



Robert Hearick

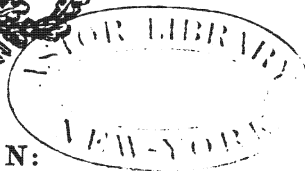
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT HERRICK.

VOL. I.



PERENNIS
ET
FRAGRANS.



LONDON:
WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE.

M.DCCC.XXV.

TEMPORA CIXISSET FOLIORUM DENSIOR UMBRA :
DEBETUR GENIO LAUREA SYLVA TUO.
TEMPORA ET ILLA TIBI MOLLIS REDIMISSET OLIVA ;
SCILICET EXCLUDIS VERSIBUS ARMA TUIS.
ADMISCES ANTIQUA NOVIS, JUCUNDA SEVERIS :
HINC JUVENIS DISCAT, FŒMINA, VIRGO, SENEX.
UT SOLO MINOR ES PHEBO, SIC MAJOR ES UNUS
OMNIBUS, INGENIO, MENTE, LEPORE, STYLO.

SCRIPSIT I. H. C.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

ROBERT HERRICK, to the variety and fertility of whose genius we are indebted for the following volumes, was descended in a direct line, by the father's side, from Robert Eyrick of Houghton, a gentleman of an ancient family in Leicestershire, who lived about the middle of the fifteenth century. His intermediate ancestors, of whom an elaborate account may be found in Nichols's *History of the County of Leicester*,¹ were Thomas Eyrick, who settled in Leicester, and became a member of the corporation of that city in 1511—John Eyrick, who was admitted a freeman of Leicester in 1535,

¹ Vol. II. p. 615-631.

and afterwards held the office of mayor—and Nicholas Heryck, who settled as a goldsmith in Cheapside, London, in 1556, and in 1582 married Julian, daughter of William Stone, Esq. of Segenhoe, in Bedfordshire. This lady brought her husband five sons and two daughters. Robert, the fourth son of Nicholas and Julian, and author of *HESPERIDES*, was born in 1591.¹

We have his own authority for assigning Cheapside as the place of his birth :

The golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julian Herrick, gave me birth.

His baptism is recorded to have taken place at St Vedast, Foster-Lane, on the 24th of August, 1591, and it is likely that much

¹ The orthography of his surname seems to have undergone various changes. The names of his earlier ancestors are spelled thus, *Ericke*, *Eyricke*, *Eyreke*, *Eyrick*. His father adopted the name of *Heryck*, or *Heyrick*. While at the University our poet spelled his name *Hearick*; but at a later period, in publishing the *Hesperides*, he took the name of *Herrick*, by which he is now generally known.

of his youth was spent in London. No anecdotes are preserved of the earlier period of his life. It is probable, that his education as a boy was somewhat neglected. His father was not wealthy, and the necessary demands of a numerous family, must have deprived him of the means of bestowing a liberal education upon his sons.

Fortunately for Robert Herrick, when he was about twenty-two years of age, he attracted the notice, and obtained the patronage of his uncle, Sir William Heyrick. This gentleman placed him at College, and assisted in supporting him there for several years. It was long a matter of doubt, to which of the Universities he belonged, but Nichols¹ has ascertained in a satisfactory manner, that he was entered as a Fellow Commoner of St John's College, Cambridge, in 1615. He remained there for three years, during which he applied with great ardour to the studies he had formerly

¹ *Hist. of the County of Leicester*, Vol. II. p. 631.

neglected. The expences of the College, however, exceeded his means, and he seems to have felt deeply and anxiously his inability to procure books. "My studie craves but your assistance," he says in writing to his uncle, "to furnish hir with books, wherein she is most desirous to labour. Blame not her modest boldness, but suffer the asperitions of your love to distill upon her; and next to Heaven, she will consecrate hir laboures unto you; and because that *Time* hath devoured some years, I am the more importunate in the craving."¹ Herrick's demands upon the liberality of his uncle were generally successful, and probably the more so, that their invariable object was to obtain the means of prosecuting his education with success. Among his other pursuits at this period, he devoted much of his time to the poets of Greece and of Rome. Of the former, his favourites appear to have been Homer, Pindar, and Anacreon—Of the latter,

¹ *Hist. of the County of Leicester*, Vol. II. p. 631.

——— 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 tow'ring Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
And snake Persius.¹

There are few better specimens of classical translation in our language, than Herrick's *Dialogue betwixt Horace and Lydia*, and his *Cheat of Cupid, or the Ungentle Guest*.

In 1618, Herrick turned his thoughts to the study of the law, and wrote to his uncle for advice upon the subject, complaining at the same time of the expence of St John's College, and expressing a desire to remove to Trinity Hall. "I make known my thoughts," he says, "and modestly crave your counsell whether it were better for me to direct my study towards the lawe or not."² His wishes were acquiesced in by

¹ *Hesperides*, Vol. II. p. 8.

² *Hist. of the County of Leicester*, ut sup.

his indulgent patron, and it appears that he entered at Trinity Hall before the end of the year 1618. It is not likely that his legal studies were long persevered in, as, before leaving the University, he took his degree not in *law* but in *arts*.¹

Having obtained the patronage of the Earl of Exeter, Herrick took orders, and was presented by Charles the First, in October 1629, to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, vacant by the promotion of Dr Potter to the see of Carlisle.² The next nineteen years of his life were spent as a country clergyman; but although he enjoyed the highest degree of popularity, and was much beloved by the neighbouring gentry for his *florid and witty discourse*,³ he seems to have been dissatisfied with the dulness and obscurity of his retirement:

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXVI. p. 461.

² Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, p. 263.

³ Wood's *Athen. Oxon.*

More discontents I never had,
Since I was born, then here ;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire.

He describes Deanbourn, a river near to which he occasionally lived, as *rockie* and *rude*, and he characterizes the inhabitants of its banks in the following terms :

A people currish ; churlish as the seas ;
And rude, almost, as rudest salvages.

There may, however, have been some affectation in all this, for it was undoubtedly during his residence in the delightful county of Devon, that Herrick cultivated his genius for poetry, and acquired that *love of flowers and of fragrance*, which imparted to his verse the beauty of the one, and the sweetness of the other. His writings certainly appear to emanate from a happy mind, and the greater proportion of the *Hesperides* must have been composed while he was vicar of Dean Prior. The volume, in-

deed, bears internal evidence of this.¹ The most beautiful of the poems are upon rural subjects, and many of them are addressed to natives of Devonshire.

The name of Herrick is still familiar to the older inhabitants of Dean Prior, who speak of him with pride, as *their ancient and famous poet*. An ingenious writer in the *Quarterly Review*,² had the good fortune some years ago to meet with an aged female of the name of Dorothy King, whose mother had lived in family with Herrick's successor in his vicarage. This person, although in her ninety-ninth year, had many anecdotes to tell of her favourite poet. She repeated distinctly five of his *Noble Numbers*, together with his divine *Litany*, which she was in the habit of murmuring in pray-

¹ Yet, justly too, I must confess,
I ne'er invented such
Ennobled numbers for the press,
Then where I loath'd so much.

Discontents in Devon.

Vid. No. for August, 1810.

er every night, after retiring to a couch rendered sleepless by age and infirmity. She described Herrick as a bachelor, living in family with a single maid-servant, and a favourite pig, which he amused himself by teaching to drink out of a tankard. To this barren chronicle of his history, Dr Nott adds, that he wanted a finger, a circumstance which he has thought worthy of poetical commemoration.¹ We know nothing of his personal appearance; but his portrait, engraved by Marshall, and prefixed to the original edition of the *Hesperides*, conveys no favourable idea of his physiognomy. He describes his voice as weak,² and it is not remarkable, therefore, that his poetry should have been better than his preaching. This appears to have been the opinion of his parishioners. According to the traditional information of Dorothy, he one day threw his sermon at his congregation, cursing them for their inattention.

¹ *Hesperides*, Ed. 1810. p. 151. *Note*.

² *Crutches*.

The Reviewer informs us that Dorothy was still more eloquent in describing the achievements of Herrick's wandering spirit, than in recording his deeds while alive. This part of the old dame's information has been unfortunately suppressed, and we are left to *imagine* a tale which the narrator is said to have uttered with every symptom of implicit belief, and the curious details of which we can only regret have not been communicated to us.

The interest which is thus still attached by the inhabitants of Dean Prior to every tradition connected with the fame and the memory of Herrick, is more than sufficient to show that he must have been most *popular in his day*. We may naturally, therefore, conclude, that when ejected from his vicarage by Cromwell in 1648,¹ his departure from the parish was accompanied by

¹ Herrick was succeeded in the vicarage of Dean Prior by John Syms, who held the incumbency from 1648 to 1650, soon after which it was restored to the author of *Hesperides*.—Drake's *Literary Hours*.

the regrets of all his flock. His own feelings on the occasion were of a very different description. His active and joyous spirit exulted in the prospect of exchanging *dull Devon* for the busier scenes of the metropolis, which he selected as the place of his exile :

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 fly
To thee, blest place of my nativitie ;
London my home is : though by hard fate sent
Into a long and dreary banishment.

Upon arriving in London, Herrick took up his residence in St Anne's, Westminster, and assumed at once the lay habit and the title of *Esquire*. As the payment of his *Fifths* was discontinued, he was soon assailed by poverty, and dependant upon charity for subsistence.¹ It is more than probable, that the idea of collecting and publishing his poems at this period, originated in a desire to relieve his necessities.

¹ Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, p. 263.

Indeed, that he wrote for bread, and consequently, that his object was to render his volume popular, by suiting it to the depraved taste of the times, is, perhaps, the only mode of accounting for the varied character of its contents.¹

In 1648, the first year of the author's residence in London after his *ejection* from his vicarage, appeared the *HESPERIDES, or Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.* The volume, which Dr Bliss justly describes as of "equal rarity and merit,"² is a small, thick, ill-printed octavo. The general title, engraved by

¹ There is a tradition in the parish of Dean Prior, that Herrick was the first author of *Poor Robin's Almanack*, and Nichols remarks, that his poverty during his residence in London, renders this not improbable. Our poet may have been the author of the work in question, but it can scarcely be traced to his poverty, because *Robin's Almanack* was first published in 1661 or 1662, and Herrick was certainly restored to his vicarage before that period.

² *Athen. Oxon.*

Marshall, contains a portrait of Herrick, accompanied by various devices; among which are two Angels bearing chaplets of laurel, and Pegasus on Parnassus; surmounted by the Latin lines which have been printed upon the back of the title-page to the present volume, and which have been not unaptly represented as descriptive of the poetical genius of him to whom they were addressed.¹ There are also two printed titles, the one to the *Hesperides*, bearing the date of 1648—the other to the *Noble Numbers*, dated 1647.² The whole collection, however, was published at once,³

¹ The author of these lines is unknown.

² Fac-similes of these two titles are given in the present work.

³ The original edition of the *Hesperides* is seldom met with, and indeed there are few rarer volumes of English poetry. Two copies occur in the *Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica*, the one, *perfect*, and priced at £8 : 8s.—the other *imperfect*, and priced £5 : 5s. The copy from which the present edition has been printed, belonged to the late Lord Hailes, and is now preserved in the library at New Hailes. It may be

and in a single volume. It appears to contain nearly every thing which Herrick ever wrote—and not a little which it would have been as well he had never written. With the exception of *Charon*, a poem of no merit, which he contributed to a work published in 1650, entitled *Lachrymæ Musarum, expressed in Elegies upon the death of Henry Lord Hastings*, he ceased to cultivate the Muses after the publication of *Hesperides*.

This work and its author were equally popular with the *generous and boon loyalists*, who looked upon Herrick as a fellow sufferer with themselves in the cause of monarchy. During a residence of twelve or thirteen years in London, while his vicarage was withheld from him, he cultivated

mentioned here, that the orthography of the original has been adhered to, because, in many instances, the rhythm as well as the rhyme depend upon giving effect, in pronunciation, to the varieties of the old spelling.

¹ Wood's *Athen. Oxon.*

the acquaintance, and enjoyed the society, of the eminent wits and learned men of the time. He writes with enthusiasm of the *lyric feasts* which he celebrated with Ben Jonson,

At the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tunne.

He was intimate with the *most learned, wise, and arch-antiquary, John Selden*; and he could also number among his friends, Denham, the accomplished author of *Cooper's Hill*; Cotton, the inimitable translator of Montaigne; and Endymion Porter, the generous patron of literary merit. It may readily be supposed, that Herrick left such society with regret, upon being restored to his vicarage, an event which happened about the time of the Restoration.¹ The comparative affluence, however, of this situation must have afforded an agreeable contrast to the long season of penury which he spent in London. The events of his lat-

¹ Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, p. 263.

ter years, and the period of his death, are unknown. It has been generally supposed, that the evening of his days was passed in the tranquil retirements of Devon, and that he closed his life as vicar of Dean Prior.

A writer already referred to describes Herrick as "one of the most striking examples of the unjustly neglected early poets."¹ This was not his fate in his own day. He lived to see the *Hesperides* acquire a great degree of popularity, and he obtained a due share of commendation from his contemporary poets.² He is, however, but slightly noticed by the earlier critics upon English poetry, and there is reason to believe they can have been little acquainted with his works. Nor is this remarkable. The *Hesperides* of Herrick is truly a *garden grown wild*, where flowers and weeds are

¹ *Quarterly Review*, August 1810.

² *Musarum deliciae*, 1655. Vid. also the quaint lines from *Naps upon Parnassus*, (1658) printed upon the back of the title to the second volume of the present edition.

so mingled together, that it is difficult to cull the former without gathering some portion of the latter. The most delightful, and the most innocent poetry, may be found in the same page with conceits and impurities, equally at variance with good taste and with delicacy. Hence a hasty or careless examination of the work must have conveyed to a critic an unfavourable idea of Herrick's merits, and this may serve to explain the manner in which he is noticed by Phillips, Winstanley, and Grainger.¹ The first of these writers represents him as inspired by no goddess but his maid *Prue*; and Grainger, in the same strain, remarks, that *Prue* was but indifferently qualified to be a tenth muse. Winstanley, again, after quoting four of the dullest lines in the *Hesperides*, classes the author as

¹ Mr Jacob does not mention Herrick in his *Poetical Register*, a circumstance certainly sufficiently remarkable in an author who has recorded among the poets of England many an unworthy name.

“ one of the scholars of Apollo of the middle form.” Anthony Wood speaks more favourably of Herrick ; and even Phillips himself, much as he is disposed to under-rate him as a poet, is constrained to concede, in the quaint language of the time, that “ A pretty flowry and pastoral gale of fancy, a vernal prospect of some hill, cave, rock, or fountain, *but* for the interruption of other *trivial passages*, might have made up none of the worst poetic landscapes.”

The *trivial passages* to which Phillips alludes, must attract the notice of every reader ; and it is certainly much to be wished that Herrick had always written what *priests and virgins might read*. To apologise for the *impurity*, would be as difficult as to defend the quaint *conceits* of his poetry. The former, however, may perhaps in some degree be palliated, and the latter accounted for, by a reference to the manners and taste of the age in which he lived. Herrick was not an *immoral* poet, writing in *moral* times, and indulging his licentious-

ness, at the expense of the better feelings of his readers. He rather sacrificed his own taste to that of his age, and yielded to what he could neither alter nor improve. He has ever borne the character of *a sober and learned man*:¹

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

When he "wrote to please himself, he wrote from the heart to the heart," with a degree of feeling, purity, and tenderness which has seldom been surpassed.

The judgment of modern times has restored Herrick to that place which he is entitled to hold among the English poets. His works were brought under the notice of the public by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1796 and 1797. His estimate of Herrick's merits is highly favourable, and the accuracy of his opinion has been confirmed by subsequent critics.

¹ Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, p. 263.

Campbell, the correctness of whose taste is sufficiently attested by the chaste and classical character of his own writings, remarks, that although Herrick's vein of poetry is irregular, *when the ore is pure it is of high value.*¹

In 1810, a small selection from the *Hesperides* was published by Dr Nott of Bristol.² "This volume," says Dr Bliss, "contains two hundred and eighty-four of Herrick's poems, and it is only to be regretted that the editor did not extend his collection to double the number."³ Even this, however, would not have satisfied every one, and critics would still have been found complaining that such a collection was too limited. In short, *selections* from the wri-

¹ *Specimens of the British Poets.* Vol. IV. p. 66.

² Printed for Gutch, Bristol, 1810. The merits of this little work are favourably spoken of in the *Quarterly Review* for August 1810. Dr Nott's remarks are certainly distinguished by good taste and learning.

³ *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. III. col. 252.

tings of an author are not popular. Readers, and above all, readers of poetry, are fond of exercising their own judgment in *selecting*, upon which they naturally place greater reliance than upon that of any editor whatever. In this view, it has been thought advisable to republish the whole of the *Hesperides*, although the work certainly contains much that might have been omitted, without injury to the fame of the author, and probably without diminishing the pleasure of the generality of his readers. At the same time, it has never been considered necessary, with a view to publication, to exclude the *Miller*, the *Reve*, or the *Wif of Bath*, with her facetious *prologue*, from the *Canterbury Pilgrimage*; or to prune the exuberances of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, or Dryden—in all of whose writings as much of impurity is to be found as in the *Hesperides*. There is no good reason why Herrick should be differently dealt with, more especially as his poetry is generally illustrative of the

taste and the manners of his times. These must ever be subjects of interest; and the *Hesperides* is therefore now given to the public of 1823, precisely as it was presented by the author to the public of 1648. The Editor has the less hesitation about this, as the present reprint is more likely to be deposited in the libraries of the curious, than to become familiar to the ordinary readers of drawing-room poetry.

It is unnecessary to protract this Notice, by an elaborate criticism upon the poetry of Herrick. This task has already been well performed by Dr Drake in his *Literary Hours*,¹ where the various merits of the author of *Hesperides*, as an *Amatory*, *Anacreontic*, *Horatian*, *Moral*, and *Descriptive* poet, are accurately and dispassionately stated. The critic's views are illustrated by copious extracts, and his remarks are worthy the perusal of every reader of the *Hesperides*.

¹ Nos. 42, 43, 44.

Herrick has been represented as the mimic of Milton, and the parodist of Marlowe. There may be some truth in this, but there is assuredly no want of originality in his poetry. Variety, indeed, is the great characteristic of his writings, for there is scarcely a subject which he has not touched, or a species of versification with which he has not dallied. He is alternately gay and melancholy,¹ witty and tender,² didactic and descriptive.³ He is, too, at all times, and in every sense, an *English* poet. English scenery and English manners are his constant themes; and his pages record many ancient and interesting national customs, of which no trace is to be found elsewhere. Others, again, which are more familiar, are described with infinite truth and fidelity in the *Hesperides*; the favourite volume of the country gentlemen and yeomen of Eng-

¹ *The Nightpiece, to Julia.—To Blossoms.*

² *Julia's Petticoat.—To Daffodils.*

³ *A Country Life.—Oberon's Feast and Palace.*

land, in the days of the Commonwealth and of Charles the Second. When an author would delineate an English landscape or an English village—a Christmas gambol or a rural funeral—old English habits or English feelings, he may borrow his illustrations from Herrick, and has only to fill up the outline, which the poet never fails to sketch with the hand of a master.

To his long residence in the country, we may trace Herrick's constant recurrence to the most delightful objects in nature;—"flowers, and odours, and dews, and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers,"¹ which have been so well described as constituting the *material elements* of poetry. His colouring, too, is occasionally heightened by excursions into the enchanting regions of fairy-land; where, with magic art, he raises airy halls, builds

¹ *Edinburgh Review* of Hazlitt's *Characters of Shakespeare*.

leafy bowers, conjures up the most glorious scenes, and peoples them with the most fantastic beings. Then, again, he returns to earth, and, inspired by the joys of love and wine, pours forth bacchanalian verses, which are only to be read,

When laurel spirts i' th' fire; and when the hearth
Smiles to itselfe, and guilds the roofe with mirth.

Herrick's poetry, in all its diversities, is ever the offspring of a rich and exuberant, although sometimes an unlicensed imagination. "His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil in all the dew and freshness of youth."

It is a common remark, that Waller was the first great improver of English versification. In some respects this is true. In correctness and in majesty he had no equal in his own day, but in melody, sweetness, and variety of rhythm, Herrick was a formidable rival. These are qualities, indeed, in which it is doubtful if he has been

surpassed even by the author of *Lalla Rookh*, the most melodious of modern poets. But however much readers may differ upon such points, his general merits, as a genuine *old English poet*, must be universally acknowledged. He has all the attractions attached to this appellation ; and the beauties of his poetry are of a kind which time has a tendency rather to hallow than to injure, for they are the offspring of genius, not of cultivation. Though not entitled perhaps to the praise of invention or great design, he may fairly be ranked among those original poets who have drawn the materials of their art from their own observation of nature and manners, and made it the vehicle only of those feelings and fancies which were truly suggested in the course of this observation.

EDINBURGH :

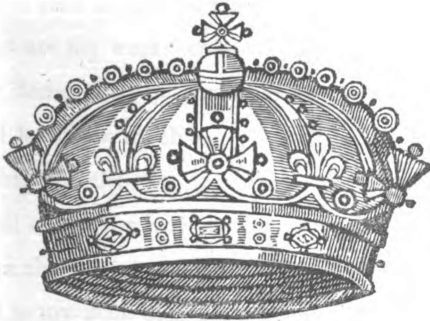
M.DCCC.XXIII.

HESPERIDES
OF
ROBERT HERRICK.

HESPERIDES,
OR
THE WORKS
BOTH
HUMANE & DIVINE
OF
ROBERT HERRICK, Esq.

OVID.

Effugient avidos carmina nostra rogos.



LONDON:

Printed for *John Williams* and *Francis Eglesfield*,
and are to be sold at the Crown and Marygold,
in Saint Paul's Church-yard. 1648.

TO THE
MOST ILLVSTRIOVS
AND
MOST HOPEFULL PRINCE,
CHARLES,
PRINCE OF WALES.

WELL may my book come forth like publique day,
When such a light as you are leads the way ;
Who are my works' creator, and alone
The flame of it, and the expansion.
And look how all those heavenly lamps acquire
Light from the sun, that inexhausted fire ;
So all my morne and evening stars from you
Have their existencę, and their influence too.
Full is my book of glories ; but all these
By you become immortall substances.

HESPERIDES.

THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK.

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 accesse
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 shepherd's fleecie happinesse ;
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 man's cell.
Where thou mayst hear thine own lines read
By no one tongue there censured ;
That man's unwise will search for ill,
And may prevent it, sitting still.

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, whate'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 cheeke for it.

ANOTHER.

Who with thy leaves shall wipe, at need,
 The place where swelling piles do breed ;
 May every ill that bites or smarts,
 Perplexe him in his hinder parts.

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 dost 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 itselfe, and guilds the rooffe with mirth;
 When up the Thyrse¹ is rais'd, and when the sound
 Of sacred orgies² flyes around, around;
 When the Rose raignes, and locks with ointments shine,
 Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY.

DROOP, droop no more, or hang the head,
 Ye roses almost withered;

¹ A javelin twind with ivy.

² Songs to Bacchus.

Now strength and newer purple get,
 Each here declining violet.
 O primroses ! let this day be
 A resurrection unto ye ;
 And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
 Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood.
 For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
 Clarret and creame commingled ;
 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 ;

HESPERIDES.

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.

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 ! dost thou grieve to see
 Me, day by day, to steale away from thee ?
 Age cals 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 wæen 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 :
 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 goddesse 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 diffused thence
 A fair 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 ODIIOUS.

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 enflesh 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 pierce 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.

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 ;
 Has 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 urne.
 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, coralls, scarlets, all
 For tincture, wonder at.

SOFT MUSICK.

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

THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT KINGS AND SUBJECTS.

'**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 legg's sinceritie ;
 And ravish'd thus, it came to passe,
 The nagge, like to the prophet's asse,
 Began to speak, and would have been
 A telling what brave 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'll tell ye too,
 What now I meane to doe ;
 A sister, in the stead
 Of wife, about I'll lead ;
 Which I will keep embrac'd,
 And kisse, but yet be chaste.

THE POMANDER BRACELET.

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 SHOOE-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 rebuked me.

THE CARKANET.

INSTEAD of orient pearls of jet,
 I sent my love a carkanet ;
 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.

B

HIS SAILING FROM JULIA.

WHEN that day comes, whose evening sayes 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 poured out by thee.
 Mercie and Truth live with thee ! and forbear,
 In my short absence, to unsluce a teare ;
 But yet for loves-sake, let thy lips doe this,
 Give my dead picture one engendring 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 pittty 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 Love's religion, I must here confesse it,
 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.

METHOUGHT, 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.
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.
Methought her long small legs and thighs,
I with my tendrils did surprize ;
Her belly, buttocks, and her waste,
By my soft nerv'lits were embrac'd ;
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.
But when I crept, with leaves to hide
Those parts which maids keep unespy'd,
Such fleeting pleasures there I took,
That with the fancie I awook ;
And found, ah me ! this flesh of mine
More like a stock then like a vine.

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,
 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.

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 soon '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.

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.

Laid 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,
 Unlesse thou giv'st my small remains an urne.

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.

I DREAM'D we both were in a bed
 Of roses, almost smothered ;
 The warmth and swetnes had me there
 Made lovingly familiar ;
 But that I heard thy sweeth 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'ral 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'ercome
 When no force else can get the masterdome.

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 heavenly 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.

'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.

AGAINE.

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 ;
 That timber tall, which three-score lusters stood
 The proud dictator of the state-like wood ;
 I meane the soveraigne of all plants, the oke
 Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOURE SWEET MONTHS.

FIRST, April, she with mellow showers
 Opens the way for early flowers ;
 Then after her comes smiling May,
 In a more rich and sweet 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 than 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 accomplished ;
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.

AH 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 I'le 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.
 Some ask'd how Pearls did grow, and where ;
 Then spoke I to my girle,
 To part her lips, and shew me there
 The quarelets of Pearl.

†

CONFORMITIE.

CONFORMITIE 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 widowhood,
 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 bosom 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.

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

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 'twill 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 sleepe?
 'Cast off, said he, all feare,
 And let not locks thus keep ye.

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

I pittiful arose,
 And soon a taper lighted;
 And did myselfe 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 shows.

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

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

TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS RELIGIOUS
FATHER.

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' effused 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 mortal ; for that one
Favour I'le 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
Enthralls the crimson stomacher ;
A cuffe neglectfull, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly ;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticote ;
A carelesse shoe-string, in whose tye
I see a wilde civility ;
Doe more bewitch me, then when art
Is too precise in every part.

TO HIS MUSE.

WERE I to give thee Baptime, I wo'd chuse
To christen thee the bride, the bashful 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 sho'd be burnt,
 Ere I wo'd love at all.

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 ; now, 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 resojourne when
 Rockes turn to rivers, rivers turn to men.

KISSING USURIE.

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 ;
 I'le 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 ;¹
 Between thy breasts, then doune of swans more white,
 There plays the Saphire with the Chrysolite.
 No part besides must of thyselfe be known,
 But by the Topaz, Opal, Calcedon.

TO LAURELS.

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

HIS CAVALIER.

GIVE me that man that dares bestride
 The active sea-horse, and with pride,
 Through that huge field of waters ride ;
 Who, with his looks too, can appease
 The ruffling winds and raging seas,
 In mid'st of all their outrages.

¹ A bracelet, from Dardanus, so call'd.

This, this a virtuous man can doe,
 Saile against rocks, and split them too;
 I, and a world of pikes passe through.

ZEAL REQUIRED IN LOVE.

I'LE doe my best to win when'ere I woe;
 That man loves not who is not zealous too.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

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 their 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 nourished.
 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 vowes,
 Or vow ye never ;
 Loves doctrine disallowes
 Troth-breakers ever.

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

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.

I'LE write, because I'le 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 ;
Goe 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.

HESPERIDES.

Thus held, or led by thee, I shall
In wayes confus'd, nor slip or fall.

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.

TO DIANE ME.

DEARE, though to part it be a hell,
 Yet, Dianeme, 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 merciful, as faire thou art ;
 Or else desir'st that maids sho'd tell
 Thy pity by love's chronicle)
 O, Dianeme, rather kill
 Me, then to make me languish stil !
 'Tis cruelty in thee to' th' height,
 Thus, thus to wound, not kill outright ;
 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 twilight, 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 moonlight tinselling the streames ;
 More white then pearls, or Juno's thigh,
 Or Pelop's arme of yvorie.
 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 soule's halfe, art thou,
 In thy both last and better vow ;
 Could'st leave the city, for exchange, to see
 The countrie's 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
 Ways 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
 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 needful diet.
 But that which most makes sweet thy country life,
 Is the fruition of a wife,
 Whom, stars consenting with thy fate, thou hast
 Got not so beautifull as chast ;
 By whose warme side thou dost securely sleep,
 While love the centinel 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 chaste intentions led,
 Gives thee each night a maidenhead.

The damask't meadowes and the peebly streames
 Sweeten and make soft your dreames ;
 The purling springs, groves, birds, and well weav'd
 bowrs,
 With fields enameled 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 endear,
 As not to rise when Chanticleere
 Warnes the last watch, but with the dawne 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 fears, doth fly,
 Untaught, to suffer poverty ;
 But thou at home, blest with securest ease,
 Sitt'st, and belev'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 cares 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 ;
 When, of these truths thy happyer knowledge lyes,
 More in thine eares then in thine eyes,
 And when thou hear'st by 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 perplext,
 Grows still the stronger, strongly vext.

D

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
 Thyselfe, if want comes to endure ;
 And so thou dost ; for thy desires are
 Confin'd to live with private Larr ;
 Nor 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.
 Canst, 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
 Of singing crickets by thy fire ;
 And the brisk mouse may feast her selfe with crums,
 Till that the green-ey'd kitling comes ;
 Then to her cabbinn, 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'er 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' other's death ;
 And as there is one love, one faith, one troth,
 Be so one death, one grave to both ;
 Till when, in such assurance live, ye may
 Nor 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 :
 First, I shall decline my head ;
 Secondly, I shall be dead ;
 Lastly, safely buried.

TO THE PAINTER, TO DRAW HIM A PICTURE.

COME, skilfull Lupo, now, and take
 Thy Bice, thy Umber, Pink, and Lake ;

And let it be thy pensil's 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 when as 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 says, 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.

WHILE the milder fates consent,
 Let's enjoy our merrymment ;
 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 Thyirse, 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 EARL 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.

WHENERE my heart love's warmth but entertaines,
 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 eternall 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.

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 damps 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 then 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 lived 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 thyrses for scepter, and our baies for crown.
 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 primrose, pale the daffadill ;
 That gallant tulip will hang down his head,
 Like to a virgin newly ravished.

Pansies will weep, and marygolds will wither,
 And keep a fast, and funerall together ;
 If Sapho droop, daisies will open never,
 But bid good-night, and close their lids for ever.

LEANDER'S 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.

HOPE HEARTENS.

NONE goes to warfare, but with this intent ;
 The gaines 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 teares, 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.
 Methought '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 when as 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 streames, and beare
 Along with you my teare
 To that coy girle,
 Who smiles, yet slayes
 Me with delays,
 And strings my teares as pearle.

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

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.

UPON ONE LILLIE, WHO MARRIED WITH A MAID
CALLED ROSE.

WHAT times of sweetnesse this faire day fore-shows,
When as 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,
Duly 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.

SCOBBLE, for whoredome whips his wife ; and cryes,
He'll slit her nose : but blubbering, she replyes,
Good sir, make no more cuts i' th' outward skin,
One slit's enough to let adultery in.

THE HOURE-GLASSE.

THAT Houre-glasse, which there you see,
 With water fill'd, sirs, credit me,
 The humour was, as I have read,
 But lovers tears inchristalled ;
 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 FAREWELL TO SACK.

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 was once to me.
 O, thou the drink of Gods and Angels ! wine
 That scatter'st spirit and lust ; whose purest shine,
 More radiant then 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 ;
'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three
Castalian sisters sing, if wanting thee.
Horace, Anacreon, both had lost their fame,
Had'st thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame,
Phæbean 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 soveraigne,

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
 Made of a haft, that was a mutton-bone ;
 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 he, 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 cooled so,
 It seem'd by this time to admit the touch ;
 But none co'd eat it, 'cause it stunk so much.

TO MYRRHA, HARD-HEARTED.

FOLD now thine armes, and hang the head
 Like to a lillie withered :
 Next, look thou like a sickly moone,
 Or like Jocasta in a swoone.
 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, lations, 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 yeare.
Make me a sun-set and a night,
And then present the morning's 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 only my Corinna's eye ?

UPON THE MUCH LAMENTED MR J. WARR.

WHAT wisdom, learning, wit, or worth,
Youth or sweet nature co'd bring forth,
Rests here with him, who was the fame,
The volume 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.

UPON GRYLL.

GRYLL eates, but ne're sayes grace : To speak the
 troth,
 Gryll either keeps his breath to coole his broth ;
 Or else because Gryll'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.

R

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 formes have no one eye
 Or care of burning jealousie
 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 Fame's 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 woman's beauty ? and with hand more rude
 Rifle the flowers which the virgins 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, replied he,
 A winged snake has bitten me,
 Which country people call a bee.
 At which she smil'd, then with her hairs
 And kisses, drying up his tears,
 Alas ! said she, my wag, if this
 Such a pernicious torment is ;
 Come, tel me then how great's the smart
 Of those thou woundest with thy dart !

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 pile 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,
 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 virgin's 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
Dandled the ringlets of her haire.
Her legs were such Diana shows,
When tuckt up she a hunting goes ;
With buskins shortned, to descric
The happy dawning of her thigh :
Which, when I saw, I made accesse
To kisse that tempting nakednesse ;
But she forbade 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.

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 guild 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.

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.

STRUT, once a fore-man of a shop, we knew ;
 But turn'd a ladies usher now, 'tis true.
 Tell me, has Strut got ere a title more ?
 No, he's but fore-man as he was before.

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 thus you dread
The losse of maidenhead ?
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 love's fire will wast
 Such bashfulnesse at last.

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

IV.

Night now hath watch'd herself half blind,
 Yet not a maidenhead 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.

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 tunes sing,
 Hymen ! O Hymen ! bring

Home the turtles, Hymen guide
To the bed the bashfull bride.

VI.

Behold, how Hymen's taper-light,
Shews you how much is spent of night.
See, see the bridegroom's 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.

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 deads, 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 adven-
 Since that love and night bid enter.

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 signes 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'ave had at barly-breaks ;
 But now kisse her, and thus say,
 Take time, lady, while ye may.

XIII.

Now barre the doors, the bridegroom 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.

And now, behold ! the bed or couch,
 That ne'r knew bride's or bridegroom's touch,
 Feels in it selfe a fire,
 And, tickled with desire,
 Pants with a downie breast,
 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 spears ;
 That good which Heav'n can give
 To make you bravely live ;
 Fall, like a spangling dew,
 By day and night on you.
 May fortune's lilly hand
 Open at your command,
 With all luckie birds to side
 With the bridegroom and the bride.

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 teares 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 pity me.
 Praise me for having such a fruitfull wombe ;
 Pity me too, who found so soone a tomb.

TO ELECTRA.

I'LE come to thee in all those shapes,
 As Jove did when he made his rapes ;
 Onely, I'le not appeare to thee
 As he did once to Semele.
 Thunder and lightning I'le 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 commingled,

And, kissing so as none may heare,
We'll weary all the fables there.

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.

NOONEDAY and midnight shall at once be scene ;
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' eares 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 more sincere
Altar of incense I smell there.

†

4

Hands, and thighs, and legs, are all
 Richly aromaticall.
 Goddesses Isis can'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.
 Onely 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 virtue still is sensible of paine :

† F

Large shoulders though he has, and well can beare,
He feeles 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 coyresse 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 tomb to cover
 Me ; me, the most despised lover ;
 And write thereon, " This, reader, know,
 " Love kill'd this man. No more, but so."

TO DIANEME.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
 Which, 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 ;
 When as 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 sick of humane seed ;
 To find 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 magick bough,
 That high enchantment I betake me now ;
 And to that hand, the branch of Heaven's faire tree,
 I kneele for help ; O lay that hand on me,
 Adored Cesar ! and my faith is such,
 I shall be healed, 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.

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 JOLLIE'S WIFE.

FIRST, Jollie's 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.

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 foretell 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.

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.
 I 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.

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.

TO THE DETRACTER.

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'T thee oft what poets thou hast read,
 And lik'st the best? Still thou reply'st, The dead.
 I shall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd be;
 Then sure thou'lt like, or thou wilt 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 canopie.
 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,

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 scud 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 again.

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 throws 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 ;
 When all the birds have mattens seyed,
 And sung their thankfull hymnes ; 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation to keep in,
 When as 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 interwove ;
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.

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

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's 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 keye's 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 againe ;
 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 endlesse night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

ON JULIA'S BREATH.

BREATHE, Julia, breathe, and Ile protest,
 Nay more, Ile deeply sweare,
 That all the spices of the east
 Are circumfused 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 Ilia.

Hor. Now Thracian Cloe governs me,
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, againe love cast-off Lydia ?

Lyd. Though mine be brighter then the star ;
Thou lighter then the cork by far ;

Rough as th' Adriatick 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 himselfe 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,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much sirrop ran at waste.
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing ;
But with a kisse, or thanks, doe pay
For honie that I beare away.
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of hony, 'fore her ladiship,

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 crawle,
 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 farewell.
What ? shall we two our endlesse leaves take here
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.

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.

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
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 art's 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 and silks shal flow,

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

TO HIS BOOKE.

LIKE to a bride, come forth, my book, at last,
 With all thy richest jewels overcast ;
 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 mere botch of all and some ;
 Pieces, patches, ropes of haire ;
 Inlaid 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 ox the first must bleed.

THE WELCOME TO SACK.

So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder smiles
Meet after long divorcement by the iles,
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 and 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 ¹Osiris ; and thy gleams
Out-shine the splendour of his mid-day beams ;
Welcome, O welcome, my illustrious spouse ;
Welcome as are the ends unto my vows.
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,
Poor pittied exile ? Tell me, did thy graces

¹ The Sun.

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 twilight ? 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, ha's desire
To thee-ward dy'd i'th'embers, and no fire
Left in this rak't up ash-heap, as a mark
To testifie 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 self 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 winged howers,
 To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,
 And ride the sun-beams. Can there be a thing
 Under the heavenly ¹Isis, 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 vowes 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 obalice of thy frantick liquor; he,
 As the wise Cato, had approved of thee.
 Had not ²Jove's son, that proud Tyrrinthian 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.
 Come, come and kisse me; love and lust commends
 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;

¹ The Moon.

² Hercules.

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, dear spouse, I disavow,
 Ne'r may prophetique Daphne crown my brow.

IMPOSSIBILITIES TO HIS FRIEND.

MY faithfull 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.

UPON LUGGS. EPIG.

LUGGS, by the condemnation of the bench,
 Was lately whipt for lying with a wench.
 Thus paines and pleasures turne by turne succeed ;
 He smarts at last, who do's not first take heed.

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 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 uncontrolled brow,
 And my retorted haire.

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

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 Thyirse, 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.

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 strawberries :
 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 teare the world, or set it all on fire.
 What ! trust to things below, when as 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 seldom sleep,
 How by willowes we doe weep,
 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 unlevelled.

+

This, if thou dost, woe to thee, Furie, woe !
 Ile send such frost, such haile, such sleet, and snow,
 Such flesh-quakes, palsies, and such fears, as shall
 Dead thee to th' most, if not destroy thee all ;
 And thou a thousand thousand times shalt be
 More shak'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.

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

H

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 seeke,
 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.

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 ONE'S 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, enspire,
 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
 I feele in me this transmutation now.
 Griefe, my deare friend, has first my harp unstrung,
 Wither'd my hand, and palsie-struck my tongue.

HIS POETRIE HIS PILLAR.

ONELY 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-meal 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.

SAFETY ON THE SHORE.

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 shepardesse.

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 dayes 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 and
 sheep,

Let lullaby the pretty prince asleep.

Mirt. And that his birth sho'd be more singular,
 At noone of day was scene a silver star,
 Bright as the wise mens torch, which guided them
 To Gods sweet babe, when borne at Bethlehem ;
 While golden angels, some have told to me,
 Sung out his birth with heav'nly ministralsie.

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 offrings 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.

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 teares.
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 fixed 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.

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, inclosed 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 maide, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

THE BLEEDING HAND ; OR, THE SPRIG OF EGLAN-
TINE 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 posteritie.
 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.

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 do not with their bodies die;
Ignoble off-springs, they may fall
Into the flames of funerall:
When as 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 smallage 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-BY'D WOMAN.

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

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

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 scene more fine
 Then this, the fairies once, now thine.

THE TEMPLE.

A WAY enchac't with glasse and 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-fie ;
 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 Mab's state plac't here right is.
 Saint Will o' th' Wispe, of no great bignes,
 But alias call'd here *fatuus ignis*.
 Saint Frip, 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 to 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 odde, not even paires,
 Stands in the platter, or close by,
 To purge the fairie family.
 Neere to the altar stands the priest,
 There offering 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
 (Playing for points and pins) cockall.
 Whose linnen-drapery is a thin,
 Subtile, and ductile codlin's skin ;
 Which o're the board is smoothly spred
 With little seale-work damasked.
 The fringe that circumbinds it, too,
 Is spangle-work of trembling dew,
 Which, gently gleaming, makes a show,
 Like frost-work glitt'ring on the snow.
 Upon this 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 watched ribbonings.
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 formal manner, fix
Two pure and holy candlesticks,
In either which a tall small bent
Burns for the altar's ornament.
For sanctity, they have to these
Their curious copes and surplices
Of cleanest cobweb, hanging by
In their religious vesterie.

They have their ash-pans and their brooms,
 To purge the chappel and the rooms ;
 Their many mumbling masse-priests here,
 And many a dapper chorister.
 Their ush'ring vergers here likewise,
 Their canons and their chaunteries ;
 Of cloyster-monks they have enow,
 I, and their abbey-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, bells, books, and 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, and 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.
 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 KATHARINE 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 pinnace 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 aged vessell crown'd ;
 What's to be done ? but on the sands
 Ye dance and sing, and now clap hands.
 The first act's doubtful, but we say,
 It is the last commends the play.

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

WHEN I through all my many poems look,
 And see your selfe to beautifie my book ;
 Methinks that onely lustre doth appeare
 A light fulfilling all the region here ;
 Guild still with flames this firmament, and be
 A lamp eternall 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.

CHARME me asleep, and melt me so
 With thy delicious numbers ;
 That being ravisht, 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.
 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 showsrs,
 Which, by the peep of day, doe strew
 A baptime o'er 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.

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
Loathed furrowes in your brow :
And the dimnesse of your eye
Will no other thing imply,
But you must die
As well as I.

NO LOCK AGAINST LETCHERIE.

BARRE close as you can, and bolt fast too your doore
 To keep out the lecher, and keep in the whore ;
 Yet, quickly you'l see by the turne of a pin,
 The whore to come out, or the letcher come in.

NEGLECT.

ART quickens Nature ; Care will make a face ;
 Neglected beauty perisheth 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.

UFON A PHYSITIAN.

THOU cam'st to cure me, Doctor, of my cold,
 And caught'st thyselfe 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.

SUDDS launders bands in pisse ; and starches them
Both with her husband's, and her own tough fleame.

. TO THE ROSE. SONG.

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 shoes, 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.

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 wildernesses of sleep :
 That done, then let him, dispossesst 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 wreath to hir,
 Who doth both love and feare you, honour'd sir.

HIS RECANTATION.

LOVE, I recant,
 And pardon crave,
 That lately I offended,

But 'twas,
 Alas !
 To make a brave,
 But no disdain intended.

No more 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 houre.

THE COMMING OF GOOD LUCK.

So Good-luck came, and on my roofe 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.

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 linen white as lillies.
 The harvest swaines and wenchies 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
Devotion stroak the home-borne wheat ;
While other rusticks, lesse attent
To prayers then to merrymment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boyes, to your lord's 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 lord's health,
Then to the plough, the commonwealth,
Next to your flailles, your fanes, your fatts ;
Then to the maids with wheaten hats ;
To the rough sickle, and the 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 full 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 lord's 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.

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 summer's 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.
 Wod'st 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 spell,
 That strik'st a stilnesse into hell ;
 Thou that tam'st tygers, and fierce storms, that rise,
 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 distil 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.
 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 teares
 Speak grieffe 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, ne, 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.

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, beleve the rest,
 The roses first came red.

COMFORT TO A LADY UPON THE DEATH OF HER
 HUSBAND.

DRY your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrow's
 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.

K

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 sat ysicles awhile ;
 Now let the rose raigne like a queene, and smile.

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.

GROYNES, for his fleshly burglary of late,
 Stood in the *Holy Forum Candidate* ;
 The word is Roman, but in English knowne ;
 Penance, and standing so, are both but one.

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 lover's 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 lost love, their onely gaine
 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
 LOST SHEPARDESSE.

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 rose's bud,
 There waves the streamer of her blood.
 'Tis true, said I, and thereupon
 I went to pluck them one by one,
 To make of parts an union ;
 But on a sudden all were gone.
 At which I 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.

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.
 Witnessse 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 POET'S GOOD WISHES FOR THE
 MOST HOPEFULL 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 sunshines 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 soveraigne 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 the violet.
May his ample name be knowne
To the last succession ;
And his actions high be told
Through the world, but writ in gold.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY THING.

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

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

PREVISION, OR PROVISION.

THAT prince takes soone enough the victor's 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.

UPON BROCK. EPIG.

To clense his eyes, Tom Brock makes much adoe,
 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 smoothen mead.

Like unthrifths, 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.

MISERIES.

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

LAUGH AND LIE DOWNE.

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 ne'r trod ;
Search worlds of ice, and rather there
Dwell, then in lothed 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.

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?
Say, or doe we not descrie
Some goddesse, 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 vineyards 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 wó'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 towring, more disparkling then thy fires ;
 Shew her how his eyes do turne
 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 showers of roses, lucky foure-leav'd grasse ;
 The while 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 Love'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,

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 bride's 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 bridegroom and the fragrant bride ;
 Which love forefend ; but spoken
 Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.

Strip her of spring-time, tender whimpring maids,
 Now Autumne's come, when all those flowrie aids
 Of her delays 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 cherubim.

O marke yee how

The soule of Nature melts in numbers; now
See, a thousand Cupids flye,
To light their tapers at the bride's 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 beare up, and swelling like a cloud,
Tempting the two too modest; can
You 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
Yourselves into the mighty over-flow
Of that white pride, and drowne
The night, with you, in floods of downe.

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 concept, 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,
 With all her owle-ey'd issue, begs a boon
 Which you must grant ; that's entrance ; with
 Which extract all we can call pith
 And quintiscence
 Of planetary bodies ; so commence

L

All faire constellations
 Looking upon yee, that, that 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,
 What ere 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.

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 horrour 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 formes a Godhead out of gold or stone,
Makes not a God, but he that prays 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 dispossess
 Of that fiend that marres your rest ;
 And with tapers come 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.

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 vermilion ;

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 spoone.

OBERON'S FEAST.

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

A little mushroome table spread,
 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 grashopper,
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 stag's 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.

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.

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 bashfulnesse.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN,
 MASTER EDWARD NORGATE,
 CLARK OF THE SIGNET 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.

PHŒBUS, 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.

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 have I found a chamber fit,
God and good friends be thank 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.
Meane while, 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.

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 table's merriment.
 Where trouble serves the board, we eat
 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. NORTHLY,
 AND THE MOST WITTY MRS. LETTICE YARD.

WELCOME ! 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 :
 Please him, and then all good-luck will betide
 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 groome ;
 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 ; Good-night 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.

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
 We will goe 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 summer's raine ;
 Or as the pearles of morning's dew,
 Ne'r to be found againe.

TO A MAID.

You say you love me ; that I thus must prove ;
 If that you lye, then I will sweare you love.

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 :
 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 mother's power
 Lives in the pretty lady-flower.

A NEW YEARES GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMÉON
 STEWARD.

No newes 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 kingdom's sick ;
 No ginne to catch the state, or wring
 The free-born nostrills of the King,
 We send to you ; but here a jolly
 Verse crown'd with yvie and with holly ;
 That tels of winter's tales and mirth,
 That milk-maids make about the hearth,
 Of Christmas sports, the wassel-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,
 When as 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 ;
Untill the fired chesnuds leape
For joy to see the fruits ye reape,
From the plumpe challice and the cup
That tempts till it be tossed up.
Then as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind those fled Decembers ;
But think on these, that are t'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.

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 fil'd with odours sweet,
 Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

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 Jove's 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 bond-slave 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 mishaps,
 Undreadfull too of courtly thunderclaps ;
 That weares one face, like heaven, and never showes
 A change, when fortune either comes or goes ;
 That keepes his own strong guard, in the despight
 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 other's death, smiles at his own
 Most dire and horrid crucifixion.
 Who for true glory suffers thus, we grant
 Him to be here our Christian militant.

A SHORT 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 transfuse thy breath into the chest,
Where my small reliques must for ever rest ;
That breath the balm, the myrrh, the nard 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. Has 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 love's 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.

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 woers sent,
 In mournfull hyacinths and rue,
 That figure discontent;
 Which, when not warmed by her view,
 By cold neglect each one
 Congeal'd to pearle and stone;
 Which precious spoiles upon her,
 She weares as trophees 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 rainbow 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,
 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,
 Warne by a glitt'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.

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 lilly 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,
 Lets make it full up by our sport.

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

We are not poore, although we have
 No roofs of cedar, nor our brave

Baie, 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 rooffe,
 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 keepes
 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, wilderness !
 Can we so farre
 Stray to become lesse circular,

Then we are now ?

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 or's, to tell what change is neare ;
Then to asswage
The gripings of the chine by age ;
I'le call my young
Iülus 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 ;
 For to beget
In me a more transcendant heate,
Then that insinuating fire,
Which crept into each aged sire.

When the faire Hellen from her eyes
Shot forth her loving sorceries ;
 At which I'le reare
Mine aged limbs above my chaire ;
 And hearing it,
Flutter and crow, as in a fit
Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,
" No lust there's 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 Thyrse,
 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 cricket ;
 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 bewearied.

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 selfe, 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.

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.

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 enclarited ;
 And a nose that is the grace
 And proscenium of her face.
 So that we may 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 flowrie 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.

A HYMNE TO VENUS AND CUPID.

SEA-BORN goddesse, let me be,
 By thy sonne thus grac't and thee,
 That when ere I wooe, I find
 Virgins coy, but not unkind.
 Let me, when I kisse a maid,
 Taste her lips, so overlaid
 With love's 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 painter's art in thy sciography ?

N

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, and swelling every where ?
'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.

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 ANNIVERSARY TO
 MISTRIS BRIDGET LOWMAN.

COME with the spring-time forth, fair maid, and be
 This year again the medow's 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.

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 my self, since time a thousand cares
 And griefs hath fil'de upon my silver hairs,
 'Tis to be doubted whether I next year,
 Or no, shall give ye a re-meeting here.
 If die I must, then my last vow shall be,
 You'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
 Free by your fate, then fortune's mightinesse,
 Who hung 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 goddesse, do thou please,
 Who art chief at mariages,
 But to dresse the bridall-bed,
 When my love and I shall wed ;
 And a peacock proud shall be
 Offer'd 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 ramp 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 entrance and ravish me ;
This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute,
And dye away upon thy lute.

UPON PASKE, A DRAPER.

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

CHOP-CHERRY.

THOU gav'st me leave to kisse,
Thou gav'st me leave to woe ;
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.

UPON HIMSELF.

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

UPON WRINKLES.

WRINKLES no more are, or no lesse
Then beauty turn'd 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, 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 Moon's 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.

HIS 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 loathed 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 cobler's getting time, is at the last.

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

So smell those odours that do rise
From out the wealthy spiceries ;
So smells the flowre of blooming clove,
Or roses smother'd in the stove ;
So smells the aire of spiced 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 respases ;
The smell of morning's milk and cream,
Butter of cowslips mixt with them ;
Of rosted warden, or bak'd peare,
These are not to be reckon'd here ;
When as the meanest part of her
Smells like the maiden-pomander.
Thus sweet she smells, or what can be
More lik'd by her, or lov'd by mee.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRIS ELIZABETH
HERRICK.

SWEET virgin, that I do not set
The pillars up of weeping jet,
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 PANEGRICK 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 rooffe his guest-rite wants ;
 Or, staying there, is scourg'd with taunts
 Of some rough groom, who, yirkt with corns, sayes,
 Sir,
 Y'ave dipt too long i'th' vinegar ;
 And with our broth and bread and bits, Sir friend,
 Y'ave fared well, pray make an end ;
 Two dayes y'ave 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
 Merry at another's 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 either's 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 fame's pledge, thy sonne.
 Thus, like a Roman Tribune, thou thy gate
 Early setts ope to feast, and late ;
 Keeping no currish waiter to affright,
 With blasting eye, the appetite,
 Which fain would waste upon thy cates, but that
 The trencher creature marketh what
 Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by
 Some private pinch 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 checked by the butler's 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 eat thy bullock's thighs, thy veales, thy fat
 Weathers, and never grudged 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 immortal 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 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 whiles
 To last, but not their ever ; vertue's 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,
 Or depth ; these last may yeeld, and yearly shrinke,
 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 neither's height was rais'd by th' ill

Of others ; since no stud, no stone, no piece
 Was rear'd up by the poore-man's fleece ;
 No widowe's tenement was rackt to guild
 Or fret thy seeling, or to build
 A sweating-closset, to anoint the silke-
 Soft skin, or bath in asses milk ;
 No orphan's pittance, left him, serv'd to set
 The pillars up of lasting jet,
 For which their cries 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. VALENTINE'S 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.

+ 5

UPON DOLL. EPIG.

DOLL she so soone began the wanton trade,
She ne'r remembers that she was a maide.

UPON SKREW. EPIG.

SKREW lives by shifts; yet swears by no small oathes,
For all his shifts he cannot shift his clothes.

UPON LINNIT. EPIG.

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 stage's 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-proofe
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 darknes 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.

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

A CANTICLE TO APOLLO.

PLAY, Phœbus, on thy lute,
And we will sit all mute ;

By listning to thy lire,
That sets all eares on fire.

Harke, 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,
Overloving, living here ;
Being here their ends deny'd
Ran 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.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, SIR EDWARD FISH,
KNIGHT BARONET.

SINCE for thy dull deserts, with all the rest
Of these chaste spirits, that are here possest
Of life eternall, time has made thee one
For growth in this my rich plantation ;
Live here ; but know 'twas vertue, and not chance,
That gave thee this so high inheritance.
Keepe it forever ; grounded with the good,
Who hold fast here an endlesse lively food.

LARR'S PORTION AND THE POET'S 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 twofold part ;
The first of nature, and the next of art ;
Art presupposes nature ; nature shee
Prepares the way for man's 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 rooffe, or ruines all.

LOTS TO BE LIKED.

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 by my bed's 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 remain'd a little bit,
 Which will be burnt up by and by ;
 Then Julia, weep, for I must dy.

UPON RASPE. EPIG.

RASPE playes at nine-holes ; and 'tis known he gets
 Many a teaster by his game and bets :
 But of his gettings there's but little sign,
 When one hole wasts more then he gets by nine.

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 thighs ;
 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 think these ages, that do hoarcelly sing
 The farting tanner, and familiar king ;
 The dancing frier, tatter'd in the bush ;
 Those monstrous lies of little Robin Rush ;
 Tom Chipperfeild, and pritty lipping Ned,
 That doted on a maide of gingerbred.
 The flying pilcher, and the frisking dace,
 With all the rabble of Tim Trundell's race,

Bred from the dung-hils 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,
 When as 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 death's 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 to work, or pray ; and then
 I shall quite dislike agen.

ANOTHER.

LOVE he that will ; it best likes me,
 To have my neck from love's yoke free.

UPON SKINNS. EPIG.

SKINNS, he din'd 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 worse.

UPON JOLLY AND JILLY. EPIG.

JOLLY and Jillie, bite and scratch all day,
But yet get children, as the neighbours say.
The reason is, though all the day they fight,
They cling and close some minutes of the night.

THE MAD MAID'S 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 primrose too ;
Good morrow to each maid ;
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew,
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
 Alack, and well-a-day!
 For pittie, 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.

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 heate; 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 descric
 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 immortal body doth transmit
 A scent, that fills both heaven and earth with it.

TO BACCHUS, A CANTICLE.

WHITHER dost thou wherry 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 hallow'd 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 lét 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.

A PASTORALL SUNG 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 wassaile now, or sets the quintell up:

And he, who us'd to leade the country round,
 Youthfull Mirtillo, here he comes, grief drown'd.

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! *Mirt.* This
 earth grew sweet

Where, Amarillis, thou didst set thy feet.

Ambo. Poor pittied youth! *Mirt.* And here the breth
 of kine

And sheep grew more sweet by that breth of thine.

This flock of wool, and this rich lock of hair,
This ball of cowslips, these she gave me here.

Sil. Words sweet as love itself. *Mon.* Hark!

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.

Mon. 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 voice's daughter, nea'r spake syllable.

But she is gone. *Sil.* Mirtillo, tell us whether ?

Mirt. Where she and I shall never meet together.

Mon. Fore-fend it Pan ; and Pales, do thou please
To give an end. *Mirt.* To what ? *Sil.* Such griefs
as these.

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

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

And dales again. *Mirt.* 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.

Mon. 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 steepe
 Our eyes in sleepe,
 And meet to weepe
 To morrow.

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.

I'le hug, Ile kisse, Ile play,
 And, cock-like, hens Ile tread ;
And sport it any way,
 But in the bridal-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.

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.

P

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 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
 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.

Roots had no money ; yet he went o' th' score
 For a wrought purse ; can any tell wherefore ?
 Say, What sho'd Roots do with a purse in print,
 That h'ad nor gold nor silver to put in't ?

UPON CRAW.

CRAW craks in sirrop ; and do's stinking say,
 Who can hold that, my friends, that will away ?

OBSERVATION.

Who to the north or south doth set
 His bed, male children shall beget.

EMPIRES.

EMPIRES of kings are now, and ever were,
As Sallust saith, co-incident to feare.

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.

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 Rook 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 closed 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.

TO THE LITTLE SPINNERS.

YE pretty Huswives, wo'd ye know
 The work that I wo'd put ye to?
 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 to
 What here I promise, that no broom
 Shall now, or ever after come,
 To wrong a Spinner, or her loome.

OBERON'S 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 ; we'l know his guard ;
 Kings, though th'are hated, will be fear'd.
 Wine lead 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 numerous 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 foure-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,
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 enchequered,
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 ; enfrez'd throughout
With eyes of peacocks trains, and trout-
Flies curious wings ; and these among

Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung.
The 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 infant's 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, sponge-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 spinner's 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 fained lost virginities ;
 The which the elves make to excite
 A more unconquer'd appetite.
 The king's undrest ; and now upon
 The gnat's 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.

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 poet's endlessse 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 pittty, 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.

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.

YE silent shades, whose each tree here
Some relique of a saint doth weare ;
Who for some sweet-heart's sake, did prove
The fire and martyrdome 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 martyrdome ;
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 S. Phillis ! pitie me ;
 By deare S. 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 PRICE, LODWICK,
DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

OF all those three brave brothers, fal'n 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 where these three Horatii we have lost.
 One Cordelion had that age long since,
 This three, which three you make up oure, brave
 prince.

TO JEALOUSIE.

O JEALOUSIE, that art
 The canker of the heart ;
 And mak'st all hell
 Where thou dost 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 hast ; 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
Shall fuller grow,
More Ile bestow.
Mean time, be it
E'en but a bit,
Or else a crum,
The scrip hath some.

†

2

UPON HIMSELF.

COME, leave this loathed 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 gliding 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 Fate permits 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 vext,
 Then shackell me.

Q

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

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILD MAY,
 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 hurl'd,
 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.

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.

HUNCKS has no money, he do's sweare or say,
 About him, when the tavern shot's to pay.
 If he has none in's pockets, trust me, Huncks
 Has 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 jimmals, 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 joins 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 immured wo'd I have
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave ;
But walke abroad, yet wisely well
Stand for my comming, 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 features 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'lt fall to one,
Then prostrate to a million.
But if they wooe 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 fair,
The pearle of princes, yet despaire
That so thou art, because thou must
Believe love speaks it not, but lust ;
And this their flatt'rie do's commend
Thee chiefly for their pleasures end.
I am not jealous of thy faith,
Or will be ; for the axiome saith,
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 is 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 skaile
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 trespassse ; '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 vowes
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.

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 conscripts of the citie do,
 But for true service, worthy of that gowne,
 The golden chaine, too, and the civick crown.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIRE pledges of a fruitfull tree,
 Why doe 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 good-night ?
 '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.

MAN'S DYING-PLACE UNCERTAIN.

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, ladyes, 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 CHEAPE LAUNDRESSE. EPIG.

FEACIE, some say, doth wash her clothes i' th' lie,
 That sharply trickles from her either eye.
 The laundresses, they envie her good-luck,
 Who can with so small charges drive the buck.
 What needs she fire and ashes to consume,
 Who can scour linnens with her own salt reume ?

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 thou a thousand, thousand eat.

Yet ere twelve moones 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 cowslips 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 your virgin-vowes.

Alas ! we blesse, but see none here,
That brings us either ale or beere ;
In a drie-house all things are neere.

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

Where chimneys do for ever 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 :

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 Himen to the nuptiall bed.
 Two youths sha's known, thrice two and twice three
 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 tells, by Love they were
 Turn'd to these springs which we see here :
 The pretty whimpering that they make,
 When of the banks their leave they take,
 Tels ye but this, they are the same,
 In nothing chang'd but in their name.

TO ROSEMARY AND BAIES.

My wooing's ended ; now my wedding's neere ;
When gloves are giving, guilded be you there.

UPON SKURFFE.

SKURFFE by his nine bones sweares, and well he may,
All know a fellow eate the tenth away.

UPON A SCARRE IN A VIRGIN'S 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. FALCONBIRGE.

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 farre ;

LOSSE FROM THE LEAST.

GREAT men by small meanes oft are overthrowne ;
He's lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.

REWARDS 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 people's hate.

TO SIR CLIPSBY CREW.

SINCE to th' country first I came,
I have lost my former flame ;
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 sweare
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.

FRESH CHEESE AND CREAM.

Wo'd yee have fresh cheese and cream?
 Julia's breast can give you them;
 And if more, each nipple cries,
 To your cream her's strawberries.

3

AN ECGUE, OR PASTORALL BETWEEN ENDIMION
 PORTER AND LYCIDAS HERRICK, SET AND SUNG.

Endym. ΑΗ, 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 love's 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 fleeced sheep;
 Unkind to us, to spend thine houres,
 Where shepherds sho'd not keep.

R

I meane the court: let Latmos be
 My lov'd Endymion's court ;
End. But I the courtly state wo'd see ;
Lyc. Then see it in report.

What has 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
 Endimion's 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.

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 ;
Come thou, brave man ! and bring with thee 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 Virgil's gnat, to whom the spring
 All flowers sent to'is burying ;
 Not Marshal's bee, which in a bead
 Of amber quick was buried ;
 Nor that fine worme that do's interre
 Her selfe i'th' silken sepulchre ;
 Nor my rare ¹ Phil, that lately was
 With lillies tomb'd up in a glasse,
 More honour had then this same flie,
 Dead, and clos'd up in yvorie.

UPON JACK AND JILL. EPIG.

WHEN Jill complaines 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, sayes Jill,
 That makes them looke so lanke, so ghost-like still ;
 Let poets feed on aire, or what they will,
 Let me feed full, till that I fart, sayes Jill.

¹ Sparrow.

TO JULIA.

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

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 ?

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 jealousye.

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, walks 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,
 To null his numbers, and to blast his crown.
 Few live the life immortall. He ensures
 His fame's long life, who strives to set up your's.

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, FAIRE 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 shall 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.

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,
 When as your baby's lull'd asleep ?
 And, pretty child, feeles now no more
 Those paines 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 wronged client ends his lawes
 Here, and his cause ;
 Here those long suits of Chancery lie
 Quiet, or die ;
 And all Star-chamber bills doe cease,
 Or hold their peace.
 Here needs no court for our request,
 Where all are best ;
 All wise, all equal, and all just
 Alike i'th'dust.
 Nor need we here to 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,
 As robes laid by,
 To be another day re-worne,
 Turn'd, but not torn ;
 Or like old testaments ingroost,
 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,
 Talks most, eates most, of all the feeders there.

He raves through leane, he rages through the fat ;
 What gets the master of the meale 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 adieu !
 Ile have nought to say to you ;
 But Ile spend my comming hbores,
 Drinking wine, and crown'd with flowres.

FORTUNE FAVOURS.

FORTUNE did never favour one
 Fully, without exception ;
 Though free she be, ther's something yet
 Still wanting tō 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 overspread :
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 buttered.
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,
That richly wrought, and this as brave ;
So that as either shall expresse
The wearer's no meane shepheardesse.
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 appeare
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 shephardling,
The blushing apple, bashful 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 neer the glitt'ring hearth.
Thou shalt 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 shall be,
If thou wilt love and live with me.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE SUSANNA
HERRICK.

WHEN I consider, dearest, thou dost stay
But here awhile, to languish and decay ;
Like to these garden glories, which here be
The flowrie sweet resemblances of thee :

With griefe of heart, methinks, I thus doe cry,
 Wo'd thou hast 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 snailes did creep
 A little out, and then,
 As if they played at bo-peep,
 Did soon draw in agen.

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TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN MINCE.

FOR civill, cleane, and circumcised wit,
 And for the comely carriage of it,
 Thou art the man, the onely man best known,
 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 commingled.
 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 ne'r 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.

LETCHER was carted first about the streets,
For false position in his neighbour's sheets ;
Next, hang'd for theeving : Now, the people say,
His carting was the prologue to this play.

UPON DUNDRIDGE.

DUNDRIDGE his issue hath ; but is not styl'd
For all his issue, father of one child.

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 pittty 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.

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 when as 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 peore ;
To enrich you,
He 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 morning's incense to prepare and burne ;

The chaplet and ¹inarculum 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,
 O pious Priestesse ! make a peace for us.
 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.

¹ A twig of a pomgranat, which the Queen-priest used to weare on her head at sacrificing.

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 man's inheritance,
 Where ere the luckie 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 Ursley's hollow teeth.

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 thyrs :
 And having drunk, we raise a shout
 Throughout,
 To praise his verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,
 Which sung or seyd,
 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 freedom is,
 And this
 Shall fetter you.

Take horse, and come ; or be so kind
 To send your mind,

Though but in numbers few,
 And I shall think I have the heart,
 Or part
 Of Clipsey Crew.

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 canonized here ;
 Among which holies be thou ever known,
 Brave kinsman, markt out with the whiter stone,
 Which seales 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.

OUT of the world he must who once comes in ;
No man exempted is from death or sinne.

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.

ONCE on a lord-mayor's day, in Cheapside, when
Skulls co'd not well passe through that scum of men,
For quick dispatch, Skulls made no longer stay,
Then but to breath, and every one gave way ;
For as he breath'd, the people swore from thence
A fart flew out, or a sir-reverence.

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,
 What ever 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 man's score ;
 But pitie those whose flanks grow great,
 Swel'd with the lard of other's meat.
 We blesse our fortunes when we see
 Our own beloved 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 lameness got by cold and beere;
And to the bath went to be cured 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 clense your dairies,
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies;
Sweep your house; who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, M. JOHN WEARE,
COUNCELLOUR.

Did I for love, or could I others draw
To the indulgence of the rugged law;
The first foundation of that zeale shou'd be
By reading all her paragraphs in thee;

Who dost so fitly with the lawes unite,
 As if you two were one hermaphrodite ;
 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 founder's grave and good intent,
 To keepe the outcast in his tenement ;
 To free the orphan from that wolfe-like man,
 Who is his butcher more then guardian ;
 To drye the widowe's 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 inside of thy hand shall grow
 Hisped and hairie, ere thy palm shall know
 A postern-bribe tooke, or a forked 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 soveraignty ;
 A prince I'de be, that I might thee preferre
 To be my counsell both and chancellor.

THE WATCH.

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 ;
 The man's pulse stopt, all passions sleep in peace.

LINES HAVE THEIR LININGS, AND BOOKES THEIR
 BUCKRAM.

As in our clothes, so likewise he who lookes,
 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 comelinesse ;
 When I behold another grace
 In the ascent of curious lace,
 Which, like a pinnacle, doth shew
 The top, and the top-gallant too ;
 Then, when I see thy tresses bound
 Into an oval, square, or round ;
 And knit in knots far more 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.

UPON SIBILLA.

WITH paste of almonds Syb her hands doth scoure,
 Then gives it to the children to devour.
 In cream she bathes her thighs, more soft then silk,
 Then to the poore she freely gives the milke.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE BRIDGET
 HERRICK.

SWEET Bridget blusht, and therewithal,
 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 min's the greater smart,
 For kissing love's dissembling chips,
 The fire scorcht my heart.

UPON A COMELY AND CURIOUS MAIDE.

If men can say that beauty dyes,
 Marbles will sweare that here it lyes.
 If, reader, then thou canst forbear,
 In publique loss to shed a teare,
 The dew of grieffe upon this stone
 Will tell thee, pitie thou hast none.

UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS FINGER.

ONE of the five straight branches of my hand
 Is lopt already ; and the rest but stand
 Expecting when to fall ; which soon will be ;
 First dyes the leafe, the bough next, next the tree.

UPON IRENE.

ANGRY if Irene be
 But a minute's 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.

THE eggs of pheasants wrie-nos'd Tooly sells,
But ne'r so much as licks the speckled shells;
Only, if one prove addled, that he eates
With superstition, as the cream of meates:
The cock and hen he feeds, but not a bone
He ever pickt, as yet, of any one.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

