play.

Nos. 226-
 228

TO THE MOST VERTUOUS MISTRESSE POT,
 WHO MANY TIMES ENTERTAINED HIM.

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

TO MUSIQUE, TO BECALME HIS FEVER.

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so
 With thy Delicious Numbers;
 That being raviht, hence I goe
 Away in easie slumbers.
 Ease my sick head,
 And make my bed,
 Thou Power that canst sever
 From me this ill:
 And quickly still:
 Though thou not kill
 My Fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
 From a consuming fire,
 Into a gentle-licking flame,
 And make it thus expire.

Nos. 228-
230

Then make me weep
 My paines asleep ;
 And give me such reposes,
 That I, poore I,
 May think, thereby,
 I live and die
 'Mongst Roses.

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

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN WITH A
 SWEET VOICE.

So long you did not sing, or touch your Lute,
 We knew 'twas Flesh and Blood, that there sate
 mute.
 But when your Playing, and your Voice came in.
 'Twas no more you then, but a Cherubin.

UPON CUPID.

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

UPON JULIA'S BREASTS.

Nos. 231-
233

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

BEST TO BE MERRY.

FOOLES are they, who never know
How the times away doe goe :
But for us, who wisely see
Where the bounds of black Death be :
Let's live merrily, and thus
Gratifie the Genius.

THE CHANGES TO CORINNA.

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

Nos. 234-
238

NO LOCK AGAINST LETCHERIE.

.

NEGLECT.

*ART quickens Nature ; Care will make a face ;
 Neglected beauty perishes apace.*

UPON HIMSELFE.

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

UPON A PHYSITIAN.

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

UPON SUDDS A LAUNDRESSE.

.

TO THE ROSE. SONG.

Nos. 239-
242

GOE, happy Rose, and enterwove
With other Flowers, bind my Love.

Tell her too, she must not be,
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say (if she's fretfull) I have bands
Of Pearle, and Gold, to bind her hands :

Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have Mirtle rods, (at will)
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing, thus, and goe,
And tell her this, but doe not so,

Lest a handsome anger flye,
Like a Lightning, from her eye,
And burn thee up, as well as I.

UPON GUESSE. EPIG.

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

TO HIS BOOKE.

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

UPON A PAINTED GENTLEWOMAN.

MEN say y'are faire ; and faire ye are, 'tis true
But (Hark !) we praise the Painter now, not you

110 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 243-
246

UPON A CROOKED MAID.

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

DRAW GLOVES.

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

TO MUSICK, TO BECALME A SWEET-SICK-YOUTH.

CHARMS, that call down the moon from out her
sphere,
On this sick youth work your enchantments here :
Bind up his senses with your numbers, so,
As to entrance his paine, or cure his woe.
Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep
Lost in the civill Wildernesse of sleep :
That done, then let him, dispossess of paine,
Like to a slumbring Bride, awake againe.

TO THE HIGH AND NOBLE PRINCE, GEORGE,
DUKE, MARQUESSE, AND EARLE OF BUCKINGHAM.

NEVER my Book's perfection did appeare,
Til I had got the name of VILLARS here.
Now 'tis so full, that when therein I look,
I see a Cloud of Glory fills my Book.
Here stand it stil to dignifie our Muse,
Your sober Hand-maid ; who doth wisely chuse,
Your Name to be a Laureat-Wreathe to Hir,
Who doth both love and feare you Honour'd Sir.

Hesperides

III

HIS RECANTATION.

Nos. 247-
249

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

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

THE COMMING OF GOOD LUCK.

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

THE PRESENT: OR, THE BAG OF THE BEE.

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

Nos. 250-
251

ON LOVE.

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

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

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

Some crosse the Fill-horse ; some with great No. 251
Devotion, stroak the home-borne wheat :
While other Rusticks, lesse attent
To Prayers, then to Merryment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boyes, to your Lords Hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire ; where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and cheefe
Foundation of your Feast, Fat Beefe :
With Upper Stories, Mutton, Veale
And Bacon, (which makes full the meale)
With sev'rall dishes standing by,
As here a Custard, there a Pie,
And here all-tempting Frumentie.
And for to make the merry cheere,
If smirking Wine be wanting here,
There's that, which drowns all care, stout Beere ;
Which freely drink to your Lords health,
Then to the Plough, (the Common-wealth)
Next to your Flailes, your Fanes, your Fatts ;
Then to the Maids with Wheaten-Hats :
To the rough Sickle, and crookt Sythe,
Drink, frolick, boyes, till all be blythe.
Feed, and grow fat ; and as ye eat,
Be mindfull, that the lab'ring Neat
(As you) may have their fill of meat.
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient Oxe unto the Yoke,
And all goe back unto the Plough
And Harrow, (though they'r hang'd up now.)
And, you must know, your Lords word's true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fils you.
And that this pleasure is like raine,
Not sent ye for to drowne your paine,
But for to make it spring againe.

Nos. 252-
255

THE PERFUME.

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

UPON HER VOICE.

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

NOT TO LOVE.

HE that will not love, must be
 My Scholar, and learn this of me :
 There be in Love as many feares,
 As the Summers Corne has eares :
 Sighs, and sobs, and sorrowes more
 Then the sand, that makes the shore :
 Freezing cold, and fire heats,
 Fainting swoones, and deadly sweats ;
 Now an Ague, then a Fever,
 Both tormenting Lovers ever.
 Wods't thou know, besides all these,
 How hard a woman 'tis to please ?
 How crosse, how sullen, and how soone
 She shifts and changes like the Moone.
 How false, how hollow she's in heart ;
 And how she is her owne least part :
 How high she's priz'd, and worth but small ;
 Little thou'lt love, or not at all.

TO MUSICK. A SONG.

MUSICK, thou Queen of Heaven, Care-charming
 spel,
 That strik'st a stilnesse into hell :

Thou that tam'st Tygers, and fierce storms (that rise) Nos. 255-
257

With thy soule-melting Lullabies :
Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming
spheres,
To charme our soules, as thou enchant'st our eares.

TO THE WESTERN WIND.

SWEET Western Wind, whose luck it is,
(Made rivall with the aire)
To give Perenna's lip a kisse,
And fan her wanton haire.

Bring me but one, Ile 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 ELEGIE.

WHY doe not all fresh maids appeare
To work Love's Sampler onely here,
Where spring-time smiles throughout the yeare ?
Are not here Rose-buds, Pinks, all flowers,
Nature begets by th' Sun and showers,
Met in one Hearce-cloth, to ore-spread
The body of the under-dead ?
Phill, the late dead, the late dead Deare,
O ! may no eye distill a Teare
For you once lost, who weep not here !
Had Lesbia (too-too-kind) but known
This Sparrow, she had scorn'd her own :
And for this dead which under-lies,
Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.

116 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 257-
258 But endlesse Peace, sit here, and keep
My Phill, the time he has to sleep,
And thousand Virgins come and weep,
To make these flowrie Carpets show
Fresh, as their blood ; and ever grow,
Till passengers shall spend their doome,
Not Virgil's Gnat had such a Tomb.

TO PRIMROSES FILL'D WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY doe ye weep, sweet Babes ? can Tears
Speak grieve in you,
Who were but borne
Just as the modest Morne
Teem'd her refreshing dew ?
Alas, you have not known that shower,
That marres a flower ;
Nor felt th'unkind
Breath of a blasting wind ;
Nor are ye worne with yeares ;
Or warpt, as we,
Who think it strange to see,
Such pretty flowers, (like to Orphans young,)
To speak by Teares, before ye have a Tongue.

Speak, whim'ring Younglings, and make
known
The reason, why
Ye droop, and weep ;
Is it for want of sleep ?
Or childish Lullabie ?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The Violet ?
Or brought a kisse
From that Sweet-heart, to this ?

No, no, this sorrow shown
 By your teares shed,
 Wo'd have this Lecture read,
 That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares
 brought forth.

Nos. 258-
 260

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

ROSES at first were white,
 Till they co'd not agree,
 Whether my Sapho's breast,
 Or they more white sho'd be.

But being vanquisht quite,
 A blush their cheeks bespred ;
 Since which (beleev the rest)
 The Roses first came red.

COMFORT TO A LADY UPON THE DEATH
 OF HER HUSBAND.

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

118 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 261-
263

HOW VIOLETS CAME BLEW.

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

But Venus having lost the day,
Poore Girles, she fell on you ;
And beat ye so, (as some dare say)
Her blowes did make ye blew.

UPON GROYNES. EPIG.

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TO THE WILLOW-TREE.

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

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

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

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

MRS ELIZ. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF THE Nos. 264-
LOST SHEPARDESSE. 265

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

TO THE KING.

IF when these Lyricks (CESAR) You shall heare,
And that Apollo shall so touch Your eare,
As for to make this, that, or any one
Number, Your owne, by free Adoption ;
That Verse, of all the Verses here, shall be
The Heire to This *great Realme of Poetry.*

Nos. 266-
267

TO THE QUEENE.

GODDESSE of Youth, and Lady of the Spring,
(Most fit to be the Consort to a King)
 Be pleas'd to rest you in This Sacred Grove,
 Beset with Mirtles; whose each leafe drops
 Love.

Many a sweet-fac't Wood-Nymph here is seene,
 Of which chast Order You are now the Queene :
 Witness their Homage, when they come and strew
 Your Walks with Flowers, and give their Crowns
 to you.

Your Leavie-Throne (with Lilly-work) possesse;
 And be both Princesse here, and Poetresse.

THE POETS GOOD WISHES FOR THE MOST HOPE-
 FULL AND HANDSOME PRINCE, THE DUKE
 OF YORKE.

MAY his pretty Duke-ship grow
 Like t' a Rose of Jericho :
 Sweeter far, then ever yet
 Showrs or Sun-shines co'd beget.
 May the Graces, and the Howers
 Strew his hopes, and Him with flowers :
 And so dresse him up with Love,
 As to be the Chick of Jove.
 May the thrice-three-Sisters sing
 Him the Sovereigne of their Spring :
 And entitle none to be
 Prince of Hellicon, but He.
 May his soft foot, where it treads,
 Gardens thence produce and Meads :
 And those Meddowes full be set
 With the Rose, and Violet.

Hesperides

121

May his ample Name be knowne
To the last succession :
And his actions high be told
Through the world, but writ in gold.

Nos. 267-
268

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND
HIM ANY THING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nos. 269-
273

PREVISION, OR PROVISION.

*THAT Prince takes soone enough the Victors
roome,
Who first provides, not to be overcome.*

OBEDIENCE IN SUBJECTS.

*THE Gods to Kings the Judgement give to sway :
The Subjects onely glory to obey.*

MORE POTENT, LESSE PECCANT.

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

UPON A MAID THAT DYED THE DAY
SHE WAS MARRIED.

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

UPON PINK, AN ILL-FAC'D PAINTER. EPIG.

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

Hesperides 123

UPON BROCK. EPIG.

Nos. 274-
276

To cleanse his eyes, Tom Brock makes much ado,
But not his mouth (the fouler of the two).
A clammie Reume makes loathsome both his eyes:
His mouth, worse furr'd with oathes and
blasphemies.

TO MEDDOWES.

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers:
And ye the Walks have been
Where Maids have spent their houres.

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

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

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

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

CROSSES.

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

Nos. 277-
281

MISERIES.

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

LAUGH AND LIE DOWN.

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

TO HIS HOUSHOLD GODS.

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

TO THE NIGHTINGALE, AND ROBIN RED-BREST.

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

TO THE YEW AND CYPRESSE TO GRACE HIS
FUNERALL.

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

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

Nos. 281-
 284

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

I CALL AND I CALL.

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

ON A PERFUM'D LADY.

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

A NUPTIAL SONG, OR EPITHALAMIE, ON SIR
 CLIPSEBY CREW AND HIS LADY.

WHAT'S that we see from far ? the spring of
 Day
 Bloom'd from the East, or faire Injewel'd
 May
 Blowne out of April ; or some New-
 Star fill'd with glory to our view,
 Reaching at heaven,
 To adde a nobler Planet to the seven ?

126 Herrick's Poems

No. 284

Say, or doe we not descrie
 Some Goddess, in a cloud of Tiffanie
 To move, or rather the
 Emergent Venus from the Sea ?

'Tis she ! 'tis she ! or else some more Divine
 Enlightned substance ; mark how from the
 Shrine

Of holy Saints she paces on,
 Treading upon Vermilion
 And Amber ; Spice-
 ing the Chafte-Aire with fumes of Paradise.

Then come on, come on, and yeeld
 A savour like unto a blessed field,
 When the bedabled Morne
 Washes the golden eares of corne.

See where she comes ; and smell how all the
 street

Breathes Vine-yards and Pomgranats : O how
 sweet !

As a fir'd Altar, is each stone,
 Perspiring pounded Cynamon.

The Phenix nest,
 Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.

Who therein wo'd not consume
 His soule to Ash-heaps in that rich perfume ?

Bestroaking Fate the while
 He burnes to Embers on the Pile.

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

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

More trowing, more disparkling then thy fires ;

Shew her how his eyes do turne No. 284
 And roule about, and in their motions burne
 Their balls to Cindars : haste,
 Or else to ashes he will waste.

Glide by the banks of Virgins then, and passe
 The Shewers of Roses, lucky foure-leav'd
 grasse :

 The wiile the cloud of younglings sing,
 And drown yee with a flowrie Spring :

 While some repeat

Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with
 Wheat :

 While that others doe divine ;

*Blest is the Bride, on whom the Sun doth
 shine ;*

 And thousands gladly wish

 You multiply, as doth a Fish.

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

 In Lov's name do so ; and a price

 Set on your selfe, by being nice :

 But yet take heed ;

What now you seem, be not the same indeed,

 And turne Apostate : Love will

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

 On then, and though you slow-

ly go, yet, howsoever, go.

And now y'are enter'd ; see the Codled Cook
 Runs from his Torrid Zone, to prie, and look,
 And blesse his dainty Mistresse : see,
 The Aged point out, This is she,

128 Herrick's Poems

No. 284

Who now must sway
 The House (Love shield her) with her Yea
 and Nay:
 And the smirk Butler thinks it
 Sin, in's Nap'rie, not to express his wit;
 Each striving to devise
 Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

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

By the Brides eyes, and by the teeming life
 Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no
 strife,
 (Farther then Gentlenes tends) gets place
 Among ye, striving for her lace:
 O doe not fall
 Foule in these noble pastimes, lest ye call
 Discord in, and so divide
 The youthfull Bride-groom, and the fragrant
 Bride:
 Which Love fore-fend; but spoken
 Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.

Strip her of Spring-time, tender-whimpring- No. 284
 maids,

Now Autumnne's come, when all those flowrie
 aids

Of her Delayes must end ; Dispose
 That Lady-smock, that Pansie, and that
 Rose

Neatly apart ;

But for Prick-madam, and for Gentle-heart ;
 And soft Maidens-blush, the Bride
 Makes holy these, all others lay aside :

Then strip her, or unto her
 Let him come, who dares undo her.

And to enchant yee more, see every where
 About the Roofe a Syren in a Sphere ;

(As we think) singing to the dinne
 Of many a warbling Cherubin :

O marke yee how

The soule of Nature melts in numbers : now
 See, a thousand Cupids flye,
 To light their Tapers at the Brides bright eye.

To Bed ; or her they'l tire,
 Were she an Element of fire.

And to your more bewitching, see, the proud
 Plumpe Bed beareup, and swelling like a cloud,

Tempting the two too modest ; can
 Yee see it brusle like a Swan,

And you be cold

To meet it, when it woo's and seemes to fold
 The Armes to hugge it ? throw, throw
 Your selves into the mighty over-flow

Of that white Pride, and Drowne
 The night, with you, in floods of Downe.

130 Herrick's Poems

No. 284

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

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

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

All now is husht in silence; Midwife-moone, Nos. 284-
 With all her Owle-ey'd issue begs a boon 286

Which you must grant; that's entrance;
 with

Which extract, all we can call pith
 And quintiscence

Of Planetary bodies; so commence
 All faire Constellations

Looking upon yee, That two Nations
 Springing from two such Fires,
 May blaze the vertue of their Sires.

THE SILKEN SNAKE.

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

UPON HIMSELFE.

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

132 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 287-
290

UPON LOVE.

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

REVERENCE TO RICHES.

LIKE to the Income must be our expence ;
Mans fortune must be had in reverence.

DEVOTION MAKES THE DEITY.

*WHO forms a Godhead out of Gold or Stone.
Makes not a God ; but he that prayes to one.*

TO ALL YOUNG MEN THAT LOVE.

I COULD wish you all, who love,
That ye could your thoughts remove
From your Mistresses, and be,
Wisely wanton (like to me.)
I could wish you dispossesst
Of that Fiend that marres your rest ;
And with Tapers comes to fright
Your weake senses in the night.
I co'd wish, ye all, who frie
Cold as Ice, or coole as I

But if flames best like ye, then
 Much good do't ye Gentlemen.
 I a merry heart will keep,
 While you wring your hands and weep.

Nos. 290-
 293

THE EYES.

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

NO FAULT IN WOMEN.

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

UPON SHARK. EPIG.

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

OBERONS FEAST.

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

A LITTLE mushroome-table spred,
 After short prayers, they set on bread;
 A Moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,
 With some small glit'ring gritt, to eate
 His choyce bitts with; then in a trice
 They make a feast lesse great then nice.
 But all this while his eye is serv'd,
 We must not thinke his eare was sterv'd:
 But that there was in place to stir
 His Spleen, the chirring Grasshopper;
 The merry Cricket, puling Flie,
 The piping Gnat for minstralcy.
 And now, we must imagine first,
 The Elves present to quench his thirst
 A pure seed-Pearle of Infant dew,
 Brought and besweetned in a blew
 And pregnant violet; which done,
 His kitling eyes begin to runne
 Quite through the table, where he spies
 The hornes of paperie Butterflies:
 Of which he eates, and tastes a little
 Of that we call the Cuckoes spittle.
 A little Fuz-ball pudding stands
 By, yet not blessed by his hands,
 That was too coorse; but then forthwith
 He ventures boldly on the pith

Of sugred Rush, and eates the sagge
 And well bestrutted Bees sweet bagge :
 Gladding his pallat with some store
 Of Emits eggs ; what wo'd he more ?
 But Beards of Mice, a Newt's stew'd thigh,
 A bloated Earewig, and a Flie ;
 With the Red-capt worme, that's shut
 Within the concave of a Nut,
 Browne as his Tooth. A little Moth,
 Late fatned in a piece of cloth :
 With withered cherries ; Mandrakes eares ;
 Moles eyes ; to these, the slain-Stags teares :
 The unctuous dewlaps of a Snaile ;
 The broke-heart of a Nightingale
 Ore-come in musicke ; with a wine,
 Ne're ravisht from the flattering Vine,
 But gently prest from the soft side
 Of the most sweet and dainty Bride,
 Brought in a dainty daizie, which
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch
 His blood to height ; this done, commended
 Grace by his Priest ; *The feast is ended.*

Nos. 294-
297

EVENT OF THINGS NOT IN OUR POWER.

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

UPON HER BLUSH.

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

MERITS MAKE THE MAN.

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

Nos. 298-
301

TO VIRGINS.

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

VERTUE.

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

THE BELL-MAN.

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

BASHFULNESSE.

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

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN, MASTER Nos. 302-
EDWARD NORGATE, CLARK OF THE SIGNET 305
TO HIS MAJESTY. EPIG.

FOR one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts ;
For one to whom espous'd are all the Arts ;
Long have I sought for : but co'd never see
Them all concenter'd in one man, but Thee.
Thus, thou, that man art, whom the Fates conspir'd
To make but one (and that's thy selfe) admir'd.

UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN HER SICKNESSE.

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

TO APOLLO. A SHORT HYMNE.

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

A HYMNE 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
Daffadills g'en up to Thee.

138 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 306-
309

UPON BUNGIE.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

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

CASUALTIES.

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

BRIBES AND GIFTS GET ALL.

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

THE END.

Nos. 310-
314

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

UPON A CHILD THAT DYED.

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

UPON SNEAPE. EPIG.

SNEAPE has a face so brittle, that it breaks
Forth into blushes, whensoere he speaks.

CONTENT, NOT CATES.

'Tis not the food, but the content
That makes the Tables merriment.
Where Trouble serves the board, we eate
The Platters there, as soone as meat.
A little Pipkin with a bit
Of Mutton, or of Veale in it,
Set on my Table, (Trouble-free)
More then a Feast contenteth me.

THE ENTERTAINMENT : OR, PORCH-VERSE, AT THE
MARRIAGE OF MR HEN. NORTHLI, AND THE
MOST WITTY MRS LETTICE YARD.

WEELCOME ! but yet no entrance, till we blesse
First you, then you, and both for white successe.
Profane no Porch young man and maid, for fear
Ye wrong the Threshold-god, that keeps peace
here :

140 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 314- Please him, and then all good-luck will betide
 316 You, the brisk Bridegroom, you the dainty
 Bride.

Do all things sweetly, and in comely wise ;
 Put on your Garlands first, then Sacrifice :
 That done ; when both of you have seemly fed,
 We'll call on Night, to bring ye both to Bed :
 Where being laid, all Faire signes looking on,
 Fish-like, encrease then to a million :
 And millions of spring-times may ye have,
 Which spent, one death bring to ye both one
 Grave.

THE GOOD-NIGHT OR BLESSING.

BLESSINGS, in abundance come,
 To the Bride, and to her Groom ;
 May the Bed, and this short night,
 Know the fulness of delight !
 Pleasures many, here attend ye,
 And ere long, a Boy, Love send ye
 Curld and comely, and so trimme,
 Maides (in time) may ravish him.
 Thus a dew of Graces fall
 On ye both ; Goodnight to all.

UPON LEECH.

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

TO DAFFADILLS.

Nos. 317-
319

FAIRE Daffadills, we weep to see
 You haste away so soone :
 As yet the early-rising Sun
 Has not attain'd his Noone.
 Stay, stay,
 Untill the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the Even-song ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will 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 doe, and drie
 Away,
 Like to the Summers raine ;
 Or as the pearles of Mornings dew,
 Ne'r to be found againe.

TO A MAID.

· · · · ·
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UPON A LADY THAT DYED IN CHILD-BED, AND
 LEFT A DAUGHTER BEHIND HER.

As Gilly flowers do but stay
 To blow, and seed, and so away ;
 So you sweet Lady (sweet as May)
 The garden's-glory liv'd a while,
 To lend the world your scent and smile.

Nos. 319-
320

But when your own faire print was set
 Once in a Virgin Flosculet,
 (Sweet as your selfe, and newly blown)
 To give that life, resign'd your own :
 But so, as still the mothers power
 Lives in the pretty Lady-flower.

A NEW YEARES GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMEON
 STEWARD.

No news of Navies burnt at Seas ;
 No noise of late spawn'd Tittyries :
 No closset plot, or open vent,
 That frights men with a Parliament :
 No new devise, or late-found trick,
 To read by th' Starres, the Kingdoms sick :
 No ginne to catch the State, or wring
 The free-born Nosthrill of the King,
 We send to you ; but here a jolly
 Verse crown'd with Yvie, and with Holly :
 That tels of Winters Tales and Mirth,
 That Milk-Maids make about the hearth,
 Of Christmas sports, the Wassell-boule,
 That tost up, after Fox-i'th'hole :
 Of Blind-man-buffe, and of the care
 That young men have to shooe the Mare :
 Of Twelf-tide Cakes, of Pease, and Beanes
 Wherewith ye make those merry Sceanes,
 Whenas ye chuse your King and Queen,
 And cry out, *Hey, for our town green.*
 Of Ash-heapes, in the which ye use
 Husbands and Wives by streakes to chuse :
 Of crackling Laurell, which fore-sounds,
 A Plentious harvest to your grounds :
 Of these, and such like things, for shift,
 We send in stead of New-yeares gift.

Read then, and when your faces shine
 With bucksome meat and capring Wine :
 Remember us in Cups full crown'd,
 And let our Citie-health go round,
 Quite through the young maids and the men,
 To the ninth number, if not tenne ;
 Until the firèd Chesnuts leape
 For joy, to see the fruits ye reape,
 From the plumpe Challice, and the Cup,
 That tempts till it be tossèd up :
 Then as ye sit about your embers,
 Call not to mind those fled Decembers ;
 But think on these, that are t'appeare,
 As Daughters to the instant yeare :
 Sit crown'd with Rose-buds, and carouse,
 Till Liber Pater twirles the house
 About your eares ; and lay upon
 The yeare (your cares) that's fled and gon.
 And let the russet Swaines the Plough
 And Harrow hang up resting now ;
 And to the Bag-pipe all addresse ;
 Till sleep takes place of wearinesse.
 And thus, throughout, with Christmas playes
 Frolick the full twelve Holy-dayes.

Nos. 320-
 321

MATTENS, OR MORNING PRAYER.

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

Nos. 322-
324

EVENSONG.

BEGINNE with Jove ; then is the worke halfe done ;
 And runnes most smoothly when tis well begunne.
 Jove's is the first and last : the Morn's his due,
 The midst is thine ; but Joves the Evening too ;
 As sure a Mattins do's to him belong,
 So sure he layes claime to the Evensong.

THE BRACELET TO JULIA.

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

THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A MAN prepar'd against all ills to come,
 That dares to dead the fire of martirdome :
 That sleeps at home ; and sayling there at ease,
 Feares not the fierce sedition of the Seas :
 That's counter-prooffe against the Farms mis-haps,
 Undreadfull too of courtly thunderclaps :
 That weares one face (like heaven) and never
 showes
 A change, when Fortune either comes, or goes :
 That keepses his own strong guard, in the despite
 Of what can hurt by day, or harme by night :

That takes and re-delivers every stroake
 Of Chance (as made up all of rock, and oake :)
 That sighs at others death ; smiles at his own
 Most dire and horrid crucifixion.
 Who for true glory suffers thus ; we grant
 Him to be here our Christian militant.

Nos. 324-
 328

A SHORT HYMNE TO LARR.

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

ANOTHER TO NEPTUNE.

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

UPON GREEDY. EPIG.

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

HIS EMBALMING TO JULIA.

FOR my embalming, Julia, do but this,
 Give thou my lips but their supreamest kiss :
 Or else trans-fuse thy breath into the chest,
 Where my small reliques must for ever rest :

146 Herrick's Poems

- Nos. 328- That breath the Balm, the myrrh, the Nard
 330 shal be,
 To give an incorruption unto me.

GOLD, BEFORE GOODNESSE.

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

THE KISSE. A DIALOGUE.

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

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

Chor. And makes more soft the Bridall bed.

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

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

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

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

1. Ha's it a speaking virtue ? 2. Yes.

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

Chor. And this Loves sweetest language is.

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

Chor. Love, honie yeelds ; but never stings.

THE ADMONITION.

Nos. 331-
333

SEEST thou those Diamonds which she weares
 In that rich Carkanet ;
 Or those on her dishevel'd haire,
 Faire Pearles in order set ?
 Beleeve young man all those were teares
 By wretched Wooers sent,
 In mournfull Hyacinths and Rue,
 That figure discontent ;
 Which when not warmèd by her view,
 By cold neglect, each one,
 Congeal'd to Pearle and stone ;
 Which precious spoiles upon her,
 She weares as trophies of her honour.
 Ah then consider ! What all this implies ;
 She that will weare thy teares, wo'd weare thine eyes.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN SIR WILLIAM
SOAME. EPIG.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

ASKE me, why I do not sing
 To the tension of the string,

Nos. 333-
337

As I did, not long ago,
When my numbers full did flow?
Griefe (ay me!) hath struck my Lute
And my tongue at one time mute.

TO LARR.

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

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD DEMON.

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

CLEMENCY.

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

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

AH Posthumus! Our yeares hence flye,
And leave no sound; nor piety,
Or prayers, or vow
Can keepe the wrinkle from the brow:

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

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

W've seen the past-best Times, and these
 Will nere return, we see the Seas,
 And Moons to wain ;
 But they fill up their Ebbs again :
 But vanisht, man
 Like to a Lily-lost, nere can,
 Nere can repullulate, or bring
 His dayes to see a second Spring.

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

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

No. 337

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

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

If we can meet, and so conferre,
 Both by a shining Salt-seller ;
 And have our Roofe,
 Although not archt, yet weather-prooffe,
 And seeling free,
 From that cheape Candle baudery :
 We'le eate our Beane with that full mirth
 As we were Lords of all the earth.

Well then, on what Seas we are tost,
 Our comfort is, we can't be lost.
 Let the winds drive
 Our Barke ; yet she will keepe alive
 Amidst the deepes ;
 'Tis constancy (my Wickes) which keeps
 The Pinnace up ; which though she erres
 I'th' Seas, she saves her passengers.

Say, we must part (sweet mercy blesse,
 Us both i'th' Sea, Camp, Wildernesse)
 Can we so farre
 Stray, to become lesse circular,

Then we are now ?

No. 337

No, no, that selfe same heart, that vow,
Which made us one, shall ne'r undoe ;
Or ravell so, to make us two.

Live in thy peace ; as for my selfe,
When I am bruised on the Shelve
Of Time, and show
My locks behung with frost and snow :
When with the reume,
The cough, the ptisick, I consume
Unto an almost nothing ; then,
The Ages fled, Ile call agen :

And with a teare compare these last
Lame, and bad times, with those are past,
While Baucis by,
My old leane wife, shall kisse it dry :
And so we'l sit
By th'fire, foretelling snow and slit,
And weather by our aches, grown
Now old enough to be our own

True Calenders, as Pusses eare
Washt o'rs, to tell what change is neare :
Then to asswage
The gripings of the chine by age ;
Ile call my young
Iulus to sing such a song
I made upon my Julia's brest ;
And of her blush at such a feast.

Then shall he read that flowre of mine
Enclos'd within a christall shrine :
A Primrose next ;
A piece, then of a higher text :

No. 337

For to beget

In me a more transcendant heate,
 Then that insinuating fire,
 Which crept into each agèd Sire ;

When the faire Hellen, from her eyes,
 Shot forth her loving Sorceries :

At which Ile reare

Mine agèd limbs above my chaire :

And hearing it,

Flutter and crow, as in a fit

Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,

No lust theres like to Poetry.

Thus frantick-crazie man (God wot)

Ile call to mind things half forgot :

And oft between,

Repeat the Times that I have seen !

Thus ripe with tears,

And twisting my Iulus hairs ;

Doting, Ile weep and say (In Truth)

Baucis, these were my sins of youth.

Then next Ile cause my hopefull Lad
 (If a wild Apple can be had)

To crown the Hearth,

(Larr thus conspiring with our mirth)

Then to infuse

Our browner Ale into the cruse :

Which sweetly spic't, we'l first carouse

Unto the Genius of the house.

Then the next health to friends of mine
 (Loving the brave Burgundian wine)

High sons of Pith,

Whose fortunes I have frolickt with :

Such as co'd well
Bear up the Magick bough, and spel :
And dancing 'bout the Mystick Thyirse,
Give up the just applause to verse :

To those, and then agen to thee
We'l drink, my Wickes, untill we be
Plump as the cherry,
Though not so fresh, yet full as merry
As the crickit ;

The untam'd Heifer, or the Pricket,
Untill our tongues shall tell our ears,
W'are younger by a score of years.

Thus, till we see the fire lesse shine
From th' embers then the kitlings eyne,
We'l still sit up,
Sphering about the wassail cup,
To all those times,
Which gave me honour for my Rhimes :
The cole once spent, we'l then to bed,
Farre more then night-bewearièd.

A SHORT HYMNE TO VENUS.

GODDESSE, I do love a Girle
Rubie-lipt, and tooth'd with Pearl :
If so be, I may but prove
Luckie in this Maide I love :
I will promise there shall be
Mirtles offer'd up to Thee.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN ON JUST DEALING.

TRUE to your self, and sheets, you'l have me swear,
You shall ; if righteous dealing I find there.
Do not you fall through frailty ; Ile be sure
To keep my Bond still free from forfeiture.

Nos. 340-
342

THE HAND AND TONGUE.

Two parts of us successively command;
The tongue in peace; but then in warre the hand.

UPON A DELAYING LADY.

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

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

If you desire
My spark sho'd glow,
The peeping fire
You must blow;
Or I shall quickly grow,
To Frost, or Snow.

TO THE LADY MARY VILLARS, GOVERNESSE
TO THE PRINCESSE HENRETTA.

WHEN I of Villars doe but heare the name,
It calls to mind, that mighty Buckingham,
Who was your brave exalted Uncle here,
(Binding the wheele of Fortune to his Sphere)
Who spurn'd at Envie; and co'd bring, with ease,
An end to all his stately purposes.

For his love then, whose sacred Reliques show
 Their Resurrection, and their growth in you :
 And for my sake, who ever did prefer
 You, above all Those Sweets of Westminster :
 Permit my Book to have a free accesse
 To kisse your hand, most Dainty Governesse.

Nos. 342-
346

UPON HIS JULIA.

Will ye heare, what I can say
 Briefly of my Julia ?
 Black and rowling is her eye,
 Double chinn'd, and forehead high :
 Lips she has, all Rubie red,
 Cheeks like Creame Enclaritèd :
 And a nose that is the grace
 And Proscenium of her face.
 So that we may guesse by these,
 The other parts will richly please.

TO FLOWERS.

In time of life, I grac't ye with my Verse ;
 Doe now your flowerie honours to my Herse.
 You shall not languish, trust me : Virgins here
 Weeping, shall make ye flourish all the yeere.

TO MY ILL READER.

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

THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE.

LET Kings Command, and doe the best they may,
 The saucie Subjects still will beare the sway.

156 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 347-
351

A HYMNE TO VENUS, AND CUPID.

SEA-BORN Goddess, let me be,
By thy sonne thus grac't, and thee ;
That whenere I wooe, I find
Virgins coy, but not unkind.
Let me when I kisse a maid,
Taste her lips, so over-laid
With Loves-sirrop ; that I may,
In your Temple, when I pray,
Kisse the Altar, and confess
Ther's in love, no bitterness.

ON JULIA'S PICTURE.

How am I ravisht ! when I do but see,
The Painters art in thy Sciography ?
If so, how much more shall I dote thereon,
When once he gives it incarnation ?

HER BED.

SEE'ST thou that Cloud as silver cleare,
Plump, soft, & swelling everywhere ?
'Tis Julia's Bed, and she sleeps there.

HER LEGS.

FAIN would I kiss my Julia's dainty Leg,
Which is as white and hair-less as an egge.

UPON HER ALMES.

SEE how the poore do waiting stand,
For the expansion of thy hand.
A wafer Dol'd by thee, will swell
Thousands to feed by miracle.

REWARDS.

Nos. 352-
355

STILL to our gains our chief respect is had ;
Reward it is, that makes us good or bad.

NOTHING NEW.

NOTHING is New: we walk where others went :
Ther's no vice now, but has his president.

THE RAINBOW.

Look, how the Rainbow doth appeare
But in one onely Hemisphere :
So likewise after our disseace,
No more is seen the Arch of Peace.
That Cov'nant's here ; The under-bow,
That nothing shoots, but war and woe.

THE MEDDOW VERSE OR ANIVERSARY TO
MISTRIS BRIDGET LOWMAN.

COME with the Spring-time forth Fair Maid, and be
This year again, the medows Deity.
Yet ere ye enter, give us leave to set
Upon your Head this flowry Coronet :
To make this neat distinction from the rest ;
You are the Prime, and Princesse of the Feast :
To which, with silver feet lead you the way,
While sweet-breath Nimphs, attend on you this
Day.

This is your houre ; and best you may command,
Since you are Lady of this Fairie land.
Full mirth wait on you ; and such mirth as shall
Cherrish the cheek, but make none blush at all.

158 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 356-
360 THE PARTING VERSE, THE FEAST THERE ENDED.

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

UPON JUDITH. EPIG.

JUDITH has cast her old-skin, and got new ;
And walks fresh varnisht to the publick view.
Foule Judith was ; and foule she will be known,
For all this fair Transfiguration.

LONG AND LAZIE.

THAT was the Proverb. Let my mistresse be
Lasie to others, but be long to me.

UPON RALPH. EPIG.

CURSE not the mice, no grist of thine they eat :
But curse thy children, they consume thy wheat.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, PHILIP, EARLE OF
PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERIE.

How dull and dead are books, that cannot show
A Prince of Pembroke, and that Pembroke, you !

You, who are High born, and a Lord no lesse Nos. 360-
 Free by your fate, then Fortune's mighti- 363
 nesse,

Who hug our Poems (Honour'd Sir) and then
 The paper gild, and Laureat the pen.
 Nor suffer you the Poets to sit cold,
 But warm their wits, and turn their lines to gold.
 Others there be, who righteously will swear
 Those smooth-pac't Numbers, amble every where;
 And these brave Measures go a stately trot;
 Love those, like these; regard, reward them not.
 But you, my Lord, are One, whose hand along
 Goes with your mouth, or do's outrun your tongue;
 Paying before you praise; and cockring wit,
 Give both the Gold and Garland unto it.

AN HYMNE TO JUNO.

STATELY Goddess, do thou please,
 Who art chief at marriages,
 But to dresse the Bridall-Bed,
 When my Love and I shall wed:
 And a Peacock proud shall be
 Offered up by us, to thee.

UPON MEASE. EPIG.

MEASE brags of Pullets which he eats: but Mease
 Ne'r yet set tooth in stump, or rump of these.

UPON SAPHO, SWEETLY PLAYING, AND
 SWEETLY SINGING.

WHEN thou do'st play, and sweetly sing,
 Whether it be the voice or string,
 Or both of them, that do agree
 Thus to en-trance and ravish me:
 This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute;
 And dye away upon thy Lute.

Nos. 364-
366

UPON PASKE A DRAPER.

PASKE, though his debt be due upon the day
 Demands no money by a craving way ;
 For why says he, all debts and their arrears,
 Have reference to the shoulders, not the eares.

CHOP-CHERRY.

THOU gav'st me leave to kisse ;
 Thou gav'st me leave to woove ;
 Thou mad'st me thinke by this,
 And that, thou lov'dst me too.

But I shall ne'r forget,
 How for to make thee merry ;
 Thou mad'st me chop, but yet,
 Another snapt the Cherry.

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

I WHO have favour'd many, come to be
 Grac't (now at last) or glorifi'd by thee.
 Loe, I, the Lyrick Prophet, who have set
 On many a head the Delphick Coronet,
 Come unto thee for Laurell, having spent,
 My wreaths on those, who little gave or lent.
 Give me the Daphne, that the world may know it,
 Whom they neglected, thou hast crown'd a Poet.
 A City here of Heroes I have made,
 Upon the rock, whose firm foundation laid,
 Shall never shrink, where making thine abode,
 Live thou a Selden, that's a Demi-god.

Hesperides 161

UPON HIMSELF.

Nos. 367-
371

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 Herricks
Fame, and his Name, both set, and sing his Lyricks.

UPON WRINKLES.

WRINKLES NO MORE are, or no lesse,
Then beauty turned to sowernesse.

UPON PRIGG.

PRIGG, when he comes to houses, oft doth use
(Rather then fail) to steal from thence old shoes :
Sound or unsound, or be they rent or whole,
Prigg bears away the body and the sole.

UPON MOON

MOON is an Usurer, whose gain,
Seldome or never, knows a wain,
Onely Moons conscience, we confesse,
That ebs from pittie lesse and lesse.

PRAY AND PROSPER.

FIRST offer Incense, then thy field and meads
Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads.
The spangling Dew dreg'd o're the grasse shall be
Turn'd all to Mell, and Manna there for thee.
Butter of Amber, Cream, and Wine, and Oile
Shall run, as rivers, all throughout thy soyl.
Wod'st thou to sincere-silver turn thy mold ?
Pray once, twice pray ; and turn thy ground to gold.

Nos. 372-
375HIS LACHRIMÆ OR MIRTH, TURN'D
TO MOURNING.

CALL me no more,
As heretofore,
The musick of a Feast ;
Since now (alas)
The mirth, that was
In me, is dead or ceast.

Before I went
To banishment
Into the loathèd West ;
I co'd rehearse
A Lyrick verse,
And speak it with the best.

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

UPON SHIFT.

SHIFT now has cast his clothes : got all things new ;
Save but his hat, and that he cannot mew.

UPON CUTS.

IF wounds in clothes, Cuts calls his rags, 'tis cleere,
His linings are the matter running there.

GAIN AND GETTINGS.

WHEN others gain much by the present cast,
The coblers getting time, is at the Last.

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

Nos. 376-
377

So smell those odours that do rise
From out the wealthy spiceries :
So smels the flowre of blooming Clove ;
Or Roses smother'd in the stove :
So smells the Aire of spicèd Wine ;
Or Essences of Jessimine :
So smells the Breath about the hives,
When well the work of hony thrives ;
And all the busie Factours come
Laden with wax and hony home :
So smell those neat and woven Bowers,
All over-archit with Oringe flowers,
And Almond blossoms, that do mix
To make rich these Aromatikes :
So smell those bracelets, and those bands
Of Amber chaf't between the hands,
When thus enkindled they transpire
A noble perfume from the fire.
The wine of cherries, and to these,
The cooling breath of Respasses ;
The smell of mornings milk, and cream ;
Butter of Cowslips mixt with them ;
Of rosted warden, or bak'd peare,
These are not to be reckon'd here ;
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 mee.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MISTRIS
ELIZABETH HERRICK.

SWEET Virgin, that I do not set
The pillars up of weeping Jet,

Nos. 377-
378

Or mournfull Marble ; let thy shade
 Not wrathfull seem, or fright the Maide,
 Who hither at her wonted howers
 Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.
 No, know (Blest Maide) when there's not one
 Remainder left of Brasse or stone,
 Thy living Epitaph shall be,
 Though lost in them, yet found in me.
 Dear, in thy bed of Roses, then,
 Till this world shall dissolve as men,
 Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
 Drawing thy curtains round : Good night.

A PANEGERICK TO SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON.

TILL I shall come again, let this suffice,
 I send my salt, my sacrifice
 To Thee, thy Lady, younglings, and as farre
 As to thy Genius and thy Larre ;
 To the worn Threshold, Porch, Hall, Parlour,
 Kitchin,
 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 Ribbs of
 Beefe,
 Not represent, but give reliefe
 To the lanke-Stranger, and the sowre Swain ;
 Where both may feed, and come againe :
 For no black-bearded Vigil from thy doore
 Beats with a button'd-staffe the poore :
 But from thy warm-love-hatching gates each may
 Take friendly morsels, and there stay
 To Sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,
 For thou no Porter keep'st who strikes.

No commer to thy Roofe his Guest-rite wants ; No. 378
Or staying there, is scourg'd with taunts
Of some rough Groom, who (yirkt with Corns)
sayes, Sir,
Y've dipt too long i'th' Vinegar ;
And with our Broth and bread, and bits ; Sir,
friend,
Y've farèd well, pray make an end ;
Two dayes y've larded here ; a third, yee know,
Makes guests and fish smell strong ; pray go
You to some other chimney, and there take
Essay of other giblets ; make
You merry at anothers hearth ; y'are here
Welcome as thunder to our beere :
Manners knowes distance, and a man unrude
Wo'd soon recoile, and not intrude
His Stomach to a second Meale. No, no,
Thy house, well fed and taught, can show
No such crab'd vizard : Thou hast learnt thy
Train,
With heart and hand to entertain :
And by the Armes-full (with a Brest unhid)
As the old Race of mankind did,
When eithers heart, and either's hand did strive
To be the nearer Relative :
Thou do'st redeeme those times ; and what was lost
Of antient honesty, may boast
It keeps a growth in thee ; and so will runne
A course in thy Fames-pledge, thy Sonne.
Thus, like a Roman Tribune, thou thy gate
Early sett's 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

No. 378 Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by
 Some private pinch tels danger's nie
 A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites
 Skin-deepe into the Porke, or lights
 Upon some part of Kid, as if mistooke,
 When checkèd by the Bütlers look.
 No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund Beere
 Is not reserv'd for Trebius here,
 But all, who at thy table seated are,
 Find equall freedome, equall fare ;
 And thou, like to that Hospitable God,
 Jove, joy'st when guests make their abode
 To eate thy Bullocks thighs, thy Veales, thy fat
 Weathers, and never grudgèd at.
 The Phesant, Partridge, Gotwit, Reeve, Ruffe,
 Raile,
 The Cock, the Curlew, and the quaille ;
 These, and thy choicest viands do extend
 Their taste unto the lower end
 Of thy glad table: not a dish more known
 To thee, then unto any one :
 But as thy meate, so thy immortall Wine
 Makes the smirk face of each to shine,
 And spring fresh Rose-buds, while the salt, the wit
 Flowes from the Wine, and graces it :
 While Reverence, waiting at the bashfull board,
 Honours my Lady and my Lord.
 No scurrile jest ; no open Sceane is laid
 Here, for to make the face affraid ;
 But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-
 ly that it makes the meate more sweet :
 And adds perfumes unto the Wine, which thou
 Do'st rather poure forth, then allow
 By cruse and measure ; thus devoting Wine,
 As the Canary Isles were thine :

But with that wisdom, and that method, as No. 378
 No One that's there his guilty glasse
 Drinks of distemper, or ha's cause to cry
 Repentance to his liberty.
 No, thou know'st order, Ethicks, and ha's read
 All Oeconomicks, know'st to lead
 A House-dance neatly, and can'st truly show,
 How farre a Figure ought to go,
 Forward, or backward, side-ward, and what pace
 Can give, and what retract a grace ;
 What Gesture, Courtship ; Comliness agrees,
 With those thy primitive decrees,
 To give subsistance to thy house, and prooffe,
 What Genii support thy rooffe,
 Goodnes and Greatnes ; not the oaken Piles ;
 For these, and marbles have their whites
 To last, but not their ever : Vertues Hand
 It is, which builds, 'gainst Fate to stand.
 Such is thy house, whose firme foundations trust
 Is more in thee, then in her dust,
 Ordepth ; these last may yeeld, and yearly shrink,
 When what is strongly built, no chinke
 Or yawning rupture can the same devoure,
 But fixt it stands, by her own power,
 And well-laid bottome, on the iron and rock,
 Which tryes, and counter-stands the shock,
 And Ramme of time, and by vexation growes
 The stronger : *Vertue dies when foes*
 Are wanting to her exercise, but great
 And large she spreads by dust, and sweat.
 Safe stand thy Walls, and Thee, and so both will,
 Since neithers height was rais'd by th'ill
 Of others ; since no Stud, no Stone, no Piece,
 Was rear'd up by the Poore-mans fleece :
 No Widowes Tenement was rackt to guild

168 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 378-
 381 Or fret thy Seeling, or to build
 A Sweating-Closset, to annoint the silke-
 soft-skin, or bath in Asses milke :
 No Orphans pittance, left him, serv'd to set
 The pillars up of lasting Jet,
 For which their cryes might beate against thine
 eares,
 Or in the dampe Jet read their Teares.
 No Planke from Hallowed Altar, do's appeale
 To yond' Star-chamber, or do's seale
 A curse to Thee, or Thine ; but all things even
 Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.
 Go on directly so, as just men may
 A thousand times, more sweare, then say,
 This is that Princely Pemberton, who can
 Teach man to keepe a God in man :
 And when wise Poets shall search out to see
 Good men, They find them all in Thee.

TO HIS VALENTINE, ON S. VALENTINES DAY.

OFt have I heard both Youths and Virgins say,
 Birds chuse their Mates, and couple too, this
 day :
 But by their flight I never can divine,
 When I shall couple with my Valentine.

UPON DOLL. EPIG.

: : : : : :

UPON SKREW. EPIG.

SKREW lives by shifts ; yet sweares by no small
 oathes ;
 For all his shifts, he cannot shift his clothes.

UPON LINNIT. EPIG.

Nos. 382-
384

LINNIT playes rarely on the Lute, we know ;
And sweetly sings, but yet his breath sayes no.

UPON M. BEN. JOHNSON. EPIG.

AFTER the rare Arch-Poet JOHNSON dy'd,
The Sock grew loathsome, and the Buskins pride,
Together with the Stages glory stood
Each like a poore and pitied widowhood.
The Cirque prophan'd was ; and all postures
rackt :

For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
Then temper flew from words ; and men did
squeake,

Looke red, and blow, and bluster, but not speake :
No Holy-Rage, or frantick-fires did stirre,
Or flash about the spacious Theater.

No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-prooffe
Did crack the Play-house sides, or cleave her
roofe.

Artlesse the Sceane was ; and that monstrous sin
Of deep and arrant ignorance came in ;

Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hist

At thy unequal'd Play, the Alchymist :

Oh fie upon 'em ! Lastly too, all witt

In utter darkenes did, and still will sit.

Sleeping the lucklesse Age out, till that she

Her Resurrection ha's again with Thee.

ANOTHER.

THOU had'st the wreath before, now take the Tree ;
That henceforth none be Laurel-crown'd but Thee.

170 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 385-
388

TO HIS NEPHEW, TO BE PROSPEROUS IN HIS
ART OF PAINTING.

ON, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get
The Palme from Urbin, Titian, Tintarret,
Brugel and Coxu, and the workes out-doe,
Of Holben, and That mighty Ruben too.
So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,
No, not the glory of the World, Vandike.

UPON GLASSE. EPIG.

GLASSE, out of deepe, and out of desp'rate want,
Turn'd, from a Papist here, a Predicant.
A Vicarige at last Tom Glasse got here,
Just upon five and thirty pounds a yeare.
Adde to that thirty five, but five pounds more,
He'l turn a Papist, rancker then before.

A VOW TO MARS.

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

TO HIS MAID Prew.

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 comming Winters cold.

But thou, kind Prew, did'st with my fates abide, Nos. 388-
 As well the Winters, as the Summers Tide : 392
 For which thy love, live with thy master here,
 Not one, but all the seasons of the yeare.

A CANTICLE TO APOLLO.

PLAY, Phœbus on thy Lute ;
 And we will sit all mute :
 By listning to thy Lire,
 That sets all eares on fire.

Hark, harke, the God do's play !
 And as he leads the way
 Through heaven, the very Spheres,
 As men, turne all to eares.

A JUST MAN.

A JUST man's like a Rock that turnes the wroth
 Of all the raging Waves, into a froth.

UPON A HOARSE SINGER.

SING me to death ; for till thy voice be cleare,
 'Twill never please the pallate of mine eare.

HOW PANSIES OR HART-EASE CAME FIRST.

FROLICK Virgins once these were,
 Over-loving, (living here :)
 Being here their ends deny'd
 Ranne for Sweet-hearts mad, and di'd.
 Love in pitie of their teares,
 And their losse in blooming yeares ;
 For their restlesse here-spent houres,
 Gave them Hearts-ease turn'd to flow'rs.

172 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 393-
396

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND SIR EDWARD FISH,
KNIGHT BARONET.

SINCE for thy full deserts (with all the rest
Of these chaste spirits, that are here possess
Of Life eternall) Time has made thee one,
For growth in this my rich Plantation:
Live here: But know 'twas vertue, & not chance,
That gave thee this so high inheritance.
Keepe it forever; grounded with the good,
Who hold fast here an endlesse lively-hood.

LARR'S PORTION, AND THE POETS PART.

AT my homely Country-seat,
I have there a little wheat;
Which I worke to Meale, and make
Therewithall a Holy-cake:
Part of which I give to Larr,
Part is my peculiar.

UPON MAN.

MAN is compos'd here of a two-fold part;
The first of Nature, and the next of Art:
Art presupposes Nature; Nature shee
Prepares the way for mans docility.

LIBERTY.

THOSE ills that mortall men endure
So long are capable of cure,
As they of freedome may be sure:
But that deni'd; a grieffe, though small,
Shakes the whole Roofe, or ruins all.

LOTS TO BE LIKED.

Nos. 397-
401

LEARN this of me, where e'r thy Lot doth fall;
Short lot, or not, to be content with all.

GRIEFES.

JOVE may afford us thousands of reliefs;
Since man expos'd is to a world of griefs.

UPON EELES. EPIG.

EELES winds and turnes, and cheats and steales;
yet Eeles
Driving these sharking trades, is out at heels.

THE DREAME.

By Dream I saw, one of the three
Sisters of Fate, appeare to me.
Close to my Beds side she did stand
Shewing me there a fire brand;
She told me too, as that did spend,
So drew my life unto an end.
Three quarters were consum'd of it;
Onely remaind a little bit,
Which will be burnt up by and by,
Then Julia weep, for I must dy.

UPON RASPE. EPIG.

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Nos. 402-
406 UPON CENTER A SPECTACLE-MAKER WITH A
FLAT NOSE.

CENTER is known weak sighted, and he sells
To others store of helpfull spectacles.
Why weres he none? Because we may suppose,
Where Leaven wants, there Levill lies the nose.

CLOTHES DO BUT CHEAT AND COUSEN US.

AWAY with silks, away with Lawn,
Ile have no Sceans, or Curtains drawn :
Give me my Mistresse, as she is,
Drest in her nak't simplicities :
For as my Heart, ene so mine Eye
Is wone with flesh, not Drapery.

TO DIANEME.

SHew me thy feet ; shew me thy legs, thy thighes ;
Shew me Those Fleshie Principalities ;
Shew me that Hill (where smiling Love doth sit)
Having a living Fountain under it.
Shew me thy waste ; then let me there withall,
By the Assention of thy Lawn, see All.

UPON ELECTRA.

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

TO HIS BOOKE.

HAVE I not blest Thee? Then go forth ; nor fear
Or spice, or fish, or fire, or close-stools here.
But with thy fair Fates leading thee, Go on
With thy most white Predestination.

Nor thinke these Ages that do hoarcely sing Nos. 406-
 The farting Tanner, and familiar King; 409
 The dancing Frier, tatter'd in the bush ;
 Those monstrous lies of little Robin Rush :
 Tom Chipperfeild, and pritty-lisping Ned,
 That doted on a Maide of Gingerbred :
 The flying Pilcher, and the frisking Dace,
 With all the rabble of Tim-Trundells race.
 (Bred from the dung-hills, and adulterous rhimes,)
 Shall live, and thou not superlast all times ?
 No, no, thy Stars have destin'd Thee to see
 The whole world die, and turn to dust with thee.
He's greedie of his life, who will not fall,
Whenas a publick ruine bears down All.

OF LOVE.

I DO not love, nor can it be
 Love will in vain spend shafts on me :
 I did this God-head once defie :
 Since which I freeze, but cannot frie.
 Yet out, alas ! the deaths the same,
 Kil'd by a frost or by a flame.

UPON HIMSELF.

I DISLIKt but even now ;
 Now I love I know not how.
 Was I idle, and that while
 Was I fier'd with a smile ?
 Ile too work, or pray ; and then
 I shall quite dislike agen.

ANOTHER.

LOVE he that will ; it best likes me,
 To have my neck from Loves yoke free.

176 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 410-
413

UPON SKINNS. EPIG.

SKINNS he dined well to day ; how do you think ?
His Nails they were his meat, his Reume the drink.

UPON PIEVISH. EPIG.

PIEVISH doth boast, that he's the very first
Of English Poets, and 'tis thought the Worst.

UPON JOLLY AND JILLY. EPIG.

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THE MAD MAIDS SONG.

Good morrow to the Day so fair ;
Good morning Sir to you :
Good morrow to mine own torn hair
Bedabled with the dew.

Good morning to this Prim-rose too ;
Good morrow to each maid ;
That will with flowers the Tomb bestrew,
Wherein my Love is laid.

Ah ! woe is mee, woe, woe is me,
Alack and welladay !
For pity, Sir, find out that Bee,
Which bore my Love away.

Ile seek him in your Bonnet brave ;
Ile seek him in your eyes ;
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave
I'th'bed of strawburies.

Ile seek him there ; I know, ere this,
 The cold, cold Earth doth shake him ;
 But I will go, or send a kisse
 By you, Sir, to awake him.

Nos. 413-
 415

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,
 He knowes well who do love him,
 And who with green-turfes reare his head,
 And who do rudely move him.

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

TO SPRINGS AND FOUNTAINS.

I HEARD ye co'd coole heat ; and came
 With hope you would allay the same :
 Thrice I have washt, but feel no cold,
 Nor find that true, which was foretold.
 Methinks like mine, your pulses beat ;
 And labour with unequall heat :
 Cure, cure your selves, for I discrie,
 Ye boil with Love, as well as I.

UPON JULIA'S UNLACING HER SELF.

TELL, if thou canst (and truly) whence doth come
 This Camphire, Storax, Spiknard, Galbanum :
 These Musks, these Ambers, and those other smells
 (Sweet as the Vestrie of the Oracles.)
 Ile tell thee ; while my Julia did unlace
 Her silken bodies, but a breathing space :
 The passive Aire such odour then assum'd,
 As when to Jove Great Juno goes perfum'd.
 Whose pure-Immortall body doth transmit
 A scent, that fills both Heaven and Earth with it.

178 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 416-
421

TO BACCHUS, A CANTICLE.

WHITHER dost thou worry me,
Bacchus, being full of thee?
This way, that way, that way, this,
Here, and there a fresh Love is.
That doth like me, this doth please;
Thus a thousand Mistresses,
I have now; yet I alone,
Having All, injoy not One.

THE LAWNE.

WO'D I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and thin?
It sho'd be onely in my Julia's skin:
Which so betrayes her blood, as we discover
The blush of cherries, when a Lawn's cast over.

THE FRANKINCENSE.

WHEN my off'ring next I make,
Be thy hand the hallowed Cake:
And thy brest the Altar, whence
Love may smell the Frankincense.

UPON PATRICK A FOOTMAN. EPIG.

NOW Patrick with his footmanship has done,
His eyes and ears strive which sho'd fastest run.

UPON BRIDGET. EPIG.

OF foure teeth onely Bridget was possest;
Two she spat out, a cough forc't out the rest.

TO SYCAMORES.

I'M sick of Love; O let me lie
Under your shades, to sleep or die!
Either is welcome; so I have
Or here my Bed, or here my Grave.

Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep
 Time with the tears, that I do weep?
 Say, have ye sence, or do you prove
 What Crucifixions are in Love?
 I know ye do; and that's the why,
 You sigh for Love, as well as I.

Nos. 421-
 422

A PASTORALL SONG TO THE KING:
 MONTANO, SILVIO, AND MIRTILLO, SHEPHERDS.

Mon. BAD are the times. *Sil.* And wors then
 they are we.

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

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

Of Wassaille now, or set the quintell up:
 And He, who us'd to leade the Country-round,
 Youthfull Mirtillo, Here he comes, Grief-drownd.

Ambo. Lets cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him
 weeping ripe.

Mirt. Ah! Amarillis, farewell mirth and pipe;
 Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play,
 To these smooth Lawns, my mirthfull Roundelay.
 Dear Amarillis! *Mon.* Hark! *Sil.* Mark!

Mir. This earth grew sweet
 Where, Amarillis, Thou didst set thy feet.

Ambo. Poor pittied youth! *Mir.* And here
 the breth of kine
 And sheep, grew more sweet, by that breth of
 Thine.

This flock of wooll, and this rich lock of hair,
 This ball of Cow-slips, these she gave me here.

Sil. Words sweet as Love it self. Montano,
 Hark.

180 Herrick's Poems

No. 422 *Mirt.* This way she came, and this way too
she went ;

How each thing smells divinely redolent !
Like to a field of beans, when newly blown ;
Or like a meadow being lately mown.

Mont. A sweet-sad passion.—

Mirt. In dewie-mornings when she came this
way,

Sweet Bents wode bow, to give my Love the day :
And when at night, she folded had her sheep,
Daysies wo'd shut, and closing, sigh and weep,
Besides (Ai me !) since she went hence to dwell,
The voices Daughter nea'r spake syllable.

But she is gone. *Sil.* Mirtillo, tell us whether :

Mirt. Where she and I shall never meet
together.

Mont. Fore-fend it Pan, and Palès do thou
please

To give an end : *Mir.* To what? *Sil.* such
griefs as these.

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

Mont. Love for thy sake will bring her to
these hills

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

And all the while my part shall be to weepe ;
And with my sighs, call home my bleating sheep :
And in the Rind of every comely tree
Ile carve thy name, and in that name kisse thee :

Mont. Set with the Sunne, thy woes : *Sil.*
The day grows old :

And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

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

But lets go sleepe
 Our eyes in sleepe ;
 And meet to weepe
 To morrow.

Nos. 422-
 424

THE POET LOVES A MISTRESSE, BUT NOT
 TO MARRY.

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

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

Ile hug, Ile kisse, Ile play,
 And Cock-like, Hens Ile tread ;
 And sport it any way ;
 But in the Bridall Bed :

For why ? that man is poore,
 Who hath but one of many ;
 But crown'd he is with store,
 That single may have any.

Why then, say, what is he
 (To freedome so unknown)
 Who having two or three,
 Will be content with one ?

UPON FLIMSEY. EPIG.

WHY walkes Nick Flimsey like a Male-content?
 Is it because his money all is spent ?
 No, but because the Ding-thrift now is poore,
 And knowes not where i'th'world to borrow more.

182 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 425-
427

UPON SHEWBREAD. EPIG.

LAST night thou didst invite me home to eate ;
And shew'st me there much Plate, but little meate.
Prithee, when next thou do'st invite, barre State,
And give me meate, or give me else thy Plate.

THE WILLOW GARLAND.

A WILLOW Garland thou did'st send
Perfum'd (last day) to me :
Which did but only this portend,
I was forsooke by thee.

Since so it is ; Ile tell thee what,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me weare the Willow ; after that,
To dye upon the Tree.

As Beasts unto the Altars go
With Garlands drest, so I
Will, with my Willow-wreath also,
Come forth and sweetly dye.

A HYMNE TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

'Twas not Lov's Dart ;
Or any blow
Of want, or foe,
Did wound my heart
With an eternall smart :

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

May your fault dye,
And have no name
In Bookes of fame;
Or let it lye

Nos. 427-
431

Forgotten now, as I.

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

But though we Sever
My Crew shall see,
That I will be
Here faithlesse never;
But love my Clipseby ever.

UPON ROOTS. EPIG.

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UPON CRAW.

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OBSERVATION.

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EMPIRES.

EMPIRES of Kings, are now, and ever were,
(As Salust saith) co-incident to feare.

Nos. 432-
438

FELICITY, QUICK OF FLIGHT.

EVERY time seemes short to be,
That's measur'd by felicity :
But one halfe houre, that's made up here
With grieffe; seemes longer then a yeare.

PUTREFACTION.

PUTREFACTION is the end
Of all that Nature doth entend.

PASSION.

WERE there not a Matter known,
There wo'd be no Passion.

JACK AND JILL.

SINCE Jack and Jill both wicked be ;
It seems a wonder unto me,
That they no better do agree.

UPON PARSON BEANES.

OLD Parson Beanes hunts six dayes of the week,
And on the seaventh, he has his Notes to seek.
Six dayes he hollows so much breath away,
That on the seaventh, he can nor preach, or pray.

THE CROWD AND COMPANY.

IN holy meetings, there a man may be
One of the crowd, not of the companie.

SHORT AND LONG BOTH LIKES.

THIS Lady's short, that Mistresse she is tall ;
But long or short, I'm well content with all.

POLLICIE IN PRINCES.

Nos. 439-
442

THAT Princes may possesse a surer seat,
'Tis fit they make no One with them too great.

UPON ROOK. EPIG.

ROOK he sells feathers, yet he still doth crie
Fie on this pride, this Female vanitie.
Thus, though the Rooke do's raile against the sin,
He loves the gain that vanity brings in.

UPON THE NIPPLES OF JULIA'S BREAST.

HAVE ye beheld (with much delight)
A red-Rose peeping through a white?
Or else a cherrie (double grac't)
Within a Lillie-center plac't?
Or ever mark't the pretty beam,
A Strawberry shewes halfe drown'd in Creame?
Or seen rich Rubies blushing through
A pure smooth Pearle, and Orient too?
So like to this, nay all the rest,
Is each neate Niplet of her breast.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOONE.

SHUT not so soon; the dull-ey'd night
Ha's not as yet begunne
To make a seisure on the light,
Or to seale up the Sun.

No Marigolds yet closèd are;
No shadowes great appeare;
Nor doth the early Shepherds Starre
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
It selfe to live or dye.

Nos. 443-
444

TO THE LITTLE SPINNERS.

YEE pretty Huswives, wo'd ye know
 The worke that I wo'd put ye too?
 This, this it sho'd be, for to spin,
 A Lawn for me, so fine and thin,
 As it might serve me for my skin.
 For cruell Love ha's me so whipt,
 That of my skin, I all am stript;
 And shall dispaire, that any art
 Can ease the rawnesse, or the smart;
 Unlesse you skin again each part.
 Which mercy if you will but do,
 I call all Maids to witnesse too
 What here I promise, that no Broom
 Shall now, or ever after come
 To wrong a Spinner or her Looome.

OBERONS PALACE.

AFTER the Feast (my Shapcot) see,
 The Fairie Court I give to thee:
 Where we'le present our Oberon, led
 Halfe tipsie to the Fairie Bed,
 Where Mab he finds; who there doth lie
 Not without mickle majesty.
 Which, done; and thence remov'd the light,
 We'l wish both Them and Thee, good night.

Full as a Bee with Thyme, and Red,
 As Cherry harvest, now high fed
 For Lust and action; on he'l go,
 To lye with Mab, though all say no.
 Lust ha's no eares; He's sharpe as thorn;
 And fretfull, carries Hay in's horne,
 And lightning in his eyes; and flings
 Among the Elves, (if mov'd) the stings

Of peltish wasps ; well know his Guard,
Kings, though th'are hated, will be fear'd.
Wine lead[s] him on. Thus to a Grove
(Sometimes devoted unto Love)
Tinseld with Twilight, He, and They
Lead by the shine of Snails ; a way
Beat with their num'rous feet, which by
Many a neat perplexity,
Many a turn, and man' a crosse-
Track they redeem a bank of mosse
Spungie and swelling, and farre more
Soft then the finest Lemster Ore.
Mildly disparkling, like those fiers,
Which break from the Injeweld tyres
Of curious Brides ; or like those mites
Of Candi'd dew in Moony nights.
Upon this Convex, all the flowers,
(Nature begets by th'Sun, and showers,)
Are to a wilde digestion brought,
As if Love's Sampler here was wrought :
Or Citherea's Ceston, which
All with temptation doth bewitch.
Sweet Aires move here ; and more divine
Made by the breath of great ey'd-kine,
Who as they lowe, empearl with milk
The four-leav'd grasse, or mosse, like silk.
The breath of Munkies met to mix
With Musk-flies, are th' Aromaticks.
Which cense this Arch ; and here and there,
And farther off, and every where,
Throughout that Brave Mosaick yard
Those Picks or Diamonds in the Card :
With peeps of Harts, of Club and Spade,
Are here most neatly inter-laid.
Many a Counter, many a Die,

No. 444 Half rotten, and without an eye,
 Lies here abouts; and for to pave
 The excellency of this Cave,
 Squirrils and childrens teeth late shed,
 Are neatly here enchequerèd.
 With brownest Toadstones, and the Gum
 That shines upon the blewer Plum.
 The nails faln off by Whit-flawes: Art's
 Wise hand enchasing here those warts,
 Which we to others (from our selves)
 Sell, and brought hither by the Elves.
 The tempting Mole, stoln from the neck
 Of the shie Virgin, seems to deck
 The holy Entrance; where within
 The roome is hung with the blew skin
 Of shifted Snake: enfreez'd throughout
 With eyes of Peacocks Trains, & Trout-
 flies curious wings; and these among
 Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue
 Of the red infant, neatly hung.
 The glow-wormes eyes; the shining scales
 Of silv'rie fish; wheat-strawes, the snailes
 Soft Candle-light; the Kitling's eyne;
 Corrupted wood; serve here for shine.
 No glaring light of bold-fac't Day,
 Or other over-radiant Ray
 Ransacks this roome; but what weak beams
 Can make reflected from these jems,
 And multiply; Such is the light,
 But ever doubtfull Day, or night.
 By this quaint Taper-light he winds
 His Errours up; and now he finds
 His Moon-tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,
 And (Love knowes) tender as a chick.
 Upon six plump Dandillions, high-

Rear'd, lyes her Elvish-majestie :
Whose woollie-bubbles seem'd to drowne
Hir Mab-ship in obedient Downe.
For either sheet, was spread the Caule
That doth the Infants face enthrall,
When it is born : (by some enstyl'd
The luckie Omen of the child)
And next to these two blankets ore-
Cast of the finest Gossamore.
And then a Rug of carded wooll,
Which, Spunge-like drinking in the dull-
Light of the Moon, seem'd to comply,
Cloud-like, the daintie Deitie.
Thus soft she lies : and over-head
A Spinners circle is bespread,
With Cob-web-curtains : from the roof
So neatly sunck, as that no proof
Of any tackling can declare
What gives it hanging in the Aire.
The Fringe about this, are those Threds
Broke at the Losse of Maiden-heads :
And all behung with these pure Pearls,
Dropt from the eyes of ravisht Girles
Or writhing Brides ; when (panting) they
Give unto Love the straiter way.
For Musick now ; He has the cries
Of fainèd-lost-Virginities ;
The which the Elves make to excite
A more unconquer'd appetite.
The Kings undrest ; and now upon
The Gnats-watch-word the Elves are gone.
And now the bed, and Mab possest
Of this great-little-kingly-Guest ;
We'll nobly think, what's to be done,
He'll do no doubt ; *This flax is spun.*

Nos. 445-
447 TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND MASTER THOMAS
SHAPCOTT, LAWYER.

I'VE paid Thee, what I promis'd; that's not All;
Besides I give Thee here a Verse that shall
(When hence thy Circum-mortall-part is gon)
Arch-like, hold up, Thy Name's Inscription.
Brave men can't die, whose Candid Actions are
Writ in the Poets Endlesse-Kalendar:
Whose velome, and whose volumne is the Skie,
And the pure Starres the praising Poetrie.
Farewell.

TO JULIA IN THE TEMPLE.

BESIDES us two, i' th' Temple here's not one
To make up now a Congregation.
Let's to the Altar of perfumes then go
And say short Prayers; and when we have done so,
Then we shall see, how in a little space,
Saints will come in to fill each Pew and Place.

TO OENONE.

WHAT Conscience, say, is it in thee
When I a heart had one,
To Take away that Heart from me,
And to retain Thy own?

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

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

HIS WEAKNESSE IN WOES.

Nos. 448-
450

I CANNOT suffer; and in this, my part
Of Patience wants. *Grief breaks the stoutest
Heart.*

FAME MAKES US FORWARD.

To Print our Poems, the propulsive cause
Is Fame (the breath of popular applause.)

TO GROVES.

YEE silent shades, whose each tree here
Some Relique of a Saint doth wear :
Who for some sweet-hearts sake, did prove
The fire, and martyrdom of love.
Here is the Legend of those Saints
That di'd for love; and their complaints :
Their wounded hearts; and names we find
Encarv'd upon the Leaves and Rind.
Give way, give way to me, who come
Scorch't with the selfe-same martyrdom :
And have deserv'd as much (Love knowes)
As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those,
Whose deeds, and deaths here written are
Within your Greenie-Kalendar :
By all those Virgins Fillets hung
Upon your Boughs, and Requiems sung
For Saints and Soules departed hence,
(Here honour'd still with Frankincense)
By all those teares that have been shed,
As a Drink-offering, to the dead :
By all those True-love-knots, that be
With Motto's carv'd on every-tree,
By sweet Saint Phillis; pitie me :

192 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 450-
452 By deare Saint Iphis; and the rest,
Of all those other Saints now blest;
Me, me, forsaken, here admit
Among your Mirtles to be writ:
That my poore name may have the glory
To live remembred in your story.

AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN.

HERE a solemne Fast we keepe,
While all beauty lyes asleep
Husht be all things; (no noyse here)
But the toning of a teare:
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

TO THE RIGHT GRATIOUS PRINCE, LODWICK,
DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

Of all those three-brave-brothers, fain i' th' Warre,
(Not without glory) Noble Sir, you are,
Despite of all concussions left the Stem
To shoot forth Generations like to them.
Which may be done, if (Sir) you can beget
Men in their substance, not in counterfeit.
Such Essences as those Three Brothers; known
Eternall by their own production.
Of whom, from Fam's white Trumpet, This Ile
Tell,
Worthy their everlasting Chronicle:
Never since first Bellona us'd a Shield,
Such Three brave Brothers fell in Mars his Field.
These were those Three Horatii Rome did boast,
Rom's were these Three Horatii we have lost.
One Cordelion had that Age long since;
This, Three; which Three, you make up Foure
Brave Prince.

TO JEALOUSIE.

Nos. 453-
456

O JEALOUSIE, that art
 The Canker of the heart :
 And mak'st all hell
 Where thou do'st dwell ;
 For pitie be
 No Furie, or no Fire-brand to me.
 Farre from me Ile remove
 All thoughts of irksome Love :
 And turn to snow,
 Or Christall grow ;
 To keep still free
 (O ! Soul-tormenting Jealousie,) from Thee.

TO LIVE FREELY.

LET's live in haste ; use pleasures while we may :
 Co'd life return, 'twod never lose a day.

UPON SPUNGE. EPIG.

SPUNGE makes his boasts that he's the onely man
 Can hold of Beere and Ale an Ocean ;
 Is this his Glory ? then his Triumph's Poore ;
 I know the Tunne of Hidleberge holds more.

HIS ALMES.

HERE, here I live,
 And somewhat give,
 Of what I have,
 To those, who crave.
 Little or much,
 My Almnes is such :
 But if my deal
 Of Oyl and Meal

Nos. 456-
459

Shall fuller grow,
More Ile bestow :
Mean time be it
E'en but a bit,
Or else a crum,
The scrip hath some.

UPON HIMSELF.

COME, leave this loathèd Country-life, and then
Grow up to be a Roman Citizen.
Those mites of Time, which yet remain unspent,
Waste thou in that most Civill Government.
Get their comportment, and the gilding tongue
Of those mild Men, thou art to live among :
Then being seated in that smoother Sphere,
Decree thy everlasting Topick there.
And to the Farm-house nere return at all,
Though Granges do not love thee, Cities shall.

TO ENJOY THE TIME.

WHILE Fates permit us, let's be merry ;
Passe all we must the fatall Ferry :
And this our life too whirles away,
With the Rotation of the Day.

UPON LOVE.

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

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

Nos. 459-
 461

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILDMAY, EARLE
 OF WESTMORLAND.

You are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man,
 Who writes sweet Numbers well as any can:
 If so, why then are not These Verses hurld,
 Like Sybels Leaves, throughout the ample world?
 What is a Jewell if it be not set
 Forth by a ring, or some rich Carkanet?
 But being so; then the beholders cry,
 See, see a Jemme (as rare as Bælus eye.)
 Then publick praise do's runne upon the Stone,
 For a most rich, a rare, a precious One.
 Expose your jewels then unto the view,
 That we may praise Them, or themselves prize
 You.

*Vertue conceal'd (with Horace you'l confesse,)
 Differs not much from drowzie slothfullnesse.*

THE PLUNDER.

I AM of all bereft;
 Save but some few Beanes left,
 Whereof (at last) to make,
 For me, and mine a Cake:
 Which eaten, they and I
 Will say our grace, and die.

Nos. 462-
466

LITTLENESSE NO CAUSE OF LEANNESSE.

ONE feeds on Lard, and yet is leane ;
 And I but feasting with a Beane,
 Grow fat and smooth : The reason is,
 Jove prospers my meat, more then his.

UPON ONE WHO SAID SHE WAS ALWAYS YOUNG.

You say y'are young ; but when your Teeth are
 told
 To be but three, Black-ey'd, wee'l thinke y'are
 old.

UPON HUNCKS. EPIG.

HUNCK's ha's no money (he do's sweare, or say)
 About him, when the Taverns shot's to pay.
 If he ha's none in's pockets, trust me, Huncks
 Ha's none at home, in Coffers, Desks, or Trunks.

THE JIMMALL RING, OR TRUE-LOVE-KNOT.

THOU sent'st to me a True-love-knot ; but I
 Return'd a Ring of Jimmalls, to imply
 Thy Love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

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

Go hence, and with this parting kisse,
 Which joyns two souls, remember this ;
 Though thou beest young, kind, soft and faire,
 And may'st draw thousands with a haire :
 Yet let these glib temptations be
 Furies to others, Friends to me.
 Looke upon all ; and though on fire
 Thou set'st their hearts, let chaste desire
 Steere Thee to me ; and thinke (me gone)

In having all, that thou hast none.
Nor so immurèd wo'd I have
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave;
But walke abroad, yet wisely well
Stand for my coming, Sentinell.
And think (as thou do'st walke the street)
Me, or my shadow thou do'st meet.
I know a thousand greedy eyes
Will on thy Feature tirannize,
In my short absence; yet behold
Them like some Picture, or some Mould
Fashion'd like Thee; which though 't'ave eares
And eyes, it neither sees or heares.
Gifts will be sent, and Letters, which
Are the expressions of that itch,
And salt, which frets thy Suters; fly
Both, lest thou lose thy liberty:
For that once lost, thou't fall to one,
Then prostrate to a million.
But if they woe thee, do thou say,
(As that chaste Queen of Ithaca
Did to her suitors) this web done
(Undone as oft as done) I'm wonne;
I will not urge Thee, for I know,
Though thou art young, thou canst say no,
And no again, and so deny,
Those thy Lust-burning Incubi.
Let them enstile Thee Fairest faire,
The Pearle of Princes, yet despaire
That so thou art, because thou must
Believe, Love speaks it not, but Lust;
And this their Flat'rie do's commend
Thee chiefly for their pleasures end
I am not jealous of thy Faith,
Or will be; for the Axiome saith,

198 Herrick's Poems

No. 466 He that doth suspect, do's haste
 A gentle mind to be unchaste.
 No, live thee to thy selfe, and keep
 Thy thoughts as cold, as in thy sleep :
 And let thy dreames be only fed
 With this, that I am in thy bed.
 And thou then turning in that Sphere,
 Waking shalt find me sleeping there.
 But yet if boundlesse Lust must skaille
 Thy Fortress, and will needs prevaile ;
 And wildly force a passage in,
 Banish consent, and 'tis no sinne
 Of Thine ; so Lucrece fell, and the
 Chaste Syracusian Cyane.
 So Medullina fell, yet none
 Of these had imputation
 For the least trespasse ; 'cause the mind
 Here was not with the act combin'd.
The body sins not, 'tis the Will
That makes the Action, good, or ill.
 And if thy fall sho'd this way come,
 Triumph in such a Martirdome.
 I will not over-long enlarge
 To thee, this my religious charge.
 Take this compression, so by this
 Means, I shall know what other kisse
 Is mixt with mine ; and truly know,
 Returning, if't be mine or no :
 Keepe it till then ; and now my Spouse,
 For my wisht safety pay thy vows,
 And prayers to Venus ; if it please
 The great-blew-ruler of the seas ;
 Not many full-fac't-moons shall waine,
 Lean-horn'd, before I come again
 As one triumphant ; when I find

In thee, all faith of Woman-kind.
 Nor wo'd I have thee thinke, that Thou
 Had'st power thy selfe to keep this vow ;
 But having scapt temptations shelve,
 Know vertue taught thee, not thy selfe.

Nos. 466-
 468

TO HIS KINSMAN, SIR THO. SOAME.

SEEING thee Soame, I see a Goodly man,
 And in that Good, a great Patrician.
 Next to which Two ; among the City-Powers,
 And Thrones, thy selfe one of Those Senatours :
 Not wearing Purple only for the show ;
 (As many Conscriptes of the Citie do)
 But for True Service, worthy of that Gowne,
 The Golden chain too, and the Civick Crown.

TO BLOSSOMS.

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

What, were yee borne to be
 An houre or half's delight ;
 And so to bid goodnight ;
 'Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth
 Meerly to shew your worth,
 And lose you quite.

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

Nos. 469-

MANS DYING-PLACE UNCERTAIN.

474

MAN knowes where first he ships himselfe; but he
Never can tell, where shall his Landing be.

NOTHING FREE-COST.

NOTHING comes Free-cost here; Jove will not let
His gifts go from him; if not bought with sweat.

FEW FORTUNATE.

MANY we are, and yet but few possesse
Those Fields of everlasting happinesse.

TO PERENNA:

How long, Perenna, wilt thou see
Me languish for the love of Thee?
Consent and play a friendly part
To save; when thou may'st kill a heart.

TO THE LADYES.

TRUST me Ladies, I will do
Nothing to distemper you;
If I any fret or vex,
Men they shall be, not your sex.

THE OLD WIVES PRAYER.

HOLY-ROOD come forth and shield
Us i'th' Citie, and the Field:
Safely guard us, now and aye,
From the blast that burns by day;
And those sounds that us affright
In the dead of dampish night.
Drive all hurtfull Feinds us fro,
By the Time the Cocks first crow.

UPON A CHEAP LAUNDRESSE. EPIG.

Nos. 475-
477

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UPON HIS DEPARTURE HENCE.

THUS I
 Passe by,
 And die :
 As One,
 Unknown,
 And gon :
 I'm made
 A shade,
 And laid
 I'th' grave :
 There have
 My Cave.
 Where tell
 I dwell,
 Farewell.

THE WASSAILE.

GIVE way, give way ye Gates, and win
 An easie blessing to your Bin,
 And Basket, by our entring in.

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

G*

No. 477 Yet, ere twelve Moons shall whirl about
 Their silv'rie Spheres, ther's none may doubt,
 But more's sent in, then was serv'd out.

Next, may your Dairies Prosper so,
 As that your Pans no Ebbe may know ;
 But if they do, the more to flow,

Like to a solemne sober Stream
 Bankt all with Lillies and the Cream
 Of sweetest Cow-slips filling Them.

Then, may your Plants be prest with Fruit,
 Nor Bee, or Hive you have be mute ;
 But sweetly sounding like a Lute.

Next may your Duck and teeming Hen
 Both to the Cocks-tread, say Amen ;
 And for their two eggs render ten.

Last, may your Harrows, Shares and Ploughes,
 Your Stacks, your Stocks, your sweetest
 Mowes,
 All prosper by our Virgin-vowes.

Alas ! we blesse, but see none here,
 That brings us either Ale or Beere ;
In a drie-house all things are neere.

Lets leave a longer Time to wait,
 Where Rust and Cobwebs bind the gate ;
 And all live here with needy Fate.

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

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

Nos. 477-
 481

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

UPON A LADY FAIRE BUT FRUITLESSE.

TWICE has Pudica been a Bride, and led
 By holy Hymen to the Nuptiall Bed.
 Two Youths sha's known thrice two, and twice
 3 yeares ;
 Yet not a Lillie from the Bed appears :
 Nor will ; for why, Pudica, this may know,
Trees never beare, unlesse they first do blow.

HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST.

THESE Springs were Maidens once that lov'd,
 But lost to that, they most approv'd :
 My Story tels, 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 ;
 Tels yee but this, they are the same,
 In nothing chang'd but in their name.

TO ROSEMARY, AND BAIES.

MY wooing's ended : now my weddings neere :
 When Gloves are giving, Guilded be you there.

UPON SKURFFE.

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Nos. 482-
484 UPON A SCARRE IN A VIRGINS FACE.
'Tis Heresie in others : In your face
That Scarr's no Schisme, but the sign of grace.

UPON HIS EYE-SIGHT FAILING HIM.

I BEGINNE to waine in sight ;
Shortly I shall bid goodnight :
Then no gazing more about,
When the Tapers once are out.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. THO. FALCONBURGE.

STAND with thy Graces forth, Brave man, and rise
High with thine own Auspicious Destinies :
Nor leave the search, and prooffe, till Thou canst
find
These, or those ends, to which Thou wast design'd.
Thy lucky Genius, and thy guiding Starre,
Have made Thee prosperous in thy wayes, thus
fare :
Nor will they leave Thee, till they both have shown
Thee to the World a Prime and Publique One.
Then, when Thou see'st thine Age all turn'd to
gold,
Remember what thy Herrick Thee foretold,
When at the holy Threshold of thine house,
He Boded good-luck to thy Selfe and Spouse.
Lastly, be mindfull (when thou art grown great)
That *Towrs high rear'd dread most the lightnings*
threat :
Whenas the humble Cottages not feare
The cleaving Bolt of Jove the Thunderer.

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE FILL'D WITH DEW.

Nos. 485-
490

DEW sate on Julia's haire,
And spangled too,
Like Leaves that laden are
With trembling Dew :

Or glitter'd to my sight,
As when the Beames
Have their reflected light,
Daunc't by the Streames.

ANOTHER ON HER.

How can I choose but love, and follow her,
Whose shadow smels like milder Pomander !
How can I chuse but kisse her, whence do's
come
The Storax, Spiknard, Myrrhe, and Ladanum.

LOSSE FROM THE LEAST.

GREAT men by small meanes oft are overthrown :
He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.

REWARD AND PUNISHMENTS.

ALL things are open to these two events,
Or to Rewards, or else to Punishments.

SHAME, NO STATIST.

SHAME is a bad attendant to a State :
He rents his Crown, That feares the Peoples hate.

TO SIR CLIPSEBIE CREW.

SINCE to th' Country first I came,
I have lost my former flame :

Nos. 490-
491

And, methinks, I not inherit,
 As I did, my ravisht spirit.
 If I write a Verse, or two,
 'Tis with very much ado ;
 In regard I want that Wine,
 Which sho'd conjure up a line,
 Yet, though now of Muse bereft,
 I have still the manners left
 For to thanke you (Noble Sir)
 For those gifts you do conferre
 Upon him, who only can
 Be in Prose a gratefull man.

UPON HIMSELFE.

I co'd never love indeed ;
 Never see mine own heart bleed :
 Never crucifie my life ;
 Or for Widow, Maid, or Wife.

I co'd never seeke to please
 One, or many Mistresses :
 Never like their lips, to swear
 Oyle of Roses still smelt there.

I co'd never breake my sleepe,
 Fold mine Armes, sob, sigh, or weep ;
 Never beg, or humbly wooe
 With oathes, and lyes, (as others do.)

I co'd never walke alone ;
 Put a shirt of sackcloth on :
 Never keep a fast, or pray
 For good luck in love (that day).

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

*From note, in
 keeping with his
 lack of passion*

FRESH CHEESE AND CREAM.

Nos. 492-

Wo'd yee have fresh Cheese and Cream?

493

Julia's Breast can give you them :

And if more ; Each Nipple cries,

To your Cream, here's Strawberries.

AN ECLOGUE, OR PASTORALL BETWEEN ENDIMION

PORTER AND LYCIDAS HERRICK,

SET AND SUNG.

Endym. AH ! Lycidas, come tell me why

Thy whilome merry Oate

By thee doth so neglected lye ;

And never purls a note ?

I prithee speake : *Lyc.* I will. *End.*

Say on :

Lyc. 'Tis thou, and only thou,

That art the cause, Endimion ;

End. For Loves-sake, tell me how.

Lyc. In this regard, that thou do'st play

Upon another Plain :

And for a Rurall Roundelay,

Strik'st now a Courtly strain.

Thou leav'st our Hills, our Dales, our

Bowers,

Our finer fleecèd sheep :

(Unkind to us) to spend thine houres,

Where Shepheards sho'd not keep.

I meane the Court : Let Latmos be

My lov'd Endymions Court ;

End. But I the Courtly State wo'd see :

Lyc. Then see it in report.

208 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 493-
494

What ha's the Court to do with Swaines,
Where Phillis is not known?
Nor do's it mind the Rustick straines
Of us, or Coridon.

Breake, if thou lov'st us, this delay ;
End. Dear Lycidas, e're long,
I vow by Pan, to come away
And Pipe unto thy Song.

Then Jessimine, with Florabell ;
And dainty Amarillis,
With handsome-handed Drosomell
Shall pranke thy Hooke with Lillies.

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

And till thou com'st, thy Lycidas,
In every Geniall Cup,
Shall write in Spice, Endimion 'twas
That kept his Piping up.

And my most luckie Swain, when I shall live to
see
Endimions Moon to fill up full, remember me :
Mean time, let Lycidas have leave to Pipe to thee.

TO A BED OF TULIPS.

BRIGHT Tulips, we do know,
You had your comming hither ;
And Fading-time do's show,
That Ye must quickly wither.

Your Sister-hoods may stay,
 And smile here for your houre ;
 But dye ye must away :
 Even as the meanest Flower.

Nos. 494-
 497

Come Virgins then, and see
 Your frailties ; and bemone ye ;
 For lost like these, 'twill be,
 As Time had never known ye.

A CAUTION.

THAT Love last long ; let it thy first care be
 To find a wife, that is most fit for Thee.
 Be She too wealthy, or too poore ; be sure,
Love in extreames, can never long endure.

TO THE WATER NYMPHS, DRINKING AT
 THE FOUNTAIN.

REACH, with your whiter hands, to me,
 Some Christall of the Spring ;
 And I, about the Cup shall see
 Fresh Lillies flourishing.

Or else sweet Nimphs do you but this ;
 To'th' Glasse your lips encline ;
 And I shall see by that one kisse,
 The Water turn'd to Wine.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR
 RICHARD STONE.

To this white Temple of my Heroes, here
 Beset with stately Figures (every where)
 Of such rare Saint-ships, who did here consume
 Their lives in sweets, and left in death perfume.

*Elegante
 lyrics*

Nos. 497- Come, thou Brave man! And bring with Thee
499 a Stone

Unto thine own Edification.

High are These Statues here, besides no lesse
Strong then the Heavens for everlastingnesse:
Where build aloft; and being fixt by These,
Set up Thine own eternall Images.

UPON A FLIE.

A GOLDEN Flie one shew'd to me,
Clos'd in a Box of Yvorie:
Where both seem'd proud; the Flie to have
His buriall in an yvory grave:
The yvorie tooke State to hold
A Corps as bright as burnisht gold.
One Fate had both; both equall Grace;
The Buried, and the Burying-place.
Not Virgils Gnat, to whom the Spring
All Flowers sent to 'is burying;
Not Marshals Bee, which in a Bead
Of Amber quick was burièd;
Nor that fine Worme that do's interre
Her selfe i'th' silken Sepulchre;
Nor my rare Phil, that lately was
With Lillies Tomb'd up in a Glasse;
More honour had, then this same Flie;
Dead, and closed up in Yvorie.

UPON JACK AND JILL. EPIG.

WHEN Jill complains to Jack for want of meate;
Jack kisses Jill, and bids her freely eate:
Jill sayes, of what? sayes Jack, on that sweet kisse,
Which full of Nectar and Ambrosia is,

The food of Poets ; so I thought says Jill, Nos. 499-
That makes them looke so lanke, so Ghost-like 503
still.

Let Poets feed on aire, or what they will ;
Let me feed full, . . . says Jill.

TO JULIA.

JULIA, when thy Herrick dies,
Close thou up thy Poets eyes :
And his last breath, let it be
Taken in by none but Thee.

TO MISTRESSE DOROTHY PARSONS.

IF thou aske me (Deare) wherefore
I do write of thee no more :
I must answer (Sweet) thy part
Lesse is here, then in my heart.

UPON PARRAT.

PARRAT protests 'tis he, and only he
Can teach a man the Art of memory :
Believe him not ; for he forgot it quite
Being drunke, who 'twas that Can'd his Ribs last
night.

HOW HE WOULD DRINKE HIS WINE.

FILL me my Wine in Christall ; thus, and thus
I see't in's *puris naturalibus* :
Unmixt. I love to have it smirke and shine,
'Tis *sin I know*, 'tis *sin to throtle Wine*.
What Mad-man's he, that when it sparkles so,
Will coole his flames, or quench his fires with
snow !

Nos. 504-
507

HOW MARIGOLDS CAME YELLOW.

JEALOUS Girles these sometimes were,
While they liv'd, or lasted here :
Turn'd to Flowers, still they be
Yellow, markt for Jealousie.

THE BROKEN CHRISTALL.

To Fetch me Wine my Lucia went,
Bearing a Christall continent :
But making haste, it came to passe,
She brake in two the purer Glasse,
Then smil'd, and sweetly chid her speed ;
So with a blush, beshrew'd the deed.

PRECEPTS.

GOOD Precepts we must firmly hold,
By daily learning we wax old.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDWARD
EARLE OF DORSET.

IF I dare write to You, my Lord, who are,
Of your own selfe, a Publick Theater,
And sitting, see the wiles, wayes, walkes of wit,
And give a righteous judgement upon it,
What need I care, though some dislike me sho'd,
If Dorset say, what Herrick writes, is good ?
We know y'are learn'd i'th' Muses, and no lesse
In our State-sanctions, deep, or bottomlesse.
Whose smile can make a Poet ; and your glance
Dash all bad Poems out of countenance.
So, that an Author needs no other Bayes
For Coronation, then Your onely Praise.

And no one mischief greater then your frown, Nos. 507-
 To null his Numbers, and to blast his Crowne. 511
*Few live the life immortall. He ensures
 His Fame's long life, who strives to set up Yours.*

UPON HIMSELF.

TH'ART hence removing (like a Shepherd's Tent)
 And walk thou must the way that others went :
 Fall thou must first, then rise to life with These,
 Markt in thy Book for faithfull Witnesses.

HOPE WELL AND HAVE WELL : OR, FAIR
AFTER FOULE WEATHER.

WHAT though the Heaven be lowring now,
 And look with a contracted brow ?
 We shall discover, by and by,
 A Repurgation of the Skie :
 And when those clouds away are driven,
 Then will appeare a cheerfull Heaven.

UPON LOVE.

I HELD Love's head while it did ake ;
 But so it chanc't to be ;
 The cruell paine did his forsake,
 And forthwith came to me.
 Ai me ! how shal my griefe be stil'd ?
 Or where else shall we find
 One like to me, who must be kill'd
 For being too-too-kind ?

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. PENELOPE WHEELER.
 NEXT is your lot (Faire) to be number'd one,
 Here in my Book's Canonization :
 Late you come in ; but you a Saint shall be,
 In Chiefe, in this Poetick Liturgie.

Nos. 512-
516

ANOTHER UPON HER.

FIRST, for your shape, the curious cannot shew
 Any one part that's dissonant in you :
 And 'gainst your chaste behaviour there's no Plea,
 Since you are knowne to be Penelope.
 Thus faire and cleane you are, although there be
A mighty strife 'twixt Forme and Chastitie.

KISSING AND BUSSING.

KISSING and bussing differ both in this ;
 We busse our Wantons, but our Wives we kisse.

CROSSE AND PILE.

FAIRE and foule dayes trip Crosse and Pile ; The
 faire
 Far lesse in number, then our foule dayes are.

TO THE LADY CREW, UPON THE DEATH
OF HER CHILD.

WHY, Madam, will ye longer weep,
 Whenas your Baby's lull'd asleep ?
 And (pretty Child) feeles now no more
 Those pains it lately felt before.
 All now is silent ; groanes are fled :
 Your Child lyes still, yet is not dead :
 But rather like a flower hid here
 To spring againe another yeare.

HIS WINDING-SHEET.

COME thou, who art the Wine, and wit
 Of all I've writ :
 The Grace, the Glorie, and the best
 Piece of the rest.

Thou art of what I did intend
The All, and End.
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee my sheet.
Come then, and be to my chaste side
Both Bed, and Bride.
We two (as Reliques left) will have
One Rest, one Grave.
And, hugging close, we will not feare
Lust entring here :
Where all Desires are dead, or cold
As is the mould :
And all Affections are forgot,
Or Trouble not.
Here, here the Slaves and Pris'ners be
From Shackles free :
And Weeping Widowes long opprest
Doe here find rest.
The wrongèd Client ends his Lawes
Here, and his Cause.
Here those long suits of Chancery lie
Quiet, or die :
And all Star-chamber-Bils doe cease,
Or hold their peace.
Here needs no Court for our Request,
Where all are best ;
All wise ; all equall ; and all just
Alike i'th' dust.
Nor need we here to feare the frowne
Of Court, or Crown.
*Where Fortune bears no sway o're things
There all are Kings.*
In this securer place we'l keep,
As lull'd asleep ;
Or for a little time we'l lye,

Nos. 516-
520

As Robes laid by ;
 To be another day re-worne,
 Turn'd, but not torn :
 Or like old Testaments ingrost,
 Lockt up, not lost :
 And for a while lye here conceal'd,
 To be reveal'd
 Next, at that great Platonick yeere,
 And then meet here.

TO MISTRESSE MARY WILLAND.

ONE more by Thee, Love, and Desert have sent,
 T'enspangle this expansive Firmament.
 O Flame of Beauty ! come, appeare, appeare
 A Virgin Taper, ever shining here.

CHANGE GIVES CONTENT.

WHAT now we like, anon we disapprove :
The new successor drives away old Love.

UPON MAGOT A FREQUENTER OF ORDINARIES.

MAGOT frequents those houses of good-cheere,
 Talkes most, eates most, of all the Feeders there.
 He raves through leane, he rages through the fat ;
 (What gets the master of the Meal by that ?)
 He who with talking can devoure so much,
 How wo'd he eate, were not his hindrance such ?

ON HIMSELFE.

BORNE I was to meet with Age,
 And to walke Life's pilgrimage.
 Much I know of Time is spent,
 Tell I can't, what's Resident.

Howsoever, cares, adue ;
Ile have nought to say to you :
But Ile spend my comming houres,
Drinking wine, & crown'd with flowres.

Nos. 520-
522

FORTUNE FAVOURS.

FORTUNE did never favour one
Fully, without exception ;
Though free she be, ther's something yet
Still wanting to her Favourite.

TO PHILLIS TO LOVE, AND LIVE WITH HIM.

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures Ile prepare for thee :
What sweets the Country can afford
Shall blesse thy Bed, and blesse thy Board.
The soft sweet Mosse shall be thy bed,
With crawling Woodbine over-spread :
By which the silver-shedding streames
Shall gently melt thee into dreames.
Thy clothing next, shall be a Gowne
Made of the Fleeces purest Downe.
The tongues of Kids shall be thy meate ;
Their Milke thy drinke ; and thou shalt eate
The Paste of Filberts for thy bread
With Cream of Cowslips butteréd :
Thy Feasting-Tables shall be Hills
With Daisies spread, and Daffadils ;
Where thou shalt sit, and Red-brest by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
Ile give thee Chaines and Carkanets
Of Primroses and Violets.
A Bag and Bottle thou shalt have ;

218 Herrick's Poems

No. 522 That richly wrought, and This as brave ;
 So that as either shall expresse
 The Wearer's no meane Shepherdesse.
 At Sheering-times, and yearely Wakes,
 When Themilis his pastime makes,
 There thou shalt be ; and be the wit,
 Nay more, the Feast, and grace of it.
 On Holy-dayes, when Virgins meet
 To dance the Heyes with nimble feet ;
 Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
 The Queen of Roses for that yeere.
 And having danc't ('bove all the best)
 Carry the Garland from the rest.
 In Wicker-baskets Maids shal bring
 To thee, (my dearest Shepharling)
 The blushing Apple, bashfull Peare,
 And shame-fac't Plum, (all simp'ring there):
 Walk in the Groves, and thou shalt find
 The name of Phillis in the Rind
 Of every straight, and smooth-skin tree ;
 Where kissing that, Ile twice kisse thee.
 To thee a Sheep-hook I will send,
 Be-pranckt with Ribbands, to this end,
 This, this alluring Hook might be
 Lesse for to catch a sheep, then me.
 Thou shalt have Possets, Wassails fine.
 Not made of Ale, but spiced Wine ;
 To make thy Maids and selfe free mirth,
 All sitting near the glitt'ring Hearth.
 Thou sha't have Ribbands, Roses, Rings,
 Gloves, Garters, Stockings, Shooes, and Strings
 Of winning Colours, that shall move
 Others to Lust, but me to Love.
 These (nay) and more, thine own shal be,
 If thou wilt love and live with me.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE SUSANNA
HERRICK.

Nos. 523-
527

WHEN I consider (Dearest) thou dost stay
But here awhile, to languish and decay ;
Like to these Garden-glories, which here be
The Flowrie-sweet resemblances of Thee :
With grieve of heart, methinks, I thus doe cry,
Wo'd thou hadst ne'r been born, or might'st not
die.

UPON MISTRESSE SUSANNA SOUTHWELL HER
CHEEKS.

RARE are thy cheeks Susanna, which do show
Ripe Cherries smiling, while that others blow.

UPON HER EYES.

CLEERE are her eyes,
Like purest Skies.
Discovering from thence
A Babie 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-Beep,
Did soon draw in agen.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN MYNTS.

FOR civill, cleane, and circumcisèd wit,
And for the comely carriage of it ;

Nos. 527- Thou art The Man, the onely Man best known,
 532 Markt for the True-wit of a Million :
 From whom we'l reckon. Wit came in, but since
 The Calculation of thy Birth, Brave Mince.

UPON HIS GRAY HAIREs.

FLY me not, though I be gray,
 Lady, this I know you'l say ;
 Better look the Roses red,
 When with white comminglèd.
 Black your haire are ; mine are white ;
 This begets the more delight,
 When things meet most opposite :
 As in Pictures we descry,
 Venus standing Vulcan by.

ACCUSATION.

IF Accusation onely can draw blood,
 None shall be guiltlesse, be he n'er so good.

PRIDE ALLOWABLE IN POETS.

As thou deserv'st, be proud ; then gladly let
 The Muse give thee the Delphick Coronet.

A VOW TO MINERVA.

GODDESSE, I begin an Art ;
 Come thou in, with thy best part,
 For to make the Texture lye
 Each way smooth and civilly :
 And a broad-fac't Owle shall be
 Offer'd up with Vows to Thee.

ON JONE.

JONE wo'd go tel her haire ; and well she might,
 Having but seven in all ; three black, foure white.

UPON LETCHER. EPIG.

Nos. 533-
536

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UPON DUNDRIGE.

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To ELECTRA.

'Tis Ev'ning, my Sweet,
 And dark ; let us meet ;
 Long time w'ave here been a-toying,
 And never, as yet,
 That season co'd get,
 Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

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

Time flies away fast ;
 Our houres doe waste :
 The while we never remember,
 How soone our life, here,
 Growes old with the yeere,
 That dyes with the next December.

DISCORD NOT DISADVANTAGEOUS.

FORTUNE no higher Project can devise,
 Then to sow Discord 'mongst the Enemies.

Nos. 537-
540

ILL GOVERNMENT.

PREPOSTEROUS is that Government, (and rude)
When Kings obey the wilder Multitude.

TO MARYGOLDS.

GIVE way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun,
(And hang the head whenas the Act is done)
Spread as He spreads; wax lesse as He do's wane;
And as He shuts, close up to Maids again.

TO DIANEME.

GIVE me one kisse,
And no more;
If so be, this
Makes you poore;
To enrich you,
Ile restore
For that one, two
Thousand score.

TO JULIA, THE FLAMINICA DIALIS, OR,
QUEEN-PRIEST.

'THOU know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turne
This Mornings Incense to prepare, and burne.
The Chaplet, and Inarculum here be,
With the white Vestures, all attending Thee.
This day, the Queen-Priest, thou art made t'appease
Love for our very-many Trespasses.
One chiefe transgression is among the rest,
Because with Flowers her Temple was not drest:
The next, because her Altars did not shine
With daily Fyers: The last, neglect of Wine:
For which, her wrath is gone forth to consume
Us all, unlesse preserv'd by thy Perfume.

Take then thy Censer ; Put in Fire, and thus, Nos. 540-
 O Pious-Priestesse ! make a Peace for us. 544
 For our neglect, Love did our Death decree :
 That we escape. *Redemption comes by Thee.*

ANACREONTIKE.

BORN I was to be old,
 And for to die here :
 After that, in the mould
 Long for to lye here.
 But before that day comes,
 Still I be Bousing ;
 For I know, in the Tombs
 There's no Carousing.

MEAT WITHOUT MIRTH.

EATEN I have ; and though I had good cheere,
 I did not sup, because no friends were there.
 Where Mirth and friends are absent when we Dine
 Or Sup, there wants the Incense and the Wine.

LARGE BOUNDS DOE BUT BURY US.

ALL things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance ;
 The greatest mans Inheritance.
 Whereere the lucky Lot doth fall,
 Serves but for place of Buriall.

UPON URSLEY.

URSLEY, she thinks those Velvet Patches grace
 The Candid Temples of her comely face :
 But he will say, whoe'r those Circlets seeth,
 They be but signs of Ursleys hollow teeth.

No. 545 AN ODE TO SIR CLIPSEBIE CREW.

HERE we securely live, and eate
 The Creame of meat ;
 And keep eternal fires,
 By which we sit, and doe Divine
 As Wine
 And Rage inspires.

If full we charme ; then call upon
 Anacreon
 To grace the frantick Thyse :
 And having drunk, we raise a shout
 Throughout
 To praise his Verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,
 Which sung, or seyde,
 A Goblet to the brim,
 Of Lyrick Wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
 A Round
 We quaffe to him.

Thus, thus, we live, and spend the houres
 In Wine and Flowers :
 And make the frolick yeere,
 The Month, the Week, the instant Day
 To stay
 The longer here.

Come then, brave Knight, and see the Cell
 Wherein I dwell ;
 And my Enchantments too ;
 Which Love and noble freedome is ;
 And this
 Shall fetter you.

Take Horse, and come ; or be so kind,

To send your mind

(Though but in Numbers few)

And I shall think I have the heart,

Or part

Of Clipseby Crew.

Nos. 545-
549

TO HIS WORTHY KINSMAN, MR STEPHEN SOAME.

NOR is my Number full, till I inscribe

Thee sprightly Soame, one of my righteous Tribe :

A Tribe of one Lip ; Leven, and of One

Civil Behaviour, and Religion.

A Stock of Saints ; where ev'ry one doth weare

A stole of white, (and Canonizèd here).

Among which Holies, be Thou ever known,

Brave Kinsman, markt out with the whiter stone :

Which seals Thy Glorie ; since I doe prefer

Thee here in my eternall Calender.

TO HIS TOMB-MAKER.

Go I must ; when I am gone,

Write but this upon my Stone ;

Chaste I liv'd, without a wife,

That's the Story of my life.

Strewings need none, every flower

Is in this word, Batchelour.

GREAT SPIRITS SUPERVIVE.

OUR mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-cloths lye :

Great Spirits never with their bodies dye.

NONE FREE FROM FAULT.

OUR of the world he must, who once comes in :

No man exempted is from Death, or sinne.

Nos. 550-
553

UPON HIMSELFE BEING BURIED.

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

PITIE TO THE PROSTRATE.

'Tis worse then barbarous cruelty to show
No part of pitie on a conquer'd foe.

WAY IN A CROWD.

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HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY.

HERE, here I live with what my Board,
Can with the smallest cost afford.
Though ne'r so mean the Viands be,
They well content my Prew and me.
Or Pea, or Bean, or Wort, or Beet,
Whatever comes, content makes sweet:
Here we rejoyce, because no Rent
We pay for our poore Tenement:
Wherein we rest, and never feare
The Landlord or the Usurer.
The Quarter-day do's ne'r affright
Our Peacefull slumbers in the night.
We eate our own, and batten more,
Because we feed on no mans score:

But pitie those, whose flanks grow great, Nos. 553-
Swel'd with the Lard of others meat. 557
We blesse our Fortunes, when we see
Our own belovèd privacie :
And like our living, where w'are known
To very few, or else to none.

THE CREDIT OF THE CONQUERER.

HE who commends the vanquisht, speaks the
Power,
And glorifies the worthy Conquerer.

ON HIMSELFE.

SOME parts may perish ; dye thou canst not all :
The most of Thee shall scape the funerall.

UPON ONE-EY'D BROOMSTED. EPIG.

BROOMSTED a lamenesse got by cold and Beere ;
And to the Bath went, to be curèd there :
His feet were helpt, and left his Crutch behind :
But home return'd, as he went forth, halfe blind.

THE FAIRIES.

IF ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each Platter in his place :
Rake the Fier up, and get
Water in, ere Sun be set.
Wash your Pailles, and cense your Dairies ;
Sluts are loathsome to the Fairies :
Sweep your house : Who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

No. 558 TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, M. JOHN WEARE,
COUNCELLOUR.

DID I or love, or could I others draw
 To the indulgence of the rugged Law :
 The first foundation of that zeale sho'd be
 By Reading all her Paragraphs in Thee.
 Who dost so fitly with the Lawes unite,
 As if You Two, were one Hermophrodite :
 Nor courts thou Her because she's well attended
 With wealth, but for those ends she was entended :
 Which were (and still her offices are known),
Law is to give to ev'ry one his owne.
 To shore the Feeble up, against the strong ;
 To shield the Stranger, and the Poore from
 wrong :
 This was the Founders grave and good intent,
 To keepe the out-cast in his Tenement :
 To free the Orphan from that Wolfe-like-man,
 Who is his Butcher more then Guardian.
 To dry the Widowes teares ; and stop her
 Swoones,
 By pouring Balme and Oyle into her wounds.
 This was the old way ; and 'tis yet thy course,
 To keep those pious Principles in force.
 Modest I will be ; but one word Ile say
 (Like to a sound that's vanishing away)
 Sooner the in-side of thy hand shall grow
 Hispèd, and hairie, ere thy Palm shall know
 A Postern-bribe tooke, or a Forkèd-Fee
 To fetter Justice, when She might be free.
Eggs Ile not shave : But yet, brave man, if I
 Was destin'd forth to golden Sovereignty :
 A Prince I'de be, that I might Thee preferre
 To be my Counsell both, and Chancellor.

THE WATCH.

Nos. 559-
561

MAN is a Watch, wound up at first, but never
Wound up again : Once down, He's down for
ever.

The Watch once downe, all motions then do
cease ;
And Mans Pulse stopt, All Passions sleep in
Peace.

LINES HAVE THEIR LININGS, AND BOOKES THEIR
BUCKRAM.

As in our clothes, so likewise he who looks,
Shall find much farcing Buckram in our Books.

ART ABOVE NATURE, TO JULIA.

WHEN I behold a Forrest spread
With silken trees upon thy head ;
And when I see that other Dresse
Of flowers set in comlinesse :
When I behold another grace
In the ascent of curious Lace,
Which like a Pinacle doth shew
The top, and the top-gallant too.
Then, when I see thy Tresses bound
Into an Ovall, square, or round ;
And knit in knots far more then I
Can tell by tongue ; or true-love tie :
Next, when those Lawnie Filmes I see
Play with a wild civility :
And all those airie silks to flow,
Alluring me, and tempting so :
I must confesse, mine eye and heart
Dotes less on Nature, then on Art.

Nos. 562-
565

UPON SIBILLA.

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UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE BRIDGET
HERRICK.

SWEET Bridget blusht, and therewithall,
 Fresh blossoms from her cheekes did fall.
 I thought at first 'twas but a dream,
 Till after I had handled them ;
 And smelt them, then they smelt to me,
 As Blossomes of the Almond tree.

UPON LOVE.

I PLAID with LOVE, as with the fire
 The wanton Satyre did ;
 Nor did I know, or co'd descry
 What under there was hid.

That Satyre he but burnt his lips ;
 (But mines the greater smart)
 For kissing Love's dissembling chips,
 The fire scortcht my heart.

UPON A COMELY, AND CURIOUS MAIDE.

IF men can say that beauty dyes ;
 Marbles will swear that here it lyes.
 If Reader then thou canst forbear,
 In publique loss to shed a Teare :
 The Dew of griefe upon this stone
 Will tell thee Pitie thou hast none.

UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS FINGER.

Nos. 566-
570

ONE of the five straight branches of my hand
Is lopt already ; and the rest but stand
Expecting when to fall : which soon will be ;
First dyes the Leafe, the Bough next, next the
Tree.

UPON IRENE.

ANGRY if Irene be
But a Minutes life with me :
Such a fire I espie
Walking in and out her eye,
As at once I freeze, and frie.

UPON ELECTRA'S TEARES.

UPON her cheekes she wept, and from those showers
Sprang up a sweet Nativity of Flowres.

UPON TOOLY.

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A HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

WHEN I love, (as some have told,
Love I shall when I am old)
O ye Graces ! Make me fit
For the welcoming of it.
Clean my Roomes, as Temples be,
T' entertain that Deity.

Nos. 570-
574

Give me words wherewith to wooe,
 Suppling and successefull too:
 Winning postures; and withall,
 Manners each way musicall:
 Sweetnesse to allay my sowre
 And unsmooth behaviour.
 For I know you have the skill
 Vines to prune, though not to kill,
 And of any wood ye see,
 You can make a Mercury.

TO SILVIA.

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

UPON BLANCH. EPIG.

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UPON VMBER. EPIG.

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THE POET HATH LOST HIS PIPE.

I CANNOT pipe as I was wont to do,
 Broke is my Reed, hoarse is my singing too:
 My wearied Oat Ile hang upon the Tree,
 And give it to the Silvan Deitie.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP,

Nos. 575-
576

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

THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESSE CALLING
HIM TO ELIZIUM.

DESUNT NONNULLA——

COME then, and like two Doves with silv'rie
wings

Let our soules flie to the' shades, where ever
springs

Sit smiling in the Meads; where Balme and Oile,
Roses and Cassia crown the untill'd soyle.

Where no disease raignes, or infection comes
To blast the Aire, but Amber-greece and Gums
This, that, and ev'ry Thicket doth transpire
More sweet, then Storax from the hallowed
fire:

Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue beares
Of fragrant Apples, blushing Plums, or Peares:
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew
Like Morning-Sun-shine tinsilling the dew.
Here in green Meddowes sits eternal May,
Purfing the Margents, while perpetuall Day
So double gilds the Aire, as that no night
Can ever rust th'Enamel of the light.

Here, naked Younglings, handsome Striplings run
Their Goales for Virgins kisses; which when
done,

Then unto Dancing forth the learnèd Round
Commixt they meet, with endlesse Roses crown'd.
And here we'l sit on Primrose-banks, and see
Love's Chorus led by Cupid; and we'l be

Paganini ha
no such
description
of music.

234 Herrick's Poems

No. 576 Two loving followers too unto the Grove,
 Where Poets sing the stories of our love.
 There thou shalt hear Divine Musæus sing
 Of Hero, and Leander ; then Ile bring
 Thee to the Stand, where honour'd Homer reads
 His Odisees, and his high Iliades.
 About whose Throne the crowd of Poets throng
 To heare the incantation of his tongue :
 To Linus, then to Pindar ; and that done,
 Ile bring thee Herrick to Anacreon,
 Quaffing his full-crown'd bowles of burning Wine,
 And in his Raptures speaking Lines of Thine,
 Like to His subject ; and as his Frantick-
 Looks, shew him truly Bacchanalian like,
 Besmear'd with Grapes ; welcome he shall thee
 thither,
 Where both may rage, both drink and dance
 together.
 Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
 Whom faire Corinna sits, and doth comply
 With Yvorie wrists, his Laureat head, and steeps
 His eye in dew of kisses, while he sleeps.
 Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,
 And trowing Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
 And Snakie Perseus, these, and those, whom Rage
 (Dropt from the jarres of heaven) fill'd t'engage
 All times unto their frenzies ; Thou shalt there
 Behold them in a spacious Theater.
 Among which glories, (crown'd with sacred Bayes,
 And flatt'ring Ivie) Two recite their Plaies,
 Beumont and Fletcher, Swans, to whom all eares
 Listen, while they (like Syrens in their Spheres)
 Sing their Evadnes ; and still more for thee
 There yet remaines to know, then thou can'st
 see

By glim'ring of a fancie : Doe but come, Nos. 576-
 And there Ile shew thee that capacious roome 579
 In which thy Father Johnson now is plac't,
 As in a Globe of Radiant fire, and grac't
 To be in that Orbe crown'd (that doth include
 Those Prophets of the former Magnitude)
 And he one chiefe ; But harke, I hear the Cock,
 (The Bell-man of the night) proclaime the clock
 Of late struck one ; and now I see the prime
 Of Day break from the pregnant East, 'tis time
 I vanish ; more I had to say ;
 But Night determines here, Away.

LIFE IS THE BODIES LIGHT.

LIFE is the Bodies light ; which once declining,
 Those crimson clouds i'th'cheeks and lips leave
 shining.

Those counter-changèd Tabbies in the ayre,
 (The Sun once set) all of one colour are.
 So, when Death comes, Fresh tinctures lose their
 place,
 And dismall Darknesse then doth smutch the face.

UPON URLES. EPIG.

URLES had the Gout so, that he co'd not stand ;
 Then from his Feet, it shifted to his Hand :
 When 'twas in's Feet, his Charity was small ;
 Now tis in's Hand, he gives no Almes at all.

UPON FRANCK.

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Nos. 580-
582

LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED.

LET faire or foule my Mistresse be,
 Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me :
 Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
 The posture hers, I'm pleas'd with it,
 Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
 Gracefull is ev'ry thing from her.
 Or let her Grant, or else Deny,
My Love will fit each Historie.

THE PRIMROSE.

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

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

THE TYTHE. TO THE BRIDE.

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

A FROLICK.

Nos. 583-
586

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

CHANGE COMMON TO ALL.

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

TO JULIA.

THE Saints-bell calls ; and, Julia, I must read
 The Proper Lessons for the Saints now dead :
 To grace which Service, Julia, there shall be
 One Holy Collect, said or sung for Thee.
 Dead when thou art, Deare Julia, thou shalt have
 A Tentrall sung by Virgins o'er thy Grave :
 Meantime we too will sing the Dirge of these ;
 Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

NO LUCK IN LOVE.

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

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

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

Nos. 587-

IN THE DARKE NONE DAINTY.

59^I

NIGHT hides our thefts ; all faults then pardon'd
be :

All are alike faire, when no spots we see.
Lais and Lucrece, in the nighttime are
Pleasing alike ; alike both singular :
Jone, and my lady have at that time one,
One and the selfe-same priz'd complexion.
Then please alike the Pewter and the Plate ;
The chosen Rubie, and the Reprobate.

A CHARME, OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE.

If so be a Toad be laid
In a Sheeps-skin newly flaid,
And that ty'd to man 'twill sever
Him and his affections ever.

UPON A FREE MAID, WITH A FOULE BREATH.

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UPON COONE. EPIG.

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TO HIS BROTHER IN LAW MASTER JOHN
WINGFIELD.

For being comely, consonant, and free
To most of men, but most of all to me :
For so decreeing, that thy clothes expence
Keeps still within a just circumference :
Then for contriving so to loade thy Board,
As that the Messes ne'r o'r-laid the Lord ·

Next for Ordaining, that thy words not swell Nos. 591-
 To any one unsober syllable. 595
 These I co'd praise thee for beyond another,
 Wert thou a Winckfield onely, not a Brother.

THE HEAD-AKE.

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

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

ON HIMSELFE.

LIVE by thy Muse thou shalt ; when others die,
 Leaving no Fame to long Posterity :
 When Monarchies trans-shifted are, and gone ;
 Here shall endure thy vast Dominion.

UPON A MAIDE.

HENCE a blessed soule is fled,
 Leaving here the body dead :
 Which (since here they can't combine)
 For the Saint, we'l keep the Shrine.

UPON SPALT.

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240 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 596-
599

OF HORNE A COMB-MAKER.

HORNE sells to others teeth ; but has not one
To grace his own Gums, or of Box, or bone.

UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES.

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

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

No places are
(This I am sure)
Secure
In this our wasting Warre.

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

CRUELTY BASE IN COMMANDERS.

NOTHING can be more loathsome, then to see
Power conjoyn'd with Natures Crueltie.

UPON A SOWRE-BREATH LADY. EPIG.

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UPON LUCIA.

Nos. 600-
605

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

LITTLE AND LOUD.

LITTLE you are ; for Womans sake be proud ;
For my sake next (though little), be not loud.

SHIP-WRACK.

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

PAINES WITHOUT PROFIT.

A LONG-lifes-day I've taken paines
For very little, or no gaines :
The Ev'ning's come ; here now Ile stop,
And work no more ; but shut up Shop.

TO HIS BOOKE.

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

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JOHNSON.

WHEN I a Verse shall make,
Know I have praid thee,
For old Religions sake,
Saint Ben to aide me.

242 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 605-
610

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

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

POVERTY AND RICHES.

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

AGAIN.

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

THE COVETOUS STILL CAPTIVES.

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

LAWES.

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

OF LOVE.

ILE get me hence,
Because no fence,
Or Fort that I can make here ;
But Love by charmes,
Or else by Armes
Will storme, or starving take here.

UPON COCK.

Nos. 611-
614

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TO HIS MUSE.

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

THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD.

DULL to my selfe, and almost dead to these
My many fresh and fragrant Mistresses :
Lost to all Musick now ; since every thing
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.
Sick is the Land to'th' heart ; and doth endure
More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.
But if that golden Age wo'd come again,
And Charles here Rule, as he before did Raign ;
If smooth and unperplext the Seasons were,
As when the sweet Maria livèd here :
I sho'd delight to have my Curles halfe drown'd
In Tyrian Dewes, and Head with Roses crown'd.
And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)
Knock at a Starre with my exalted Head.

TO VULCAN.

THY sooty Godhead, I desire
Still to be ready with thy fire :
That sho'd my Booke despisèd be,
Acceptance it might find of thee.

Nos. 615-
617

LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE.

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

PURPOSES.

No wrath of Men, or rage of Seas
Can shake a just mans purposes :
No threats of Tyrants, or the Grim
Visage of them can alter him ;
But what he doth at first entend,
That he holds firmly to the end.

TO THE MAIDS TO WALKE ABROAD.

COME sit we under yonder Tree,
Where merry as the Maids we'l be.
And as on Primroses we sit,
We'l venter (if we can) at wit :
If not, at Draw-gloves we will play ;
So spend some minutes of the day :
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at Questions and Commands :
Or tell what strange Tricks Love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will sit and talke ; but tell
No cruell truths of Philomell,
Or Phillis, whom hard Fate forc't on,
To kill her selfe for Demophon.
But Fables we'l relate ; how Jove
Put on all shapes to get a Love :
As now a Satyr, then a Swan ;
A Bull but then ; and now a man.

Next we will act, how young men wooe ; Nos. 617-
 And sigh, and kiss, as Lovers do : 619
 And talk of Brides ; & who shall make
 That wedding-smock, this Bridal-Cake ;
 That Dress, this Sprig, that Leaf, this Vine ;
 That smooth and silken Columbine.
 This done, we'l draw lots, who shall buy
 And guild the Baies and Rosemary :
 What Posies for our Wedding Rings ;
 What gloves we'l give, and Ribanings :
 And smiling at our selves, decree,
 Who then the joyning Priest shall be.
 What short sweet Prayers shall be said ;
 And how the Posset shall be made
 With Cream of Lillies (not of Kine)
 And Maiden's-blush, for spicèd wine.
 Thus, having talkt, we'l next commend
 A kiss to each ; and so we'l end.

HIS OWN EPITAPH.

As wearied Pilgrims, once possest
 Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest :
 So I, now having rid my way ;
 Fix here my Button'd Staffe and stay.
 Youth (I confess) hath me mis-led ;
 But Age hath brought me right to Bed.

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

SPRING with the Larke, most comely Bride, and
 meet
 Your eager Bridegroom with auspicious feet.
 The Morn's farre spent ; and the immortall Sunne
 Corrols his cheeke, to see those Rites not done.

246 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 619- Fie, Lovely maid ! Indeed you are too slow,
 620 When to the Temple Love sho'd runne, not go.
 Dispatch your dressing then ; and quickly wed :
 Then feast, and coy't a little ; then to bed.
 This day is Loves day ; and this busie night
 Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight
 With such an arm'd, but such an easie Foe,
 As will if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too.
 The Field is pitch't ; but such must be your warres,
 As that your kisses must out-vie the Starres.
 Fall down together vanquisht both, and lye
 Drown'd in the bloud of Rubies there, not die.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA.

HER Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee,
 The Shooting Starres attend thee ;

And the Elves also,

Whose little eyes glow,

Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'th'-Wispe mis-light thee ;

Nor Snake, or Slow-worme bite thee :

But on, on thy way

Not making a stay,

Since Ghost ther's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber ;

What though the Moon do's slumber ?

The Starres of the night

Will lend thee their light,

Like Tapers cleare without number.

Then Julia let me wooe thee,

Thus, thus to come unto me :

And when I shall meet

Thy silv'ry feet,

My soule Ile poure into thee.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

Nos. 621-
626

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

Cold and hunger never yet
Co'd a noble Verse beget ;
But your Boules with Sack repleat.

Give me these (my Knight) and try
In a Minutes space how I
Can runne mad, and Prophesie.

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

GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

IF well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast :
The happy fortune will not alwayes last.

A KISSE.

WHAT is a Kisse? Why this, as some approve ;
The sure sweet-Sement, Glue, and Lime of Love.

GLORIE.

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

POETS.

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

NO DESPIGHT TO THE DEAD.

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

Nos. 627-
629

TO HIS VERSES.

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

HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

DEAREST^o of thousands, now the time drawes
 neare,
 That with my Lines, my Life must full-stop here.
 Cut off thy haire; and let thy Teares be shed
 Over my Turfe, when I am buried.
 Then for effusions, let none wanting be,
 Or other Rites that doe belong to me:
 As Love shall helpe thee, when thou do'st go
 hence
 Unto thy everlasting residence.

UPON LOVE.

IN a Dreame, Love bad me go
 To the Gallies there to Rowe;
 In the Vision, I askt why:
 Love, as briefly did reply;

'Twas better there to toyle, then prove
The turmoiles they endure that love.

Nos. 629-
633

I awoke, and then I knew
What Love said was too too true :
Henceforth therefore I will be
As from Love, from trouble free.

*None pities him that's in the snare,
And warn'd before, wo'd not beware.*

THE COBLER'S CATCH.

COME sit we by the fires side ;
And roundly drinke we here ;
Till that we see our cheekes Ale-dy'd
And noses tann'd with Beere.

UPON BRAN. EPIG.

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UPON SNARE, AN USURER.

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UPON GRUDGINGS.

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

No. 634 CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL-WISHES AT
WEDDINGS.*Chorus Sacerdotum.*

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

Chorus Juvenum.

Happy day
 Make no long stay
 Here
 In thy Sphere;
 But give thy place to-night,
 That she,
 As Thee,
 May be
 Partaker of this sight.
 And since it was thy care
 To see the Younglings wed;
 'Tis fit that Night, the Paire,
 Sho'd see safe brought to Bed.

Chorus Senum.

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

Chorus Virginum.

No. 634

Luckie signes we have discri'd
 To encourage on the Bride ;
 And to these we have espi'd,
 Not a kissing Cupid flyes
 Here about, but has his eyes,
 To imply your Love is wise.

Chorus Pastorum.

Here we present a fleece
 To make a peece
 Of cloth ;
 Nor, Faire, must you be loth
 Your finger to apply
 To huswiferie.
 Then, then begin
 To spin :
 And (Sweetling) marke you, what a Web will
 come
 Into your Chests, drawn by your painfull Thumb.

Chorus Matronarum.

Set you to your Wheele, and wax
 Rich, by the Ductile Wool and Flax. .
 Yarne is an Income ; and the Huswives thread
 The Larder fills with meat ; the Bin with bread.

Chorus Senum.

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

252 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 634-
635

Extreames have still their fault ;
The softest Fire makes the sweetest Mault.
Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand,
Holds none at all, or little in his hand.

Chorus Virginum.

Goddesse of Pleasure, Youth, and Peace,
Give them the blessing of encrease :
And thou Lucina, that do'st heare
The vowes of those, that children beare :
Whenas her Aprill houre drawes neare,
Be thou then propitious there.

Chorus Juvenum.

Farre hence be all speech, that may anger move:
Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle Love.

Chorus Omnium.

Live in the Love of Doves, and having told
The Ravens yeares, go hence more Ripe
then old.

TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.

ONE night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come
And bring those dew-drink-offerings to my Tomb.
When thence ye see my reverend Ghost to rise,
And there to lick th' effusèd sacrifice :
Though palenes be the Livery that I weare,
Looke ye not wan, or colourlesse for feare.
Trust me, I will not hurt ye ; or once shew
The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you :
Nor shall the Tapers when I'm there, burn blew.
This I may do (perhaps) as I glide by,
Cast on my Girles a glance, and loving eye :

Or fold mine armes and sigh, because I've lost Nos. 635-
 The world so soon, and in it, you the most. 638
 Then these, no feares more on your Fancies
 fall,
 Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

UPON LOVE.

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

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

Give me my earthen Cups again,
 The Christall I contemne;
 Which, though enchas'd with Pearls, contain
 A deadly draught in them.

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

UPON GANDER. EPIG.

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UPON LUNGS. EPIG.

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Nos. 639-
640 THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRIE QUEEN.

PLEASE your Grace, from out your Store,
Give an Almes to one that's poore,
That your mickle, may have more.
Black I'm grown for want of meat ;
Give me then an Ant to eate ;
Or the cleft eare of a Mouse
Over-sowr'd in drinke of Souce :
Or, sweet Lady, reach to me
The Abdomen of a Bee ;
Or commend a Crickets-hip,
Or his Huckson, to my Scrip.
Give for bread, a little bit
Of a Pease, that 'gins to chit,
And my full thanks take for it.
Floure of Fuz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needy-hood :
But the Meal of Mill-dust can
Well content a craving man.
Any Orts the Elves refuse
Well will serve the Beggars use.
But if this may seem too much
For an Almes ; 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 Almes agen.

AN END DECREED.

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

UPON A CHILD.

Nos. 641-
643

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

PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

IF Nature do deny
Colours, let Art supply.

FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME THE SPRING.

FLED are the Frosts, and now the Fields appear
Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant Diaper.
Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty Spring
Gives to each Mead a neat enameling.
The Palms put forth their Gemmes, and every
Tree

Now swaggers in her Leavy gallantry.
The while the Daulian Minstrell sweetly sings
With warbling Notes, her Tyrrean sufferings.
What gentle Winds perspire? As if here
Never had been the Northern Plunderer
To strip the Trees, and Fields, to their distresse,
Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse.
And look how when a frantick Storme doth tear
A stubborn Oake, or Holme (long growing there)
But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze
That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of Trees :
So when this War (which tempest-like doth
spoil)

Our salt, our Corn, our Honie, Wine, and Oile)
Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
His inconsiderate Frenzie off (at last)
The gentle Dove may, when these turmoils cease,
Bring in her Bill, once more, the Branch of Peace.

Nos. 644-
645

THE HAG.

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

A Thorn or a Burr
 She takes for a Spurre :
 With a lash of a Bramble she rides now,
 Through Brakes and through Bryars,
 O're Ditches, and Mires,
 She follows the Spirit that guides now.

No Beast, for his food,
 Dares now range the wood ;
 But husht in his laire he lies lurking :
 While mischeifs, by these,
 On Land and on Seas,
 At noone of Night are a-working.

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

UPON AN OLD MAN, A RESIDENCIARIE.

TREAD Sirs, as lightly as ye can
 Upon the grave of this old man.
 Twice fortie (bating but one year,
 And thrice three weekes) he livèd here.
 Whom gentle fate translated hence
 To a more happy Residence.

Yet, Reader, let me tell thee this
 (Which from his ghost a promise is)
 If here ye will some few teares shed,
 He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

Nos. 645-
 651

UPON TEARES.

TEARES, though th'are here below the sinners
 brine,
 Above they are the Angels spiced wine.

PHYSITIANS.

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

THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

OUR Houshold-gods our Parents be ;
 And manners good requires, that we
 The first-Fruits give to them, who gave
 Us hands to get what here we have.

UPON COB. EPIG.

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UPON LUCIE. EPIG.

SOUND Teeth has Lucie, pure as Pearl, and small,
 With mellow Lips, and luscious there withall.

UPON SKOLES. EPIG.

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258 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 652-
654

TO SILVIA.

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

TO HIS CLOSET-GODS.

WHEN I goe Hence, ye Closet-Gods, I feare
Never againe to have ingression here :
Where I have had, what ever things co'd be
Pleasant, and precious to my Muse and me.
Besides rare sweets, I had a Book which none
Co'd reade the Intext but my selfe alone.
About the Cover of this Book there went
A curious-comely clean Compartlement :
And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set
A blushing-pretty-peeping Rubelet :
But now 'tis clos'd ; and being shut, & seal'd,
Be it, O be it, never more reveal'd !
Keep here still, Closet-Gods, 'fore whom I've set
Oblations oft, of sweetest Marmelet.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty Bowle
Up to the brim :
That I may drink
Unto my Johnsons soule.

Crowne it agen agen ;
And thrice repeat
That happy heat ;
To drink to Thee my Ben.

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

Nos. 654-
 659

LONG LOOKT FOR COMES AT LAST.

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

TO YOUTH.

DRINK Wine, and live here blithesfull, while ye may:
The morrowes life too late is, Live to-day.

NEVER TOO LATE TO DYE.

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

A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

O! you the Virgins nine!
 That doe our soules encline
 To noble Discipline!
 Nod to this vow of mine:
 Come then, and now enspire
 My violl and my lyre
 With your eternall fire:
 And make me one entire
 Composer in your Quire.
 Then Ile your Altars strew
 With Roses sweet and new;
 And ever live a true
 Acknowledger of you.

ON HIMSELFE.

Ile sing no more, nor will I longer write
 Of that sweet Lady, or that gallant Knight:

260 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 656-662 Ile sing no more of Frosts, Snowes, Dews and Showers ;
 No more of Groves, Meades, Springs, and wreaths of Flowers :
 Ile write no more, nor will I tell or sing
 Of Cupid, and his wittie coozning :
 Ile sing no more of death, or shall the grave
 No more my Dirges, and my Trentalls have.

UPON JONE AND JANE.

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TO MOMUS.

WHO read'st this Book that I have writ,
 And can'st not mend, but carpe at it :
 By all the muses ! thou shalt be
 Anathema to it, and me.

AMBITION.

IN wayes to greatnesse, think on this,
That slippery all Ambition is.

THE COUNTRY LIFE, TO THE HONOURED M. END. No. 663
 PORTER, GROOME OF THE BED-CHAMBER TO
 HIS MAJ.

SWEET Country life to such unknown,
 Whose lives are others, not their own !
 But serving Courts, and Cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.
 Thou never Plow'st the Oceans foame
 To seek, and bring rough Pepper home :
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
 To bring from thence the scorched Clove.
 Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,
 Bring'st home the Ingot from the West.
 No, thy Ambition's Master-piece
 Flies no thought higher then a fleece :
 Or how to pay thy Hinds, and cleere
 All scores ; and so to end the yeere :
 But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
 Not envying others larger grounds :
 For well thou know'st, *'tis not th' extent
 Of Land makes life, but sweet content.*
 When now the Cock (the Plow-mans Horne)
 Calls forth the lily-wristed Morne ;
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,
 Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know.
 That the best compost for the Lands
 Is the wise Masters Feet, and Hands.
 There at the Plough thou find'st thy Teame,
 With a Hind whistling there to them :
 And cheer'st them up, by singing how
 The Kingdoms portion is the Plow.
 This done, then to th' enameld Meads
 Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
 Thou seest a present God-like Power

262 Herrick's Poems

No 663 Imprinted in each Herbe and Flower :
 And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd Kine,
 Sweet as the blossomes of the Vine.
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek Neat
 Unto the Dew-laps up in meat :
 And, as thou look'st, the wanton Steere,
 The Heifer, Cow, and Oxe draw neere
 To make a pleasing pastime there.
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
 Of sheep, (safe from the Wolfe and Fox)
 And find'st their bellies there as full
 Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool.
 And leav'st them (as they feed and fill)
 A Shepherd piping on a hill.
 For Sports, for Pagentrie, and Playes,
 Thou hast thy Eves, and Holydayes :
 On which the young men and maids meet,
 To exercise their dancing feet :
 Tripping the comely country Round,
 With Daffadils and Daisies crown'd.
 Thy Wakes, thy Quintels, here thou hast,
 Thy May-poles too with Garlands grac't :
 Thy Morris-dance ; thy Whitsun-ale ;
 Thy Sheering-feast, which never faile.
 Thy Harvest home ; thy Wassaille bowle,
 That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole.
 Thy Mummeries ; thy Twelfe-tide Kings
 And Queenes ; thy Christmas revellings :
 Thy Nut-browne mirth ; thy Russet wit ;
 And no man payes too deare for it.
 To these, thou hast thy time to goe
 And trace the Hare i' th' trecherous Snow :
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
 The Larke into the Trammell net :
 Thou hast thy Cockrood, and thy Glade

To take the precious Pheasant made :
 Thy Lime-twigs, Snares, and Pit-falls then
 To catch the pilfring Birds, not Men.
 O happy life ! if that their good
 The Husbandmen but understood !
 Who all the day themselves doe please,
 And Younglings, with such sports as these.
 And, lying down, have nought t' affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Nos. 663-
666

Cætera desunt—

TO ELECTRA. ✕

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

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

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY.

WHEN after many Lusters thou shalt be
 Wrapt up in Seare-cloth with thine Ancestrie :
 When of thy ragg'd Escutcheons shall be seene
 So little left, as if they ne'r had been :
 Thou shalt thy Name have, and thy Fames best
 trust,
 Here with the Generation of my Just.

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESSE HE WOULD HAVE.

BE the Mistresse of my choice,
 Cleane in manners, cleere in voice :

264 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 666-
669

Be she witty, more then wise ;
 Pure enough, though not Precise :
 Be she shewing in her dresse,
 Like a civill Wilderness ;
 That the curious may detect
 Order in a sweet neglect :
 Be she rowling in her eye,
 Tempting all the passers by :
 And each Ringlet of her haire,
 An Enchantment, or a Snare,
 For to catch the Lookers on ;
 But her self held fast by none.
 Let her Lucrece all day be,
 Thais in the night, to me.
 Be she such, as neither will
Famish me, nor over-fill.

UPON ZELOT.

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THE ROSEMARIE BRANCH.

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

UPON MADAM URSLY. EPIG.

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UPON CRAB. EPIG.

Nos. 670-
671

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

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

Is this a life, to break thy sleep?
To rise as soon as day doth peep?
To tire thy patient Oxe or Asse
By noone, and let thy good dayes passe,
Not knowing This, that Jove decrees
Some mirth, t'adulce mans miseries?
No: 'tis a life, to have thine oyle,
Without extortion, from thy soyle:
Thy faithfull fields to yeeld thee Graine,
Although with some, yet little paine
To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed,
With feares, and cares uncumberèd:
A pleasing Wife, that by thy side
Lies softly panting like a Bride.
This is to live, and to endeere
Those minutes, Time has lent us here.
Then, while Fates suffer, live thou free,
(As is that ayre that circles thee)
And crown thy temples too, and let
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,
To strut thy barnes with sheafs of Wheat.
Time steals away like to a stream,
And we glide hence away with them.
*No sound recalls the houres once fled,
Or Roses, being witherèd:*
Nor us (my Friend) when we are lost,
Like to a Deaw, or melted Frost.

266 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 671-
674

Then live we mirthfull, while we should,
 And turn the iron Age to Gold.
 Let's feast, and frolick, sing, and play,
 And thus lesse last, then live our Day.
*Whose life with care is overcast,
 That man's not said to live, but last :
 Nor is't a life, seven yeares to tell,
 But for to live, that half seven well :*
 And that wee'l do ; as men, who know,
 Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
 Both to be blended in the Urn,
 From whence there's never a return.

ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

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

LOVE.

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

TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.

OR lookt I back unto the Times hence flown
 To praise those Muses, and dislike our own ?
 Or did I walk those Pean-Gardens through,
 To kick the Flow'rs, and scorn their odours too ?
 I might (and justly) be reputed (here)
 One nicely mad, or peevishly severe.
 But by Apollo ! as I worship wit,
 (Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it :)
 So, I confesse, 'tis somewhat to do well
 In our high art, although we can't excell,
 Like thee ; or dare the Buskins to unloose
 Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian Muse.

But since I'm cal'd (rare Denham) to be gone, Nos. 674-
 Take from thy Herrick this conclusion: 677
 'Tis dignity in others, if they be
 Crown'd Poets; yet live Princes under thee:
 The while their wreathes and Purple Robes do shine,
 Lesse by their own jemms, then those beams of
 thine.

A HYMNE, TO THE LARES.

It was, and still my care is,
 To worship ye, the Lares,
 With crowns of greenest Parsley,
 And Garlick chives not scarcely:
 For favours here to warme me,
 And not by fire to harme me.
 For gladding so my hearth here,
 With inoffensive mirth here;
 That while the Wassaile Bowle here
 With North-down Ale doth troule here,
 No sillable doth fall here,
 To marre the mirth at all here.
 For which, O Chimney-keepers!
 (I dare not call ye Sweepers)
 So long as I am able
 To keep a countrey-table,
 Great be my fare, or small cheere,
 Ile eat and drink up all here.

DENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTNING TO MEN.

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

ADVERSITY.

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

Nos. 678-
682

TO FORTUNE.

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

TO ANTHEA.

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

CRUELTIES.

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

PERSEVERANCE.

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

UPON HIS VERSES.

WHAT off-spring other men have got,
 The how, where, when, I question not.
 These are the Children I have left ;
 Adopted some ; none got by theft.
 But all are toucht (like lawfull plate)
 And no Verse illegitimate.

DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

Nos. 683-
687

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

HEALTH.

HEALTH is no other (as the learnèd hold)
But a just measure both of Heat and Cold.

TO DIANEME. A CEREMONIE IN GLOCESTER.

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

TO THE KING.

GIVE way, give way, now, now my Charles
shines here,
A Publike Light (in this immensive Sphere,)
Some starres were fixt before ; but these are dim,
Compar'd (in this my ample Orbe) to Him.
Draw in your feeble fiers, while that He
Appeares but in His Meaner Majestie.
Where, if such glory flashes from his Name,
Which is His Shade, who can abide His Flame !
Princes, and such Publike Lights as these,
Must not be lookt on, but at distances :
For, if we gaze on These brave Lamps too neer,
Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l bleer.

THE FUNERALL RITES OF THE ROSE.

THE ROSE was sick, and smiling di'd ;
And (being to be sanctifi'd)
About the Bed, there sighing stood
The sweet, and flowrie Sisterhood.

270 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 687-
690

Some hung the head, while some did bring
(To wash her) water from the Spring.
Some laid her forth, while others wept,
But all a solemne Fast there kept.
The holy Sisters some among
The sacred Dirge and Trentall sung.
But ah! what sweets smelt every where,
As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.
At last, when prayers for the dead,
And Rites were all accomplishèd;
They, weeping, spread a Lawnie Looome,
And clos'd her up, as in a Tombe.

THE RAINBOW: OR, CURIOUS COVENANT.

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

THE LAST STROKE STRIKE[S] SURE.

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

FORTUNE.

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

STOOL-BALL.

Nos. 691-
694

AT Stool-ball, Lucia, let us play,
For Sugar-cakes and Wine;
Or for a Tansie let us pay,
The losse or thine, or mine.

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

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

TO SAPPHO.

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

ON POET PRAT. EPIG.

PRAT he writes Satyres; but herein's the fault,
In no one Satyre there's a mite of salt.

UPON TUCK. EPIG.

AT Post and Paire, or Slam, Tom Tuck would
play
This Christmas, but his want wherwith, sayes
Nay.

Nos. 695-
697

BITING OF BEGGARS.

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

THE MAY-POLE.

THE May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup;
He drink to the Garlands a-round it:
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my Girles,
Whose husbands may Earles
Or Lords be, (granting my wishes)
And when that ye wed
To the Bridall Bed,
Then multiply all, like to Fishes.

MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESSE.

THAT flow of Gallants which approach
To kisse thy hand from out the coach;
That fleet of Lackeyes, which do run
Before thy swift Postilion:
Those strong-hoof'd Mules, which we behold,
Rein'd in with Purple, Pearl, and gold,
And shod with silver, prove to be
The drawers of the axeltree.
Thy Wife, thy Children, and the state
Of Persian Loomes, and antique Plate:
All these, and more, shall then afford
No joy to thee their sickly Lord.

ADVERSITY.

Nos. 698-
705

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

WANT.

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

GRIEFE.

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

LOVE PALPABLE.

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

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

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

MEANE THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

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

UPON TRIGG. EPIG.

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

UPON SMEATON.

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

Nos. 706-
710

THE BRACELET OF PEARLE: TO SILVIA.

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

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

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

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

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

KINGS.

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

FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

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

TEARES, AND LAUGHTER.

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

GLORY.

Nos. 711-
714

GLORY no other thing is (Tullie sayes)
Then a mans frequent Fame, spoke out with
praise.

POSSESSIONS.

THOSE possessions short-liv'd are,
Into the which we come by warre.

LAXARE FIBULAM.

: : : : : :
: : : : : :

HIS RETURNE TO LONDON.

FROM the dull confines of the drooping West,
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie
To thee, blest place of my Nativitie !
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy Fortune crown'd.
O fruitfull Genius ! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.
O Place ! O People ! Manners ! fram'd to please
All Nations, Customes, Kindreds, Languages !
I am a free-born Roman ; suffer then,
That I amongst you live a Citizen.
London my home is ; though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment ;
Yet since cal'd back ; henceforward let me be,
O native countrey, repossess by thee !
For, rather then Ile to the West return,
Ile beg of thee first here to have mine Urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;
Give thou my sacred Reliques Buriall.

Nos. 715-
717

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.

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

POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

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

A BEUCOLICK, OR DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS.

1. COME blithefull Neatherds, let us lay
 A wager, who the best shall play,
 Of thee, or I, the Roundelay,
 That fits the businesse of the Day.

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

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

Chor. And Lallage (with cow-like eyes)
 Shall be Disposeresse of the prize.

278 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 717-*Chor.* And Lallage shall tell by this,
721 Whose now the prize and wager is.

1. Give me the prize : 2. The day is mine :
1. Not so ; my Pipe has silenc't thine :
And hadst thou wager'd twenty Kine,
They were mine own. *Lal.* In love
combine.

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

TRUE SAFETY.

'Tis not the Walls, or purple, that defends
A Prince from Foes ; but 'tis his Fort of Friends.

A PROGNOSTICK.

As many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse
Nought but a Kingdoms ill-affectednesse :
Ev'n so, those streets and houses do but show
Store of diseases, where Physitians flow.

UPON JULIA'S SWEAT.

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

PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

You see this gentle streame, that glides,
Shov'd on, by quick-succeeding Tides :
Trie if this sober streame you can
Follow to th' wilder Ocean :

And see, if there it keeps unspent
 In that congesting element.
 Next, from that world of waters, then
 By poares and cavernes back agen
 Induct that inadultrate same
 Streame to the Spring from whence it came.
 This with a wonder when ye do,
 As easie, and els easier too :
 Then may ye recollect the graines
 Of my particular Remaines ;
 After a thousand Lusters hurld,
 By ruffling winds, about the world.

Nos. 721-
724

FAME.

*'Tis still observ'd, that Fame ne're sings
 The order, but the Sum of things.*

BY USE COMES EASINESSE.

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

TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

COMMAND the Roofe, great Genius, and from
 thence
 Into this house powre downe thy influence,
 That through each room a golden pipe may run
 Of living water by thy Benizon.
 Fulfill the Larders, and with strengthening bread
 Be evermore these Bynns replenishèd.
 Next, like a Bishop consecrate my ground,
 That luckie Fairies here may dance their Round :
 And after that, lay downe some silver pence,
 The Masters charge and care to recompence.

280 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 724- Charme then the chambers ; make the beds for
 725 ease,
 More then for peevisch pining sicknesses.
 Fix the foundation fast, and let the Roofe
 Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-prooffe.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

Though Clock,
 To tell how night draws hence, I've none,
 A Cock,
 I have, to sing how day draws on.
 I have
 A maid (my Prew) 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 eare,
 Lets loose
 Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare.
 A Lamb
 I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,
 Whose Dam
 An Orphan left him (lately dead.)
 A Cat
 I keep, that playes about my House,
 Grown fat,
 With eating many a miching Mouse.
 To these
 A Trasy I do keep, whereby
 I please
 The more my rurall privacie :

Which are
 But toys, to give my heart some ease :
 Where care
 None is, slight things do lightly please.

Nos. 725-
 728

GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSELL.

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

MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

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

UP TAILES ALL.

BEGIN with a kisse,
 Go on too with this :
 And thus, thus, thus let us smother
 Our lips for a while,
 But let's not beguile
 Our hope of one for the other.
 This play, be assur'd,
 Long enough has endur'd,
 Since more and more is exacted ;
 For love he doth call
 For his Uptales all ;
 And that's the part to be acted.

Nos. 729-
731

UPON FRANCK.

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UPON LUCIA DABLED IN THE DEAW.

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

CHARON AND PHYLOMEL, A DIALOGUE SUNG.

- Pb.* CHARON! O gentle Charon! let me woove thee,
 By tears and pitie now to come unto mee.
- Cb.* What voice so sweet and charming do I heare?
 Say what thou art. *Pb.* I prithee first draw neare.
- Cb.* A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see,
 Speak where thou art. *Pb.* O Charon pittie me!
 I am a bird, and though no name I tell,
 My warbling note will say I'm Phylomel.
- Cb.* What's that to me, I waft nor fish or fowles,
 Nor Beasts (fond thing) but only humane soules.
- Pb.* Alas for me! *Cb.* Shame on thy witching note,
 That made me thus hoist saile, and bring my Boat:

But Ile returne; what mischief brought Nos. 731-
thee hither? 733

Pb. A deale of Love, and much, much Griefe
together.

Cb. What's thy request? *Pb.* That since she's
now beneath

Who fed my life, Ile follow her in death.

Cb. And is that all? I'm gone. *Pb.* By love
I pray thee.

Cb. Talknot of love, all pray, but few soules pay me.

Pb. Ile give thee vows & tears. *Cb.* Can tears
pay skores

For mending sails, for patching Boat and
Oares?

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

Cb. Why then begin, and all the while we make
Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian Lake,
Thou & Ile sing to make these dull Shades
merry,

Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown my
ferry.

UPON PAUL. EPIGR.

PAULS hands do give; what give they, bread or meat,
Or money? no, but onely deaw and sweat.

As stons and salt gloves use to give, even so
Pauls hands do give, nought else for ought we know.

UPON SIBB. EPIGR.

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284 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 734-
736 A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF
JELLIE SENT TO A LADY.

A little Saint best fits a little Shrine,
A little prop best fits a little Vine,
As my small Cruse best fits my little Wine.

A little Seed best fits a little Soyle,
A little Trade best fits a little Toyle:
As my small Jarre best fits my little Oyle.

A little Bin best fits a little Bread,
A little Garland fits a little Head:
As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.

A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,
A little Chappell fits a little Quire,
As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.

A little streame best fits a little Boat;
A little lead best fits a little Float;
As my small Pipe best fits my little note.

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

UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

THRICE happie Roses, so much grac't, to have
Within the Bosome of my Love your grave.
Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne,
Your Grave her bosome is, the Lawne the Stone.

MAIDS NAY'S ARE NOTHING.

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

THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

Nos. 737-
740

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

LOVERS HOW THEY COME AND PART.

A GYGES Ring they beare about them still,
To be, and not seen when and where they will.
They tread on clouds, and though they some-
times fall,
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.
So silently they one to th' other come,
As colours steale into the Peare or Plum,
And Aire-like, leave no presson to be seen
Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

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

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

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

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

Nos. 741-
746

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather Flowers Sappha went,
And homeward she did bring
Within her Lawnie Continent,
The treasure of the Spring.

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

Her Apron gave (as she did passe)
An Odor more divine,
More pleasing too, then ever was
The lap of Proserpine.

THE CANDOR OF JULIAS TEETH.

WHITE as Zenobias teeth, the which the Girles
Of Rome did weare for their most precious Pearles.

UPON HER WEEPING.

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

ANOTHER UPON HER WEEPING.

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

DELAY.

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

TO SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOUR OF EXETER.
STAND forth, brave man, since fate has made thee
here
The Hector over Agèd Exeter ;

Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,
 Like a poore Lady lost in Widdowhood :
 But feares not now to see her safety sold
 (As other Townes and Cities were) for gold,
 By those ignoble Births, which shame the stem
 That gave Progermination unto them :
 Whose restless Ghosts shall heare their children
 sing,

Nos. 746-
748

Our Sires betraid their Countrey and their King.
 True, if this Citie seven times rounded was
 With rock, and seven times circumflankt with
 brasse,

Yet if thou wert not, Berkley, loyall prooffe,
 The Senators down tumbling with the Roofe,
 Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,
 Leaving no shew, where stood the Capitoll.
 But thou art just and itchlesse, and dost please
 Thy Genius with two strength'ning Buttresses,
 Faith, and Affection : which will never slip
 To weaken this thy great Dictator-ship.

TO ELECTRA. LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE.

Love love begets ; then never be
 Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee.
 Tygers and Beares (I've heard some say)
 For profer'd love will love repay :
 None are so harsh, but if they find
 Softnesse in others, will be kind ;
 Affection will affection move,
 Then you must like, because I love.

REGRESSION SPOILES RESOLUTION.

HAST thou attempted greatnesse ? then go on,
 Back-turning slackens Resolution.

Nos. 749-
752

CONTENTION.

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

CONSULTATION.

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

LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

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

Be my Girle, or faire or browne,
Do's she smile, or do's she frowne :
Still I write a Sweet-heart downe.

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

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

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

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

OUR OWN SINNES UNSEEN.

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

NO PAINES, NO GAINES.

Nos. 753-
757

IF little labour, little are our gaines :
Mans fortunes are according to his paines.

UPON SLOUCH.

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VERTUE BEST UNITED.

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

THE EYE.

A WANTON and lascivious eye
Betrayes the Hearts Adulterie.

TO PRINCE CHARLES UPON HIS COMING
TO EXETER.

WHAT Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see
A Renovation of the West by Thee.
That Preternaturall Fever, which did threat
Death to our Countrey, now hath lost his heat :
And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more
Th' unequal Pulse to beat, as heretofore.
Something there yet remains for Thee to do ;
Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.
Go on with Sylla's Fortune ; let thy Fate
Make Thee like Him, this, that way fortunate :
Apollos Image side with Thee to blesse
Thy Warre (discreetly made) with white successe.

290 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 757-
761 Meane time thy Prophets Watch by Watch shall
pray ;
While young Charles fights, and fighting wins
the day.
That done, our smooth-pac't Poems all shall be
Sung in the high Doxologie of Thee.
Then maids shall strew Thee, and thy Curles
from them
Receive (with Songs) a flowrie Diadem.

A SONG.

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

PRINCES AND FAVOURITES.

PRINCES and Fav'rites are most deere, while they
By giving and receiving hold the play :
But the Relation then of both growes poor,
When these can aske, and Kings can give no
more.

EXAMPLES, OR LIKE PRINCE, LIKE PEOPLE.

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

POTENTATES.

LOVE and the Graces evermore do wait
Upon the man that is a Potentate.

THE WAKE.

Nos. 762-
763

COME, Anthea, let us two
Go to Feast, as others do.
Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes,
Are the Junketts still at Wakes :
Unto which the Tribes resort,
Where the businessse is the sport :
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian too in Pagentrie :
And a Mimick to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base in action as in clothes :
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious Villages.
Neer the dying of the day,
There will be a Cudgell-Play,
Where a Coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke :
But the anger ends all here,
Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.
Happy Rusticks, best content
With the cheapest Merriment :
And possesse no other feare,
Then to want the Wake next Ycare.

THE PETER-PENNY.

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

Nos. 763-
764

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

Who at a dead lift
Can't send for a gift
A Pig to the Priest for a Roster,
Shall heare his Clarke say,
By yea and by nay,
No pennie, no Pater Noster.

TO DOCTOR ALABLASTER.

NOR art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd
(Amongst mine honour'd) Thee (almost) the last:
In great Processions many lead the way
To him, who is the triumph of the day,
As these have done to Thee, who art the one,
One onely glory of a million:
In whom the spirit of the Gods do's dwell,
Firing thy soule, by which thou dost foretell
When this or that vast Dinastie must fall
Downe to a Fillit more Imperiall.
When this or that Horne shall be broke, and when
Others shall spring up in their place agen:
When times and seasons and all yeares must lie
Drown'd in the Sea of wild Eternitie:
When the Black Dooms-day Bookes (as yet
unseal'd)
Shall by the mighty Angell be reveal'd:
And when the Trumpet which thou late hast found
Shall call to Judgment; tell us when the sound

Of this or that great Aprill day shall be, Nos. 764-
 And next the Gospel wee will credit thee. 768
 Meane time like Earth-wormes we will craule
 below,
 And wonder at Those Things that thou dost
 know.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MRS M. S.

HERE lies a Virgin, and as sweet
 As ere was wrapt in winding sheet.
 Her name if next you wo'd have knowne,
 The Marble speaks it Mary Stone :
 Who dying in her blooming yeares,
 This Stone, for names sake, melts to teares.
 If fragrant Virgins you'l but keep
 A Fast, while Jets and Marbles weep,
 And praying, strew some Roses on her,
 You'l do my Neice abundant honour.

FELICITIE KNOWES NO FENCE.

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

DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

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

A CONJURATION, TO ELECTRA.

By those soft Tods of wooll
 With which the aire is full :
 By all those Tinctures there,
 That paint the Hemisphere :

Nos. 768-
770

By Dewes and drisling Raine,
That swell the Golden Graine :
By all those sweets that be
I' th' flowrie Nunnerie :
By silent Nights, and the
Three Formes of Heccate :
By all Aspects that blesse
The sober Sorceresse,
While juice she straines, and pith
To make her Philters with :
By Time, that hastens on
Things to perfection :
And by your self, the best
Conjurement of the rest :
O my Electra ! be
In love with none but me.

COURAGE COOL'D.

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

THE SPELL.

HOLY Water come and bring ;
Cast in Salt, for seasoning :
Set the Brush for sprinkling :
Sacred Spittle bring ye hither ;
Meale and it now mix together ;
And a little Oyle to either :
Give the Tapers here their light,
Ring the Saints-Bell, to affright
Far from hence the evill Sp'rite.

HIS WISH TO PRIVACIE.

Nos. 771-
773

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

A GOOD HUSBAND.

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

A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

I SING thy praise, Iacchus,
Who with thy Thyrses dost thwack us :
And yet thou so dost back us
With boldness, that we feare
No Brutus entring here ;
Nor Cato the severe.
What though the Lictors threat us,
We know they dare not beate us ;
So long as thou dost heat us.
When we thy Orgies sing,
Each Cobler is a King ;
Nor dreads he any thing :

Nos. 773-
776

And though he doe not rave,
 Yet he'l the courage have
 To call my Lord Maior knave ;
 Besides too, in a brave,
 Although he has no riches,
 But walks with dangling breeches,
 And skirts that want their stiches,
 And shewes his naked flitches ;
 Yet he'le be thought or seen,
 So good as George-a-Green ;
 And calls his Blouze, his Queene ;
 And speaks in language keene :
 O Bacchus ! let us be
 From cares and troubles free ;
 And thou shalt heare how we
 Will chant new Hymnes to thee.

UPON PUSSE AND HER PRENTICE. EPIG.

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

BLAME THE REWARD OF PRINCES.

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

CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

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

ANGER.

Nos. 777-
779

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

A PSALME OR HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

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

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

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

AN HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

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

Glory and worship be !
To you, sweet Maids (thrice three)
Who still inspire me.

And teach me how to sing
Unto the Lyrick string,
My measures ravishing.

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

Nos. 780-
782

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then (me thinks) 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 !

MODERATION.

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

TO ANTHEA.

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

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

UPON PREW HIS MAID.

Nos. 783-
785

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

THE INVITATION.

To sup with thee thou didst me home invite ;
And mad'st a promise that mine appetite,
Sho'd meet and tire, on such lautitious meat,
The like not Heliogabalus did eat :
And richer Wine wo'dst give to me (thy guest)
Then Roman Sylla powr'd out at his feast.
I came ; (tis true) and lookt for Fowle of price,
The bastard Phenix ; bird of Paradice ;
And for no less then Aromatick Wine
Of Maydens-blush, commixt with Jessimine.
Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet ;
Which wanting Lar, and smoke, hung weeping wet ;
At last, i' th' noone of winter, did appear
A ragd-soust-neats-foot with sick vineger :
And in a burnisht Flagonet stood by
Beere small as Comfort, dead as Charity.
At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food,
How cold it was, and how it chil'd my blood ;
I curst the master ; and I damn'd the souce ;
And swore I'de got the ague of the house.
Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
Ile bring a Fever ; since thou keep'st no fire.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMASSE.

COME, bring with a noise,
My merrie merrie boyes,
The Christmas Log to the firing ;

Nos. 785-
787

While my good Dame, she
Bids ye all be free ;
And drink to your hearts desiring.

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

Drink now the strong Beere,
Cut the white loafe here,
The while the meat is a-shredding ;
For the rare Mince-Pie
And the Plums stand by
To fill the Paste that's a-kneading.

CHRISTMASSE-EVE, ANOTHER CEREMONIE.

COME guard this night the Christmas-Pie,
That the Thiefe, though ne'er so slie,
With his Flesh-hooks, don't come nie
To catch it

From him, who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his eare,
And a deale of nightly feare
To watch it.

ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS.

WASH your hands, or else the fire
Will not teend to your desire ;
Unwasht hands, ye Maidens, know,
Dead the Fire, though ye blow.

ANOTHER.

Nos. 788-
793

WASSAILE the Trees, that they may beare
You many a Plum, and many a Peare :
For more or lesse fruits they will bring,
As you doe give them Wassailing.

POWER AND PEACE.

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

TO HIS DEARE VALENTINE, MISTRESSE
MARGARET FALCONBRIGE.

Now is your turne (my Dearest) to be set
A Jem in this eternall Coronet :
'Twas rich before; but since your Name is downe,
It sparkles now like Ariadne's Crowne.
Blaze by this Sphere for ever : Or this doe,
Let Me and It shine evermore by you.

TO OENONE.

SWEET OENONE, doe but say
Love thou dost, though Love sayes Nay.
Speak me faire ; for Lovers be
Gently kill'd by Flatterie.

VERSES.

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

HAPPINESSE.

THAT Happines do's still the longest thrive,
Where Joyes and Grieffs have Turns Alternative.

Nos. 794- THINGS OF CHOICE, LONG A COMMING.

799 WE pray 'gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace ;
Desire deferr'd is, that it may encrease.

POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

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

UPON BICE.

: : : : : :
 : : : : : :

UPON TRENCHERMAN.

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

KISSES.

GIVE me the food that satisfies a Guest :
 Kisses are but dry banquets to a Feast.

ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS he went (as Poets tell)
 To fetch Euridice from Hell ;
 And had her ; but it was upon
 This short but strict condition : .
 Backward he should not looke while he
 Led her through Hells obscuritie :

But ah! it hapnèd as he made
 His passage through that dreadfull shade :
 Revolve he did his loving eye :
 (For gentle feare, or jelousie)
 And looking back, that look did sever
 Him and Euridice for ever.

Nos. 799-
 803

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

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

ANY WAY FOR WEALTH.

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

UPON AN OLD WOMAN.

OLD Widdow Prouse to do her neighbours evill
 Wo'd give (some say) her soule unto the Devill.
 Well, when sh'as kild that Pig, Goose, Cock or
 Hen,
 What wo'd she give to get that soule agen?

UPON PEARCH. EPIG.

: : : : : :

Nos. 804-
806

TO SAPHO.

SAPHO, I will chuse to go
 Where the Northern Winds do blow
 Endlesse Ice, and endlesse Snow :
 Rather then I once wo'd see,
 But a Winters face in thee,
 To benumme my hopes and me.

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

FOR all thy many courtesies to me,
 Nothing I have (my Crofts) to send to Thee
 For the requitall ; save this only one
 Halfe of my just remuneration.
 For since I've travail'd all this Realm throughout
 To seeke, and find some few Immortals out
 To circumsangle this my spacious Sphere,
 (As Lamps for everlasting shining here :)
 And having fixt Thee in mine Orbe a Starre,
 (Amongst the rest) both bright and singular ;
 The present Age will tell the world thou art
 If not to th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part.
 As for the rest, being too great a summe
 Here to be paid ; Ile pay't i'th'world to come.

THE BRIDE-CAKE.

THIS day my Julia thou must make
 For Mistresse Bride, the wedding Cake :
 Knead but the Dow, and it will be
 To paste of Almonds turn'd by thee :
 Or kisse it thou, but once, or twice,
 And for the Bride-Cake ther'l be Spice.

TO BE MERRY.

Nos. 807-
812

LETs now take our time ;
 While w'are in our Prime ;
 And old, old Age is a-farre off :
 For the evill evill dayes
 Will come on apace ;
 Before we can be aware of

BURIALL.

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

LENITIE.

'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art,
 Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part.

PENITENCE.

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

GRIEFE.

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

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

So look the mornings when the Sun
 Paints them with fresh Vermilion :
 So Cherries blush, and Kathern Peares,
 And Apricocks, in youthfull yeares :
 So Corrolls looke more lovely Red,
 And Rubies lately polishèd :
 So purest Diaper doth shine,
 Stain'd by the Beames of Clarret wine :
 As Julia looks when she doth dress
 Her either cheeke with bashfullness.

Nos. 813-
818

THE MEANE.

*IMPARITIE doth ever discord bring :
The Mean the Musique makes in every thing.*

HASTE HURTFULL.

*HASTE is unhappy : what we Rashly do
Is both unluckie, I, and foolish too.
Where War with rashnesse is attempted, there
The soldiers leave the Field with equall feare.*

PURGATORY.

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

THE CLOUD.

SEEST thou that Cloud that rides in State
Part Ruby-like, part Candidate ?
It is no other then the Bed
Where Venus sleeps (halfe smotherèd.)

UPON LOACH.

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THE AMBER BEAD.

I SAW a Flie within a Beade
Of Amber cleanly burièd :
The Urne was little, but the room
More rich then Cleopatra's Tombe.

TO MY DEAREST SISTER M. MERCIE HERRICK. Nos. 819-821

WHENERE I go, or what so ere befalls
 Me in mine Age, or forraign Funerals,
 This Blessing I will leave thee, ere I go,
 Prosper thy Basket, and therein thy Dow.
 Feed on the paste of Filberts, or else knead
 And Bake the floure of Amber for thy bread.
 Balm may thy Trees drop, and thy Springs runne
 oyle,
 And everlasting Harvest crown thy Soile !
 These I but wish for ; but thy selfe shall see,
 The blessing fall in mellow times on Thee.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

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

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

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

SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

Do's Fortune rend thee? Beare with thy hard
 Fate :

Vertuous instructions ne'r are delicate.

Say, do's she frown? still countermand her
 threats :

Vertue best loves those children that she beates.

Nos. 822-
825

TO THE PASSENGER.

IF I lye unburied Sir,
 These my Reliques, (pray) interre :
 'Tis religious part to see
 Stones, or turfes to cover me.
 One word more I had to say ;
 But it skills not ; go your way ;
 He that wants a buriall roome
For a Stone, ha's Heaven his Tombe.

UPON NODES.

WHEREVER Nodes do's in the Summer come,
 He prayes his Harvest may be well brought home.
 What store of Corn has carefull Nodes, thinke you,
 Whose Field his foot is, and whose Barn his
 shooe ?

TO THE KING, UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER.

THIS Day is Yours, Great CHARLES ! and
 in this War
 Your Fate, and Ours, alike Victorious are.
 In her white Stole, now Victory do's rest
Enspher'd with Palm on Your Triumphant Crest.
 Fortune is now Your Captive ; other Kings
*Hold but her hands : You hold both hands and
 wings.*

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

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

Yet ere thou counsel'st with thy Glasse, Nos. 825-
 Appeare thou to mine eyes 829
 As smooth, and nak't, as she that was
 The prime of Paradise.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
 A Lawn, that thou mayst looke
 As purest Pearles, or Pebles do
 When peeping through a Brooke.

As Lillies shrin'd in Christall, so
 Do thou to be appeare ;
 Or Damask Roses when they grow
 To sweet acquaintance there.

COUNSELL.

'Twas Cesars saying: *Kings no less Conquerors are
 By their wise Counsell, then they be by Warre.*

BAD PRINCES PILL THEIR PEOPLE.

LIKE those infernall Deities which eate
 The best of all the sacrificèd meate ;
 And leave their servants, but the smoak & sweat :
 So many Kings, and Primates too there are,
 Who claim the Fat, and Fleshie for their share,
 And leave their subjects but the starvèd ware.

MOST WORDS, LESSE WORKES.

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

TO DIANEME.

I Co'd but see thee yesterday
 Stung by a fretfull Bee ;
 And I the Javelin suckt away,
 And heal'd the wound in thee.

Nos. 829-
833

A thousand thorns, and Bryars & Stings,
I have in my poore Brest ;
Yet ne'r can see that salve which brings
My Passions any rest.

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

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

UPON TAP.

TAP (better known then trusted) as we heare,
Sold his old Mothers Spectacles for Beere:
And not unlikely ; rather too then fail,
He'l sell her Eyes, and Nose, for Beere and Ale.

HIS LOSSE.

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

DRAW, AND DRINKE.

MILK stil your Fountains, and your Springs, for
why ?
Themoreth'are drawn, the lesse they wil growdry.

UPON PUNCHIN. EPIG.

GIVE me a reason why men call
Punchin a dry plant-animall.
Because as Plants by water grow,
Punchin by Beere and Ale, spreads so.

TO OENONE.

Nos. 834-
838

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

UPON BLINKS. EPIG.

TOM BLINKS his Nose, is full of wheales, and these
 Tom calls not pimples, but Pimpleides :
 Sometimes (in mirth) hesayes each whelk's a sparke
 (When drunke with Beere) to light him home,
 i'th' dark.

UPON ADAM PEAPES. EPIG.

PEAPES he do's strut, and pick his Teeth, as if
 His jawes had tir'd on some large Chine of Beefe.
 But nothing so : the Dinner Adam had,
 Was cheese full ripe with Teares, with Bread as sad.

TO ELECTRA.

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

TO MISTRESSE AMIE POTTER.

AI me ! I love, give him your hand to kisse
 Who both your wooer and your Poet is.

312 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 838- Nature has pre-compos'd us both to Love ;
 842 Your part's to grant ; my Scean must be to move.
 Deare, can you like, and liking love your Poet ?
 If you say "I" Blush-guiltinesse will shew it.
 Mine eyes must woove you, (though I sigh the
 while)

True Love is tonguelesse as a Crocodile.
 And you may find in Love these differing parts ;
Woovers have Tongues of Ice, but burning hearts.

UPON A MAIDE.

HERE she lyes (in Bed of Spice)
 Faire as Eve in Paradice :
 For her beauty it was such
 Poets co'd not praise too much.
 Virgins come, and in a Ring
 Her supreamest Requiem sing ;
 Then depart, but see ye tread
 Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE is a Circle, and an Endiesse Sphere ;
 From good to good, revolving here & there.

BEAUTY.

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

UPON LOVE.

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

UPON HANCH A SCHOOLMASTER. EPIG.

Nos. 843-
848

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

UPON PEASON. EPIG.

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

TO HIS BOOKE.

MAKE haste away, and let one be
 A friendly Patron unto thee:
 Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lye
 Torn for the use of Pasterie:
 Or see thy injur'd Leaves serve well,
 To make loose Gownes for Mackarell:
 Or see the Grocers in a trice,
 Make hoods of thee to serve out Spice.

READINESSE.

THE readinesse of doing, doth expresse,
 No other, but the doers willingnesse.

WRITING.

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

SOCIETY.

TWO things do make society to stand;
 The first Commerce is, & the next Command.

Nos. 849-
852

UPON A MAID.

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

SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS.

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

THE DELAYING BRIDE.

WHY so slowly do you move
 To the centre of your love ?
 On your niceness though we wait,
 Yet the houres say 'tis late :
Coynesse takes us, to a measure ;
But o'racted deads the pleasure.
 Go to Bed, and care not when
 Cheerfull day shall spring agen.
 One Brave Captain did command,
 (By his word) the Sun to stand :
 One short charme if you but say
 Will enforce the Moon to stay,
 Till you warn her hence (away)
 T'ave your blushes seen by day.

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

TOUCH but thy Lire (my Harrie) and I heare
 From thee some raptures of the rare Gotire,
 Then if thy voice commingle with the String,
 I heare in thee rare Laniere to sing ;

Or curious Wilson : Tell me, canst thou be
 Less then Apollo, that usurp'st such Three ?
 Three, unto whom the whole world give applause ;
 Yet their Three praises, praise but One ; that's
 Lawes.

Nos. 852-
856

AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

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

THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.

THOU hast made many Houses for the Dead ;
 When my Lot calls me to be burièd,
 For Love or Pittie, prethee let there be
 I'th' Church-yard, made, one Tenement for me.

TO ANTHEA.

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

NEED.

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

316 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 857-
861

TO JULIA.

I AM zeallesse ; prethee pray
For my well-fare (Julia)
For I thinke the gods require
Male perfumes, but Female fire.

ON JULIAS LIPS.

SWEET are my Julia's lips and cleane,
As if or'ewasht in Hippocrene.

TWILIGHT.

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

TO HIS FRIEND, MASTER J. JINCKS.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

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

KINGS AND TYRANTS.

Nos. 862-
865

'TwiXt Kings & Tyrants there's this difference
known,
*Kings seek their Subjects' good: Tyrants their
owne.*

CROSSES.

OUR Crosses are no other then the rods,
And our Diseases, Vultures of the Gods:
Each grieffe we feele, that likewise is a Kite
Sent forth by them, our flesh to eate, or bite.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE brought me to a silent Grove,
And shew'd me there a Tree,
Where some had hang'd themselves for love,
And gave a Twist to me.

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

He bade me then that Neck-lace use;
And told me too, he maketh
A glorious end by such a Noose,
His Death for Love that taketh.

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

NO DIFFERENCE I' TH' DARK.

NIGHT makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and
Clark;
Jone as my Lady is as good i'th' dark.

Nos. 866-

THE BODY.

870

THE Body is the Soules poore house, or home,
Whose Ribs the Laths are, & whose Flesh the
Loame.

TO SAPHO.

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

OUT OF TIME, OUT OF TUNE.

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

TO HIS BOOKE.

TAKE mine advise, and go not neere
Those faces (sower as Vineger.)
For these, and Nobler numbers can
Ne'r please the supercillious man.

TO HIS HONOUR'D FRIEND, SIR THOMAS HEALE.

STAND by the Magick of my powerfull Rhymes
'Gainst all the indignation of the Times.
Age shall not wrong thee ; or one jot abate
Of thy both Great, and everlasting fate.
While others perish, here's thy life decreed
Because begot of my Immortall seed.

THE SACRIFICE, BY WAY OF DISCOURSE BETWIXT Nos. 871-873
HIMSELFE AND JULIA.

Herr. COME and let's in solemn wise
Both addresse to sacrifice :
Old Religion first commands
That we wash our hearts, and hands.
Is the beast exempt from staine,
Altar cleane, no fire prophane ?
Are the Garlands ? Is the Nard
Ready here ?

Jul. All well prepar'd,
With the Wine that must be shed
(Twixt the hornes) upon the head,
Of the holy Beast we bring
For our Trespasse-offering.

Herr. All is well ; now next to these
Put we on pure Surplices ;
And with Chaplets crown'd, we'l rost
With perfumes the Holocaust :
And (while we the gods invoke)
Reade acceptance by the smoake.

TO APOLLO.

THOU mighty Lord and master of the Lyre,
Unshorn Apollo, come, and re-inspire
My fingers so, the Lyrick-strings to move,
That I may play, and sing a Hymne to Love.

ON LOVE.

LOVE is a kind of warre : Hence those who feare ;
No cowards must his royall Ensignes beare.

Nos. 874-

ANOTHER.

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

AN HYMNE TO CUPID.

THOU, thou that bear'st the sway
 With whom the Sea-Nimphs play ;
 And Venus, every way :
 When I embrace thy knee ;
 And make short pray'rs to thee :
 In love, then prosper me.
 This day I goe to wooe ;
 Instruct me how to doe
 This worke thou put'st me too.
 From shame my face keepe free,
 From scorne I begge of thee,
 Love to deliver me :
 So shall I sing thy praise ;
 And to thee Altars raise,
 Unto the end of daies.

TO ELECTRA.

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

HOW HIS SOULE CAME ENSNARED.

My soule would one day goe and seeke
 For Roses, and in Julia's cheeke
 A richness of those sweets she found,
 (As in another Rosamond.)

But gathering Roses as she was ;
 (Not knowing what would come to passe)
 It chanst a ringlet of her haire,
 Caught my poore soule, as in a snare :
 Which ever since has been in thrall ;
 Yet freedome, shee enjoyes withall.

Nos. 877-
882

FACTIONS.

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

KISSES LOATHSOME.

.

UPON REAPE.

.

UPON TEAGE.

TEAGE has told lyes so long, that when Teage tells
 Truth, yet Teages truths are untruths, (nothing
 else.)

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

TELL me, what needs those rich deceits,
 These golden Toyles, and Trammel-nets,
 To take thine haire when they are knowne
 Already tame, and all thine owne ?
 'Tis I am wild, and more then haire
 Deserve these Mashs and those snares.

322 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 882-
885 Set free thy Tresses, let them flow
As aires doe breathe, or winds doe blow :
And let such curious Net-works be
Lesse set for them, then spread for me.

UPON TRUGGIN.

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

THE SHOWRE OF BLOSSOMES.

LOVE in a showre of Blossomes came
Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same :
The Blooms that fell were white and red ;
But with such sweets comminglèd,
As whether (this) I cannot tell
My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell :
But true it was, as I rowl'd there,
Without a thought of hurt, or feare ;
Love turn'd himselfe into a Bee,
And with his Javelin wounded me :
From which mishap this use I make,
Where most sweets are, there lyes a Snake :
Kisses and Favours are sweet things ;
But Those have thorns, and These have stings.

UPON SPENKE.

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

Hesperides 323

A DEFENCE FOR WOMEN.

Nos. 886-
890

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

UPON LULLS.

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

SLAVERY.

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

CHARMES.

BRING the holy crust of Bread,
Lay it underneath the head ;
'Tis a certain Charm to keep
Hags away, while Children sleep.

ANOTHER.

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

324 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 891-
893

ANOTHER TO BRING IN THE WITCH.

To house the Hag, you must doe this ;
Commix with Meale a little Pisse
Of him bewicht : then forthwith make
A little Wafer or a Cake :
And this rawly bak't will bring
The old Hag in. No surer thing.

ANOTHER CHARME FOR STABLES.

HANG up Hooks, and Sheers to scare
Hence the Hag, that rides the Mare,
Till they be all over wet,
With the mire, and the sweat :
This observ'd, the Manes shall be
Of your horses, all knot-free.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE EVE.

DOWN with the Rosemary and Bayes,
Down with the Misleto ;
Instead of Holly, now up-raise
The greener Box (for show).

The Holly hitherto did sway ;
Let Box now domineere ;
Untill the dancing Easter-day,
Or Easters Eve appeare.

Then youthfull Box which now hath grace,
Your houses to renew ;
Grown old, surrender must his place,
Unto the crispèd Yew.

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,
And many Flowers beside ;
Both of a fresh, and fragrant kinne
To honour Whitsontide.

Green Rushes then, and sweetest Bents,
 With cooler Oken boughs ;
 Come in for comely ornaments,
 To re-adorn the house.

Nos. 893-
 898

Thus times do shift ; each thing his turne do's
 hold ;

New things succeed, as former things grow old.

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE DAY.

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

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

UPON CANDLEMASSE DAY.

END now the White-loafe, & the Pye,
 And let all sports with Christmas dye.

SURFEITS.

BAD are all surfeits : but Physitians call
 That surfeit tooke by bread, the worst of all.

UPON NIS.

NIS, he makes Verses ; but the Lines he writes,
 Serve but for matter to make Paper-kites.

TO BIANCHA, TO BLESSE HIM.

Wo'd I woee, and wo'd I winne,
 Wo'd I well my worke begin ?

326 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 898-
900

Wo'd I evermore be crown'd
With the end that I propound?
Wo'd I frustrate, or prevent
All Aspects malevolent?
Thwart all Wizzards, and with these
Dead all black contingencies:
Place my words, and all works else
In most happy Parallels?
All will prosper, if so be
I be kist, or blest by thee.

JULIA'S CHURCHING, OR PURIFICATION.

PUT on thy Holy Fillitings, and so
To th' Temple with the sober Midwife go.
Attended thus (in a most solemn wise)
By those who serve the Child-bed misteries.
Burn first thine incense; next, whenas thou see'st
The candid Stole thrown ore the Pious Priest;
With reverend Curtsies come, and to him bring
Thy free (and not decurted) offering.
All Rites well ended, with faire Auspice come
(As to the breaking of a Bride-Cake) home:
Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee
Provide a second Epithalamie.
*She who keeps chastly to her husbands side
Is not for one, but every night his Bride:
And stealing still with love, and feare to Bed,
Brings him not one, but many a Maiden-head.*

TO HIS BOOK.

BEFORE the Press scarce one co'd see
A little-peeping-part of thee:
But since th' art Printed, thou dost call
To shew thy nakedness to all.

My care for thee is now the less,
 (Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness :)
 Go with thy Faults and Fates; yet stay
 And take this sentence, then away;
 Whom one belov'd will not suffice,
 She'l runne to all adulteries.

Nos. 900-
 905

TEARES.

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

TO HIS FRIEND TO AVOID CONTENTION OF WORDS.

WORDS beget Anger; Anger brings forth blowes:
 Blowes make of dearest friends immortall Foes.
 For which prevention (Sociate) let there be
 Betwixt us two no more Logomachie.
 Farre better 'twere for either to be mute,
 Then for to murder friendship, by dispute.

TRUTH.

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

UPON PRICKLES. EPIG.

PRICKLES is waspish, and puts forth his sting,
 For Bread, Drinke, Butter, Cheese; for every
 thing
 That Prickles buyes, puts Prickles out of frame;
 How well his nature's fitted to his name!

THE EYES BEFORE THE EARES.

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

328 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 906-
909

WANT.

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

TO A FRIEND.

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

UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE MUSITIAN.

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

A SONG UPON SILVIA.

FROM me my Silvia ranne away,
And running therewithall,
A Primrose Banke did cross her way,
And gave my Love a fall.

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

Nos. 909-
912

THE HONY-COMBE.

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

Vpon BEN. JOHNSON.

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

AN ODE FOR HIM.

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

330 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 912-
915

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

UPON A VIRGIN.

SPEND Harmless shade, thy nightly Houres,
Selecting here, both Herbs, and Flowers;
Of which make Garlands here, and there,
To dress thy silent sepulchre.
Nor do thou feare the want of these,
In everlasting Properties.
Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,
Farre faster then the first can wither.

BLAME.

IN Battailes what disasters fall,
The King he beares the blame of all.

A REQUEST TO THE GRACES.

PONDER my words, if so that any be
KNOWN guilty here of incivility:
Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude,
With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd.
Teach it to blush, to curtsie, lisp, and shew
Demure, but yet, full of temptation too.

*Numbers ne'r tickle, or but lightly please,
Unless they have some wanton carriages.*

] Nos. 915-
919

This if ye do, each Piece will here be good,
And gracefull made, by your neate Sisterhood.

UPON HIMSELFE.

I LATELY fri'd, but now behold
I freeze as fast, and shake for cold.
And in good faith I'd thought it strange
T'ave found in me this sudden change ;
But that I understood by dreames,
These only were but Loves extreames ;
Who fires with hope the Lovers heart,
And starves with cold the self-same part.

MULTITUDE.

WE Trust not to the multitude in Warre,
But to the stout ; and those that skilfull are.

FEARE.

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

TO M. KELLAM.

WHAT ! can my Kellam drink his Sack
In Goblets to the brim,
And see his Robin Herrick lack,
Yet send no Boules to him ?

For love or pitie to his Muse,
(That she may flow in Verse)
Contemne to recommend a Cruse,
But send to her a Tearce.

Nos. 920-
922HAPPINESSE TO HOSPITALITIE, OR A HEARTY
TO GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING.

FIRST, may the hand of bounty bring
 Into the daily offering
 Of full provision ; such a store,
 Till that the Cooke cries, Bring no more.
 Upon your hogsheds never fall
 A drought of wine, ale, beere, at all ;
 But, like full clouds, may they from thence
 Diffuse their mighty influence.
 Next, let the Lord, and Ladie here
 Enjoy a Christning yeare by yeare ;
 And this good blessing back them still,
 T'ave Boyes, and Gyrles too, as they will.
 Then from the porch may many a Bride
 Unto the Holy Temple ride :
 And thence return, (short prayers sey'd)
 A wife most richly married.
 Last, may the Bride and Bridegroom be
 Untoucht by cold sterility ;
 But in their springing blood so play,
 As that in Lusters few they may,
 By laughing too, and lying downe,
 People a City or a Towne.

CUNCTATION IN CORRECTION.

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

PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS.

*MEN are suspicious ; prone to discontent :
 Subjects still loath the present Government.*

REST REFRESHES.

Nos. 923-
929

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

REVENGE.

*MANS disposition is for to requite
An injurie, before a benefite :
Thanksgiving is a burden, and a paine ;
Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gaine.*

THE FIRST MARRS OR MAKES.

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

BEGINNING, DIFFICULT.

*HARD are the two first staires unto a Crowne ;
Which got, the third bids him a King come
downe.*

FAITH FOUR-SQUARE.

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

THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH.

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

CLOATHES ARE CONSPIRATORS.

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

Nos. 930-

CRUELTY.

935

*TIS but a dog-like madnesse in bad Kings,
For to delight in wounds and murderings.
As some plants prosper best by cuts and blowes;
So Kings by killing doe encrease their foes.*

FAIRE AFTER FOULE.

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

HUNGER.

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

BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE.

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

THE END.

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

THE BONDMAN.

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

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

CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

Nos. 936-
940

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

TO SILVIA.

PARDON my trespassse (Silvia,) I confesse,
My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfastnesse :
None is discreet at all times ; no, *not Jove*
Himselfe, at one time, can be wise and Love.

FAIRE SHEWES DECEIVE.

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

HIS WISH.

FAT be my Hinde ; unlearnèd be my wife ;
Peacefull my night ; my day devoid of strife :
To these a comely off-spring I desire,
Singing about my everlasting fire.

UPON JULIA'S WASHING HER SELF IN THE RIVER.

How fierce was I, when I did see
My Julia wash her self in thee !
So Lillies thorough Christall look :
So purest pebbles in the brook :
As in the River Julia did,
Halfe with a Lawne of water hid.

336 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 940-
943

Into thy streames my self I threw,
And strugling there, I kist thee too ;
And more had done (it is confest)
Had not thy waves forbad the rest.

A MEANE IN OUR MEANES.

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

UPON CLUNN.

A ROWLE of Parchment Clunn about him beares,
Charg'd with the Armes of all his Ancestors :
And seems halfe ravisht, when he looks upon
That Bar, this Bend ; that Fess, this Cheveron ;
This Manch, that Moone ; this Martlet, and
that Mound ;
This counterchange of Perle and Diamond.
What joy can Clun have in that Coat, or this,
Whenas his owne still out at elboes is ?

UPON CUPID.

LOVE, like a Beggar, came to me
With Hose and Doublet torne :
His Shirt bedangling from his knee,
With Hat and Shoes out-worne.
He askt an almes ; 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 toucht me so, as that I burn,
And am tormented now.

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

Nos. 943-
947

V P O N B L I S S E .

V P O N B U R R .

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

V P O N M E G G .

A N H Y M N E T O L O V E .

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

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

No, no, Ile be
 In fetters free:
 While others they sit wringing

Nos. 947-
949

Their hands for paine ;
 Ile entertaine
 The wounds of love with singing.

With Flowers and Wine,
 And Cakes Divine,
 To strike me I will tempt thee :
 Which done ; no more
 Ile come before
 Thee and thine Altars emptie.

TO HIS HONOURED AND MOST INGENIOUS
 FRIEND MR CHARLES COTTON.

FOR brave comportment, wit without offence,
 Words fully flowing, yet of influence :
 Thou art that man of men, the man alone,
 Worthy the Publique Admiration :
 Who with thine owne eyes read'st what we doe
 write,
 And giv'st our Numbers Euphonie, and weight.
 Tel'st when a Verse springs high, how understood
 To be, or not, borne of the Royall-blood.
 What State above, what Symmetrie below,
 Lines have, or sho'd have, thou the best canst show.
 For which (my Charles) it is my pride to be,
 Not so much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee.
 Long may I live so, and my wreath of Bayes,
 Be lesse others Laurell, then thy praise.

WOMEN USELESSE.

WHAT need we marry Women, when
 Without their use we may have men ?
 And such as will in short time be,
 For murder fit, or mutinie ;

As Cadmus once a new way found,
By throwing teeth into the ground ;
From which poore seed, and rudely sown
Sprung up a War-like Nation.

So let us Yron, Silver, Gold,
Brasse, Leade, or Tinne, throw into th' mould ;
And we shall see in little space
Rise up of men, a fighting race.
If this can be, say then, what need
Have we of Women or their seed ?

Nos. 949-
954

LOVE IS A SIRRUP.

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

LEVEN.

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

REPLETION.

PHYSITIANS say Repletion springs
More from the sweet then sower things.

ON HIMSELFE.

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

NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

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

340 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 955-
957

ON HIMSELFE.

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

TO M. LEONARD WILLAN HIS PECULIAR FRIEND.

I WILL be short, and having quickly hurl'd
This line about, live Thou throughout the world ;
Who art a man for all Sceanes ; unto whom
(What's hard to others) nothing's troublesome.
Can'st write the Comick, Tragick straine, and
fall

From these to penne the pleasing Pastorall :
Who fli'st at all heights : Prose and Verse run'st
through ;

Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespasse
too :

For which I might extoll thee, but speake lesse,
Because thy selfe are comming to the Presse :
And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow,
Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

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

TELL me, young man, or did the Muses bring
Thee lesse to taste, then to drink up their Spring ;
That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be
A Poet, or a Poet-like but Thee ?

What was thy Birth, thy starre that makes thee
knowne,

At twice ten yeares, a prime and publike one ?
Tell us thy Nation, kindred, or the whence
Thou had'st, and hast thy mighty influence,

That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd, Nos. 957-
 And no lesse prais'd, then of the maides 961
 admir'd.

Put on thy Laurell then ; and in that trimme
 Be thou Apollo, or the type of him :
 Or let the Unshorne God lend thee his Lyre,
 And next to him, be Master of the Quire.

TO JULIA.

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

TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER
M. ELIZABETH FINCH.

HANSOME you are, and Proper you will be
 Despight of all your infortunie :
 Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse
 In that your owne prefixèd comelinsse :
 Spend on that stock: and when your life must fall,
 Leave others Beauty, to set up withall.

UPON RALPH.

.

TO HIS BOOKE.

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

342 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 962-
963

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

WELCOME, Great Cesar, welcome now you are,
As dearest Peace, after destructive Warre :
Welcome as slumbers ; or as beds of ease
After our long, and peevish sicknesses.
O Pompe of Glory ! Welcome now, and come
To re-possess once more your long'd-for home.
A thousand Altars smoake ; a thousand thighes
Of Beeves here ready stand for Sacrifice.
Enter and prosper ; while our eyes doe waite
For an Ascendent throughly Auspicate :
Under which signe we may the former stone
Lay of our safeties new foundation :
That done ; O Cesar ! live, and be to us,
Our Fate, our Fortune, and our Genius ;
To whose free knees we may our temples tye
As to a still protecting Deitie :
That sho'd you stirre, we and our Altars too
May (Great Augustus) goe along with You.
Chor. Long live the King; and to accomplish this,
We'l from our owne, adde far more years to his.

ULTIMUS HEROUM :
OR, TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE, HENRY, MARQUESS OF DOR-
CHESTER.

AND as time past when Cato the Severe
Entred the circum-spacious Theater ;
In reverence of his person, every one
Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone :
E'ne so my numbers will astonisht be
If but lookt on ; struck dead, if scan'd by Thee.

TO HIS MUSE, ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

Nos. 964-
967

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

UPON VINEGER.

VINEGER is no other I define,
Then the dead Corps, or Carkase of the Wine.

UPON MUDGE.

MUDGE every morning to the Postern comes,
(His teeth all out) to rince and wash his gummess.

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

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

344 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 968-

UPON HIS SPANIELL TRACIE.

972

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

THE DELUGE.

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

UPON LUPES.

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

RAGGS.

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

STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVERAIGNTY.

LET Kings and Rulers learne this line from me ;
Where power is weake, unsafe is Majestie.

UPON TUBBS.

Nos. 973·

FOR thirty yeares, Tubbs has been proud and
poor ;

'Tis now his habit, which he can't give ore.

CRUTCHES.

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

TO JULIA.

HOLY waters hither bring
For the sacred sprinkling :
Baptize me and thee, and so
Let us to the Altar go.
And (ere we our rites commence)
Wash our hands in innocence.
Then Ile be the Rex Sacrorum,
Thou the Queen of Peace and Quorum.

346 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 976-

UPON CASE.

979

CASE is a Lawyer, that ne'r pleads alone,
 But when he hears the like confusion,
 As when the disagreeing Commons throw
 About their House, their clamourous I, or No:
 Then Case, as loud as any Serjant there,
 Cries out (My lord, my Lord) the Case is clear:
 But when all's hush't, Case then a fish more
 mute
 Bestirs his Hand, but starves in hand the Suite.

TO PERENNA.

I A DIRGE will pen for thee;
 Thou a Trentall make for me:
 That the Monks and Fryers together,
 Here may sing the rest of either:
 Next, I'm sure, the Nuns will have
 Candlemas to grace the Grave.

TO HIS SISTER IN LAW, M. SUSANNA HERRICK.

THE Person crowns the Place; your lot doth fall
 Last, yet to be with These a Principall.
 Howere it fortun'd; know for Truth, I meant
 You a fore-leader in this Testament.

UPON THE LADY CREW.

THIS Stone can tell the storie of my life,
 What was my Birth, to whom I was a Wife:
 In teeming years, how soon my Sun was set,
 Where now I rest, these may be known by Jet
 For other things, my many Children be
 The best and truest Chronicles of me.

ON TOMASIN PARSONS.

Nos. 980-
984

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

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

DOWN with the Rosemary, and so
Down with the Baies, & misletoe :
Down with the Holly, Ivie, all,
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall :
That so the superstitious find
No one least Branch there left behind :
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there (maids trust to me)
So many Goblins you shall see.

SUSPICION MAKES SECURE.

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

UPON SPOKES.

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

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

WELCOME to this my Colledge, and though late
Th'ast got a place here (standing candidate)
It matters not, since thou art chosen one
Here of my great and good foundation.

348 Herrick's Poems

No. 985 A BUCOLICK BETWIXT TWO: LACON AND
THYRSIS.

Lacon. FOR a kiss or two, confesse,
What doth cause this pensiveness,
Thou most lovely Neat-heardesse?
Why so lonely on the hill?
Why thy pipe by thee so still,
That erewhile was heard so shrill?
Tell me, do thy kine now fail
To fulfill the milkin-paile?
Say, what is't that thou do'st aile?

Thyr. None of these; but out, alas!
A mischance is come to pass,
And Ile tell thee what it was:
See mine eyes are weeping ripe,

Lacon. Tell, and Ile lay down my Pipe.

Thyr. I have lost my lovely steere,
That to me was far more deer
Then these kine, which I milke here.
Broad of fore-head, large of eye,
Party-colour'd like a Pie;
Smooth in each limb as a die;
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn;
Sharply pointed as a thorn:
With a neck by yoke unworn.
From the which hung down by strings,
Balls of Cowslips, Daisie rings,
Enterplac't with ribbanings.
Faultless every way for shape;
Not a straw co'd him escape;
Ever gamesome as an ape:
But yet harmless as a sheep.
(Pardon, Lacon, if I weep)
Tears will spring, where woes are deep.

Now (ai me!) (ai me!) Last night
 Came a mad dog, and did bite,
 I, and kil'd my dear delight.

Nos. 985-
989

Lacon. Alack, for grief!

Thyr. But Ile be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call
 Me, and my sad Play-mates all,
 To his Ev'ning Funerall.

Live long, Lacon, so adew!

Lacon. Mournfull maid, farewell to you;
Earth afford ye flowers to strew.

UPON SAPHO.

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

UPON FAUNUS.

WE read how Faunus, he the shepherds God,
 His wife to death whipt with a Mirtle Rod.
 The Rod (perhaps) was better'd by the name;
 But had it been of Birch, the death's the same.

THE QUINTELL.

.

A BACHANALIAN VERSE.

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

Nos. 989-
993

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

CARE A GOOD KEEPER.

*CARE keeps the Conquest; 'tis no less renowne,
To keepe a Citie then to winne a Towne.*

RULES FOR OUR REACH.

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

TO BIANCHA.

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

TO THE HANDSOME MISTRESSE GRACE POTTER.

As is your name, so is your comely face,
Toucht everywhere with such diffusèd grace,
As that in all that admirable round,
There is not one least solecisme found;
And as that part, so every portion else,
Keeps line for line with Beauties Parallels.

ANACREONTIKE.

Nos. 994-
995

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

MORE MODEST, MORE MANLY.

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

352 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 996-1000 NOT TO COVET MUCH WHERE LITTLE IS THE
CHARGE.

WHY sho'd we covet much, whenas we know,
 W'ave more to beare our charge then way to
 go?

ANACREONTICK VERSE.

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

UPON PENNIE.

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

PATIENCE IN PRINCES.

*KINGS must not use the Axe for each offence :
 Princes cure some faults by their patience.*

FEARE GETS FORCE.

*DESPAIRE takes heart, when ther's no hope to
 speed :
 The Coward then takes Armes, and do's the deed.*

PARCELL-GIL'T-POETRY.

Nos. 1001-
1004

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

UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER.

I BRING ye Love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Like, and dislike ye :

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

Ans. Stroake ye to strike ye.

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

Ans. Love will be-foole ye :

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

Ans. Heate ye to coole ye :

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

Ans. Love gifts will send ye :

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

Ans. Stock ye to spend ye :

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

Ans. Love will fulfill ye :

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

Ans. Kisse ye, to kill ye.

TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT IN
CORNWALL.

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

HIS GRANGE.

How well contented in this private Grange
Spend I my life (that's subject unto change :)
Under whose Roofe with Mosse-worke wrought,
there I

Kisse my Brown wife, and black Posterity.

Nos. 1005-
1009

LEPROSIE IN HOUSES.

WHEN to a House I come, and see
 The Genius wastefull, more then free :
 The servants thumblesse, yet to eat,
 With lawlesse tooth the floure of wheate :
 The Sonnes to suck the milke of Kine,
 More then the teats of Discipline :
 The Daughters wild and loose in dresse ;
 Their cheekes unstain'd with shamefac'tnesse :
 The Husband drunke, the Wife to be
 A Baud to incivility :
 I must confesse, I there descrie,
 A House spred through with Leprosie.

GOOD MANNERS AT MEAT.

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

ANTHEA'S RETRACTATION.

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

COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

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

SEEKE AND FINDE.

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

REST.

Nos. 1010-

ON with thy worke, though thou beest hardly
prest ;

Labour is held up, by the hope of rest.

LEPROSIE IN CLOATHES.

WHEN flowing garments I behold
Enspir'd with Purple, Pearle, and Gold ;
I think no other but I see
In them a glorious leprosie,
That do's infect, and make the rent
More mortall in the vestiment.

As flowrie vestures doe descric

The wearers rich immodestie ;

So plaine and simple cloathes doe show

Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.

UPON BUGGINS.

BUGGINS is Drunke all night, all day he sleepes ;
This is the Levell-coyle that Buggins keeps.

GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES.

To an old soare a long cure must goe on ;

Great faults require great satisfaction.

HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

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

THE BEGGER.

SHALL I a daily Begger be,
For loves sake asking almes of thee ?

356 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1015-
1018

Still shall I crave, and never get
A hope of my desirèd bit !
Ah cruell maides ! Ile goe my way,
Whereas (perchance) my fortunes may
Finde out a Threshold or a doore,
That may far sooner speed the poore :
Where thrice we knock, and none will heare,
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

BASTARDS.

OUR Bastard-children are but like to Plate,
Made by the Coyners illegitimate.

HIS CHANGE.

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

THE VISION.

ME thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed)
A crawling Vine about Anacreon's head :
Flusht was his face ; his haire with oyle did
shine ;
And as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with wine.
Tiplèd he was ; and tipling lispt withall ;
And lisping reeld, and reeling like to fall.
A young Enchantresse close by him did stand
Tapping his plump thighes with a mirtle wand :
She smil'd ; he kist ; and kissing, cull'd her too ;
And being cup-shot, more he co'd not doe.

For which (me thought) in prittie anger she Nos. 1018-
 Snatcht off his Crown, and gave the wreath to 1022
 me :

Since when (me thinks) my braines about doe
 swim,

And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

A VOW TO VENUS.

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

ON HIS BOOKE.

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

A SONNET OF PERILLA.

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

BAD MAY BE BETTER.

MAN may at first transgress, but next do well :
Vice doth in some but lodge awhile, not dwell.

Nos. 1023-
1025

POSTING TO PRINTING.

LET others to the Printing Presse run fast,
Since after death comes glory, Ile not haste.

RAPINE BRINGS RUINE.

WHAT's got by Justice is establisht sure ;
No Kingdomes got by Rapine long endure.

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

WHAT needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of Saints ?
In endlesse mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth :
She sees no teares,
Or any tone
Of thy deep grone
She heares :
Nor do's she minde,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind.
But chang'd above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy Love.
Forbeare therefore,
And lull asleepe
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

UPON BOREMAN. EPIG.

Nos. 1026-
1029

BOREMAN takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes ; yet
 Boreman,
 For all the Divell helps, will be a poore man.

SAINT DISTAFFS DAY, OR THE MORROW AFTER
 TWELFTH DAY.

PARTLY worke and partly play
 Ye must on S. Distaffs day :
 From the Plough soone free your teame ;
 Then come home and fother them.
 If the Maides a-spinning goe,
 Burne the flax, and fire the tow :
 Scorch their plackets, but beware
 That ye singe no maiden-haire.
 Bring in pailles of water then,
 Let the Maides bewash the men.
 Give S. Distaffe all the right,
 Then bid Christmas sport good night ;
 And next morrow, every one
 To his owne vocation.

SUFFERANCE.

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

HIS TEARS TO THAMASIS.

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss
 To thec, my silver-footed Thamasis.
 No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,
 Whereon so many Stately Structures stand :
 Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,
 To bath in thee (as thousand others doe,)

360 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1029-
1031 No more shall I along thy christall glide,
In Barge (with boughes and rushes beautif'd)
With soft-smooth Virgins (for our chast disport)
To Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton-
Court :

Never againe shall I with Finnie-Ore
Put from, or draw unto the faithfull 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 Nimphs and curious water Dames,
With Swan-like-state, flote up & down thy
streams :

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

PARDONS.

*THOSE ends in War the best contentment bring,
Whose Peace is made up with a Pardoning.*

PEACE NOT PERMANENT.

*GREAT Cities seldome rest : If there be none
T'invade from far ; They'l find worse foes at
home.*

TRUTH AND ERROUR.

Nos. 1032-
1036

*TWIXT Truth and Errour, there's this difference
known,
Errour is fruitfull, Truth is onely one.*

THINGS MORTALL, STILL MUTABLE.

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

STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

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

WIT PUNISHT, PROSPERS MOST.

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

TWELFE NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEENE.

Now, now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plums,
Where Beane's the King of the sport here ;
Beside we must know,
The Pea also
Must revell, as Queene, in the Court here.

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

362 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1036-
1039

Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake ;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurg'd will not drinke
To the base from the brink
A health to the King and the Queene here.

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

Give then to the King
And Queene wassailing :
And though with ale ye be wet here ;
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

HIS DESIRE.

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

CAUTION IN COUNCELL.

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

MODERATION.

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

ADVICE THE BEST ACTOR.

Nos. 1040-
1046

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

CONFORMITY IS COMELY.

*CONFORMITY gives comelinsse to things :
And equall shares exclude all murmerings.*

LAWES.

WHO violates the Customes, hurts the Health,
Not of one man, but all the Common-wealth.

THE MEANE.

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

LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE.

LIKE will to like, each Creature loves his kinde :
Chaste words proceed still from a bashfull minde.

HIS HOPE OR SHEAT-ANCHOR.

AMONG these Tempests great and manifold
My Ship has here one only Anchor-hold ;
That is my hope ; which if that slip, I'm one
Wildred in this vast watry Region.

COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

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

Nos. 1047-
1052

TWILIGHT.

THE Twi-light is no other thing (we say)
Then Night now gone, and yet not sprung the
Day.

FALSE MOURNING.

HE who wears Blacks, and mournes not for the
Dead,
Do's but deride the Party burièd.

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

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

DIET.

IF wholesome Diet can re-cure a man,
What need of Physick, or Physitian?

SMART.

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

THE TINKERS SONG.

ALONG, come along,
Let's meet in a throng
Here of Tinkers;
And quaffe up a Bowle
As big as a Cowle
To Beer Drinkers.
The pole of the Hop
Place in the Ale-shop
To Bethwack us;

If ever we think
 So much as to drink
 Unto Bacchus.
 Who frolick will be,
 For little cost he
 Must not vary,
 For Beer-broth at all,
 So much as to call
 For Canary.

Nos. 1052-
 1056

HIS COMFORT.

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

SINCERITY.

WASH clean the Vessell, lest ye soure
 Whatever Liquor in ye powre.

TO ANTHEA.

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

NOR BUYING OR SELLING.

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

Nos. 1057-
1061

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND M. JO. WICKS.

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

THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFULL.

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

AFTER AUTUMNE, WINTER.

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

A GOOD DEATH.

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

RECOMPENCE.

WHO plants an Olive, but to eat the Oile ?
Reward, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.

ON FORTUNE.

Nos. 1062-
1065

THIS is my comfort, when she's most unkind,
She can but spoil me of my Meanes, not Mind.

TO SIR GEORGE PARRIE, DOCTOR OF THE
CIVILL LAW.

I HAVE my Laurel Chaplet on my head,
If 'mongst these many Numbers to be read,
But one by you be hug'd and cherishèd.

Peruse my Measures thoroughly, and where
Your judgement finds a guilty Poem, there
Be you a Judge ; but not a Judge severe.

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

Stand forth Brave Man, here to the publique
sight ;

And in my Booke now claim a two-fold right :
The first as Doctor, and the last as Knight.

CHARMES.

THIS Ile tell ye by the way,
Maidens when ye Leavens lay,
Crosse your Dow, and your dispatch
Will be better for your Batch.

ANOTHER.

IN the morning when ye rise,
Wash your hands, and cleanse your eyes.
Next be sure ye have a care,
To disperse the water farre.
For as farre as that doth light,
So farre keeps the evill Spright.

Nos. 1066-
1069

ANOTHER.

IF ye feare to be affrighted
 When ye are (by chance) benighted :
 In your Pocket for a trust,
 Carrie nothing but a Crust :
 For that holy piece of Bread
 Charmes the danger, and the dread.

UPON GORGONIUS.

GENTLENESS.

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

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

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

Amaril. In country Meadows pearl'd with Dew,
 And set about with Lillies ;
 There filling Maunds with Cowslips, you
 May find your Amarillis.

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

Let Country wenches make 'em fine
 With Posies, since 'tis fitter

For thee with richest Jemmes to shine, Nos. 1069-
And like the Starres to glitter. 1072

- Amaril.* You set too high a rate upon
A Shepheardess so homely ;
Her. Believe it (dearest) ther's not one
I'th' Court that's halfe so comly.
I prithee stay. (*Am.*) I must away ;
Let's kiss first, then we'l sever.
Ambo. And though we bid adieu to-day,
Wee shall not part for ever.

TO JULIA.

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

TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

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

TO THE HONOURED, MASTER
ENDIMION PORTER.

WHEN to thy Porch I come, and (ravisht) see
The State of Poets there attending Thee :
Those Bardes and I, all in a Chorus sing,
We are Thy Prophets, Porter ; Thou our King.

Nos. 1073-
1078

SPEAKE IN SEASON.

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

OBEDIENCE.

THE Power of Princes rests in the Consent
Of onely those, who are obedient :
Which if away, proud Scepters then will lye
Low, and of Thrones the Ancient Majesty.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

*No man so well a Kingdome Rules, as He,
Who hath himselfe obaid the Soveraignty.*

OF LOVE.

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

UPON TRAP.

TRAP, of a Player turn'd a Priest now is ;
Behold a suddaine Metamorphosis.
If Tythe-pigs faile, then will he shift the secan,
And, from a Priest, turne Player once again.

UPON GRUBS.

GRUBS loves his Wife and Children, while that
they
Can live by love, or else grow fat by Play :

But when they call or cry on Grubs for meat ; Nos.1078-
 Instead of Bread, Grubs gives them stones to eat. 1081
 He raves, he rends, and while he thus doth tear,
 His Wife and Children fast to death for fear.

UPON DOL.

.

UPON HOG.

.

THE SCHOOL OR PERL OF PUTNEY, THE MIS-
 TRESS OF ALL SINGULAR MANNERS, MISTRESSE
 PORTMAN.

WHETHER I was my selfe, or else did see
 Out of my self that Glorious Hierarchie !
 Or whether those (in orders rare) or these
 Made up One State of Sixtie Venuses ;
 Or whether Fairies, Syrens, Nymphes they were,
 Or Muses, on their mountaine sitting there ;
 Or some enchanted Place, I do not know
 (Or Sharon, where eternall Roses grow.)
 This I am sure ; I Ravisht stood, as one
 Confus'd in utter Admiration.
 Me thought I saw them stir, and gently move,
 And look as all were capable of Love :
 And in their motion smelt much like to flowers
 Enspir'd by th' Sun-beams after dewes & showers.
 There did I see the Reverend Rectresse stand,
 Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,
 Those spirits rais'd ; and with like precepts then,
 (As with a Magick) laid them all agen :

372 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1081-
1086 (A happy Realme! When no compulsive Law,
Or fear of it, but Love keeps all in awe.)

Live you, great Mistresse of your Arts, and be
A nursing Mother so to Majesty ;
As those your Ladies may in time be seene,
For Grace and Carriage, every one a Queene.
One Birth their Parents gave them ; but their
new,

And better Being, they receive from You.
*Mans former Birth is grace-lesse ; but the state
Of life comes in, when he's Regenerate.*

TO PERENNA.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

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

ON LOVE.

THAT love 'twixt men do's ever longest last
Where War and Peace the Dice by turns doe
cast.

ANOTHER ON LOVE.

LOVE's of it self, too sweet ; the best of all
Is, when loves hony has a dash of gall.

UPON GUT.

.

UPON CHUB.

Nos. 1087-
1091

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

PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

WHERE Pleasures rule a Kingdome, never there
Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

ON HIMSELF.

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

TO M. LAURENCE SWETNAHAM.

READ thou my Lines, my Swetnaham, if there be
A fault, 'tis hid, if it be voic't by thee.
Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please ;
How will it drop pure hony, speaking these ?

HIS COVENANT OR PROTESTATION TO JULIA.

WHY do'st thou wound, & break my heart,
As if we sho'd for ever part ?
Hast thou not heard an Oath from me,
After a day, or two, or three,
I wo'd come back and live with thee ?

374 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1091-
1094

Take, if thou do'st distrust that Vowe ;
This second Protestation now.
Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd Teare,
Which sits as Dew of Roses there :
That Teare shall scarce be dri'd before
He kisse the Threshold of thy dore.
Then weepe not, sweet ; but thus much know,
I'm halfe return'd before I go.

ON HIMSELFE.

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

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN MASTER MICHAEL OULSWORTH.

NOR thinke that Thou in this my Booke art
worst,
Because not plac't here with the midst, or first.
Since Fame that sides with these, or goes before
Those, that must live with thee for evermore.
That Fame, and Fames rear'd Pillar, thou shalt
see
In the next sheet, Brave Man, to follow Thee.
Fix on that Columne then, and never fall ;
Held up by Fames eternall Pedestall.

TO HIS GIRLES WHO WOULD HAVE HIM SPORTFULL.

ALAS ! I can't, for tell me how
Can I be gamesome (agèd now :)

Besides, ye see me daily grow
 Here, Winter-like, to Frost and Snow.
 And I ere long, my Girles, shall see,
 Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

Nos. 1094-
 1099

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

*TRUTH by her own simplicity is known ;
 Falsehood by Varnish and Vermillion.*

HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.

I HAVE been wanton, and too bold I feare,
 To chafe o'remuch the Virgins cheek or eare :
 Beg for my Pardon, Julia ; *He doth winne
 Grace with the Gods, who's sorry for his sinne.*
 That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come,
 And go with me to chuse my Buriall roome :
 My Fates are ended ; when thy Herrick dyes,
 Claspe thou his Book, then close thou up his
 Eyes.

ON HIMSELFE.

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

UPON KINGS.

*KINGS must be dauntlesse : Subjects will contemne
 Those, who want Hearts, and weare a Diadem.*

TO HIS GIRLES.

WANTON Wenches doe not bring
 For my haire black colouring :
 For my Locks (Girles) let 'em be
 Gray or white, all's one to me.

376 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1100-
1102

UPON SPUR.

SPUR jingles now, and swears by no meane
oathes,
He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay
cloathes :
Most like his Suite, and all commend the Trim ;
And thus they praise the Sumpter ; but not him :
As to the Goddess, people did conferre
Worship, and not to'th' Asse that carried her.

TO HIS BROTHER NICOLAS HERRICK.

WHAT others have with cheapnesse seene, and
ease,
In Varnisht Maps ; by'th' helpe of Compasses :
Or reade in Volumes, and those Bookes (with all
Their large Narrations, Incanonicall)
Thou hast beheld those seas, and Countries farre ;
And tel'st to us, what once they were, and are.
So that with bold truth, thou canst now relate
This Kingdomes fortune, and that Empires fate :
Canst talke to us of Sharon ; where a spring
Of Roses have an endlesse flourishing.
Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them,
Make knowne to us the new Jerusalem.
The Mount of Olives ; Calverie, and where
Is (and hast seene) thy Saviours Sepulcher.
So that the man that will but lay his eares,
As Inapostate, to the thing he heares,
Shall by his hearing quickly come to see
The truth of Travails lesse in bookes then Thee.

THE VOICE AND VIOLL.

RARE is the voice itself ; but when we sing
To'th' Lute or Violl, then 'tis ravishing.

WARRE.

Nos. 1103-
1110

IF Kings and kingdomes, once distracted be,
The sword of war must trie the Sovereignty.

A KING AND NO KING.

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

PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS.

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

FLATTERIE.

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

UPON RUMPE.

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

UPON SHOFTER.

.

UPON DEB.

.

EXCESSE.

EXCESSE is sluttish : keepe the meane ; for why?
Vertue's clean Conclave is sobriety.

Nos. IIII-

UPON CROOT.

III7

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

THE SOUL IS THE SALT.

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

UPON FLOOD, OR A THANKFULL MAN.

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

UPON PIMPE.

.

UPON LUSKE.

.

FOOLISHNESSE.

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

UPON RUSH.

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

ABSTINENCE.

Nos. 1118-
1123

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

NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE.

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

SAUCE FOR SORROWES.

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

TO CUPID.

I HAVE a leaden, thou a shaft of gold ;
Thou kil'st with heate, and I strike dead with
cold.

Let's trie of us who shall the first expire ;
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire :
Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike.
And bring to'th' heart destruction both alike.

DISTRUST.

WHATEVER men for Loyalty pretend,
'Tis Wisdomes part to doubt a faithfull friend.

THE HAGG.

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

380 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1123-
1126

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

THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

IL'E write no more of Love ; but now repent
Of all those times that I in it have spent.
Ile write no more of life ; but wish 'twas ended,
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

TO HIS BOOKE.

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

THE END OF HIS WORKE.

Nos. 1127-
1130

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

TO CROWNE IT.

My wearied Barke, O let it now be Crown'd !
The Haven reacht to which I first was bound.

ON HIMSELFE.

THE worke is done : young men and maidens, set
Upon my curles the Mirtle Coronet,
Washt with sweet ointments ; Thus at last I come
To suffer in the Muses Martyrdome :
But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,
The Muses will weare blackes, when I am dead.

THE PILLAR OF FAME.

FAMES pillar here, at last, we set,
Out-during Marble, Brasse, or Jet,
Charmed and enchanted so,
As to withstand the blow,
Of overthrow,
Nor shall the seas,
OR OUTRAGES
Of storms orebear
What we up-rear :
Tho Kingdoms fal,
This pillar never shall
Decline or waste at all ;
But stand for ever by his owne
Firme and well-fixt foundation.

To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't,]
Jocond his Muse was ; but his Life was chast.

No. 1

ADDITIONAL POEMS

NOT INCLUDED IN HESPERIDES

THE DESCRIPTION OF A WOMAN.

WHOSE head befringèd with be-scatterèd tresses,
 Shews like Apolloes, when the morn he dresses :
 Or like Aurora when with Pearle she sets
 Her long disheveld Rose-crown'd Trammelets :
 Her forehead smooth, full-polish'd, bright and
 high,
 Bears in itself a gracefull Majesty ;
 Under the which, two crawling eye-brows twine
 Like to the tendrills of a flatt'ring Vine :
 Under whose shade, two starry sparkling eyes
 Are beautif'd with faire fringd Canopies
 Her comely nose with uniformall grace,
 Like purest white, stands in the middle place,
 Parting the paire, as wee may well suppose,
 Each cheek resembling still a damaske Rose :
 Which like a Garden manifestly shew
 How Roses, Lillies, and Carnations growe ;
 Which sweetly mixèd both with white and red,
 Like Rose leaves, white and red, seem minglèd,
 Then nature, for a sweet allurement sets
 Two smelling, swelling, bashfull Cherylets ;
 The which, with ruby-rednesse being tip'd,
 Do speake a Virgin, merry, Chery-lip'd.
 Over the which a neat sweet skin is drawne,
 Which makes them shew like Roses under Lawne ;
 These be the Ruby-portals, and divine,
 Which ope themselves, to shew a holy shrine,
 Whose breath is rich perfume, that to the sense

Additional Poems 383

No. 1

Smells like the burn'd Sabean Frankinsense ;
 In which the tongue, though but a member small,
 Stands guarded with a Rosie-hilly-wall ;
 And her white teeth, which in her gums are set,
 Like Pearl and Gold, make one rich Cabinet.
 Next doth her chin, with dimpled beauty strive
 For his white, plump, and smooth, prerogative ;
 At whose faire top, to please the sight there grows
 The fairest image of a blushing rose ;
 Mov'd by the chin, whose motion causeth this,
 That both her lips do part, do meet, do kiss,
 Her ears, which like two labyrinths are plac'd
 On eyther side, with rich rare Jewels grac'd :
 Moving a question, whether that by them,
 The Jem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the Jem.
 But the foundation of the Architect
 Is the Swan-staining, faire, rare, stately neck,
 Which with ambitious humblenesse stands under,
 Bearing aloft this rich-round world of wonder.
 In which the veynes implanted, seeme to lye
 Like loving vines hidde under ivorie ;
 So full of clarrett, that whosoe prickes this vine
 May see it sprout forth streames like Muskadine.
 Her breast, a place for beauties throne most fit,
 Bears up two Globes, where love and pleasure
 sit ;
 Which, headed with two rich round Rubies, show
 Like wanton Rose-buds growing out of Snow,
 And in the milky valley that's between,
 Sits Cupid, kissing of his mother Queen :
 Fingering the papps that feele like slevèd silke,
 And prest a little, thay will weep pure milke.
 Then comes the belly, seated next below,
 Like a faire mountain of Riphean snow ;
 Whear Nature, in a whitenesse without spot,

384 Herrick's Poems

No. 1 Hath in the middle tied a Gordian knott ;
 Or else that she in that white waxen hill
 Hath seald the primrose of her utmost skill ;
 But now my muse hath spied a darke descent
 From this soe pretious pearly permanent,
 A milkye highe-way that direction yelds
 Unto the port-mouth of the Elizean feilds :
 A place desired of all, but got by these
 Whom love admitts to the Hesperides ;
 Heres goulden fruite, that doth excede all price
 Growing in this Love-guarded paradise ;
 Above the entrance, there is wrighten this,
This is the portail to the bower of blisse,
 Through mid'st whearof, a christall streame there
 flowes
 Passing the sweete-sweete of a muskie rose.
 Now Love invites me to survey her thighs,
 Swelling in likenesse like to Crystall skyes,
 With plump softe flesh, of mettall pure and fine,
 Resembling sheildes, both pure and cristaline.
 Hence rise those two ambitious hills, that looke
 Into the middle sweet sight-stealing crooke,
 Which for the better bewtifying shrowds
 Its humble selfe 'twixt two aspiring cloudes ;
 Which to the knees by nature fastned on,
 Derive their ever well 'greed motion.
 Her legs with two clear calves, like silver try'd,
 Kindly swell up, with little pretty pride,
 Leaving a distance for the comely small
 To beautifie the leg and foot withall.
 Then lowly, yet most lovely stand the feet,
 Round, short and clear, like pounded Spices
 sweet ;
 And whatsoever thing they tread upon
 They make it scent like bruisèd Cinnamon.

Additional Poems 385

Nos. 1-2

The lovely shoulders now allure the eye,
 To see two Tablets of pure ivorie :
 From which two arms like branches seem to
 spread,
 With tender vein'd and silver colourèd ;
 With little hands and fingers long and small,
 To grace a Lute, a Violl, Virginall.
 In length each finger doth his next excell,
 Each richly headed with a pearly shell ;
 Richer then that fayre, pretious, vertuous horne
 That armes the forehead of the unicorne.
 Thus every parte in contrariety
 Meet in the whole and make an harmony ;
 As divers strings do singly disagree,
 But form'd by Number, make sweet melodie.
 Unto the idoll of the worke devine
 I consecrate this loving life of myne,
 Bowing my lipps unto that stately roote
 Wheare bewtye springs ; and thus I kiss her
 foote.

MR HERICKE HIS DAUGHTERS DOWRYE.

ÈRE I goe hence and bee noe more
 Seene to the world, Ile give the skore
 I owe unto a female child,
 And that is this, a verse instylde
 My daughters dowrye ; having which,
 Ile leave thee then compleatly riche ;
 Insteade of gold, pearle, rubies, bonds,
 Longe forfaite pawnèd diamonds,
 Or antique pledges, house or lande ;
 I give thee this that shall withstande
 The blow of ruine and of chance ;
 These hurte not thyne inheritance,
 For 'tis fee simple, and noe rent

386 Herrick's Poems

No. 2 Thou fortune ow'st for tenement ;
 However after times will praise,
 This portion, my prophetique bayes,
 Cannot deliver up to th' rust,
 Yet I keepe peacefull in my dust.
 As for thy birth, and better seeds
 (Those which must growe to vertuous deeds :
 Thou didst derive from that old stem
 Love and Mercie, cherish them),
 Which, like a vestall virgine ply
 With holye fier, least that it dye.
 Growe up with milder lawes to knowe
 At what time to say I or noe ;
 Let manners teach thee whear to bee
 More comely flowing, where les free :
 These bringe thy husband, like to those
 Old coyne and meddalls wee expose
 To th' shew, but never part with ; next
 As in a more conspicuous text,
 (Thy forehead) lett therin bee sign'd
 The mayden candour of thy mynde ;
 And under it two chast-borne spyes
 To barr out bolde adulteryes :
 For through these optickes, fly the dartes
 Of lust, which set on fier our hartes.
 On eyther side of these, quicke eares
 Ther must bee plac'd, for seasoned feares,
 Which sweeten love, yet ne're come nighe
 The plague of wilder jelousie.
 Then let each cheeke of thyne, intice
 His soule as to a bedd of spice ;
 Wheare hee may roule, and loose his sence
 As in a bedd of frankensence :
 A lip inkyndlèd with that coale,
 With which Love chafes and warmes the soule,

Additional Poems 387

No. 2

Bring to hym next, and in it shew
 Loves cherries ; from such fyers growe
 And have their harvest, which must stand
 The gathering of the lip, not hand ;
 Then unto these, bee it thy care
 To cloath thy words in gentle ayre,
 That smooth as oyle, sweet, softe and cleane
 As is the childish bloom of beane,
 They may fall downe and stroake (as the
 Beames of the sun the gracefull sea) :
 With handes as smooth as mercies, bring
 Hym for his better cherrishing.
 That when thou doest his necke insnare,
 Or with thy wrist, or fluttering hayre,
 Hee may (a prisoner) ther discrye
 Bondage more loved then libertye ;
 A nature, soe well form'd, soe wrought,
 To calme and tempest, let bee brought
 With thee, that should hee but incline
 To roughnes, claspe him like a vine ;
 Or like as woole meetes steele, give way
 Unto the passion, not to stay ;
 Wrath if resisted over-boyles,
 If not, it dyes, or else recoyles ;
 And lastly, see you bring to him,
 Somewhat peculiar to each lymm ;
 And I charge thee to bee knowne
 By n' other face, but by thine owne.
 Let it (in Loves name) bee kept sleeke
 Yet to bee found when hee shall seeke
 It, and not instead of saint,
 Give up his worth unto the painte ;
 For (trust me girle) shee over-does
 Who by a double proxie wooes ;
 But least I should forget his bedd,

Nos. 2-3 Bee sure thou bringe a mayden-head,
 That is a Margarite, which lost,
 Thou bring'st unto his bedd a frost
 Or a colde poyson, which his blood
 Benummes like the forgetfull floode.
 Now for some jewells to supplye
 The wante of eare-rings bravery,
 For publike eyes; take onely these,
 Ne're broughte far beyonde the seas;
 They're nobly-home-breed, yet have price
 Beyond the fare-fetch marchandize.
 Obedience, wise-distrust, peace, shy
 Distance, and sweet urbanitie:
 Safe modestie, lov'd patience, feare
 Of offending, temperance, deare
 Constancie, bashfullnes, and all
 The vertues lesse, or cardinall,
 Take with my blessinge: and goe forth
 Injewelld with thy native worthe.
 And now if ther a man bee founde,
 That lookes for such preparèd grownd,
 Let him, but with indifferent skill,
 Soe good a soile bee-stocke and till;
 Hee may ere longe have such a wife,
 Nourish in's breast, a Tree of Life.

MR ROBERT HERICKE HIS FAREWELL VNTO
 POETRIE.

I HAVE behelde two lovers, in a night
 Hatcht o're with moone-shine, from their stolen
 delight,—
 When this to that, and that to this, had given
 A kisse to such a jewell of the heven:

Additional Poems 389

Or while that each from other's breath did No. 3
drincke

Healthes to the rose, the violet, or pinke,—
Call'd on the suddayne by the jealous mother,
Some strickter Mistress or suspitious other,
Urging divorcement (worse then death to these)
By the soone jingling of some sleepy keyes,
Parte with a hastye kisse; and in that shew
How stay thay would, yet forc't thay are to goe.
Even such are wee: and in our parting, doe
Noe otherwise then as those former two;
Natures like ours, wee who have spent our time
Both from the morning to the evening chime;
Nay, till the bell-man of the night had told
Past noone of night, yet weare the howers not
old,

Nor dull'd with iron sleeps, but have out-worne
The fresh and fayrest flourish of the morne
With flame, and rapture; drincking to the odd
Number of nine, which makes us full with
God,

And in that misticke frenzie, wee have hurl'de,
(As with a tempeste) nature through the worlde,
And in a whirl-wynd twirl'd her home, agast
Att that which in her extasie had past;
Thus crownd with rose-budds, sacke, thou mad'st
mee flye

Like fier-drakes, yet didst mee no harme therby.
O thou allmightye nature, who did'st give
True heate, whearwith humanitie doth live
Beyond its stinted circle; givinge foode
White fame, and resurrection to the good;
Soaring them up, 'bove ruyne, till the doome,
The generall Aprill of the worlde dothe come,
That makes all æquall. Manye thowsands should

No. 3 (Wert not for thee) have crumbled ynto mould.
 And with theyr ceareclothes rotted, not to shew
 Whether the world such sperritts had or noe,
 Whearas by thee, those, and a million since,
 Nor fate, nor envye, cann theyr fames convince.
 Homer, Musæus, Ovid, Maro, more,
 Of those god-full prophets longe before
 Helde there eternall fiers; and ours of late
 (Thy mercie helping) shall resist strong fate,
 Nor stoope to th' center, but survive as longe
 As fame or rumour, hath or trumpe or tongue;
 But unto mee, bee only hoarse, since now
 (Heaven and my soule beare record of my
 vowe)

I, my desires screw from thee, and directe
 Them and my thoughts to that sublim'd respecte
 And conscience unto priesthood; tis not need
 (The skarcrow unto mankinde) that doth breed
 Wisser conclusions in mee, since I knowe
 I've more to beare my chardges, then way to
 goe;

Or had I not, I'de stop the spreading itch
 Of craveing more: soe in conceipt bee ritch;
 But tis the god of nature who intends,
 And shapes my function for more glorious ends:
 Kisse, soe departe; yet stay awhile to see
 The lines of sorrowe, that lye drawne in mee
 In speach, in picture; noe otherwise then
 when,

Judgment and death, denounc'd gainst guilty
 men,

Each takes a weeping farewell, rackt in mynde
 With joyes before, and pleasures left behind:
 Shakeing the head, whilst each to each dothe
 mourne

Additional Poems 391

With thought thay goe, whence thay must ner No. 3
returne.

Soe with like lookes, as once the ministrell
Cast, leading his Eurydice through hell,
I strike thy love, and greedily persue
Thee, with myne eyes, or in, or out, of view.
Soe look't the Grecian oratour when sent
From's native countrie, into banishment,
Throwing his eye-balls backward to survay
The smoake of his belovèd Attica :
Soe Tullye look't, when from the brooks of
Rome

The sad soule went, not with his love, but
doome :

Shooting his eye-darts 'gainst it, to surprise
It, or to draw the cittie to his eyes.
Such is my parting with thee ; and to prove
Ther was not varnish (only) in my love,
But substance, lo ! receive this pearlye teare
Frozen with greife, and place it in thyne eare,
Then parte in name of peace ; and softly on
With numerous feete to Hoofy Helicon ;
And when thou art upon that forked hill
Amongst the thrice three sacred virgins, fill
A full brimm'd bowle of furye and of rage,
And quaff it to the prophets of our age ;
When drunk with rapture, curse the blind and
lame

Base ballad-mongers, who usurpe thy name
And fowle thy altar ; charme some into froggs,
Some to bee ratts, and others to bee hoggs ;
Into the loathsoms't shapes thou canst devise
To make fooles hate them, onely by disguise ;
Thus with a kisse of warmth, and love, I parte
Not soe, but that some relique in my harte

392 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 3-4 Shall stand for ever, though I doe addresse
 Chiefelye my selfe to what I must proffess :
 Knowe yet (rare soule) when my diviner muse
 Shall want a hand-mayde (as she ofte will use),
 Bee readye, thou for mee, to wayte upon her,
 Though as a servant, yet a mayde of honor.
 The crowne of dutye is our dutye : well
 Doing's the fruite of doinge well. Farewell.

A CHARROLL PRESENTED TO DR WILLIAMS, BP.
 OF LINCOLNE, AS A NEWYEARS GUIFT.

HYE hence, pale Care, noe more remember
 Past sorrowes with the fled December,
 But let each plesant cheeke appeare
 Smooth as the childhood of the yeare,
 And sing a carroll here.

'Twas brave, 'twas brave could we command the
 hand
 Of Youths swift watch to stand
 As you have done your day ;
 Then should we not decay.
 But all we wither, & our light
 Is spilt in everlasting night,
 When as your sight
 Shewes like the heavens above the moone
 Like an eternall noone,
 That sees no setting sunn.

Keepe up those flames, & though you shroud
 Awhile your forehead in a cloude,
 Doe it like the sun to write
 I'th, ayre, a greater text of light ;
 Welcome to all our voves,

And since you pay
 To us the day
 Soe longe desir'd,
 See we have fyr'd,
 Our holy spicknard, and ther's none
 But brings his stick of cynamon,
 His eager eye, or smoother smyle ;
 And layes it gently on the pyle,
 Which thus enkindled, we invoke
 Your name amidst the sacred smoke.

Chorus. Come, then, greate Lord,
 And see our Alter burne
 With love of your returne,
 And not a man here but consumes
 His soule to glad you in perfumes.

SONG. HIS MISTRIS TO HIM AT HIS
 FAREWELL.

You may vow Ile not forget
 To pay the debt,
 Which to thy Memorie stands as due
 As faith can seale it you :
 Take then tribute of my teares,
 So long as I have feares
 To prompt mee, I shall ever
 Languish and looke, but thy returne see never :
 Oh then to lessen my dispaire,
 Print thy lips into the ayre,
 So by this
 Meanes, I may kisse thy kisse,
 Whenas some kinde
 Winde
 I shall hither waft it ; and in leiw,
 My lips shall send a 1000 back to you.

394 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 6-7

V P O N P A R T I N G .

GOE hence away, and in thy parting know
'Tis not my voice, but heavens that bids thee
goe ;

Spring hence thy faith, nor thinke it ill desart
I finde in thee, that makes me thus to part.
But voice of fame, and voice of heaven have
thunderd

We both were lost, if both of us not sunderd :
Fould now thine armes, and in thy last looke reare
One Sighe of love, and coole it with a teare :
Since part we must, let's kisse ; that done, retire
With as cold frost, as erst we met with fire ;
With such white vowes as fate can nere dissever
But truth knit fast ; and so farewell for ever.

U P O N M A S T E R F L E T C H E R S I N C O M P A R A B L E P L A Y E S .

A P O L L O sings, his harpe resounds : give roome,
For now behold the golden Pompe is come,
Thy Pompe of playes, which thousands come to
see,

With admiration both of them and thee.
O Volume worthy, leafe by leafe, and cover,
To be with juice of Cedar wash't all over ;
Here's words with lines, and lines with scenes
consent,

To raise an Act to full astonishment ;
Here melting numbers, words of power to move
Young men to swoone, and Maides to dye for
love.

Love lyes a-bleeding here, Evadne, there
Swell with brave rage, yet comely every where ;

Additional Poems 395

Here's *A mad lover*, there that high design Nos. 7-8
Of *King and no King*, (and the rare Plott thine.)
So that whene'er wee circumsolve our Eyes,
Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varieties,
Ravish our spirits, that entranc't wee see
None writes loves passion in the world, like thee.

THE NEW CHARON.

UPON THE DEATH OF HENRY LORD HASTINGS.

The Musical part being set by M. Henry Lawes.

The Speakers—Charon and Eucosmeia.

Enc. CHARON, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th'
Shore,

And to thy many, take in one soul more.

Cha. Who calls? who calls? *Enc.* One over-
whelm'd with ruth;

Have pity either on my tears or Youth,
And take me in, who am in deep Distress;
But first cast off thy wonted Churlishness.

Cha. I will be gentle as that Air which yeelds
A breath of Balm along th' Elizean fields.

Speak, what art thou? *Enc.* One, once
that had a lover,

Then which, thy self ne'er wafted sweeter
over.

He was—— *Cha.* Say what. *Enc.* Ay
me, my woes are deep.

Cha. Prethee relate, while I give ear and weep.

Enc. He was an Hastings; and that one Name
has

In it all good, that is, and ever was.

396 Herrick's Poems

No. 8 He was my Life, my Love, my Joy ; but
 di'd
 Some hours before I shou'd have been his
 Bride.

Chorus. Thus, thus the gods celestial still decree,
 For Humane Joy, Contingent Misery.

Euc. The hallowed Tapers all preparèd were,
 And Hymen call'd to bless the Rites.

Cha. Stop there.

Euc. Great are my woes. *Cha.* And great
 must that Grief be,
 That makes grim Charon thus to pity thee.
 But now come in. *Euc.* More let me yet
 relate.

Cha. I cannot stay ; more souls for waftage wait,
 And I must hence. *Euc.* Yet let me thus
 much know,
 Departing hence, where Good and Bad
 souls go.

Cha. Those souls which ne'er were drencht in
 pleasures stream,
 The Fields of Pluto are reserv'd for them ;
 Where, drest with garlands, there they
 walk the ground,
 Whose blessèd Youth with endless flow'rs
 is crown'd.
 But such as have been drown'd in this
 wilde sea,
 For those is kept the Gulf of Hecatè ;
 Where, with their own contagion they are
 fed ;
 And there do punish, and are punishèd.
 This known, the rest of thy sad story tell,
 When on the Flood that nine times circles
 Hell.

Additional Poems 397

Chorus. We sail along, to visit mortals never ; Nos. 8-9
But there to live, where Love shall last for
ever.

EPITAPH ON THE TOMB OF SIR EDWARD GILES
& HIS WIFE IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF DEAN
PRIOR CHURCH, DEVON.

No trust to Metals nor to Marbles, when
These have their Fate, and wear away as Men ;
Times, Titles, Trophies, may be lost and Spent ;
But Vertue Rears the eternal Monument.

What more than these can Tombs or Tomb-
stones Pay ?

But here's the Sun-set of a Tedious day :
These Two asleep are : I'll but be Undrest
And so to Bed : Pray wish us all Good Rest.

HIS NOBLE NUMBERS

OR

HIS PIOUS PIECES

Nos. 1-2

HIS CONFESSION.

LOOK how our foule Dayes do exceed our faire ;
 And as our bad, more then our good Works are,
 Ev'n so those Lines, pen'd by my wanton Wit,
 Treble the number of these good I've writ.
 Things precious are least num'rous : Men are
 prone
 To do ten Bad, for one Good Action.

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION.

X

FOR Those my unbaptizèd Rhimes,
 Writ in my wild unhallowèd Times ;
 For every sentence, clause, and word,
 That's not inlaid with Thee, (my Lord)
 Forgive me, God, and blot each Line
 Out of my Book, that is not Thine.
 But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one
 Worthy thy Benediction ;
 That One of all the rest, shall be
 The Glory of my Work, and Me.

TO FINDE GOD.

Nos. 3-6

WEIGH me the Fire ; or canst thou find
 A way to measure out the Wind ;
 Distinguish all those Floods that are
 Mixt in the watrie Theater ;
 And taste thou them as saltlesse there,
 As in their Channell first they were.
 Tell me the People that do keep
 Within the Kingdomes of the Deep ;
 Or fetch me back that Cloud againe,
 Beshiver'd into seeds of Raine ;
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares
 Of Corn, when Summer shakes his eares ;
 Shew me that world of Starres, and whence
 They noiselesse spill their Influence :
 This if thou canst ; then shew me Him
 That rides the glorious Cherubim.

WHAT GOD IS.

GOD is above the sphere of our esteem,
 And is the best known, not defining Him

UPON GOD.

GOD is not onely said to be
 An Ens, but Supraentitie.

MERCY AND LOVE.

GOD hath two wings, which He doth ever move ;
 The one is Mercy, and the next is Love :
 Under the first the Sinners ever trust ;
 And with the last he still directs the Just.

400 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 7-14

GODS ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION.

GOD when He's angry here with any one,
His wrath is free from perturbation ;
And when we think His looks are sowre and grim,
The alteration is in us, not Him.

GOD NOT TO BE COMPREHENDED.

'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

GODS PART.

PRAYERS and Praises are those spotlesse two
Lambs, by the Law, which God requires as due.

AFFLICTION.

GOD n'ere afflicts us more then our desert,
Though He may seem to over-act His part :
Sometimes He strikes us more then flesh can beare ;
But yet still lesse then Grace can suffer here.

THREE FATALL SISTERS.

THREE fatall Sisters wait upon each sin ;
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt within.

SILENCE.

SUFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk :
God, the most Wise, is sparing of His talk.

MIRTH.

TRUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin :
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

LOADING AND UNLOADING.

GOD loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins)
To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

GODS MERCY.

Nos. 15-
17

GODS boundlesse mercy is (to sinfull man)
Like to the ever-wealthy Ocean:
Which though it sends forth thousand streams,
 'tis ne're
Known, or els seen to be the emptier;
And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more
Full, and fild-full, then when full-fild before.

PRAYERS MUST HAVE POISE.

God, He rejects all Prayers that are sleight,
And want their Poise: words ought to have
 their weight.

TO GOD: AN ANTHEM, SUNG IN THE CHAPPEL AT
WHITE-HALL, BEFORE THE KING.

- Verse.* My God, I'm wounded by my sin,
And sore without, and sick within:
Ver. Chor. I come to Thee, in hope to find
Salve for my body, and my mind.
Verse. In Gilead though no Balme be found,
To ease this smart, or cure this
 wound;
Ver. Chor. Yet, Lord, I know there is with
Thee
All saving health, and help for me.
Verse. Then reach Thou forth that hand of
Thine,
That powres in oyle, as well as wine.
Ver. Chor. And let it work, for Ile endure
The utmost smart, so Thou wilt cure.

Nos. 18-
24

UPON GOD.

GOD is all fore-part ; for, we never see
Any part backward in the Deitie.

CALLING, AND CORRECTING.

GOD is not onely mercifull, to call,
Men to repent, but when He strikes withall.

NO ESCAPING THE SCOURGING.

GOD scourgeth some severely, some He spares ;
But all in smart have lesse, or greater shares.

THE ROD.

GODS Rod doth watch while men do sleep, & 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 anothers part :
But when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis known,
He comes to play the part that is His own.

GOD IS ONE.

GOD, as He is most Holy knowne,
So He is said to be most One.

PERSECUTIONS PROFITABLE.

AFFLICTIONS they most profitable are
To the beholder, and the sufferer :
Bettering them both, but by a double straine,
The first by patience, and the last by paine.

To God.

Nos. 25-
29

Do with me, God! as Thou didst deal with Iohn,
(Who writ that heavenly Revelation);
Let me (like him) first cracks of thunder heare;
Then let the Harps inchantments strike mine eare;
Here give me thornes; there, in thy Kingdome, set
Upon my head the golden coronet;
There give me day; but here my dreadfull night:
My sackcloth here; but there my Stole of white.

WHIPS.

God has His whips here to a twofold end,
The bad to punish, and the good t'amend.

GODS PROVIDENCE.

If all transgressions here should have their pay,
What need there then be of a reckning day?
If God should punish no sin, here, of men,
His Providence who would not question then?

TEMPTATION.

THOSE Saints, which God loves best,
The Devill tempts not least.

HIS EJACULATION TO GOD.

My God! looke on me with Thine eye
Of pittie, not of scrutinie;
For if Thou dost, Thou then shalt see
Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.
O then! for mercies sake, behold
These my eruptions manifold;

Nos. 29-
33

And heale me with Thy looke, or touch :
But if Thou wilt not deigne so much,
Because I'm odious in Thy sight,
Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

GODS GIFTS NOT SOONE GRANTED.

GOD heares us when we pray, but yet defers
His gifts, to exercise Petitioners :
And though awhile He makes Requesters stay,
With Princely hand He'l recompence delay.

PERSECUTIONS PURIFIE.

GOD strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent,
To make, not marre her, by this punishment :
So where He gives the bitter Pills, be sure,
'Tis not to poyson, but to make thee pure.

PARDON.

GOD pardons those, who do through frailty sin ;
But never those that persevere therein.

AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

In Numbers, and but these few,
I sing Thy Birth, Oh JESU !
Thou prettie Babie, borne here,
With sup'rabundant scorn here :
Who for Thy Princely Port here,
Hadst for Thy place
Of Birth, a base
Out-stable for thy Court here.

Instead of neat Inclosures
Of inter-woven Osiers ;
Instead of fragrant Posies
Of Daffadills, and Roses ;

*of Milton -
Ode on Nativity*

Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,
 As Gospell tells,
 Was nothing els,
 But, here, a homely manger.
 But we with Silks, (not Crewells,)
 With sundry precious Jewells,
 And Lilly-work will dresse Thee ;
 And as we dispossesse Thee
 Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber.
 Sweet Babe, for Thee,
 Of Ivorie,
 And plaister'd round with Amber.
 The Jewes they did disdain Thee,
 But we will entertaine Thee
 With Glories to await here
 Upon Thy Princely State here,
 And more for love then pittie,
 From yeere to yeere
 Wee'l make Thee, here,
 A Free-born of our Citie.

LIP-LABOUR.

IN the old Scripture I have often read,
 The calfe without meale n'ere was offerèd ;
 To figure to us, nothing more then this,
 Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

THE HEART.

IN Prayer the Lips ne're act the winning part,
 Without the sweet concurrence of the Heart.

EARE-RINGS.

WHY wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare ?
 But for to teach us, all the grace is there,
 When we obey, by acting what we heare.

Nos. 37-

SIN SEEN.

39

WHEN once the sin has fully acted been,
Then is the horror of the trespasse seen.

UPON TIME.

TIME was upon
The wing, to flie away ;
And I cal'd on
Him but awhile to stay ;
But he'd be gone,
For ought that I could say.

He held out then,
A Writing, as he went ;
And askt me, when
False man would be content
To pay agen,
What God and Nature lent.

An heure-glasse,
In which were sands but few,
As he did passe,
He shew'd, and told me, too,
Mine end near was,
And so away he flew.

HIS PETITION.

IF warre, or want shall make me grow so poore,
As for to beg my bread from doore to doore ;
Lord ! let me never act that beggars part,
Who hath Thee in his mouth, not in his heart.
He who asks almes in that so sacred Name,
Without due reverence, playes the cheaters game.

To GOD.

Nos. 40-
41

THOU hast promis'd, Lord, to be
With me in my miserie ;
Suffer me to be so bold,
As to speak, Lord, say and hold.

HIS LITANIE, TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the houre of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confesse,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

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

When the artlesse Doctor sees
No one hope, but of his Fees,
And his skill runs on the lees ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When his Potion and his Pill,
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing-bell doth tole,
And the Furies in a shole
Come to fright a parting soule :
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

408 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 41-
43

When the tapers now burne blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more then true ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Priest his last hath praid,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When (God knowes) I'm tost about,
Either with despaire, or doubt ;
Yet before the glasse be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And halfe damns me with untruth ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine eares and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprize ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Judgment is reveal'd
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING for a former, doth invite
God to bestow a second benefit.

COCK-CROW.

BELL-MAN of Night, if I about shall go
For to denie my Master, do thou crow.

Thou stop'st S. Peter in the midst of sin ;
 Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin ;
 Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun
 A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.

Nos. 43-
47

ALL THINGS RUN WELL FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.

ADVERSE and prosperous Fortunes both work on
 Here, for the righteous mans salvation :
 Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,
 All serve to th' Augmentation of his good.

PAINE ENDS IN PLEASURE.

AFFLICTIONS bring us joy in times to come,
 When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

To GOD.

Ile come, Ile creep, (though Thou dost threat,)
 Humbly unto Thy Mercy-seat :
 When I am there, this then Ile do,
 Give Thee a Dart, and Dagger too ;
 Next, when I have my faults confest,
 Naked Ile shew a sighing brest ;
 Which if that can't Thy pittie woove,
 Then let Thy Justice do the rest,
 And strike it through.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE. †

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell ;
 A little house, whose humble Roof
 Is weather-proof ;
 Under the sparres of which I lie
 Both soft, and drie ;
 Where Thou my chamber for to ward
 Hast set a Guard

*Is the praise of God not entirely
 secondary to Herrick's delight in the
 good things which the poem recounts ?*

410 Herrick's Poems

No. 47 Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me, while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my Fate,
 Both void of state ;
 And yet the threshold of my doore
 Is worn by th' poore,
 Who thither come, and freely get
 Good words, or meat :
 Likeas my Parlour, so my Hall
 And Kitchin's small :
 A little Butterie, and therein
 A little Byn,
 Which keeps my little loafe of Brea
 Unchipt, unflead :
 Some brittle sticks of Thorne or Briar
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coale I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confesse, too, when I dine,
 The Pulse is Thine,
 And all those other Bits, that bee
 There plac'd by Thee ;
 The Worts, the Purslain, and the Messe
 Of water-cresse,
 Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent ;
 And my content
 Makes those, and my belovèd Beet,
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering Hearth
 With guiltlesse mirth ;
 And giv'st me Wassaille Bowles to drink,
 Spic'd to the brink.
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
 That soiles my land ;
 And giv'st me, for my Bushell sowne,

Twice ten for one :
 Thou mak'st my teeming Hen to lay
 Her egg each day :
 Besides my healthfull Ewes to beare
 Me twins each yeare :
 The while the conduits of my Kine
 Run Creame, (for Wine.)
 All these, and better Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankfull heart ;
 Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne,
 As wholly Thine ;
 But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee.

Nos. 47-
49

TO GOD.

MAKE, make me Thine, my gracious God,
 Or with Thy staffe, or with Thy rod ;
 And be the blow too what it will,
 Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill ;
 Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,
 Yet, in torments, Ile commend Thee :
 Examine me with fire, and prove me
 To the full, yet I will love Thee :
 Nor shalt Thou give so deep a wound,
 But I as patient will be found.

ANOTHER TO GOD.

LORD, do not beat me,
 Since I do sob and crie,
 And swowne away to die,
 Ere Thou dost threat me,

412 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 49-
52

Lord, do not scourge me,
If I by lies and oaths
Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,
But rather purge me.

NONE TRULY HAPPY HERE.

HAPPY's that man, to whom God gives
A stock of Goods, whereby he lives
Near to the wishes of his heart :
No man is blest through ev'ry part.

TO HIS EVER-LOVING GOD.

CAN I not come to Thee, my God, for these
So very-many-meeting hindrances,
That slack my pace ; but yet not make me stay ?
Who slowly goes, rids (in the end) his way.
Cleere Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my miles,
Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles :
Since rough the way is, help me when I call,
And take me up ; or els prevent the fall.
I kenn my home ; and it affords some ease,
To see far off the smoaking Villages.
Fain would I rest ; yet covet not to die,
For feare of future-biting penurie :
No, no, (my God) Thou know'st my wishes be
To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

ANOTHER.

THOU bidst me come ; I cannot come ; for why,
Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie.
To mount my Soule, she must have pineons given ;
For, 'tis no easie way from Earth to Heaven.

TO DEATH.

Nos. 53-
56

THOU bidst me come away,
And Ile no longer stay,
Then for to shed some teares
For faults of former yeares ;
And to repent some crimes,
Done in the present times :
And next, to take a bit
Of Bread, and Wine with it :
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above ;
To gird my loynes about
With charity throughout ;
And so to travaile hence
With feet of innocence :
These done, Ile onely crie
God mercy ; and so die.

NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME.

GOD will have all, or none ; serve Him, or fall
Down before Baal, Bel, or Belial :
Either be hot, or cold : God doth despise,
Abhorre, and spew out all Neutralities.

WELCOME WHAT COMES.

WHATEVER comes, let's be content withall :
Among God's Blessings, there is no one small.

TO HIS ANGRIE GOD.

THROUGH all the night
Thou dost me fright,
And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping ;
And day, by day,
My Cup can say,
My wine is mixt with weeping.

Nos. 56-
58

Thou dost my bread
 With ashes knead,
 Each evening and each morrow :
 Mine eye and eare
 Do see, and heare
 The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steele,
 (Ay me!) I feele,
 Upon me beating ever :
 While my sick heart
 With dismall smart
 Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,
 This can't endure ;
 But in short time 'twill please Thee,
 My gentle God,
 To burn the rod,
 Or strike so as to ease me.

PATIENCE, OR COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

ABUNDANT plagues I late have had,
 Yet none of these have made me sad :
 For why? My Saviour, with the sense
 Of suffring gives me patience.

ETERNITIE.

O YEARES! and Age! Farewell :
 Behold I go,
 Where I do know
 Infinitie to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
 All times, how they
 Are lost i' th' Sea
 Of vast Eternitie.

Where never Moone shall sway
 The Starres; but she
 And Night, shall be
 Drown'd in one endlesse Day.

Nos. 58-
 60

TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD; A PRESENT, BY A
 CHILD.

Go prettie child, and beare this Flower
 Unto thy little Saviour;
 And tell Him, by that Bud now blown,
 He is the Rose of Sharon known:
 When thou hast said so, stick it there
 Upon His Bibb, or Stomacher:
 And tell Him, (for good handsell too)
 That thou hast brought a Whistle new,
 Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
 To charme His cries, (at time of need:)
 Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast none;
 But if thou hadst, He sho'd have one;
 But poore thou art, and knowne to be
 Even as monillesse, as He.
 Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse
 From those mellifluous lips of His;
 Then never take a second on,
 To spoile the first impression.

THE NEW-YEERES GIFT.

LET others looke for Pearle and Gold,
 Tissues, or Tabbies manifold:
 One onely lock of that sweet Hay
 Whereon the blessed Babie lay,
 Or one poore Swadling-clout, shall be
 The richest New-yeeres Gift to me.

Nos. 61-

To God.

65 If any thing delight me for to print
My Book, 'tis this ; that, Thou, my God, art in't.

GOD, AND THE KING.

How am I bound to Two ! God, who doth
give
The mind ; the King, the meanes whereby I
live.

GODS MIRTH, MANS MOURNING.

WHERE God is merry, there write down thy fears :
What He with laughter speaks, heare thou with
tears.

HONOURS ARE HINDRANCES.

GIVE me Honours ! what are these,
But the pleasing hindrances ?
Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come
In the way 'twixt me, and home :
Clee the walk, and then shall I
To my heaven lesse run, then flie.

THE PARASCEVE, OR PREPARATION.

To a Love-Feast we both invited are :
The figur'd Damask, or pure Diaper,
Over the golden Altar now is spread,
With Bread, and Wine, and Vessells furnishèd ;
The sacred Towell, and the holy Eure
Are ready by, to make the Guests all pure :
Let's go (my Alma) yet, e're we receive,
Fit, fit it is, we have our Parasceve.
Who to that sweet Bread unprepar'd doth come,
Better he starv'd, then but to tast one crumme.

Noble Numbers 417

To God.

Nos. 66-
70

God gives not onely corne, for need,
But likewise sup'rabundant seed ;
Bread for our service, bread for shew ;
Meat for our meales, and fragments too :
He gives not poorly, taking some
Between the finger, and the thumb ;
But, for our glut, and for our store,
Fine flowre prest down, and running o're.

A WILL TO BE WORKING.

ALTHOUGH we cannot turne the fervent fit
Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the streame of it :
And howsoe're we have the conquest mist ;
'Tis for our glory, that we did resist.

CHRISTS PART.

CHRIST, He requires still, wheresoere He comes,
To feed, or lodge, to have the best of Roomes :
Give Him the choice ; grant Him the nobler part
Of all the House : the best of all's the Heart.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

God co'd have made all rich, or all men poore ;
But why He did not, let me tell wherefore :
Had all been rich, where then had Patience been ?
Had all been poore, who had His Bounty seen ?

SOBRIETY IN SEARCH.

To seek of God more then we well can find,
Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

Nos. 71-
73

ALMES.

GIVE, if thou canst, an Almes ; if not, afford,
 Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word :
God crowns our goodnesse, wheresoere He sees,
On our part, wanting all abilities.

TO HIS CONSCIENCE.

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be
 My private Protonotarie ?
 Can I not wooe thee to passe by
 A short and sweet iniquity ?
 Ile cast a mist and cloud, upon
 My delicate transgression,
 So utter dark, as that no eye
 Shall see the hug'd impietie :
 Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please,
 And winde all other witnesses :
 And wilt not thou, with gold, be ti'd
 To lay thy pen and ink aside ?
 That in the mirk and tonguelesse night,
 Wanton I may, and thou not write ?
 It will not be : And, therefore, now,
 For times to come, Ile make this Vow,
 From aberrations to live free ;
 So Ile not feare the Judge, or thee.

TO HIS SAVIOUR.

LORD, I confesse, that Thou alone art able
 To purifie this my Augean stable :
 Be the Seas water, and the Land all Sope,
 Yet if Thy Bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

To God.

Nos. 74-

God is all-sufferance here ; here He doth show
 No Arrow nockt, onely a stringlesse Bow :
 His Arrowes flie, and all his stones are hurl'd
 Against the wicked, in another world.

77

His DREAME.

I DREAMT, last night, Thou didst transfuse
 Oyle from Thy Jarre, into my creuze ;
 And powring still, Thy wealthy store,
 The vessell full did then run ore :
 Me thought, I did Thy bounty chide,
 To see the waste ; but 'twas repli'd
 By Thee, Deare God, God gives man seed
 Oft-times for waste, as for his need.
 Then I co'd say, that house is bare,
 That has not bread, and some to spare.

GODS BOUNTY.

Gods Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse,
 As men do wane in thankfulnessse.

TO HIS SWEET SAVIOUR.

NIGHT hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep ;
 And Time seems then, not for to flie, but creep ;
 Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
 Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.
 Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray
 The winds, to blow the tedious night away ;
 That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.
 Sick is my heart ! O Saviour ! do Thou please
 To make my bed soft in my sicknesses :
 Lighten my candle, so that I beneath
 Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death :

420 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 77- Let me Thy voice betimes i' th' morning heare ;
81 Call, and Ile come ; say Thou, the when, and
where.

Draw me but first, and after Thee Ile run,
And make no one stop, till my race be done.

HIS CREED.

I do believe, that die I must,
And be return'd from out my dust :
I do believe, that when I rise,
Christ I shall see, with these same eyes :
I do believe, that I must come,
With others, to the dreadfull Doome :
I do believe, the bad must goe
From thence, to everlasting woe :
I do believe, the good, and I,
Shall live with Him eternally :
I do believe, I shall inherit
Heaven, by Christs mercies, not my merit :
I do believe, the One in Three,
And Three in perfect Unitie :
Lastly, that JESUS is a Deed
Of Gift from God: *And heres my Creed.*

TEMPTATIONS.

TEMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have accesse :
Satan o'ercomes none, but by willingnesse.

THE LAMP.

WHEN a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead ;
Then is the Lamp and oyle extinguishèd.

SORROWES.

SORROWES our portion are: Ere hence we goe,
Crosses we must have ; or, hereafter woe.

PENITENCIE.

Nos. 82-
83

A MANS transgression God do's then remit,
When man he makes a Penitent for it.

THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAHS DAUGHTER : SUNG
BY THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all dayes !
O Paragon, and Pearle of praise !
O Virgin-martyr, ever blest
 Above the rest
Of all the Maiden-Train ! We come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy Tombe.

*not necessarily
sacred.*

Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted Ground ;
And as we sing thy Dirge, we will
 The Daffadill,
And other flowers, lay upon
(The Altar of our love) thy Stone.

Thou wonder of all Maids, li'st here,
Of Daughters all, the Deere Deere ;
The eye of Virgins ; nay, the Queen,
 Of this smooth Green,
And all sweet Meades ; from whence we get
The Primrose, and the Violet.

Too soon, too deere did Jephthah buy,
By thy sad losse, our liberty :
His was the Bond and Cov'nant, yet
 Thou paid'st the debt :
Lamented Maid ! he won the day,
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

No. 83 Thy Father brought with him along
 The Olive branch, and Victors Song:
 He slew the Ammonites, we know,
 But to thy woe;
 And in the purchase of our Peace,
 The Cure was worse then the Disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine,
 We offer here, before thy Shrine,
 Our sighs for Storax, teares for Wine;
 And to make fine,
 And fresh thy Herse-cloth, we will, here,
 Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.

Receive, for this thy praise, our teares:
 Receive this offering of our Haires:
 Receive these Christall Vialls fil'd
 With teares, distil'd
 From teeming eyes; to these we bring,
 Each Maid, her silver Filleting.

To guild thy Tombe; besides, these Caules,
 These Laces, Ribbands, and these Faules,
 These Veiles, wherewith we use to hide
 The Bashfull Bride,
 When we conduct her to her Groome:
 And, all we lay upon thy Tombe.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
 Shall we ere bring coy Brides to bed;
 No more, at yeerly Festivalls
 We Cowslip balls,
 Or chaines of Columbines shall make,
 For this, or that occasions sake.

424 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 84- What though my healthfull dayes are fled,
 90 And I lie numbred with the dead?
 Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,
 To spring; though now a wither'd flower.

SINS LOATH'D, AND YET LOV'D.

SHAME checks our first attempts; but then 'tis
 prov'd,
 Sins first dislik'd, are after that belov'd.

SIN.

SIN leads the way, but as it goes, it feels
 The following plague still treading on his heels.

UPON GOD.

GOD when He 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 himselfe to me.

FAITH.

WHAT here we hope for, we shall once inherit:
 By Faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit.

HUMILITY.

HUMBLE we must be, if to Heaven we go:
 High is the roof there; but the gate is low:
 When e're thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye:
 Grace is increased by humility.

TEARES.

OUR present Teares here (not our present laughter)
 Are but the handsells of our joyes hereafter.

SIN AND STRIFE.

Nos. 91.

AFTER true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife
Must last with Satan, to the end of life. 93

AN ODE, OR PSALME, TO GOD.

DEER God,
If thy smart Rod
Here did not make me sorrie,
I sho'd not be
With Thine, or Thee,
In Thy eternall Glorie.

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

Feare me,
Or scourging teare me ;
That thus from vices driven,
I may from Hell
Flie up, to dwell
With Thee, and Thine in Heaven.

GRACES FOR CHILDREN.

WHAT God gives, and what we take,
'Tis a gift for Christ His sake :
Be the meale, of Beanes and Pease,
God be thank'd for those, and these :
Have we flesh, or have we fish,
All are Fragments from His dish.
He His Church save, and the King,
And our Peace here, like a Spring,
Make it ever flourishing.

426 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 94-
96

GOD TO BE FIRST SERV'D.

HONOUR thy Parents; but good manners call
Thee to adore thy God, the first of all.

ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD.

HERE a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as Paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a Benizon to fall
On our meat, and on us all. *Amen.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROLL, SUNG TO THE KING
IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL.

Chor. WHAT sweeter musick can we bring,
Then a Caroll, for to sing
The Birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the Voice! awake the String!
Heart, Eare, and Eye, and every thing
Awake! the while the active Finger
Runs division with the Singer.

From the Flourish they came to the Song.

1. Dark and dull night, flie hence away,
And give the honour to this Day,
That sees December turn'd to May.
2. If we may ask the reason, say;
The why, and wherefore all things here
Seem like the Spring-time of the yeere?
3. Why do's the chilling Winters morne
Smile, like a field beset with corne?
Or smell, like to a meade new-shorne,
Thus, on the sudden? 4. Come and see

Noble Numbers 427

The cause, why things thus fragrant be : Nos. 96-
'Tis He is borne, whose quickning Birth 97
Gives life and lustre, publike mirth,
To Heaven, and the under-Earth.

Chor. We see Him come, and know him ours,
Who, with His Sun-shine, and His
showers,
Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The Darling of the world is come,
And fit it is, we finde a roome
To welcome Him. 2. The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the heart,

Chor. Which we will give Him ; and bequeath
This Hollie, and this Ivie Wreath,
To do Him honour ; who's our King,
And Lord of all this Revelling.

The Musicall Part was composed by
M. Henry Lawes.

THE NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR CIRCUMCISIONS
SONG, SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE
AT WHITE-HALL.

1. PREPARE for Songs ; He's come, He's come ;
And be it sin here to be dumb,
And not with Lutes to fill the roome.
2. Cast Holy Water all about,
And have a care no fire gos out,
But 'cense the porch and place, throughout.
3. The Altars all on fier be ;
The Storax fries ; and ye may see,
How heart and hand do all agree,
To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all less
sweet then He.

428 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 97-
98 4. Bring Him along, most pious Priest,
And tell us then, whenas thou seest
His gently-gliding, Dove-like eyes,
And hear'st His whim'pring, and His cries ;
How canst thou this Babe circumcise ?

5. Ye must not be more pitifull then wise ;
For, now unlesse ye see Him bleed,
Which makes the Bapti'me ; 'tis decreed,
The Birth is fruitlesse : *Chor.* Then the work
God speed.

1. Touch gently, gently touch ; and here
Spring Tulips up through all the yeere ;
And from His sacred Blood, here shed,
May Roses grow, to crown His own deare Head.

Chor. Back, back again ; each thing is done
With zeale alike, as 'twas begun ;
Now singing, homeward let us carrie
The Babe unto His Mother Maria ;
And when we have the Child commended
To her warm bosome, then our Rites are
ended.

Composed by M. Henry Lawes.

ANOTHER NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR SONG FOR THE CIRCUMCISION.

1. HENCE, hence prophane, and none appeare
With any thing unhallowed, here :
No jot of Leven must be found
Conceal'd in this most holy Ground :
2. What is corrupt, or sower'd with sin,
Leave that without, then enter in ;

Chor. But let no Christmas mirth begin Nos. 98-
 Before ye purge, and circumcise 99
 Your hearts, and hands, lips, eares, and eyes.

3. Then, like a perfum'd Altar, see
 That all things sweet and clean may be :
 For, here's a Babe, that (like a Bride)
 Will blush to death, if ought be spi'd
 Ill-scenting, or unpurif'd.

Chor. The room is cens'd : help, help t'invoke
 Heaven to come down, the while we choke
 The Temple, with a cloud of smoke.

4. Come then, and gently touch the Birth
 Of Him, Who's Lord of Heav'n and
 Earth ;

5. And softly handle Him : y'ad need,
 Because the prettie Babe do's bleed.
 Poore-pittied Child ! Who from Thy Stall
 Bring'st, in Thy Blood, a Balm, that shall
 Be the best New-yeares Gift to all.

1. Let's blesse the Babe : And, as we sing
 His praise ; so let us blesse the King :

Chor. Long may He live, till He hath told
 His New-yeeres trebled to His old :
 And, when that's done, to re-aspire
 A new-borne Phœnix from His own chast fire.

GOD'S PARDON.

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespasse here ;
 For, once in hell, none knowes Remission there.

Nos. 100-
102

SIN.

SIN once reacht up to God's eternall Sphere,
And was committed, not remitted there.

EVILL.

EVILL no Nature hath ; the losse of good
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

THE STAR-SONG : A CAROLL TO THE KING ;
SUNG AT WHITE-HALL.

The flourish of Musick : then followed the Song.

1. TELL us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue,
Where is the Babe but lately sprung ?
Lies He the Lillie-banks among ?
2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some Ark of Flowers,
Spangled with deaw-light ; thou canst cleere
All doubts, and manifest the where.
3. Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek
Him in the Morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of Spices through,
To find him out ?

Star. No, this ye need not do ;
But only come, and see Him rest
A Princely Babe in's Mother's Brest.

Chor. He's seen, He's seen, why then a Round,
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground ;
And all rejoyce, that we have found
A King, before conception crown'd.

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring Nos. 102-
 Unto our prettie Twelfth-Tide King, 104
 Each one his severall offering ;

Chor. And when night comes, wee'l give Him
 wassailing ;
 And that His treble Honours may be seen,
 Wee'l chuse Him King, and make His Mother
 Queen.

To God.

WITH golden Censers, and with Incense, here,
 Before Thy Virgin-Altar I appeare,
 To pay Thee that I owe, since what I see
 In, or without, all, all belongs to Thee :
 Where shall I now begin to make, for one
 Least loane of Thine, half Restitution ?
 Alas ! I cannot pay a jot ; therefore
 Ile kiss the Tally, and confesse the score.
 Ten thousand Talents lent me, Thou dost write :
 'Tis true, my God ; but I can't pay one mite.

TO HIS DEERE GOD.

Ile hope no more,
 For things that will not come :
 And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome ;
 Wealth brings much woe :
 And, since it fortunes so ;
 'Tis better to be poore,
 Than so t'abound,
 As to be drown'd,
 Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care, avant,
 I'le learn to be content
 With that small stock, Thy Bounty gave or lent.

Nos. 104-
106

What may conduce
To my most healthfull use,
Almighty God me grant ;
But that, or this,
That hurtfull is,
Denie thy suppliant.

TO GOD, HIS GOOD WILL.

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,
O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants the
deed.

Where Rams are wanting, or large Bullocks' thighs,
There a poor Lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.
Take then his Vowes, who, if he had it, would
Devote to Thee, both incense, myrrhe, and gold,
Upon an Altar rear'd by Him, and crown'd
Both with the Rubie, Pearle, and Diamond.

ON HEAVEN.

PERMIT mine eyes to see
Part, or the whole of Thee,
O happy place !
Where all have Grace,
And Garlands shar'd,
For their reward ;
Where each chast Soule
In long white stole,
And Palmes in hand,
Do ravisht stand ;
So in a ring,
The praises sing
Of Three in One,
That fill the Throne ;
While Harps, and Violls then
To Voices, say, *Amen.*

THE SUMME, AND THE SATISFACTION.

Nos. 107-
109

LAST night I drew up mine Account,
 And found my Debits to amount
 To such a height, as for to tell
 How I sho'd pay 's impossible :
 Well, this Ile do ; my mighty score
 Thy mercy-seat Ile lay before ;
 But therewithall Ile bring the Band,
 Which, in full force, did daring stand,
 Till my Redeemer (on the Tree)
 Made void for millions, as for me.
 Then, if Thou bidst me pay, or go
 Unto the prison, Ile say, no ;
 Christ having paid, I nothing owe :
 For, this is sure, the Debt is dead
 By Law, the Bond once cancellèd.

GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST.

GOD makes not good men wantons, but doth bring
 Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing ;
 With trialls those, with terrors these He proves,
 And hazards those most, whom the most He loves ;
 For Sceva, darts ; for Cocles, dangers ; thus
 He finds a fire for mighty Mutius ;
 Death for stout Cato ; and besides all these,
 A poyson too He has for Socrates ;
 Torments for high Attilius ; and, with want,
 Brings in Fabricius for a Combatant :
 But, bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes,
 He never brings them once to th' push of Pikes.

GOOD CHRISTIANS.

PLAY their offensive and defensive parts,
 Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.

Nos. 110-
113

THE WILL THE CAUSE OF WOE.

WHEN man is punisht, he is plaguèd still,
Not for the fault of Nature, but of Will.

TO HEAVEN.

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

THE RECOMPENCE.

ALL I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me ;
And fare it well : yet Herrick, if so be
Thy Dearest Saviour renders thee but one
Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

TO GOD.

PARDON me God, (once more I Thee intreat)
That I have plac'd Thee in so meane a seat,
Where round about Thou seest but all things
vaine,
Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.
But as Heaven's publike and immortall Eye
Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby ;
So Thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,
But take no tincture from my sinfull Book :
Let but one beame of Glory on it shine,
And that will make me, and my Work divine.

To God.

Nos. 114-
117

LORD, I am like to Mistletoe,
Which has no root, and cannot grow,
Or prosper, but by that same tree
It clings about; so I by Thee.
What need I then to feare at all,
So long as I about Thee craule?
But if that Tree sho'd fall, and die,
Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

HIS WISH TO GOD.

I WOULD to God, that mine old age might have
Before my last, but here a living grave,
Some one poore Almes-house; there to lie, or stir,
Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher;
A little piggin, and a pipkin by,
To hold things fitting my necessity;
Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and place,
Might me excite to fore and after-grace.
Thy Crosse, my Christ, fixt 'fore mine eyes
sho'd be,
Not to adore that, but to worship Thee.
So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend,
Reading Thy Bible, and my Book; *so end.*

SATAN.

WHEN we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more
He teares and tugs us, then he did before;
Neglecting once to cast a frown on those
Whom ease makes his, without the help of blowes.

HELL.

HELL is no other, but a soundlesse pit,
Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it.

Nos. 118-
121

THE WAY.

WHEN I a ship see on the Seas,
 Cufft with those watrie savages,
 And therewithall, behold, it hath
 In all that way no beaten path ;
 Then, with a wonder, I confesse,
 Thou art our way i'th' wilderness :
 And while we blunder in the dark,
 Thou art our candle there, or spark.

GREAT GRIEF, GREAT GLORY.

THE lesse our sorrowes here and sufferings cease,
 The more our Crownes of Glory there increase.

HELL.

HELL is the place where whipping-cheer abounds,
 But no one Jailor there to wash the wounds.

THE BELL-MAN.

ALONG the dark, and silent night,
 With my Lantern, and my Light,
 And the tinkling of my Bell,
 Thus I walk, and this I tell :
 Death and dreadfulness call on,
 To the gen'rall Session ;
 To whose dismall Barre, we there
 All accompz must come to cleere :
 Scores of sins w'ave made here many,
 Wip't out few, (God knowes) if any.
 Rise, ye Debtors, then, and fall
 To make paiment, while I call.
 Ponder this, when I am gone ;
 By the clock 'tis almost One.

THE GOODNESSE OF HIS GOD.

Nos. 122-
123

WHEN Winds and Seas do rage,
And threaten to undo me,
Thou dost their wrath asswage,
If I but call unto Thee.

A mighty storm last night
Did seek my soule to swallow,
But by the peep of light
A gentle calme did follow.

What need I then despaire,
Though ills stand round about me ;
Since mischiefs neither dare
To bark, or bite, without Thee ?

THE WIDDOWES TEARES : OR, DIRGE OF DORCAS.

COME pitie us, all ye, who see
Our Harps hung on the Willow-tree :
Come pitie us ; ye Passers by,
Who see, or heare poor Widdowes crie :
Come pitie us, and bring your eares,
And eyes, to pitie Widdowes teares.

Chor. And when you are come hither ;
Then we will keep
A Fast, and weep
Our eyes out all together.

For Tabitha, who dead lies here,
Clean washt, and laid out for the Beere ;
O modest Matrons, weep and waile !
For now the Corne and Wine must faile :
The Basket and the Bynn of Bread,
Wherewith so many soules were fed,

*Classical
spirit*

But, ah, alas! the Almond Bough,
 And Olive Branch is wither'd now.
 The Wine Presse now is ta'ne from us,
 The Saffron and the Calamus.
 The Spice and Spiknard hence is gone,
 The Storax and the Cynamon.

Chor. The Caroll of our gladnesse
 Ha's taken wing,
 And our late spring
 Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.

How wise wast thou in all thy waies!
 How worthy of respect and praise!
 How Matron-like didst thou go drest!
 How soberly above the rest
 Of those that prank it with their Plumes;
 And jet it with their choice perfumes.

Chor. Thy vestures were not flowing:
 Nor did the street
 Accuse thy feet
 Of mincing in their going.

And though thou here li'st dead, we see
 A deale of beauty yet in thee.
 How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,
 Thy lips with all diffusèd grace!
 Thy hands (though cold) yet spotlesse, white,
 And comely as the Chrysolite.

Chor. Thy belly like a hill is,
 Or as a neat
 Cleane heap of wheat
 All set about with Lillies.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we
 Will shew these garments made by thee;
 These were the Coats, in these are read
 The monuments of Dorcas dead.

440 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 123-
127 These were thy Acts, and thou shalt have
These hung, as honours o're thy Grave :
Chor. And after us (distressèd)
Sho'd fame be dumb ;
Thy very Tomb
Would cry out Thou art blessèd.

TO GOD, IN TIME OF PLUNDERING.

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

TO HIS SAVIOUR. THE NEW-YEERS GIFT.

THAT little prettie bleeding part
Of Foreskin send to me :
And Ile returne a bleeding Heart
For New-yeers gift to Thee.
Rich is the Jemme that thou did'st send,
Mine's faulty too, and small :
But yet this Gift Thou wilt commend,
Because I send Thee all.

DOOMES-DAY.

LET not that Day God's Friends and Servants
scare :
The Bench is then their place ; and not the Barre.

THE POORES PORTION.

THE sup'rabundance of my store,
That is the portion of the poore :
Wheat, Barley, Rie, or Oats ; what is't
But he takes tole of? all the Griest.

Two raiments have I: Christ then makes Nos. 127-
This Law; that He and I part stakes. 128
Or have I two loaves; then I use
The poore to cut, and I to chuse.

THE WHITE ISLAND: OR PLACE OF THE BLEST.

IN this world (the Isle of Dreames)
While we sit by sorrowes streames,
Teares and terrors are our theames
Reciting:

*Nothing here of
St John's vision*

But when once from hence we flie,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young Eternitie
Uniting:

In that whiter Island, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candor here, and lustre there
Delighting:

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horroure call,
To create (or cause at all)
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep;
But eternall watch shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue
Me immortaliz'd, and you;
And fresh joyes, as never to
Have ending.

Nos. 129-
134

TO CHRIST.

I CRAWLE, I creep; my Christ, I come
 To Thee, for curing Balsamum:
 Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the Tree,
 Affording salve of Sovereigntie.
 My mouth I'le lay unto Thy wound
 Bleeding, that no Blood touch the ground:
 For, rather then one drop shall fall
 To waste, my JESU, I'le take all.

TO GOD.

GOD! to my little meale and oyle,
 Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle:
 And Thou my Pipkinnet shalt see,
 Give a wave-offring unto Thee.

FREE WELCOME.

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

GOD'S GRACE.

GOD'S Grace deserves here to be daily fed,
 That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

COMING TO CHRIST.

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

CORRECTION.

GOD had but one Son free from sin; but none
 Of all His sonnes free from correction.

GODS BOUNTY.

Nos. 135-
141

GOD, as He's potent, so He's likewise known,
To give us more then Hope can fix upon.

KNOWLEDGE.

SCIENCE in God, is known to be
A Substance, not a Qualitie.

SALUTATION.

CHRIST, I have read, did to His Chaplains say
Sending them forth, Salute no man by th' way :
Not, that He taught His Ministers to be
Unsmooth, or sowre, to all civilitie ;
But to instruct them, to avoid all snares
Of tardidation in the Lords Affaires.
Manners are good : but till his errand ends,
Salute we must, nor Strangers, Kin, or Friends.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE is known to be
The sister to saturitie.

TEARES.

GOD from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes,
And gives His Children kisses then, not stripes.

GODS BLESSING.

IN vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,
Unlesse God give the *Benedicite*.

GOD, AND LORD.

GOD, is His Name of Nature ; but that word
Implies His Power, when He's cal'd the *Lord*.

444 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 142-
148

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

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

ANGELLS.

ANGELLS are callèd Gods ; yet of them, none
Are Gods but by participation :
As just Men are intitlèd Gods, yet none
Are Gods, of them, but by Adoption.

LONG LIFE.

THE longer thread of life we spin,
The more occasion still to sin.

TEARES.

THE teares of Saints more sweet by farre,
Then all the songs of sinners are.

MANNA.

THAT Manna, which God on His people cast,
Fitted it self to ev'ry Feeders tast.

REVERENCE.

TRUE rev'rence is (as Cassiodore doth prove)
The feare of God, commixt with cleanly love.

MERCY.

MERCY, the wise Athenians held to be
Not an affection, but a Deitie.

WAGES.

Nos. 149-
156

AFTER this life, the wages shall
Not shar'd alike be unto all.

TEMPTATION.

GOD tempteth no one (as S. Aug'stine saith)
For any ill ; but, for the proof of Faith :
Unto temptation God exposeth some ;
But none, of purpose, to be overcome.

GODS HANDS.

GODS hands are round, & smooth, that gifts may
fall
Freely from them, and hold none back at all.

LABOUR.

LABOUR we must, and labour hard
I'th' Forum here, or Vineyard.

MORA SPONSI, THE STAY OF THE BRIDEGROOME.
THE time the Bridegroom staves from hence,
Is but the time of penitence.

ROARING.

ROARING is nothing but a weeping part
Forc'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

THE EUCHARIST.

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

SIN SEVERELY PUNISHT.

GOD in His own Day will be then severe
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt here

COMFORTS IN CONTENTIONS.

Nos. 163-

THE same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be
A Coadjutor in the Agonie.

170

HEAVEN.

HEAV'N is most faire ; but fairer He
That made that fairest Canopie.

GOD.

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

HIS POWER.

GOD can do all things, save but what are known
For to imply a contradiction.

CHRIST'S WORDS ON THE CROSSE, MY GOD,
MY GOD.

CHRIST, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse upon,
Had (as it were) a Dereliction ;
In this regard, in those great terrors He
Had no one Beame from God's sweet Majestie.

JEHOVAH.

JEHOVAH, as Boëtius saith,
No number of the Plurall hath.

CONFUSION OF FACE.

GOD then confounds man's face, when he not hears
The Vowes of those, who are Petitioners.

ANOTHER.

THE shame of man's face is no more
Then prayers repel'd, (sayes Cassiodore.)

448 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 171-
178

BEGGARS.

JACOB God's Beggar was; and so we wait
(Though ne're so rich) all beggars at His Gate.

GOOD, AND BAD.

THE Bad among the Good are here mixt ever:
The Good without the Bad are here plac'd never.

SIN.

*SIN no existence; Nature none it hath,
Or Good at all, (as learn'd Aquinas saith.)*

MARTHA, MARTHA.

THE repetition of the name made known
No other, then Christ's full Affection.

YOUTH, AND AGE.

GOD on our Youth bestowes but little ease;
But on our Age most sweet Indulgences.

GODS POWER.

GOD is so potent, as His Power can
Draw out of bad a soveraigne good to man.

PARADISE.

PARADISE is (as from the Learn'd I gather)
A quire of blest Soules circling in the Father.

OBSERVATION.

THE Jewes, when they built Houses (I have read)
One part thereof left still unfinished:
To make them, thereby, mindfull of their own
Citie's most sad and dire destruction.

THE ASSE.

Nos. 179-
183

GOD did forbid the Israelites, to bring
An Asse unto Him, for an offering :
Onely, by this dull creature, to expresse
His detestation to all slothfulnesse.

OBSERVATION.

THE Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there)
From her Sonnes Crosse, not shedding once a
teare :

Because the Law forbad to sit and crie
For those, who did as malefactors die.
So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,
Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the Law.
Observe we may, how Mary Joses then,
And th' other Mary (Mary Magdalen)
Sate by the Grave ; and sadly sitting there,
Shed for their Master many a bitter teare :
But 'twas not till their dearest Lord was dead ;
And then to weep they both were licensèd.

TAPERS.

THOSE Tapers, which we set upon the grave,
In fun'rall pomp, but this importance have ;
That soules departed are not put out quite ;
But, as they walk't here in their vestures white,
So live in Heaven, in everlasting light.

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

ONE Birth our Saviour had ; the like none yet
Was, or will be a second like to it.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

To work a wonder, God would have her shown,
At once, a Bud, and yet a Rose full-blowne.

450 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 184-
189

ANOTHER.

As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in,
No crack or Schisme leave i'th' subtill skin:
So the Divine Hand work't, and brake no thred,
But, in a Mother, kept a maiden-head.

GOD.

GOD, in the holy Tongue, they call
The Place that filleth All in all.

ANOTHER OF GOD.

GOD's said to leave this place, and for to come
Nearer to that place, then to other some:
Of locall motion, in no least respect,
But only by impression of effect.

ANOTHER.

GOD is Jehovah cal'd; which name of His
Implies or Essence, or the He that Is.

GODS PRESENCE.

GOD's evident, and may be said to be
Present with just men, to the veritie:
But with the wicked if He doth comply,
'Tis (as S. Bernard saith) but seemingly.

GODS DWELLING.

GOD's said to dwell there, wheresoever He
Puts down some prints of His high Majestie:
As when to man He comes, and there doth place
His holy Spirit, or doth plant His Grace.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

Nos. 190-
194

THE Virgin Marie was (as I have read)
The House of God, by Christ inhabited ;
Into the which He enter'd : but, the Doore
Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

To GOD.

GOD's undivided, One in Persons Three ;
And Three in Inconfusèd Unity :
Originall of Essence there is none,
'Twixt God the Father, Holy Ghost, and Sonne:
And though the Father be the first of Three,
'Tis but by Order, not by Entitie.

UPON WOMAN AND MARY.

So long (it seem'd) as Maries Faith was small,
Christ did her Woman, not her Mary call :
But no more Woman, being strong in Faith ;
But Mary cal'd then (as S. Ambrose saith.)

NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE Jewes their beds, and offices of ease,
Plac'd North and South, for these cleane purposes ;
That man's uncomely froth might not molest
Gods wayes and walks, which lie still East and
West.

SABBATHS.

SABBATHS are threefold, (as S. Austine sayes :)
The first of Time, or Sabbath here of Dayes ;
The second is a Conscience trespass-free ;
The last the Sabbath of Eternitie.

452 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 195-
201

THE FAST, OR LENT.

NOAH the first was (as Tradition sayes)
That did ordaine the Fast of forty Dayes.

SIN.

THERE is no evill that we do commit,
But hath th' extraction of some good from it :
As when we sin ; God, the great Chymist thence
Drawes out th' Elixar of true penitence.

GOD.

GOD is more here, then in another place,
Not by his Essence, but commerce of Grace.

THIS, AND THE NEXT WORLD.

GOD hath this world for many made ; 'tis true :
But He hath made the world to come for few.

EASE.

GOD gives to none so absolute an Ease,
As not to know, or feel some Grievances.

BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS.

PAUL, he began ill, but he ended well ;
Judas began well, but he foulely fell :
In godlinesse, not the beginnings, so
Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

TEMPORALL GOODS.

THESE temp'rall goods God (the most Wise)
commends
To th' good and bad, in common, for two ends :

First, that these goods none here may o're esteem, Nos. 201-
Because the wicked do partake of them : 206
Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun ;
Being, oft here, the just mans portion.

HELL FIRE.

THE fire of Hell this strange condition hath,
To burn, not shine (as learnèd Basil saith.)

ABELS BLOOD.

SPEAK, did the Blood of Abel cry
To God for vengeance? Yes, say I ;
Ev'n as the sprinkled blood cal'd on
God, for an expiation.

ANOTHER.

THE blood of Abel was a thing
Of such a rev'rend reckoning,
As that the old World thought it fit,
Especially to sweare by it.

A POSITION IN THE HEBREW DIVINITY.

ONE man repentant is of more esteem
With God, then one, that never sin'd 'gainst
Him.

PENITENCE.

THE Doctors, in the Talmud, say,
That in this world, one onely day
In true repentance spent, will be
More worth, then Heav'ns Eternitie.

454 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 207-
212

GOD'S PRESENCE.

GOD's present ev'ry where ; but most of all
Present by Union Hypostaticall :
God, He is there, where's nothing else (Schooles
say)
And nothing else is there, where He's away.

THE RESURRECTION POSSIBLE AND PROBABLE.

FOR each one Body, that i'th' earth is sowne,
There's an up-rising but of one for one :
But for each Graine, that in the ground is thrown,
Threescore or fourscore spring up thence for one :
So that the wonder is not halfe so great,
Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

CHRISTS SUFFERING.

JUSTLY our dearest Saviour may abhorre us,
Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for us.

SINNERS.

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way,
Either as when (the learnèd Schoolemen say)
Mens sins destroyed are, when they repent ;
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

TEMPTATIONS.

No man is tempted so, but may o'recome,
If that he has a will to Masterdome.

PITTIE, AND PUNISHMENT.

GOD doth embrace the good with love ; and gaires
The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.

GODS PRICE, AND MANS PRICE.

Nos. 213-
218

GOD bought man here with his heart's blood
 expençe ;
And man sold God here for base thirty pence.

CHRISTS ACTION.

CHRIST never did so great a work, but there
His human Nature did, in part, appeare :
Or, ne're so meane a peece, but men might see
Therein some beames of His Divinitie :
So that, in all He did, there did combine
His Human Nature, and his Part Divine.

PREDESTINATION.

PREDESTINATION is the Cause alone
Of many standing, but of fall to none.

ANOTHER.

ART thou not destin'd? then, with haste, go on
To make thy faire Predestination :
If thou canst change thy life, God then will please
To change, or call back, His past Sentences.

SIN.

SIN never slew a soule, unlesse there went
Along with it some tempting blandishment.

ANOTHER.

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

456 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 219-
225

ANOTHER.

SIN is the cause of death ; and sin's alone
The cause of God's Predestination :
And from God's Prescience of man's sin doth flow
Our Destination to eternall woe.

PRESCIENCE.

God's Prescience makes none sinfull ; but th'
offence
Of man's the chief cause of God's Prescience.

CHRIST.

To all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be,
Christ is the one sufficient Remedie.

CHRISTS INCARNATION.

CHRIST took our Nature on Him, not that He
'Bove all things lov'd it, for the puritie :
No, but He drest Him with our humane Trim,
Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here :
Yet it is given to the Labourer.

GODS KEYES.

GOD has foure keyes, which He reserves alone ;
The first of Raine, the key of Hell next known :
With the third key He opes and shuts the wombe ;
And with the fourth key He unlocks the tombe.

SIN.

THERE's no constraint to do amisse,
Whereas but one enforcement is.

ALMES.

Nos. 226-
228

GIVE unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st,
May chance to be no other man, but Christ.

HELL FIRE.

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

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a Fast, to keep
The Larder leane ?
And cleane
From fat of Veales, and Sheep ?

Is it to quit the dish
Of Flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with Fish ?

Is it to fast an houre,
Or rag'd to go,
Or show
A down-cast look, and sowre ?

No: 'Tis a Fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry Soule.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate ;
To circumcise thy life.

458 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 228-
230

To show a heart grief-rent ;
To starve thy sin,
Not Bin ;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

NO TIME IN ETERNITIE.

By houres we all live here, in Heaven is known
No spring of Time, or Times succession.

HIS MEDITATION UPON DEATH.

BE those few hours, which I have yet to spend,
Blest with the Meditation of my end :
Though they be few in number, I'm content ;
If otherwise, I stand indifferent :
Nor makes it matter, Nestors yeers to tell,
If man lives long, and if he live not well.
A multitude of dayes still heaped on,
Seldome brings order, but confusion.
Might I make choice, long life sho'd be with-
stood ;
Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good :
Which to effect, let ev'ry passing Bell
Possesse my thoughts, next comes my doleful
knell :
And when the night perswades me to my bed,
I'le thinke I'm going to be buried :
So shall the Blankets which come over me,
Present those Turfs, which once must cover me :
And with as firme behaviour I will meet
The sheet I sleep in, as my Winding-sheet.
When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes,
I will believe, that then my body dies :
And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,
Ile have in mind my Resurrection,

Which must produce me to that gen'rall Doome, Nos. 230-
 To which the Pesant, so the Prince must come, 232
 To heare the Judge give sentence on the Throne,
 Without the least hope of affection.
 Teares, at that day, shall make but weake defence;
 When Hell and Horrour fright the Conscience.
 Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin
 To shun the least Temptation to a sin ;
 Though to be tempted be no sin, untill
 Man to th' alluring object gives his will.
 Such let my life assure me, when my breath
 Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death ;
 Which is the height of comfort, when I fall,
 I rise triumphant in my Funerall.

CLOATHS FOR CONTINUANCE.

THOSE Garments lasting evermore,
 Are works of mercy to the poore,
 Which neither Tettar, Time, or Moth
 Shall fray that silke, or fret this cloth.

TO GOD.

COME to me, God ; but do not come
 To me, as to the gen'rall Doome,
 In power ; or come Thou in that state,
 When Thou Thy Lawes didst promulgate,
 Whenas the Mountains quak'd for dread,
 And sullen clouds bound up his head.
 No, lay thy stately terrours by,
 To talke with me familiarly ;
 For if Thy thunder-claps I heare,
 I shall lesse swoone, then die for feare.
 Speake Thou of Love and Ile reply
 By way of Epithalamie,

460 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 232-
238 Or sing of mercy, and I'll suit
To it my Violl and my Lute:
Thus let Thy lips but love distill,
Then come my God, and hap what will.

THE SOULE.

WHEN once the Soule has lost her way,
O then, how restlesse do's she stray!
And having not her God for light,
How do's she erre in endlesse night!

THE JUDGEMENT-DAY.

IN doing justice, God shall then be known,
Who shewing mercy here, few priz'd, or none.

SUFFERINGS.

WE merit all we suffer, and by far
More stripes, then God layes on the sufferer.

PAIN AND PLEASURE.

GOD suffers not His Saints, and Servants deere,
To have continuall paine, or pleasure here:
But look how night succeeds the day, so He
Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

GODS PRESENCE.

GOD is all-present to whate're we do,
And as all-present, so all-filling too.

ANOTHER.

THAT there's a God, we all do know,
But what God is, we cannot show.

THE POORE MANS PART.

Nos. 239-
244

TELL me rich man, for what intent
Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment?
Whenas the poore crie out, to us
Belongs all gold superfluous.

THE RIGHT HAND.

GOD has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft
Of that, which we do nominate the Left.

THE STAFFE AND ROD.

Two instruments belong unto our God ;
The one a Staffe is, and the next a Rod :
That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart,
The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

GOD SPARING IN SCOURGING.

GOD still rewards us more than our desert :
But when he strikes, He quarter-acts His part.

CONFESSION.

CONFESSION twofold is (as Austine sayes)
The first of sin is, and the next of praise :
If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse :
If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerful-
nesse.

GODS DESCENT.

GOD is then said for to descend, when He
Doth, here on earth, some thing of novitie ;
As when, in humane nature He works more
Then ever, yet, the like was done before.

Nos. 245-
249

NO COMING TO GOD WITHOUT CHRIST.

GOOD and great God! how sho'd I feare
 To come to Thee, if Christ not there!
 Co'd I but think, He would not be
 Present, to plead my cause for me;
 To Hell I'd rather run, then I
 Wo'd see Thy Face, and He not by.

ANOTHER, TO GOD.

THOUGH Thou beest all that Active Love,
 Which heats those ravisht Soules above;
 And though all joyes spring from the glance
 Of Thy most winning countenance;
 Yet sowre and grim Thou'dst seem to me;
 If through my Christ I saw not Thee.

THE RESURRECTION.

THAT Christ did die, the Pagan saith;
 But that He rose, that's Christians' Faith.

COHEIRES.

WE are Coheires with Christ; nor shall His own
 Heire-ship be lesse, by our adoption:
 The number here of Heires, shall from the state
 Of His great Birth-right nothing derogate.

THE NUMBER OF TWO.

GOD hates the Duall Number; being known
 The lucklesse number of division:
 And when He blest each sev'rall Day, whereon
 He did His curious operation;

'Tis never read there (as the Fathers say) Nos. 249-
 God blest His work done on the second day: 254
 Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,
 Or by our selves, or from the Pulpit read.

HARDNING OF HEARTS.

God's said our hearts to harden then,
 Whenas His grace not supples men.

THE ROSE.

BEFORE Man's fall, the Rose was born,
 (S. Ambrose says) without the Thorn:
 But, for Man's fault, then was the Thorn,
 Without the fragrant Rose-bud, born;
 But ne're the Rose without the Thorn.

GODS TIME MUST END OUR TROUBLE.

God doth not promise here to man, that He
 Will free him quickly from his miserie;
 But in His own time, and when He thinks fit,
 Then He will give a happy end to it.

BAPTISME.

THE strength of Baptisme, that's within;
 It saves the soule, by drowning sin.

GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE.

GOLD serves for Tribute to the King;
 The Frankincense for Gods Offring.

464 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 255-
259

To God.

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

THE CHEWING THE CUD.

WHEN well we speak, & nothing do that's good,
We not divide the Hoof, but chew the Cud :
But when good words, by good works, have
their proof,
We then both chew the Cud, and cleave the
Hoof.

CHRISTS TWOFOLD COMING.

THY former coming was to cure
My soule's most desp'rate Calenture ;
Thy second Advent, that must be
To heale my Earth's infirmitie.

To GOD, HIS GIFT.

As my little Pot doth boyle,
We will keep this Levell-Coyle ;
That a Wave, and I will bring
To my God, a Heave-offering.

GODS ANGER.

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

GOD'S COMMANDS.

Nos. 200-
263

IN God's commands, ne're ask the reason why ;
Let thy obedience be the best Reply.

To GOD.

IF I have plaid the Truant, or have here
Fail'd in my part ; Oh ! Thou that art my deare,
My mild, my loving Tutor, Lord and God !
Correct my errors gently with Thy Rod.
I know, that faults will many here be found,
But where sin swells, there let Thy grace abound.

To GOD.

THE work is done ; now let my Lawrell be
Given by none, but by Thy selfe, to me :
That done, with Honour Thou dost me create
Thy Poet, and Thy Prophet Lawreat.

GOOD FRIDAY : REX TRAGICUS, OR CHRIST
GOING TO HIS CROSSE.

PUT off Thy Robe of Purple, then go on
To the sad place of execution :
Thine 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
Yawne for Thy coming ; some e're this time crie,
How He deferres, how loath He is to die !
Amongst this scumme, the Souldier with his
 speare,
And that sowre Fellow, with his vineger,

466 Herrick's Poems

No. 263 His sponge, and stick, do ask why Thou dost
stay?

So do the Skurfe and Bran too: Go Thy
way,

Thy way, Thou guiltlesse man, and satisfie
By Thine approach, each their beholding eye.

Not as a Thief, shalt Thou ascend the mount,
But like a Person of some high account:

The Crosse shall be Thy Stage; and Thou shalt
there

The spacious field have for Thy Theater. .

Thou art that Roscius, and that markt-out man,
That must this day act the Tragedian,

To wonder and affrightment: Thou art He,
Whom all the flux of Nations comes to see;

Not those poor Theeves that act their parts
with Thee:

Those act without regard, when once a King,
And God, as Thou art, comes to suffering.

No, No, this Scene from Thee takes life and
sense,

And soule and spirit, plot and excellence.

Why then begin, great King! ascend Thy
Throne,

And thence proceed to act Thy Passion

To such an height, to such a period rais'd,

As Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n may stand
amaz'd.

God, and good Angells guide Thee; and so
blesse

Thee in Thy severall parts of bitterness:

That those, who see Thee nail'd unto the
Tree,

May (though they scorn Thee) praise and pitie
Thee.

And we (Thy Lovers) while we see Thee keep **Nos. 263-**
 The Lawes of Action, will both sigh, and weep ; ²⁶⁶
 And bring our Spices, to embalm Thee dead ;
 That done, wee'l see Thee sweetly buried.

HIS WORDS TO CHRIST, GOING TO THE CROSSE.

WHEN Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,
 All Thy Disciples Thee forsook, and fled.
 Let their example not a pattern be
 For me to flie, but now to follow Thee.

ANOTHER, TO HIS SAVIOUR.

IF Thou beest taken, God forbid,
 I flie from Thee, as others did :
 But if Thou wilt so honour me,
 As to accept my companie,
 I'le follow Thee, hap hap what shall,
 Both to the Judge, and Judgment-Hall :
 And, if I see Thee posted there,
 To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,
 Ile take my share ; or els, my God,
 Thy stripes Ile kisse, or burn the Rod.

HIS SAVIOURS WORDS, GOING TO THE CROSSE.

HAVE, have ye no regard, all ye
 Who passe this way, to pitie me,
 Who am a man of miserie !

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

468 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 266- Ah! Sion's Daughters, do not feare
 267 The Crosse, the Cords, the Nailes, the Speare,
 The Myrrhe, the Gall, the Vineger,

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

Lesse for to taste; then for to shew,
 What bitter cups had been your due,
 Had He not drank them up for you.

HIS ANTHEM, TO CHRIST ON THE CROSSE.

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

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

Chor. Lord, Ile not see Thee to drink all
 The Vineger, the Myrrhe, the Gall:

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

This Crosse-Tree here
 Doth **JESUS** beare,
 Who sweet'ned first,
 The Death accurs't.

HERE all things ready are, make hast, make hast away;
 For long this work will be, & very short this Day.
 Why then, go on to act: Here's wonders to be done,
 Before the last least sand of Thy ninth houre be run;
 Or e're dark Clouds do dull, or dead the Mid-dayes Sun.

Act when Thou wilt,
 Bloud will be spilt;
 Pure Balm, that shall
 Bring Health to All.
 Why then, Begin
 To powre first in
 Some Drops of Wine,
 In stead of Brine,
 To search the Wound,
 So long unsound:
 And, when that's done,
 Let Oyle, next, run,
 To cure the Sore
 Sinne made before.
 And O! Deare Christ,
 E'en as Thou di'st,
 Look down, and see
 Us weepe for Thee.
 And tho (Love knows)
 Thy dreadfull Woes
 Wee cannot ease;
 Yet doe Thou please,
 Who Mercie art,
 T'accept each Heart
 That gladly would
 Helpe, if it could.
 Meane while, let mee,
 Beneath this Tree
 This Honour have,
 To make my grave.

Nos. 269-
270

TO HIS SAVIOURS SEPULCHER: HIS DEVOTION.

HAILE, holy and all-honour'd Tomb,
 By no ill haunted; here I come,
 With shoes put off, to tread thy Roome.
 Ile not prophane, by soile of sin,
 Thy Doore, as I do enter in:
 For I have washt both hand and heart,
 This, that, and ev'ry other part;
 So that I dare, with farre lesse feare,
 Then full affection, enter here.
 Thus, thus I come to kisse Thy Stone
 With a warm lip, and solemne one:
 And as I kisse, Ile here and there
 Dresse Thee with flowrie Diaper.
 How sweet this place is! as from hence
 Flow'd all Panchaia's Frankincense;
 Or rich Arabia did commix,
 Here, all her rare Aromaticks.
 Let me live ever here, and stir
 No one step from this Sepulcher.
 Ravisht I am! and down I lie,
 Confus'd, in this brave Extasie.
 Here let me rest; and let me have
 This for my Heaven, that was Thy Grave:
 And, coveting no higher sphere,
 Ile my Eternitie spend here.

HIS OFFERING, WITH THE REST, AT
 THE SEPULCHER.

To joyn with them who here confer
 Gifts to my Saviour's Sepulcher;
 Devotion bids me hither bring

Noble Numbers 471

Somewhat for my Thank-Offering.
Loe! thus I bring a Virgin-Flower,
To dresse my Maiden-Saviour.

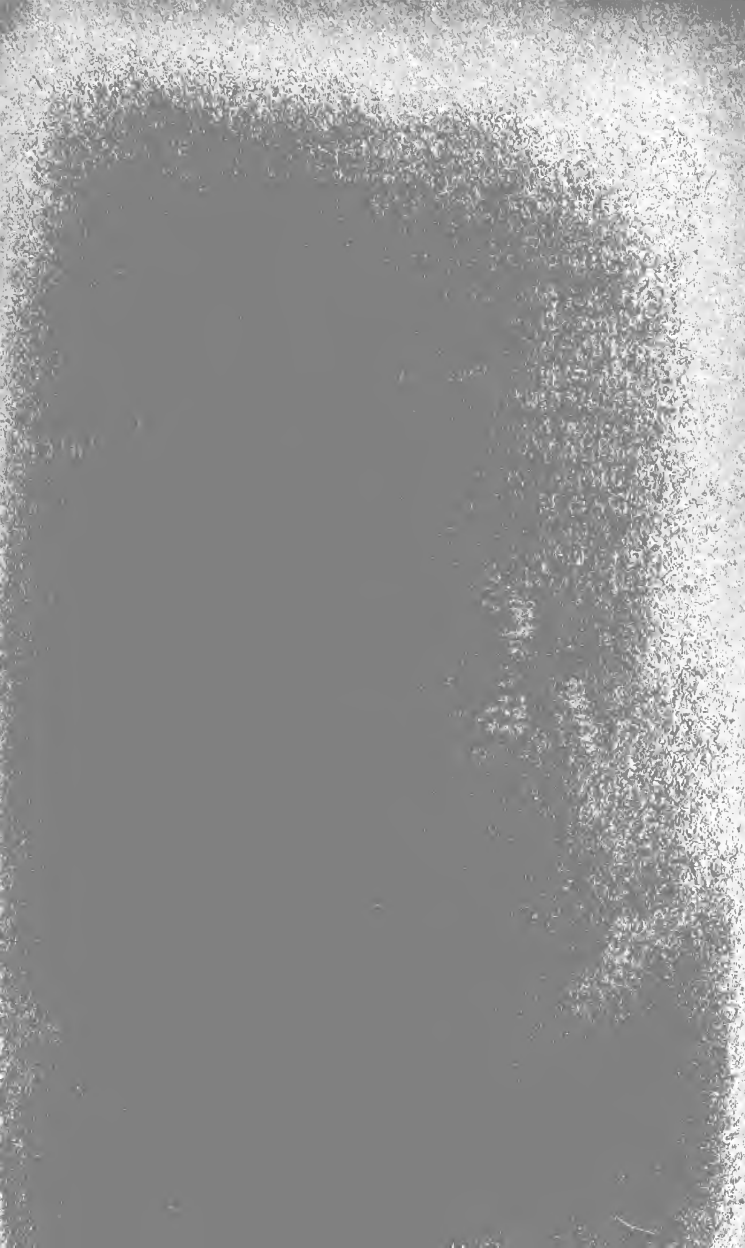
Nos. 270-
271

HIS COMING TO THE SEPULCHER.

HENCE they have born my Lord; Behold! the
Stone

Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.
Tell me, white Angell, what is now become
Of Him we lately seal'd up in this Tombe?
Is He, from hencce, gone to the shades beneath,
To vanquish Hell, as here he conquer'd Death?
If so, Ile thither follow, without feare,
And live in Hell, if that my Christ stayes there,

OF all the good things whatsoe're we do,
God is the ΑΡΧΗ, and the ΤΕΛΟΣ too.



GLOSSARY

In the Glossary, Notes, and Index of First Lines, A. signifies *Additional Poems*, and N. signifies *Noble Numbers*; the reference is otherwise to the *Hesperides*.

- AMBER-GREECE, ambergris, grey amber. An article of perfumery, 1, 576, &c.
- BARLEY-BREAK, a game resembling prisoners' base. The captives were said to be in 'hell,' 101, 149, xii.
- BEADSMAN, almshouse-inmate, 974.
- BENJAMIN, the resinous gum benzoin, 332.
- BENT, bent grass, 224, 422, 679, &c.
- BESTRUTTED, swollen, 294.
- BRASS, money, 106.
- BRUCKEL'D, dirty, begrimed, 224.
- BRUGEL, a Dutch landscape-painter, identified with one of the Breughels, 385.
- BRUSLE, bristle the feathers, of a swan, 284.
- BRUTUS, conventional type of rigid virtue, 4, 773, &c. Cp. Martial, xi., xvi.
- BURLING-IRON, pincers to extract knots in cloth, 108.
- BUTTON'D-STAFFE, a knobbed staff, 378, 618.
- CALENTURE, delirium induced by extreme heat, N. 257. Cp. Wordsworth, *The Brothers*, 59-64.
- CANDIDATE, clothed in white, 816.
- CARKANET, carcanet, bracelet, 34, 88, 123, 331, 522, &c.
- CATO, conventional type of rigid virtue, 8, 773, &c. Cp. Martial, x., xix.
- CAULS, nets for holding the hair, N. 83.
- CECUBUM, Cœcuban, a Roman wine famous in Horace, 583.
- CEDAR, cedar-oil, used to preserve MSS., 129, 165. Cp. Horace, *A. P.*, 331-2.
- CESS, assessment by the parish, 100.
- CHAMLETS, stuffs made of camel's-hair, 133.
- CHERRY-FIT, throwing the cherry-stone into a hole, a rustic game, 49.
- CHIT, sprout, 639.
- CHIVES, shreds, 224, 334, 675.
- COCKAL, a game played with knuckle-bones, 224.
- CONSCRIPTS, conscript fathers, civic worthies, 467.
- COXU, a Flemish painter, identified with M. Van Coxcie, 385.
- CROSSE, coin, 763, 1057.
- CULL'D, cuddled, embraced, 1018.
- CUP-SHOT, tipsy, 1018.
- DARDANIUM, "a bracelet, from Dardanus so called" (orig. note), 88.
- DOMIDUCA, synonym with Juno, goddess of marriage, signifying home-bringer, 149, v.
- DRAW-GLOVES, a game of talking by the fingers, 244, 617, 774.
- DROSOMELL, honeydew, 493.
- EFFUSIONS, libations, drink-offerings, 72, 628.

- FANTASTICK PANNICLES, brain-cells of the fancy, 715.
- FARDELL, bundle, burden, 752.
- FATTS, vats, 251.
- FELLON, a sore, especially in the finger, 173.
- FETUOUS, feat, neat, 224.
- FILL-HORSE, horse that fills the shafts, 251.
- FORKED-FER, a fee from both contending parties, 558.
- FOX-I'-TH' HOLE, a rustic hopping-game, 320, 663.
- FRUMENTIE, a decoction of wheat and milk, 251.
- GOTIERE, or Gotire, identified with Jacques Gaultier, a French musician at the Court of Charles I., 111, 852.
- GREEN-GOWN, a tumble in the grass, 173.
- GRUTCH, grudge, object, 284.
- GUILDED BAIES, gilt bays, a former custom in wedding decorations, 618, 480.
- HANSEL, earnest-money, pledge, N. 59, N. 90.
- HEVES, a country-dance, 522.
- HISPED, *hispidus*, rough with short hairs, 558.
- HOCK-CARTS, the laden carts at the festival of harvest-home, 1, 251.
- HUCKSON, huckle-bone, knuckle-bone, 639.
- INARCULUM, described in the original edition as a twig of a pomegranate which the queen-priestess wore on her head at sacrificing, 540.
- INCANONICALL, untrustworthy, 1101.
- INCUBI, Mr Pollard glosses as "adulterous spirits," 466.
- JIMMALS, double or treble links in a ring, 465.
- LADY OF THE LOBSTER, a part of the lobster's digestive organs. Herrick was presumably writing by the sound, 224.
- LAIS, conventional type of impurity, 587, 886.
- LANIERE, Nicholas Laniere, Master of the King's Music in 1626, 852.
- LATIONS, attractions of the stars, 133.
- LEMSTER ORE, Leominster (Herefordshire) wool, 444.
- LEVELL-COYLE, even consecution, a term formerly applied to the game of "musical chairs," 1012, N. 258.
- LUCRECE, conventional type of chastity, 587, 666, &c.
- LUSTER, *lustrum*, period of five years, 69, 82, &c.
- MAIDENHEAD, virginity, 106, &c.
- MANCHET, white bread, 477.
- MAUKIN, cloth, 251.
- MAUNDS, baskets, 782, 1069.
- MICHING, skulking, 725.
- MOP-EV'D, short-sighted, 236.
- NITS, nuts, 224.
- ORE-RENETTED, with too much admixture of rennet, an ingredient of calf's-maw used to make curds in cheeses, 6.
- ORGIES, hymns to Bacchus, 8, 773.
- ORTS, scraps of food, 639.
- PADDOCK, frog, N. 95.
- PANCHAIA, conventional land of spices, 149, N. 269.
- PARASCEVE, *παρασκευή*, preparation, N. 65.
- PELTISH, pelting (*K. Rich. II.*, ii. i. 60), pettish, petty, 444.
- PHILL, pet-name used as synonym with sparrow, 257, 498.
- PIGGIN, small wooden vessel, N. 115.
- PILL, pillage, plunder, 97.
- PLACKETS, petticoats, 1027.
- PLATONICK YEERE, the Great Year of the reversion to the original condition of things, 516. Cp. the "thirtieth thousand yeere," 795.

- POMANDER, *pomme d'ambre*, a hollow bead or ball filled with perfume. The beads were strung together to make a "pomander bracelet," 32, 376, 486.
- POSTERN-BRIBE, a bribe at the back-door, 558.
- PREW, or Prue, Prudence Baldwin, the poet's maid-servant, 725, &c.
- PROTONOTARY, chief clerk, N. 72.
- PURFLING, embroidering, embellishing, 576.
- PURSLAIN, a herb, N. 47.
- PUSH-PIN, a childish game, 44, 679.
- QUARELETS, squarelets, small squares, 75.
- QUINTELL, quintain, tilting-board, a village sport, 422, 663.
- REAKS, pranks, 149, v.
- REMORA, a sea-lamprey, alleged to retard a vessel by fixing its suckers in the keel, 35.
- RESPASSES, raspberries, 376.
- ROUND, a country-dance, 8, 275, 422, &c.
- SAGGE, laden, 294.
- SHOTS, debts, 28.
- SIMNELL, Lenten cake, 685.
- SMALLAGE, water parsley, 82, 219.
- SOUCE, pickle, 639. Cp. *soust*, pickled, 784.
- SPIKE, lavender, 720.
- SPRINGALL, stripling, 36.
- STORAX, styrax, a resinous gum, 332, &c.
- TABBIES, shot silks, 577, N. 60.
- TANSIE, cake made of dairy produce and sweet herbs, 691.
- TARDIDATION, retardation, delay, N. 137.
- TEEND, kindle, 785, 787, &c.
- TETTAR, scab, N. 231.
- THRUM, small thread, 195.
- THYRSE, *thyrsus*, a javelin twined with ivy, used in the Bacchanalian rites, 8, 111, 337, &c.
- TITTYRIES, the 'Tityre Tues,' members of a club which took its name from Virgil, *Ecl.* I. 1. Mr Saintsbury happily calls them "the Mohocks of Charles the First's reign." This explanation, due to Mr Alfred Pollard, disposes of the "bucolics" (Hazlitt) and "titularies" (Grosart), 320.
- TRASY, Tracy, the poet's favourite spaniel, 725.
- TRENTALL, a set of thirty (masses for the dead), a dirge, 219, 585, 687, &c.
- URBIN, Raffaele d'Urbino, 385.
- YIRKT, scourged, afflicted, 378; cp. *yerk*, smart, 1051.
- WAKE, village-festival, strictly at the consecration of a church, 1, 522.
- WATCHET, pale-blue, 224, 285.

NOTES

HESPERIDES

2. Cp. Martial, I. iv.

8. For the motive of this poem cp. Martial, X. xix. For the Bacchanalian figures of the Thyrses and Orgies cp. Catullus, LXIV., vv. 256 ff. For the festive custom of setting laurel to crackle in the fire, cp. Tibullus, II. i. 81-2, and the modern practice of snapdragon.

14. *First cast in salt, &c.* See 769, vv. 1-2.

21. The sentiment is amplified in 751.

38. *Babies in your eyes.* Cp. 298, 330 and 525. The "baby" refers either to the pupil of the eye or to the miniature reflection of the gazer.

72. Elizabeth Herrick, wife of the poet's brother, Thomas, to whom 106 is inscribed.

74. Cp. Catullus, V.

81. Cp. Anacreon, III.

82. The reason of the omission to acquaint the poet with his father's resting-place till "seven lusters" after his death is unknown. The elder Herrick was killed by a fall from the window when the poet was fifteen months old, and the suspicious manner of the death involved the widow and her family in some trouble about the inheritance.

86. An alleged extempore effusion when the poet was ejected from his Devonshire living in 1648. He was reinstated after the Restoration.

Warty, MS. reading, emended in some editions to "watry (watery)."

106. From the first line (cp. Hor. Odes, I. xiii. 7 and iii. 8) till the last (cp. Martial, X. xlvii. 13) this fine epistle is full of reminiscences of the classics.

112. Mildmay, Earl of Westmoreland, is further honoured by the poet in 251 and 460.

117. Endymion Porter, a Caroline Maecenas, Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I., is likewise addressed

in 185, 493, 663 and 1072. For the Roman prototypes mentioned here, cp. Juvenal, vii. 94.

130. Mrs Elizabeth Wheeler's identity has not been established, but a Martha Herrick, first cousin to the poet, was married to a Mr John Wheeler. For the lady here complimented cp. 264 and 1069.

139. Cp. Anacreon, XL.

142. The "Vision" is Virgilian; cp. Aeneid, I. 315. The "wand" and "chiding" are Anacreon's; cp. VII.

146. Cp. the "Charroll" to the same Bishop, *Add. Poems*, 4. The Bishop was imprisoned for three years (1637-40) on a charge of disloyalty to the Crown. In the following year he was preferred to the Archbishopric of York. There is no evidence of his relations with the poet.

149. Herrick lays many marriage-customs under contribution in this Epithalamy to a worthy Sussex Knight. The 61st *carmen* of Catullus may be profitably read in connection with it.

153. Cp. Horace, *Ep.* I. xviii. 111-2.

159. Mr Pollard adduces the lament of the lover in (*Pseudo?*) Theocritus, xxiii., to illustrate this poem.

181. Cp. Horace, Odes, III. ix.

197. Two MS. variants of this poem are in the British Museum.

Heav'n's Osiris is glossed as "the sun" and *the heavenly Isis* as "the moon" in the orig. ed.

201. The opening recalls Horace, Odes, I. xxxvii. 1. The rest of the poem is full of Ovidian reminiscences, including the reference in *one Nose* to Ovid's name of Naso.

211. Cp. the famous "Exegi monumentum," Horace, Odes, III. xxx. The theme is common in Herrick. Cp., e.g., 219. *fin.*

219. The Virgilian opening recurs in N. 98. The hero of the dirge is the Earl of Lichfield, a son of the third Duke of Lennox, who lost his life in command of the King's Guard at Rowton Heath in 1645.

224. Mr Pollard, in the *Muses' Library*, includes "The Temple" under No. 223, and regrets that "the publisher's freak" separated it from 294 and 444. Some other differences of numeration, it may here be mentioned, are due to original sin on Mr Pollard's

478 Herrick's Poems

part. There is a confusion at No. 422 and elsewhere between his text of the *Hesperides* and his *Appendix of Epigrams* omitted.

The fairy calendar of saints in this poem is doubtless fictitious.

230. Cp. Anacreon (Pal. MS.), vi.

257. *Lesbia*. Cp. Catullus, iii.,—the classic lament for a sparrow. *Virgil's Gnat* is the *Culex* of doubtful authorship.

265. Cp., for the turn of the flattery in the last couplet, N. 2.

284. Two MS. variants of this poem are found in the British Museum.

Sir Clipseby Crew, whose marriage with Miss Pulteney in 1625 is thus celebrated here, is again addressed by the poet in 427, 490, 545 and 621. Lady Crew is the subject of 515.

294. See Note on 224.

Shapcott. Cp. 444 and 445. The poet's "peculiar friend, Mr Thomas Shapcott, Lawyer," was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1632.

303. Cp. 388, 553 and 783.

332. Cp. 467 and 546. The subjects of these poems are the sons of Sir Stephen Soame, once Lord Mayor of London, who married the poet's maternal aunt.

337. Mr Pollard collates this poem with an indifferent version in Egerton MS., 2725, where, he states, "it is entitled *Mr Herrick's Old Age to Mr Weekes*." Dr Weekes, or Wickes, is mentioned by Anthony à Wood. Cp. 671, 1057.

Posthumus. The name gives the key to the poet to whom many phrases in these stanzas are due.

Baudery. Smoke-stains.

376. Cp. 332. Anne was the daughter of Sir Thomas Soame.

498. *Virgil's Gnat* is the *Culex*. See *supra*, 257.

Marshals Bee. Cp. Martial, iv. 32.

520. See 541, and cp. Anacreon, xxxviii.

528. Cp. Anacreon, xxxiii.

616. Cp. the "Justum et tenacem propositi virum" of Horace, Odes, III. 3.

685. *Mothering* is explained as the custom of visiting

near relations on Mid-Lent Sunday, when the words "Jerusalem, quæ est Mater nostra" occurred in the Epistle (Galat. iv. 21).

775, 777, 789, 808, 826. These five epigrams, among others, are suggested by phrases in Tacitus.

845. Cp. Martial, iii. 2, and Catullus, xcv. 7-8.

935. A neat combination of Herrick, the lyric lover, with Herrick, the Devonshire divine. Cp. Exod. xxi. 5, 6.

940. Cp. Martial, IV. xxii.

967. The "learned Friend" was educated at Winchester and Magdalen Coll., Oxford, in which University he was subsequently Professor of Greek. The poet's compliment to his "Romane Language" is based on classical models.

968. *Tracie* is the Trasy of 725.

1027. This Saint's-day is otherwise unknown.

1129. Cp. Ovid, *Ars Amor.* II., 733-4.

1131. See 625, and cp. Ovid, *Tristia*, II. 353-4.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

1. This poem is found in Ashmole MS. 38, where it is signed "Finis. Robert Herrick." It was also printed in *Witts Recreations* (1645) with the omission of the following lines: "In which the veynes implanted . . . like Muscadine"; "Or else that she in that white waxen hill . . . Passing the sweete-sweete of a muskie rose"; "With plump softe fleshe . . . 'twixt two aspiring cloudes"; "Richer then that faire, pretious, vertuous horne . . . of the unicorne"; and "Unto the idoll of the work devine . . . I kiss her foot." Mr Pollard, in the *Muses' Library*, follows the abridged recension.

2. Similarly signed in same MS.

3. A signed version exists in same MS. Mr Pollard has collated it with a British Museum copy, to which is owed the reading "drinking to the odd Number of nine" (cp. *Hesperides*, 654) instead of the Ashmole reading "wyne (wine)," which previous editors failed to make intelligible.

The poem was obviously written at the date of Herrick's presentation to his Devonshire living.

480 Herrick's Poems

4. Cp. *Hesperides*, 146.
- 5 and 6. Found in MSS. at the British Museum.
7. Found in Beaumont and Fletcher's works.
8. Originally published in a collection of elegies on the death of Henry, Lord Hastings: "*Lachrymæ Musarum* . . . London, 1649."
9. Dr Grosart copied this epitaph from the monument in Dean Prior Church.

NOBLE NUMBERS

The full title of this collection of poems is "His Noble Numbers; or, His Pious Pieces, wherein (amongst other things) he sings the Birth of his CHRIST; and sighes for his *Saviour's* suffering on the *Crosse*."

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	No.
A BACHELOUR I will	31
A christall Violl Cupid brought	636
A funerall stone	89
A Golden Flie one shew'd to me	498
A Gyges Ring they beare about them still	738
A just man's like a Rock that turnes the wroth	390
A little mushroome-table spred	294
A little Saint best fits a little Shrine	734
A long-lifes-day I've taken paines	603
A Man prepar'd against all ills to come	324
A mans transgression God do's then remit	N. 82
A master of a house (as I have read)	772
A prayer, that is said alone	N. 158
A Rowle of Parchment Clunn about him beares	942
A sweet disorder in the dresse	83
A wanton and lascivious eye	756
A way enchac't with glasse & beads	224
A wearied Pilgrim, I have wandred here	1089
A willow Garland thou did'st send	426
About the sweet bag of a Bee	92
Abundant plagues I late have had	N. 57
Adverse and prosperous Fortunes both work on	N. 44
Adversity hurts none, but onely such	698
Afflictions bring us joy in times to come	N. 45
Afflictions they most profitable are	N. 24
After the Feast (my Shapcot) see	444
After the rare Arch-Poet JOHNSON dy'd	383
After this life, the wages shall	N. 149
After thy labour take thine ease	1124
After true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife	N. 91
Against diseases, here the strongest fence	1118
Ah Ben !	912
Ah Biancha ! now I see	992
Ah, cruell Love ! must I endure	191
Ah ! Lycidas, come tell me why	493
Ah my Anthea ! Must my heart still break ?	74
Ah ! my Perilla ! do'st thou grieve to see	14
Ah Posthumus ! Our yeares hence flye	337
Ai me ! I love, give him your hand to kisse	838

482 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Alas! I can't, for tell me how	1094
All are not ill Plots, that doe sometimes faile . . .	1105
All has been plundered from me, but my wit . . .	831
All I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me . . .	N. 112
All things are open to these two events	488
<i>All things decay with Time: The Forrest sees</i> . . .	69
All things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance	543
All things subjected are to Fate	584
Along, come along	1052
Along the dark, and silent night	N. 121
Although our suffering meet with no reliefe . . .	1120
Although we cannot turne the fervent fit	N. 67
Am I despis'd, because you say	164
Among disasters that discention brings	775
Among the Mirtles, as I walkt	264
Among these Tempests great and manifold	1045
Among thy Fancies, tell me this	330
An old, old widow Greedy needs wo'd wed	327
And as time past when Cato the Severe	963
And, Cruell, Maid, because I see	159
And must we part, because some say	136
Angells are callèd Gods; yet of them, none	N. 143
Angry if Irene be	567
Anthea bade me tye her shooe	33
Anthea, I am going hence	855
Anthea laught, and fearing lest excesse	1007
Apollo sings, his harpe resounds: give roome . . .	A. 7
<i>Art quickens Nature; Care will make a face</i>	235
Art thou not destin'd? then, with hast, go on . . .	N. 216
As Gilly Flowers do but stay	319
As in our clothes, so likewise he who lookes . . .	560
As is your name, so is your comely face	993
As Julia once a-slumb'ring lay	182
As lately I a Garland bound	230
As many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse	719
As my little Pot doth boyle	N. 258
As oft as Night is banish'd by the Morne	80
As shews the Aire, when with a Rain-bow grac'd . . .	114
As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in	N. 184
As thou deserv'st, be proud; then gladly let	530
As wearied Pilgrims, once possesst	618
Aske me what hunger is, and Ile reply	932
Aske me, why I do not sing	333
Aske me why I send you here	581
At Draw-Gloves we'l play	244
At my homely Country-seat	394

Index of First Lines 483

	No.
At Post and Paire, or Slam, Tom Tuck would play	694
At Stool-Ball, Lucia, let us play	691
<i>Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt</i>	1009
Away with silks, away with Lawn	403
BACCHUS, let me drink no more	305
Bad are all surfeits; but Physitians call	896
Bad are the times. <i>Sil.</i> And wors then they are we	422
Be bold, my Booke, nor be abasht, or feare	604
Be not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe	1008
Be not proud, but now encline	233
Be the Mistresse of my choice	666
Be those few hours, which I have yet to spend	N. 230
Beauti's no other but a lovely Grace	841
Beauty, no other thing is, then a Beame	102
Before Mans fall, the Rose was born	N. 251
Before the Press scarce one co'd see	900
Begin to charme, and as thou stroak'st mine eares	176
Begin with a kisse	728
Beginne with Jove; then is the worke halfe done	322
Bell-man of Night, if I about shall go	N. 43
Besides us two, i' th' Temple here's not one	446
Biancha, Let	87
Bid me to live, and I will live	268
Bind me but to thee with thine haire	935
Blanch swears her Husband's lovely; when a scald	99
Blessings, in abundance come	315
Boreman takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes; yet Boreman	1026
Born I was to be old	541
Borne I was to meet with Age	520
Both you two have	281
Break off Delay, since we but read of one	745
Breathe, Julia, breathe, and Ile protest	179
Bright Tulips, we do know	494
Bring me my Rose-buds, Drawer come	583
Bring the holy crust of Bread	889
Brisk methinks I am, and fine	997
Broomsted a lamenesse got by cold and Beere	556
Brown bread Tom Pennie eates, and must of right	998
Buggins is Drunke all night, all day he sleeps	1012

484 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Bungie do's fast ; looks pale ; puts Sack-cloth on	306
Burne, or drowne me, choose ye whether . . .	758
Burr is a smell-feast, and a man alone . . .	945
But borne, and like a short Delight . . .	180
By Dream I saw, one of the three . . .	400
By houres we all live here, in Heaven is known	N. 229
By so much, vertue is the lesse . . .	755
By the next kindling of the day . . .	825
By the weak'st means things mighty are o're- thrown . . .	703
By those soft Tods of wooll . . .	768
By Time, and Counsell, doe the best we can . . .	295
CALL me no more . . .	372
Can I not come to Thee, my God, for these . . .	N. 51
Can I not sin, but thou wilt be . . .	N. 72
<i>Care keeps the Conquest ; 'tis no lesse renowne</i> . . .	999
Case is a Lawyer, that near pleads alone . . .	976
Center is known weak sighted, and he sells . . .	402
Charm me asleep, and melt me so . . .	228
Charms, that call down the moon from out her sphere . . .	245
Charon, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore	A. 8
Charon ! O gentle Charon ! let me wooe thee	731
Cherrie-ripe, Ripe, Ripe, I cry . . .	53
Choose me your Valentine . . .	94
Christ, He requires still, wheresoere He comes	N. 68
Christ, I have read, did to His Chaplains say . . .	N. 137
Christ never did so great a work, but there . . .	N. 214
Christ took our Nature on Him, not that He . . .	N. 222
Christ was not sad, i'th garden, for His own . . .	N. 159
Christ, when He hung the dreadful Crosse upon	N. 167
Cleere are her eyes . . .	525
Close keep your lips, if that you meane . . .	739
Come, and let's in solemn wise . . .	871
Come, Anthea, know thou this . . .	679
Come Anthea let us two . . .	762
Come blithefull Neatherds, let us lay . . .	717
Come, bring with a noise . . .	785
Come bring your sampler, and with Art . . .	20
Come come away . . .	341
Come down, and dance ye in the toyle . . .	15
Come guard this night the Christmas-Pie . . .	786
Come, leave this loathed Country-life, and then	457
Come pitie us, all ye, who see . . .	N. 123
Come sit we by the fires side . . .	630
Come sit we under yonder Tree . . .	617

Index of First Lines 485

	No.
Come, skilfull Lupo, now, and take	108
Come, Sons of Summer, by whose toile	251
Come then, and like two Doves with silv'rie wings	576
Come thou not neere those men, who are like Bread	7
Come thou, who art the Wine, and wit	516
Come to me God; but do not come	N. 232
Come with the Spring-time forth Fair Maid, and be	355
Comely Acts well; and when he speaks his part Command the Roofe, great Genius, and from thence	800
Confession twofold is (as Austine sayes)	724
<i>Conformity gives comelinese to things</i>	N. 243
Conformity was ever knowne	1041
Conquer we shall, but we must first contend	76
Consider sorrowes, how they are aright	934
Consult ere thou begin'st, that done, go on	811
Crab faces gownes with sundry Furrer; 'tis known	750
Crooked you are, but that dislikes not me	670
Cuffe comes to church much; but he keeps his bed	243
Cupid as he lay among	109
Curse not the mice, no grist of thine they eat	139
Cynthia pluck ye by the eare	359
DEAD falls the Cause, if once the Hand be mute	147
Dean-bourn, farewell; I never look to see	309
Deare Perenna, prethee come	86
Deare, though to part it be a Hell	220
Dearest of thousands, now the time drawes neere Deer God	103
<i>Despaire takes heart, when ther's no hope to speed</i>	628
Dew sate on Julia's haire	N. 92
Did I or love, or could I others draw	1000
Die ere long, I'm sure, I shall	485
Discreet and prudent we that Discord call	558
Display thy breasts, my Julia, there let me	1059
Do with me, God! as Thou didst deal with Iohn Do's Fortune rend me? Beare with thy hard Fate	709
Down with the Rosemary and Bayes	231
Down with the Rosemary, and so	N. 25
Dread not the shackles: on with thine intent	821
Drinke up	893
	981
	1035
	989

486 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Drink Wine, and live here blithefull, while ye may	656
Droop, droop no more, or hang the head	9
Drowning, drowning, I espie	969
Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrows raine	260
Dull to my selfe, and almost dead to these	613
EACH must, in vertue, strive for to excell	299
Eaten I have; and though I had good cheere	542
Eeles winds and turnes, and cheats and steales; yet Eeles	399
E'ene all Religious courses to be rich	201
Empires of Kings, are now, and ever were	431
End now the White-loafe, & the Pye	895
Ere I goe hence and bee noe more	A. 2
Every time seemes short to be	432
Evill no Nature hath; the losse of good	N. 101
Examples lead us, and wee likely see	760
Excesse is sluttish: keepe the meane; for why?	1110
FAIN would I kisse my Julia's dainty Leg	350
Faire and foule dayes trip Crosse and Pile; The faire	514
Faire Daffadills, we weep to see	317
Faire pledges of a fruitfull Tree	468
Faire was the Dawne; and but e'ne now the Skies	202
Faith is a thing that's four-square; let it fall	927
Fames pillar here, at last, we set	1130
Farewell thou Thing, time-past so knowne, so deare	128
Fat be my Hinde: unlearnèd be my wife	939
Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'rcome	60
Fill me a mighty Bowle	654
Fill me my Wine in Christall; thus, and thus	503
First, April, she with mellow showsrs	70
First, for Effusions due unto the dead	72
First, for your shape, the curious cannot shew	512
First, Jollies wife is lame; then next, loose-hipt	163
First, may the hand of bounty bring	920
First offer Incense, then thy field and meads	371
Fled are the Frosts, and now the Fields appeare	643
Flood, if he has for him and his a bit	1113
Fly me not, though I be gray	528
Fly to my Mistresse, pretty pilfring Bee	249
Fold now thine armes; and hang the head	132

Index of First Lines 487

	No.
Fone sayes, those mighty whiskers he do's weare	110
Fooles are they, who never know	232
For a kisse or two, confesse	985
For all our workes, a recompence is sure	850
For all thy many courtesies to me	805
For being comely, consonant, and free	591
For brave comportment, wit without offence	948
For civill, cleane, and circumcisèd wit	527
For each one Body, that i'th earth is sowne	N. 208
For my embalming, Julia, do but this	328
For my neighbour Ile not know	209
For my part I never care	203
For one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts	302
For punishment in warre, it will suffice	336
For second course, last night, a Custard came	131
For sport my Julia threw a Lace	285
For thirty yeares, Tubbs has been proud and poor	973
For Those my unbaptizèd Rhimes	N. 2
For truth I may this sentence tell	1060
Fortune did never favour one	521
Fortune no higher Project can devise	536
Fortune's a blind profuser of her own	690
Fresh strowings allow	763
Frollick Virgins once these were	392
From me my Silvia ranne away	909
From noise of Scare-fires rest ye free	300
From the dull confines of the drooping West	714
From the Temple to your home	634
From this bleeding hand of mine	217
GATHER ye Rose-buds while ye may	208
Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne	178
Give house-roume to the best; 'Tis never known	936
Give, if thou canst, an Almes; if not, afford	N. 71
Give me a Cell	771
Give me a man that is not dull	1037
Give me a reason why men call	833
Give me honours! what are these	N. 64
Give me one kisse	539
Give me that man, that dares bestride	90
Give me the food that satisfies a Guest	798
Give me wine, and give me meate	621
Give unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st	N. 226
Give Want her welcome if she comes; we find	606
Give way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun	538
Give way, give way, now, now my Charles shines here	686

488 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Give way, give way ye Gates, and win . . .	477
Glasco had none, but now some teeth has got .	129
Glasse, out of deepe, and out of desp'rate want	386
Glide, gentle streams, and beare . . .	123
Glory be to the Graces ! . . .	778
Glory no other thing is (Tullie sayes) . . .	711
Go hence, and with this parting kisse . . .	466
Go I must ; when I am gone . . .	547
Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that . . .	1003
Go prettie child, and beare this Flower . . .	N. 59
Go wooe young Charles no more to looke . . .	612
God, as He is most Holy knowne . . .	N. 23
God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known . . .	N. 135
God (as the learned Damascen doth write) . . .	N. 161
God bought man here with his hearts blood ex- pence . . .	N. 213
God can do all things, save but what are known	N. 166
God can't be wrathfull ; but we may conclude .	N. 259
God co'd have made all rich, or all men poore	N. 69
God did forbid the Israelites, to bring . . .	N. 179
God doth embrace the good with love ; & gaines	N. 212
God doth not promise here to man, that He . . .	N. 252
God from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes . . .	N. 139
God gives not only corne, for need . . .	N. 66
God gives to none so absolute an Ease . . .	N. 199
God had but one Son free from sin ; but none .	N. 134
God has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft . . .	N. 240
God has foure keyes, which He reserves alone .	N. 224
God has His whips here to a twofold end . . .	N. 26
God hates the Duall Number ; being known . . .	N. 249
God hath this world for many made ; 'tis true .	N. 198
God hath two wings, which He doth ever move .	N. 6
God heares us when we pray, but yet defers . . .	N. 30
God He refuseth no man ; but makes way . . .	N. 131
God He rejects all Prayers that are sleight . . .	N. 16
God hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He	N. 142
God in His own Day will be then severe . . .	N. 156
God, in the holy Tongue, they call . . .	N. 185
God is above the sphere of our esteem . . .	N. 4
God is all fore-part ; for, we never see . . .	N. 18
God is all-present to whate're we do . . .	N. 237
God is all-sufferance here ; here He doth show	N. 74
God, is His Name of Nature ; but that word . . .	N. 141
God is Jehovah cal'd ; which name of His . . .	N. 187
God is more here, then in another place . . .	N. 197
God is not onely mercifull, to call . . .	N. 19
God is not onely said to be . . .	N. 5

Index of First Lines 489

	No.
God is so potent, as His Power can . . .	N. 176
God is then said for to descend, when He . . .	N. 244
God loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins)	N. 14
God makes not good men wantons, but doth bring	N. 108
God n'ere afflicts us more then our desert . . .	N. 10
God on our Youth bestowes but little ease . . .	N. 175
God pardons those, who do through frailty sin . . .	N. 32
God scourgeth some severely, some He spares . . .	N. 20
God still rewards us more then our desert . . .	N. 242
God strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent . . .	N. 31
God suffers not His Saints, and Servants deere . . .	N. 236
God tempteth no one (as S. Austine saith) . . .	N. 150
God then confounds mans face, when He not hears	N. 169
God! to my little meale and oyle	N. 130
God when for sin He makes His Children smart . . .	N. 22
God when He's angry here with any one . . .	N. 7
God when He takes my goods and chattels hence	N. 87
God, who me gives a will for to repent	N. 255
God, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence . . .	N. 160
God will have all, or none; serve Him, or fall . . .	N. 54
Goddesse, I begin an Art	531
Goddesse, I do love a Girle	338
<i>Goddesse of Youth, and Lady of the Spring</i> . . .	266
Gods boundlesse mercy is (to sinful man) . . .	N. 15
Gods Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse	N. 76
Gods evident, and may be said to be	N. 188
Gods Grace deserves here to be daily fed	N. 132
Gods hands are round, & smooth, that gifts may fall	N. 151
Gods Prescience makes none sinfull; but th' offence	N. 220
God's present ev'ry where; but most of all	N. 207
Gods Rod doth watch while men do sleep, & then . . .	N. 21
God's said our hearts to harden then	N. 250
God's said to dwell there, wheresoever He	N. 189
God's said to leave this place, and for to come . . .	N. 186
Gods undivided, One in persons Three	N. 191
Goe, happy Rose, and interwove	239
Goe hence away, and in thy parting know	A. 6
Goe, perjurd man; and if thou ere return	138
Goe thou forth, my booke, though late	1126
Goes the world now, it will with thee goe hard . . .	64
Gold I have none, but I present my need	N. 105
Gold I've none, for use or show	218

490 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Gold serves for Tribute to the King	N. 254
Gone she is a long, long way	849
Good and Great God ! how sho'd I feare	N. 5
Good day, Mirtillo. <i>Mirt.</i> And to you no lesse .	213
Good morrow to the day so fair	413
Good Precepts we must firmly hold	506
Good Princes must be pray'd for : for the bad .	97
Good speed, for I this day	214
Good things, that come of course, far lesse doe please	308
<i>Great Cities seldome rest : If there be none</i>	1031
Great men by small meanes oft are overthrown	487
Grow for two ends, it matters not at all	668
Grow up in Beauty, as thou do'st begin	980
Grubs loves his Wife and Children, while that they	1078
Grudgings turnes bread to stones, when to the Poore	633
Gryll eates, but ne'er sayes Grace ; to speak the troth	135
Gubbs calls his children Kitlings : and wo'd bound	200
Guesse cuts his shooes, and limping, goes about	240
HAILE holy, and all-honour'd Tomb	N. 269
Hanch, since he (lately) did interre his wife	843
Hang up Hooks, and Sheers to scare	892
Handsome you are, and Proper you will be	959
Happily I had a sight	1019
Happy's that man, to whom God gives	N. 50
<i>Hard are the two first staires unto a Crowne</i>	926
Hast thou attempted greatnesse? then go on	748
Hast thou begun an act? ne're then give o're	681
<i>Haste is unhappy ; what we Rashly do</i>	814
Have, have ye no regard, all ye	N. 266
Have I not blest Thee? Then go forth ; nor fear	406
Have ye beheld (with much delight)	441
He that ascended in a cloud, shall come	N. 162
<i>He that is hurt seeks help : sin is the wound</i>	N. 155
<i>He that may sin, sins least ; Leave to transgresse</i>	271
He that will live of all cares dispossesest	982
He that will not love, must be	254
He who commends the vanquisht, speaks the Power	554
He, who has suffer'd Ship-wrack, feares to saile	602
He who wears Blacks, and mournes not for the Dead	1048

Index of First Lines 491

	No.
Health is no other (as the learned hold) . . .	684
Health is the first good lent to men . . .	121
Heare, ye Virgins, and Ile teach . . .	298
Heav'n is most faire; but fairer He . . .	N. 164
Heaven is not given for our good works here . . .	N. 223
Hell is no other, but a soundlesse pit . . .	N. 117
Hell is the place where whipping-cheer aboundes . . .	N. 120
Help me, Julia, for to pray . . .	1070
Helpe me! helpe me! now I call . . .	19
Hence a blessed soule is fled . . .	594
Hence, hence, profane; soft silence let us have . . .	219
Hence, hence profane, and none appeare . . .	N. 98
Hence they have born my Lord; behold! the Stone . . .	N. 271
Her Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee . . .	620
Her pretty feet . . .	526
Here a little child I stand . . .	N. 95
Here a pretty Baby lies . . .	641
Here a solemne Fast we keepe . . .	451
Here down my wearyed limbs Ile lay . . .	307
Here, here I live . . .	456
Here, here I live with what my Board . . .	553
Here I my selfe might likewise die . . .	795
Here lies a Virgin, and as sweet . . .	765
Here lyes Johnson with the rest . . .	911
Here she lies, a pretty bud . . .	311
Here she lyes (in Bed of Spice) . . .	839
Here we are all, by day: By night w'are hurl'd . . .	57
Here we securely live, and eate . . .	545
Holy-rood come forth and shield . . .	474
Holy Water come and bring . . .	770
Holy waters hither bring . . .	975
Honour thy Parents; but good manners call . . .	N. 94
Honour to you who sit . . .	779
Horne sells to others teeth; but has not one . . .	596
How am I bound to Two! God, who doth give . . .	N. 62
How am I ravisht! when I do but see . . .	348
How can I choose but love, and follow her . . .	486
How co'd Luke Smeaton weare a shoe, or boot . . .	705
How dull and dead are books, that cannot show . . .	360
How fierce was I, when I did see . . .	940
How long, Perenna, wilt thou see . . .	472
How Love came in, I do not know . . .	73
How rich a man is, all desire to know . . .	329
How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia art . . .	88
How well contented in this private Grange . . .	1004
Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go . . .	N. 89

492 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Huncks ha's no money (he do's sweare, or say)	464
Hye hence, pale Care, noe more remember . . . A.	4
I A DIRGE will pen for thee	977
I am holy, while I stand	652
I am of all bereft	461
I am Sive-like, and can hold	286
I am zeallesse ; prethee pray	857
I askt my Lucia but a kisse	600
I ask't thee oft, what Poets thou hast read	174
I beginne to waine in sight	483
I brake thy Bracelet 'gainst my will	706
I bring ye Love. Quest. What will love do ?	1002
I burn, I burn ; and beg of you	140
I call, I call : who doe ye call ?	282
I can but name thee, and methinks I call	332
I cannot love, as I have lov'd before	769
I cannot pipe as I was wont to do	574
I cannot suffer ; and in this, my part	448
I co'd but see thee yesterday	829
I co'd never love indeed	491
I could wish you all, who love	290
I crawl, I creep ; my Christ, I come N.	129
I dare not ask a kisse	664
I dislik't but even now	408
I do believe, that die I must N.	78
I do not love, nor can it be	407
I do not love to wed	423
I doe love I know not what	586
I dream'd this mortal part of mine	41
I dream'd we both were in a bed	56
I dreamt, last night, Thou didst transfuse N.	75
I dreamt the Roses one time went	11
I feare no Earthly Powers	170
I freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwels	13
I have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold	1121
I have been wanton, and too bold I feare	1096
I have behelde two lovers, in a night A.	3
I have lost, and lately, these	39
I have my Laurel Chaplet on my head	1063
I heard ye co'd coole heat ; and came	414
I held Love's head while it did ake	510
I lately fr'id, but now behold	916
I make no haste to have my Numbers read	624
I must	994
I plaid with Love, as with the fire	564
I prest my Julia's lips, and in the kisse	701

Index of First Lines 493

	No.
I saw a Cherry weep, and why?	23
I saw a Flie within a Beade	818
I saw about her spotlesse wrist	169
I send, I send here my supremest kiss	1029
I sing of Brooks, of Blossomes, Birds, and Bowers	1
I sing thy praise Iacchus	773
I who have favour'd many, come to be	366
I will be short, and having quickly hurl'd	956
I will confesse	947
I will no longer kiss	1092
I would to God, that mine old age might have	N. 115
If Accusation onely can draw blood	529
If after rude and boystrous seas	226
If all transgressions here should have their pay	N. 27
If any thing delight me for to print	N. 61
If, deare Anthea, my hard fate it be	22
If hap it must, that I must see thee lye	961
If I dare write to You, my Lord, who are	507
If I have plaid the Truant, or have here	N. 261
If I kisse Anthea's brest.	155
If I lye unburied Sir	822
If Kings and kingdomes, once distracted be	1103
If little labour, little are our gaines	753
If meat the Gods give, I the steame	66
If men can say that beauty dyes	565
If 'mongst my many Poemis, I can see	165
If Nature do deny	642
If nine times you your Bride-groome kisse	582
If so be a Toad be laid	588
If that my Fate has now fulfill'd my yeere	861
If thou aske me (Deare) wherefore	501
If Thou beest taken, God forbid	N. 265
If thou dislik'st the Piece thou light'st on first	6
If thou hast found an honie-combe	910
If warre, or want shall make me grow so poore	N. 39
If well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast	622
If well thou hast begun, goe on fore-right	310
If when these Lyricks (CESAR) You shall heare	265
If wholesome Diet can re-cure a man	1050
If wounds in clothes, Cuts calls his rags, 'tis cleere	374
If ye feare to be affrighted	1066
If ye will with Mab find grace	557
Ile come, Ile creep, (though Thou dost threat)	N. 46
Ile come to thee in all those shapes	152
Ile do my best to win, when'ere I wooe	91
Ile get me hence	610

494 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Ile hope no more	N. 104
Ile sing no more, nor will I longer write	659
Ile to thee a Simnell bring	685
Ile write, because Ile give	96
Ile write no more of Love ; but now repent	1125
I'm free from thee ; and thou no more shalt heare	42
I'm sick of Love ; O let me lie	421
Immortall clothing I put on	820
<i>Imparitie doth ever discord bring</i>	813
In a Dreame, Love bad me go	629
In all our high designments, 'twill appear	925
In all thy need, be thou possesst	726
In Battailles what disasters fall	914
In desp'rate cases, all, or most are known	828
In doing justice, God shall then be known	N. 234
In God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be	N. 165
In Gods commands, ne'er ask the reason why	N. 260
In holy meetings, there a man may be	437
In man, Ambition is the common'st thing	58
In Numbers, and but these few	N. 33
In Prayer the Lips ne'er act the winning part	N. 35
In sober mornings, doe not thou rehearse	8
In the hope of ease to come	1028
In the houre of my distresse	N. 41
In the morning when ye rise	1065
In the old Scripture I have often read	N. 34
In things a moderation keepe	781
In this little Urne is laid	783
In this little Vault she lyes	145
In this misfortune Kings doe most excell	933
In this world (the Isle of Dreames)	N. 128
In time of life, I grac't ye with my Verse	344
In vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be	N. 140
In wayes to greatnesse, think on this	662
In's Tusc'lanes, Tullie doth confesse	1116
Instead of Orient Pearls, of Jet	34
Instruct me now, what love will do	1076
Is this a Fast, to keep	N. 228
Is this a life, to break thy sleep	671
It is sufficient if we pray	153
It was, and still my care is	675
I've paid Thee, what I promis'd ; that's not All	445
JACOB Gods Beggar was ; and so we wait	N. 171
Jealous Girles these sometimes were.	504
Jehovah, as Boëtius saith	N. 168
Jone wo'd go tel her haire ; and well she might	532

Index of First Lines 495

	No
Jove may afford us thousands of reliefs . . .	398
Judith has cast her old-skin, and got new . . .	357
Julia and I did lately sit	49
Julia, I bring	172
Julia, if I chance to die	59
Julia, was carelesse, and withall	27
Julia, when thy Herrick dies	500
Justly our dearest Saviour may abhorre us . . .	N. 209
KINDLE the Christmas Brand and then	894
<i>Kings must be dauntlesse: Subjects will contemne</i>	1098
Kings must not oft be seen by publike eyes . . .	683
Kings must not only cherish up the good . . .	776
<i>Kings must not use the Axe for each offence</i> . . .	999
Kissing and bussing differ both in this . . .	513
Knew'st thou, one moneth wo'd take thy life away	710
Know when to speake ; for many times it brings	1038
LABOUR we must, and labour hard	N. 152
Laid out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be . . .	50
Lasciviousnesse is known to be	N. 138
Last night I drew up mine Account	N. 107
Last night thou didst invite me home to eate . . .	425
Lay by the good a while ; a resting field . . .	923
Learn this of me, where e'r thy Lot doth fall . . .	397
Leech boasts, he has a Pill, that can alone . . .	316
Let all chaste Matrons, when they chance to see	151
Let but thy voice engender with the string . . .	253
Let faire or foule my Mistresse be	580
Let Kings and Rulers learne this line from me . . .	972
Let Kings Command, and doe the best they may	346
Let me be warme ; let me be fully fed	93
Let me not live, if I not love	1083
Let me sleep this night away	550
Let moderation on thy passions waite	1039
Let not that Day Gods Friends and Servants scare	N. 126
Let not thy Tomb-stone er'e be laid by me . . .	876
Let others looke for Pearle and Gold	N. 60
Let others to the Printing Presse run fast . . .	1023
Let the superstitious wife	890
Let there be Patrons ; Patrons like to thee . . .	117
Let us now take time, and play	692
Let us (though late) at last (my Silvia) wed . . .	10

496 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Let's be jocund while we may	640
Lets call for Hymen if agreed thou art	782
Let's live in haste ; use pleasures while we may	454
Let's live with that smal pittance that we have	608
Lets now take our time	807
Let's strive to be the best ; the Gods, we know it	1001
Life is the Bodies light ; which once declining	577
Life of my life, take not so soone Thy flight	186
Like those infernall Deities which eate	827
Like to a Bride, come forth, my Booke, at last	194
Like to the Income must be our expence	288
Like will to like, each Creature loves his kinde	1044
Lillies will languish ; Violets look ill	118
Linnit plays rarely on the Lute, we know	382
Little you are ; for Womans sake be proud	601
Live by thy Muse thou shalt ; when others die	593
Live, live with me, and thou shalt see	522
Live with a thrifty, not a needy Fate	28
Long Locks of late our Zelot Peason weares	844
Look how our foule Dayes doe exceed our faire	N. 1
Look, how the Rainbow doth appeare	354
Look upon Sapho's lip, and you will swear	986
Looke in my Book, and herein see	907
Lord, do not beat me	N. 49
Lord, I am like to Missetoe	N. 114
Lord, I confesse, that thou alone art able	N. 73
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell	N. 47
Lost to the world ; lost to my selfe ; alone	955
Loth to depart, but yet at last, each one	356
Love and my selfe (beleeve me) on a day	41
Love and the Graces evermore do wait	761
Love bade me aske a gift	250
Love brought me a silent Grove	864
Love he that will ; it best likes me	409
Love, I have brokē	459
Love, I recant	217
Love in a showre of Blossomes came	884
Love is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere	840
Love is a circle that doth restlesse move	29
Love is a kind of warre : Hence those who feare	873
Love is a Leven, and a loving kisse	951
Love is a sirrurp ; and who er'e we see	950
<i>Love is maintain'd by wealth ; when all is spent</i>	677
Love, like a Beggar, came to me	943
Love, like a Gypsie, lately came	166
Love love begets ; then never be	747

Index of First Lines 497

	No.
Love, love me now, because I place	860
Love on a day (wise Poets tell)	261
Love scorch'd my finger, but did spare	85
Love's a thing, (as I do heare)	287
Love-sick I am, and must endure	157
Love's of it self, too sweet ; the best of all	1085
Lulls swears he is all heart ; but you'l suppose	887
Lupes for the outside of his suite has paid	970
MAGOT frequents those houses of good-cheere	519
Maidens tell me I am old	853
Maiden nay's are nothing, they are shie	736
Make haste away, and let one be	845
Make, make me Thine, my gracious God	N. 48
Make me a heaven ; and make me there	133
Man is a Watch, wound up at first, but never	559
Man is compos'd here of a two-fold part	395
Man knowes where first he ships himselfe ; but he	469
Man may at first transgress, but next do well	1022
Man may want Land to live in ; but for all	808
Man must do well out of a good intent	918
<i>Mans disposition is for to requite</i>	924
Many we are, and yet but few possesse	471
May his pretty Duke-ship grow	267
Me thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed)	1018
Me thought (last night) Love in an anger came	40
Mease brags of Pullets which he eats : but Mease	362
Men are not born Kings, but are men renown'd	708
<i>Men are suspicious ; prone to discontent</i>	922
Men must have Bounds how farre to walke ; for	991
we	242
Men say y'are faire ; and faire ye are, 'tis true	N. 148
Mercy, the wise Athenians held to be	326
Mighty Neptune, may it please	832
Milk stil your Fountains, and your Springs, for	688
why ?	206
Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine	370
Mony thou ow'st me ; Prethee fix a day	236
Moon is an Usurer, whose gain	51
Mop-ey'd I am, as some have said	105
More white then whitest Lillies far	188
Much-more, provides, and hoords up like an Ant	966
Mudge every morning to the Postern comes	255
Musick, thou Queen of Heaven, Care-charming	1069
spel	
My dearest Love, since thou wilt go	

498 Herrick's Poems

	No.
My faithful friend, if you can see	198
My God, I'm wounded by my sin	N. 17
My God! looke on me with Thine eye	N. 29
My head doth ake	592
My Lucia in the deaw did go	730
My many cares and much distress	1017
My Muse in Meads has spent her many houres	225
My soule would one day goe and seeke	877
My wearied Barke, O let it now be Crown'd!	1128
My wooing's ended: now my weddings neere	480
NAUGHT are all Women; I say no	886
Need is no vice at all; though here it be	699
Nero commanded; but withdrew his eyes	680
Never my Book's perfection did appeare	246
Never was Day so over-sick with showres	146
Next is your lot (Faire) to be number'd one	511
Night hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep	N. 77
Night hides our thefts; all thoughts then pardon'd be	587
Night makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and Clark	865
Nis, he makes Verses; but the Lines he writes	897
No fault in women to refuse	292
No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill	1049
No man comes late unto that place from whence	657
No man is tempted so, but may o'recome	N. 211
<i>No man so well a Kingdome rules, as He</i>	1075
No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim	954
No more my Silvia, do I mean to pray	571
No more shall I, since I am driven hence	334
No news of Navies burnt at Seas	320
No trust to Metals nor to Marbels, when	A. 9
No wrath of Men, or rage of Seas	616
Noah the first was (as Tradition sayes)	N. 195
None goes to warfare, but with this intent	120
Noone-day and Midnight shall at once be seene	154
Nor art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd	764
Nor is my Number full, till I inscribe	546
Nor thinke that Thou in this my Booke art worst	1093
Not all thy flushing Sunnes are set	185
Nothing can be more loathsome, then to see	598
Nothing comes Free-cost here; Jove will not let	470
Nothing hard, or harsh can prove	702
Nothing is New; we walk where others went	353
Now, if you love me, tell me	1056
Now is the time for mirth	201

Index of First Lines 499

	No.
Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim . . .	55
Now is your turn, (my Dearest) to be set . . .	790
Now, now the mirth comes . . .	1036
Now, now's the time; so oft by truth . . .	149
Now Patrick with his footmanship has done . . .	419
Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see . . .	968
O EARTH! Earth! Earth! heare thou my voice, and be . . .	52
O Jealousie, that art . . .	453
O Jupiter, sho'd I speake ill . . .	740
O Thou, the wonder of all dayes! . . .	N. 83
O! Times most bad . . .	597
O Yeares! and Age! Farewell . . .	N. 58
O! you the Virgins nine! . . .	958
Of all our parts, the eyes expresse . . .	301
Of all the good things whatsoe're we do . . .	N. <i>fin.</i>
Of all those three-brave-brothers, faln i' th' Warre . . .	452
Of both our Fortunes good and bad we find . . .	766
Of Flanks and Chines of Beefe doth Gorrell boast . . .	221
Of foure teeth onely Bridget was possesst . . .	420
Offer thy gift; but first the Law commands . . .	958
Oft bend the Bow, and thou with ease shalt do . . .	723
Oft have I heard both Youths and Virgins say . . .	379
Old Parson Beanes hunts six dayes of the week . . .	436
Old Widrow Prouse to do her neighbours evill . . .	802
Old wives have often told, how they . . .	46
On, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get . . .	385
On with thy worke, though thou beest hardly prest . . .	1010
One ask'd me where the roses grew? . . .	45
One Birth our Saviour had; the like none yet . . .	N. 182
One Eare tingles; some there be . . .	1097
One feeds on Lard, and yet is leane . . .	462
One man repentant is of more esteem . . .	N. 205
One more by Thee, Love, and Desert have sent . . .	517
One night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come . . .	635
One of the five straight branches of my hand . . .	566
One onely fire has Hell; but yet it shall . . .	N. 227
One silent night of late . . .	81
One silver spoon shines in the house of Croot . . .	IIII
Onely a little more . . .	211
Open thy gates . . .	N. III
Or lookt I back unto the Times hence flown . . .	674
Orpheus he went (as Poets tell) . . .	799

500 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Other mens sins wee ever beare in mind . . .	752
Our Bastard-children are but like to Plate . . .	1016
Our Crosses are no other then the rods . . .	863
Our Honours, and our Commendations be . . .	297
Our Houshold-gods our Parents be . . .	648
Our mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-cloths lye . . .	548
Our present Teares here (not our present laughter)	N. 90
Out of the world he must, when once comes in . . .	549
PAGGET, a School-boy, got a Sword, and then . . .	171
Paradise is (as from the Learn'd I gather) . . .	N. 177
Pardon me God, (once more I Thee intreat) . . .	N. 113
Pardon my trespasses (Silvia,) I confesse . . .	937
Parrat protests 'tis he, and only he . . .	502
Part of the worke remains; one part is past . . .	1127
Partly worke and partly play . . .	1027
Paske, though his debt be due upon the day . . .	364
Paul, he began ill, but he ended well . . .	N. 200
Pauls hands do give; what give they, bread or meat	732
Peapes he do's strut, and pick his Teeth, as if . . .	836
Permit me, Julia, now to goe away . . .	156
Permit mine eyes to see	N. 106
Phœbus! when that I a Verse	304
Physitians say Repletion springs . . .	952
Physitians fight not against men; but these . . .	647
Pievish doth boast, that he's the very first . . .	411
Play I co'd once; but (gentle friend) you see . . .	210
Play, Phœbus on thy Lute	389
Play their offensive and defensive parts . . .	N. 109
Please your Grace, from out your Store . . .	639
Ponder my words, if so that any be . . .	715
Praise they that will Times past, I joy to see . . .	928
Prat he writes Satyres; but herein's the fault . . .	693
Prayers and Praises are those spotlesse two . . .	N. 9
Predestination is the Cause alone	N. 215
Prepare for Songs; He's come, He's come . . .	N. 97
Preposterous is that Government, (and rude) . . .	536
Prepost'rous is that order, when we run . . .	709
Prickles is waspish, and puts forth his sting . . .	904
Prig now drinks Water, who before drank Beere . . .	183
Prigg, when he comes to houses, oft doth use . . .	369
Princes and Fav'rites are most deere, while they . . .	759
Prue, my dearest Maid, is sick	303
Pusse and her Prentice both at Draw-gloves play	774

Index of First Lines 501

	No.
Put off Thy Robe of Purple; then go on . . .	N. 263
Put on thy Holy Fillitings, and so . . .	899
Put on your silks; and piece by piece . . .	54
Putrefaction is the end . . .	433
RAPINE has yet tooke nought from me . . .	N. 124
Rare are thy cheeks Susanna, which do show . . .	524
Rare is the voice itselfe; but when we sing . . .	1102
Rare Temples thou hast seen, I know . . .	223
Reach, with your whiter hands, to me . . .	496
Read thou my Lines, my Swetnaham, if there be . . .	1090
Readers, wee entreat ye pray . . .	815
Reproach we may the living; not the dead . . .	626
Rise, Household-Gods, and let us goe . . .	279
Roaring is nothing but a weeping part . . .	N. 154
Rook he sells feathers, yet he still doth crie . . .	440
Roses at first were white . . .	259
Roses, you can never die . . .	1071
Rumpe is a Turne-broach, yet he seldome can . . .	1107
Rush saves his shooes, in wet and snowie wether . . .	1117
SABBATHS are threefold, as S. Austine sayes . . .	N. 194
Sadly I walk't within the field . . .	187
Sapho, I will chuse to go . . .	804
Science in God, is known to be . . .	N. 136
Sea-born Goddess, let me be . . .	347
See, and not see; and if thou chance t'espie . . .	95
See how the poore do waiting stand . . .	351
Seeing thee Soame, I see a Goodly man . . .	467
See'st thou that Cloud as silver cleare . . .	349
Seest thou that Cloud that rides in State . . .	816
Seest thou those Diamonds which she weares . . .	331
Shall I a daily Beggar be . . .	1015
Shall I go to Love and tell . . .	837
<i>Shame checks our first attempts; but then 'tis</i> <i>prov'd</i> . . .	N. 85
Shame is a bad attendant to a State . . .	489
Shapcot! to thee the Fairy State . . .	294
Shark when he goes to any publick feast . . .	293
She by the River sate, and sitting there . . .	744
She wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so . . .	743
Shew me thy feet; shew me thy legs, thy thighs . . .	404
Shift now has cast his clothes; got all things new . . .	373
Sho'd I not put on Blacks, when each one here . . .	908
Shut not so soon; the dull-ey'd night . . .	442
Sick is Anthea, sickly is the spring . . .	1055

502 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Sin is an act so free, that if we shall . . .	N. 218
Sin is the cause of death; and sin's alone . . .	N. 219
Sin leads the way, but as it goes, it feels . . .	N. 86
Sin never slew a soule, unlesse there went . . .	N. 217
<i>Sin no existence; Nature none it hath</i> . . .	N. 173
Sin once reacht up to Gods eternall Sphere . . .	N. 100
Since for thy full deserts (with all the rest)	393
Since Jack and Jill both wicked be . . .	435
Since shed or Cottage I have none . . .	1057
Since to th' Country first I came . . .	490
Sing me to death; for till thy voice be cleare . . .	391
Sinners confounded are a twofold way . . .	N. 210
Sitting alone (as one forsook) . . .	142
Skinns he dined well to-day; how do you think?	410
Skrew lives by shifts; yet swears by no small oathes . . .	381
Smooth was the Sea, and seem'd to call . . .	938
Sneape has a faee so brittle, that it breaks . . .	312
So Good-luck came, and on my roofe did light . . .	248
So long (it seem'd) as Maries Faith was small . . .	N. 192
So long you did not sing, or touch your Lute . . .	229
So look the mornings when the Sun . . .	812
So looks Anthea, when in bed she lyes . . .	104
So smell those odours that do rise . . .	376
So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice . . .	67
So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder smiles . . .	197
Some ask'd me where the Rubies grew? . . .	75
Some parts may perish; dye thou canst not all . . .	555
Some salve to every sore, we may apply . . .	842
Some would know . . .	26
Sorrowes divided amongst many, lesse . . .	700
Sorrowes our portion are: Ere hence we goe . . .	N. 81
Sound Teeth has Lucie, pure as Pearl, and small . . .	650
Speak, did the Bloud of Abel cry . . .	N. 203
Spend Harmless shade, thy nightly Houres . . .	913
Spenke has a strong breath, yet short Prayers saith . . .	885
Spokes, when he sees a rosted Pig, he swears . . .	983
Spring with the Larke, most comely Bride, and meet . . .	619
Spunge makes his boasts that he's the onely man . . .	455
Spur jingles now, and swears by no meane oathes . . .	1100
Stand by the Magick of my powerfull Rhymes . . .	870
Stand forth, brave man, since fate has made thee here . . .	746

Index of First Lines 503

	No.
Stand with thy Graces forth, Brave man, and rise	484
Stately Goddess, do thou please	361
Stay while ye will, or goe	207
<i>Still take advice; though counsels, when they flye</i>	1040
Still to our gains our chief respect is had	352
Store of courage to me grant	387
Stripes justly given yerk us (with their fall)	1051
<i>Studies themselves will languish and decay</i>	1034
Suffer thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk	N. 12
Suspicion, Discontent, and Strife	137
Sweet Amarillis, by a Spring's	130
Sweet are my Julia's lips and cleane	858
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes	160
Sweet Bridget blusht, & therewithall	563
Sweet Country life, to such unknown	663
Sweet Oenone, doe but say	791
Sweet virgin, that I do not set	377
Sweet Western Wind, whose luck it is	256
TAKE mine advise, and go not neere	869
Tap (better known than trusted) as we heare	830
Teage has told lyes so long, that when Teage tells	881
Teares most prevaile; with teares too thou mayst move	901
<i>Teares quickly drie: griefes will in time decay</i>	931
Teares, though th'are here below the sinners brine	646
Tell, if thou canst (and truly) whence doth come	415
Tell me rich man, for what intent	N. 239
Tell me, what needs those rich deceits	882
Tell me, young man, or did the Muses bring	957
Tell that Brave Man, fain thou wo'dst have access	964
Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue	N. 102
Temptations hurt not, though they have accesse	N. 79
Thanksgiving for a former, doth invite	N. 42
Th'art hence removing, (like a Shepherd's Tent)	508
Th'ast dar'd too farre; but Furie now forbear	204
That Christ did die, the Pagan saith	N. 247
That flow of Gallants which approach	697
That for seven Lusters I did never come	82
That Happiness do's still the longest thrive	793
That Houre-glasse, which there ye see	127
That little prettie bleeding part :	N. 125

504 Herrick's Poems

	No
That Love last long ; let it thy first care be . . .	495
That love 'twixt men do's ever longest last . . .	1084
That Manna, which God on His people cast . . .	N. 146
That Morne which saw me made a Bride . . .	272
<i>That Prince must govern with a gentle hand . . .</i>	1068
<i>That Prince takes soone enough the Victors roome</i>	269
<i>That Prince, who may doe nothing but what's</i> <i>just</i>	1104
That Princes may possesse a surer seat . . .	439
That there's a God, we all do know . . .	N. 238
That was the Proverb. Let my mistresse be . . .	358
The Bad among the Good are here mixt ever . . .	N. 172
The bloud of Abel was a thing . . .	N. 204
The Body is the Soules poore house, or home . . .	866
The body's salt, the soule is ; which when gon . . .	1112
The bound (almost) now of my book I see . . .	1020
The Doctors, in the Talmud, say . . .	N. 206
The factions of the great ones call . . .	878
The fire of Hell this strange condition hath . . .	N. 202
The Gods require the thighes . . .	737
<i>The Gods to Kings the Judgment give to sway . . .</i>	270
The Hag is astride . . .	644
The Jewes their beds, and offices of ease . . .	N. 193
The Jewes, when they built Houses (I have read)	N. 178
The lesse our sorrowes here and suffrings cease . . .	N. 119
The Lictors bundl'd up their rods : beside . . .	921
The longer thred of life we spin . . .	N. 144
The May-pole is up . . .	696
The mellow touch of musick most doth wound . . .	24
The Mountains of the Scriptures are (some say)	N. 157
The only comfort of my life . . .	1053
The Person crowns the Place ; your lot doth fall . . .	978
The Power of Princes rests in the Consent . . .	1074
The readinesse of doing, doth expresse . . .	846
The repetition of the name made known . . .	N. 174
The Rose was sick, and smiling di'd . . .	687
The Saints-bell calls ; and, Julia, I must read . . .	585
The same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be . . .	N. 163
The seeds of Treason choake up as they spring . . .	17
The shame of mans face is no more . . .	N. 170
The staffe is now greas'd . . .	1123
The strength of Baptisme, that's within . . .	N. 253
The sup'rabundance of my store . . .	N. 127
The teares of Saints more sweet by farre . . .	N. 145
The time the Bridegroom staves from hence . . .	N. 153
The Twi-light is no other thing (we say) . . .	1047
The Virgin Marie was (as I have read) . . .	N. 190

Index of First Lines 505

	No.
The Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there)	N. 180
The work is done ; now let my Lawrell be	N. 262
The worke is done : young men and maidens, set	1129
Then did I live when I did see	1021
There is no evill that we do commit	N. 196
There's no constraint to do amisse	N. 225
These fresh beauties (we can prove)	37
These Springs were Maidens once that lov'd	479
These Summer-Birds did with thy master stay	388
These temp'rall goods God (the most Wise) commends	N. 201
<i>Things are uncertain, and the more we get</i>	1033
This Axiom I have often heard	673
This Crosse-Tree here	N. 268
This Day is Yours, Great CHARLES ! and in this War	824
This day my Julia thou must make	806
This Ile tell ye by the way	1064
This is my comfort, when she's most unkind	1062
<i>This is the height of Justice, that to doe</i>	615
This Lady's short, that Mistresse she is tall	438
This rule of manners I will teach my guests	1006
This Stone can tell the storie of my life	979
<i>Those ends in War the best contentment bring</i>	1030
Those Garments lasting evermore	N. 231
Those ills that mortall men endure	396
Those possessions short-liv'd are	712
Those Saints, which God loves best	N. 28
Those Tapers, which we set upon the grave	N. 181
Thou art a plant sprung up to wither never	241
Thou art to all lost love the best	263
Thou bidst me come away	N. 53
Thou bidst me come ; I cannot come ; for why	N. 52
Thou cam'st to cure me (Doctor) of my cold	237
Thou gav'st me leave to kisse	365
Thou had'st the wreath before, now take the Tree	384
Thou hast made many Houses for the Dead	854
Thou hast promis'd, Lord, to be	N. 40
Thou know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turne	540
Thou mighty Lord and master of the Lyre	872
Thou sail'st with others in this Argus here	71
Thou saist thou lov'st me Sapho ; I say no	867
Thou say'st I'm dull ; if edge-lesse so I be	1082
Thou sayest Loves Dart	834
Thou say'st my lines are hard	345

506 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Thou seest me Lucia this year droope . . .	974
Thou sent'st to me a True-love-knot ; but I . . .	465
Thou shalt not All die ; for while Love's fire shines	367
Thou, thou that bear'st the sway	875
Thou who wilt not love, doe this	195
Though a wise man all pressures can sustaine . . .	158
Though by well-warding many blowes w'ave past	689
Though Clock	725
Though Frankinsense the Deities require	941
Though from without no foes at all we feare . . .	929
Though good things answer many good intents . . .	276
Though hourelly comforts from the Gods we see . . .	277
Though I cannot give thee fires	325
Though long it be, yeeres may repay the debt	655
Though Thou beest all that Active Love	N. 246
Thousands each day passe by, which wee	672
Three fatall Sisters wait upon each sin	N. 11
Three lovely Sisters working were	47
Thrice, and above, blest (my soules halfe) art thou	106
Thrice happie Roses, so much grac't, to have	735
Through all the night	N. 56
Thus I	476
Thy Azure Robe, I did behold	175
Thy former coming was to cure	N. 257
Thy sooty Godhead, I desire	614
Till I shall come again, let this suffice	378
Time is the Bound of things, where e're we go	767
Time was upon	N. 38
'Tis a known principle in War	291
<i>'Tis but a dog-like madnesse in bad Kings</i>	930
'Tis Ev'ning, my Sweet	535
'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend	N. 8
'Tis Heresie in others : In your face	482
'Tis liberty to serve one Lord ; but he	888
'Tis much among the filthy to be clean	1043
<i>'Tis never, or but seldome knowne</i>	789
'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall	1046
'Tis not a thousand Bullocks thies	63
'Tis not ev'ry day, that I	715
'Tis not greatness they require	65
'Tis not the food, but the content	313
'Tis not the Walls, or purple, that defends	718
'Tis said, as Cupid danc't among	707
<i>'Tis still observ'd that Fame ne're sings</i>	722

Index of First Lines 507

	No.
'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are .	995
'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art .	809
'Tis worse than barbarous cruelty to show .	551
To all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be .	N. 221
To a Love-Feast we both invited are .	N. 65
<i>To an old soare a long cure must goe on</i> .	1013
To Bread and Water none is poore .	100
To cleanse his eyes, Tom Brock makes much adoe .	274
To conquer'd men, some comfort 'tis to fall .	141
To fetch me Wine my Lucia went .	505
To find that Tree of Life, whose Fruits did feed	161
To gather Flowers Sappha went .	741
To get thine ends, lay bashfulnesse aside .	12
To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go .	N. 133
To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't	1131
To house the Hag, you must doe this .	891
To joyn with them who here confer .	N. 270
To me my Julia lately sent .	32
To-morrow, Julia, I betimes must rise .	252
To mortall men great loads allotted be .	716
To my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares .	215
To paint the fiend, Pink would the Devill see .	273
To Print our Poems, the propulsive cause .	449
To read my Booke the Virgin shie .	4
To safe-guard Man from wrongs, there nothing must .	177
To seek of God more then we well can find .	N. 70
To sup with thee thou didst me home invite .	784
To this white Temple of my Heroes, here .	497
To work a wonder, God would have her shown	N. 183
Tom Blinks his Nose, is full of wheales, and these .	835
Tom shifts the Trenchers; yet he never can .	797
Touch but thy Lire (my Harrie) and I heare .	852
Trap, of a Player turn'd a Priest now is .	1077
Tread Sirs, as lightly as ye can .	645
Trigg having turn'd his sute, he struts in state .	704
True mirth resides not in the smiling skin .	N. 13
True rev'ence is (as Cassiodore doth prove) .	N. 147
True to your self, and sheets, you'll have me swear .	339
Truggin a Footman was; but now, growne lame	883
Trust me Ladies, I will do .	473
<i>Truth by her own simplicity is known</i> .	1095
Truth is best found out by the time, and eyes .	903
Tumble me down, and I will sit .	678

508 Herrick's Poems

	No.
'Twas but a single Rose	144
'Twas Cesars saying : <i>Kings no lesse Conquerors are</i>	826
'Twas not Lov's Dart	427
Twice has Pudica been a Bride, and led	478
Twilight, no other thing is, Poets say	859
Twixt Kings and Subjects ther's this mighty odds	25
'Twixt Kings & Tyrants there's this difference known	862
<i>Twixt Truth and Errour ; there's this difference known</i>	1032
Two instruments belong unto our God	N. 241
Two of a thousand things, are disallow'd	18
Two parts of us successively command	340
Two things do make society to stand	848
UNDER a Lawne, then skyes more cleare	78
Upon her cheekes she wept, and from those showers	568
Urles had the Gout so, that he co'd not stand	578
Ursley, she thinks those Velvet Patches grace	544
VINEGER is no other I define	965
Virgins promis'd when I dy'd	125
Virgins, time-past, known were these	167
WANT is a softer Wax, that takes thereon	906
Wanton Wenches doe not bring	1099
Wantons we are ; and though our words be such	625
Wash clean the Vessell, lest ye soure	1054
Wash your hands, or else the fire	787
Wassaile the Trees, that they may beare	788
Water, water I desire	61
Water, Water I espie	162
We are Coheires with Christ ; nor shall His own	N. 248
We blame, nay, we despise her paines	868
We credit most our sight ; one eye doth please	905
We merit all we suffer, and by far	N. 235
We pray 'gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace	794
We read how Faunus, he the shepherds God	987
We Trust not to the multitude in Warre	917
We two are last in Hell : what may we feare	101
Weelcome ! but yet no entrance, till we blesse	314
Weepe for the dead, for they have lost this light	953
Weigh me the Fire ; or canst thou find	N. 3
Welcome, Great Cesar, welcome now you are	962

Index of First Lines 509

	No.
Welcome, Maids of Honour	205
Welcome, most welcome to our Vowes and us	77
Welcome to this my Colledge, and though late	984
Were I to give thee Baptime, I wo'd chuse .	84
Were there not a Matter known	434
What are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents	971
What can I do in Poetry	335
What! can my Kellam drink his Sack	919
What Conscience, say, is it in thee	447
What Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see	757
What God gives, and what we take	N. 93
What here we hope for, we shall once inherit .	N. 88
What I fancy, I approve	21
What is a Kisse? Why this, as some approve	623
What is't that wastes a Prince? example shoves	1106
What need we marry Women, when	949
What needs complaints	1025
What now we like, anon we disapprove	518
What off-spring other men have got	682
What others have with cheapnesse seene, and ease	1101
What's got by Justice is establish sure	1024
What's that we see from far? the spring of Day	284
What sweeter musick can we bring	N. 96
What though my Harp, and Violl be	N. 84
What though the Heaven be lowring now	509
What though the sea be calme? Trust to the shore	212
What times of sweetnesse this faire day fore- shows	124
What was't that fell but now	192
What will ye (my poor Orphans) do	627
What Wisdome, Learning, Wit, or Worth	134
Whatever comes, let's be content withall	N. 55
Whatever men for Loyalty pretend	1122
Whatsoever thing I see	751
When a Daffadill I see	107
When a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead	N. 80
When after many Lusters thou shalt be	665
When age or Chance has made me blind	98
When all Birds els do of their musick faile	727
When as Leander young was drown'd	119
When Chub brings in his harvest, still he cries.	1087
When ere my heart, Love's warmth but enter- taines	113
When feare admits no hope of safety, then	1119
When first I find those Numbers thou do'st write	967

510 Herrick's Poems

	No.
When flowing garments I behold	1011
When I a ship see on the Seas	N. 118
When I a Verse shall make	605
When I behold a Forrest spread	561
When I behold Thee, almost slain	N. 267
When I consider (Dearest) thou dost stay	523
When I departed am, ring thou my knell	280
When I did goe from thee, I felt that smart	122
When I goe Hence, ye Closet-Gods, I feare	653
When I love, (as some have told)	570
When I of Villars doe but heare the name	342
When I shall sin, pardon my trespasse here	N. 99
When I through all my many Poems look	227
When I thy Parts runne o're, I can't espie	16
When I thy singing next shall heare	68
When Jill complains to Jack for want of meate	499
When Julia blushes, she do's show	296
When Julia chid, I stood as mute the while	150
When Lawes full power have to sway, we see	609
When man is punisht, he is plaguèd still	N. 110
When my date's done, and my gray age must die	112
When my off'ring next I make	418
When once the sin has fully acted been	N. 37
When once the Soule has lost her way	N. 233
When one is past, another care we have	48
When others gain much by the present cast	375
When out of bed my Love doth spring	405
When some shall say, Faire once my Silvia was	62
When that day comes, whose evening sayes I'm gone	35
When thou do'st play, and sweetly sing	363
When Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read	N. 264
When times are troubled, then forbear; but speak	1073
When to a House I come, and see	1005
When to thy Porch I come, and (ravisht) see	1072
When we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more	N. 116
When well we speak, & nothing do that's good	N. 256
When what is lov'd is Present, love doth spring	30
When Winds and Seas do rage	N. 122
When with the Virgin morning thou do'st rise	321
When words we want, Love teacheth to endite	847
Whenas in silks my Julia goes	780
Whenere I go, or what so ere befalls	819
Where God is merry, there write down thy fears	N. 63
Where love begins, there dead thy first desire	874
Where others love, and praise my Verses; still	173

Index of First Lines 511

	No.
Where Pleasures rule a Kingdome, never there	1088
Wherever Nodes do's in the Summer come . . .	823
Whether I was my selfe, or else did see . . .	1081
While Fates permit us, let's be merry . . .	458
While leanest Beasts in Pastures feed . . .	196
While, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee . . .	181
While the milder Fates consent . . .	111
While thou didst keep thy Candor undefil'd . . .	3
White as Zenobias teeth, the which the Girles . . .	742
White though ye be; yet, Lillies, know . . .	190
Whither dost thou worry me . . .	416
Whither, Mad-maiden, wilt thou roame? . . .	2
Whither? Say, whither shall I fly . . .	115
Who after his transgression doth repent . . .	810
Who begs to die for feare of humane need . . .	856
<i>Who formes a Godhead out of Gold or Stone</i> . . .	289
<i>Who may do most, do's least; The bravest will</i> . . .	1058
Who plants an Olive, but to eate the Oile? . . .	1061
Who, railing, drives the Lazer from his door . . .	695
Who read'st this Book that I have writ . . .	661
Who violates the Customes, hurts the Health . . .	1042
Who will not honour Noble Numbers, when . . .	792
Who with a little cannot be content . . .	607
Whom sho'd I feare to write to, if I can . . .	168
Whose head befringed with be-scatterèd tresses . . .	A. 1
Why doe not all fresh maids appeare . . .	257
Why doe ye weep, sweet Babes? can Teares . . .	258
Why do'st thou wound, & break my heart . . .	1091
Why I tye about thy wrist . . .	323
Why, Madam, will ye longer weep . . .	515
Why sho'd we covet much, whenas we know . . .	996
Why so slowly do you move . . .	851
Why this Flower is now call'd so . . .	36
Why walkes Nick Flimsey like a Male-content? . . .	424
Why wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare? . . .	N. 36
Will ye heare, what I can say . . .	343
Wilt thou my true Friend be? . . .	575
With blameless carriage, I liv'd here . . .	116
With golden Censers, and with Incense, here . . .	N. 103
Wither'd with yeeres, and bed-rid Mumma lyes . . .	222
Wo'd I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and thin? . . .	417
Wo'd I woove, and wo'd I winne . . .	898
Wo'd ye oyle of Blossomes get? . . .	720
Wo'd yee have fresh Cheese and Cream? . . .	492
Woe, woe to them, who (by a ball of strife) . . .	79
Women, although they ne're so goodly make it . . .	676

512 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Words beget Anger ; Anger brings forth blowes	902
Wrinkles no more are, or no lesse	368
Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time . . .	777
Y'AVE laught enough (sweet), vary now your	
Text	278
Ye have been fresh and green	275
Ye may simper, blush, and smile	189
Yee pretty Huswives, wo'd ye know	443
Yee silent shades, whose each tree here	450
You are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man	460
You are a Tulip seen to day	216
You aske me what I doe, and how I live?	1014
You have beheld a smiling Rose	193
You may vow Ile not forget	A. 5
You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play	38
You say, to me-wards your affection's strong	143
You say y'are sweet ; how sho'd we know	283
You say y'are young ; but when your Teeth are told	463
You see this gentle streame, that glides	721
Young I was, but now am old	43





EVERYMAN
I WILL GO WITH
THEE.
BE THY GUIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE



