

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ROBERT HERRICK.

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WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE.

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M.DCCC.XXV.

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



# HESPERIDES.

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## A HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

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

## TO SILVIA.

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

## UPON BLANCH. EPIG.

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

## UPON UMBER. EPIG.

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

## THE POET HATH LOST HIS PIPE.

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

## TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

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



THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESSE CALLING HIM  
TO ELIZIUM.

*Desunt nonnulla—*

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

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

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

LIFE IS THE BODIES LIGHT.

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

UPON URLES. EPIG.

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

## UPON FRANCK.

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

## LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED.

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

## THE PRIMROSE.

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

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

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

THE TYTHE. TO THE BRIDE.

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

A FROLICK.

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

CHANGE COMMON TO ALL.

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

TO JULIA.

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

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

## NO LUCK IN LOVE.

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

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

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

## IN THE DARKE NONE DAINTY.

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

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

A CHARME, OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE.

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

UPON A FREE MAID WITH A FOULE BREATH.

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

UPON COONE. EPIG.

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

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

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

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

## THE HEAD-AKE.

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

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

## ON HIMSELFE.

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



UPON A MAIDE.

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

UPON SPALT.

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

OF HORNE, A COMB-MAKER.

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

UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES.

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

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

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

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

## CRUELTY BASE IN COMMANDERS.

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

## UPON A SOWRE-BREATH LADY. EPIG.

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

## UPON LUCIA.

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

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LITTLE AND LOUD.

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

SHIP-WRACK.

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

PAINES WITHOUT PROFIT.

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

TO HIS BOOKE.

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

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JOHNSON.

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

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

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

## POVERTY AND RICHES.

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

## AGAIN.

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

## THE COVETOUS STILL CAPTIVES.

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

LAWES.

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

OF LOVE.

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

UPON COCK.

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

TO HIS MUSE.

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

## THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD.

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

## TO VULCAN.

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

## LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE.

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

## PURPOSES.

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

## TO THE MAIDS TO WALK ABROAD.

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

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

## HIS OWN EPITAPH.

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



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

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

THE NIGHT-PIECE. TO JULIA.

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

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

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

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

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

## TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

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

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

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

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

GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

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

A KISSE.

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

GLORIE.

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

POETS.

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

NO DESPIGHT TO THE DEAD.

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

## TO HIS VERSES.

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

## HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

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

UPON LOVE.

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

THE COBLER'S CATCH.

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

UPON BRAN. EPIG.

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

## UPON SNARE, AN USURER.

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

## UPON GRUDGINGS.

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

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

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

*Chorus Juvenum.*

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

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

*Chorus Senum.*

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

*Chorus Virginum.*

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

*Chorus Pastorum.*

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

To huswiferie :  
 Then, then begin  
 To spin ;

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

*Chorus Matronarum.*

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

*Chorus Senum.*

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



*Chorus Virginum.*

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

*Chorus Juvenum.*

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

*Chorus Omnium.*

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

TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.

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

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

## UPON LOVE.

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

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

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

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

UPON GANDER. EPIG.

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

UPON LUNGS. EPIG.

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

THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRIE QUEEN.

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

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

## AN END DECREED.

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

## UPON A CHILD.

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

PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

IF Nature do deny  
Colours, let Art supply.

FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME SPRING.

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

## THE HAG.

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

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

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

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

UPON AN OLD MAN, A RESIDENCIARIE.

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

UPON TEARES.

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

PHYSITIANS.

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

THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

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

## UPON COB. EPIG.

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

## UPON LUCIE. EPIG.

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

## UPON SKOLES. EPIG.

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

## TO SILVIA.

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

## TO HIS CLOSET GODS.

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



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

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

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

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

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

## LONG LOOKT FOR COMES AT LAST.

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

## TO YOUTH.

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

## NEVER TOO LATE TO DYE.

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

## A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

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

ON HIMSELF.

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

UPON JONE AND JANE.

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

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

TO MOMUS.

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

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

## AMBITION.

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

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

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

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

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

*Cætera desunt*——

TO ELECTRA.

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

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

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY.

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

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESSE HE WOULD HAVE.

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

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

## UPON ZELOT.

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

## THE ROSEMARIE BRANCH.

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

## UPON MADAM URSLY. EPIG.

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



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

UPON CRAB. EPIG.

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

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

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

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

ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

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

†

6

## LOVE.

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

## TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.

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

## A HYMNE, TO THE LARES.

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

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

**DENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTNING TO MEN.**

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

**ADVERSITY.**

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

TO FORTUNE.

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

TO ANTHEA.

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

CRUELITIES.

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

## PERSEVERANCE.

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

## UPON HIS VERSES.

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

## DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

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

## HEALTH.

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

## TO DIANEME. A CEREMONIE IN GLOCESTER.

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

TO THE KING.

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

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

THE FUNERALL RITES OF THE ROSE.

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



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

THE RAINBOW ; OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

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

THE LAST STROKE STRIKES SURE.

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

FORTUNE.

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



STOOL-BALL.

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

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

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

TO SAPPHO.

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

ON POET PRAT. EPIG.

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

## UPON TUCK. EPIG.

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

## BITING OF BEGGARS.

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

## THE MAY-POLE.

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

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

## MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESSE.

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

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

ADVERSITY.

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

WANT.

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

GRIEFE.

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

LOVE PALPABLE.

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

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

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

MEANE THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

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

UPON TRIGG. EPIG.

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

UPON SMEATON.

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

THE BRACELET OF PEARLE. TO SILVIA.

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

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

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

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

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

KINGS.

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

FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

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

TEARES AND LAUGHTER.

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

## GLORY.

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

## POSSESSIONS.

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

## LAXARE FIBULAM.

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

## HIS RETURNE TO LONDON.

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

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

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.

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

POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

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

## A BEUCOLICK, OR DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

[*He plays.*

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

[*He sings.*

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

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

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

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

[*He sings.*

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

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

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

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

## TRUE SAFETY.

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

## A PROGNOSTICK.

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

## UPON JULIA'S SWEAT.

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

## PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

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

## FAME.

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

## BY USE COMES EASINESSE.

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

## TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

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

## HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

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

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

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<sup>1</sup> His spaniel.

## GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSELL.

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

## MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

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

## UP TAILLES ALL.

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

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

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

UPON FRANCK.

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

UPON LUCIA DABLED IN THE DEAW.

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

CHARON AND PHYLOMEL, A DIALOGUE SUNG.

*Ph.* CHARON ! O gentle Charon ! let me wooe thee,  
 By tears and pitie now to come unto mee.  
*Ch.* What voice so sweet and charming do I heare ?  
 Say, what thou art. *Ph.* I prithee first draw neare.  
*Ch.* A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see,  
 Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O Charon, pittie me !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For mending sails, for patching boat and oares ?

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

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

#### UPON PAUL. EPIG.

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



UPON SIBB. EPIG.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM.

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

MAIDS NAY'S ARE NOTHING.

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

THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

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

LOVERS HOW THEY COME AND PART.

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

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

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

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

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

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

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

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

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

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

## THE CANDOR OF JULIA'S TEETH.

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

## UPON HER WEEPING.

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

## ANOTHER UPON HER WEEPING.

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

## DELAY.

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

TO SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOUR OF EXETER..

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

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

TO ELECTRA. LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE.

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

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

## REGRESSION SPOILES RESOLUTION.

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

## CONTENTION.

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

## CONSULTATION.

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

## LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

OUR OWN SINNES UNSEEN.

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

NO PAINES, NO GAINES.

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

## UPON SLOUCH.

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

## VERTUE BEST UNITED.

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

## THE EYE.

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

TO PRINCE CHARLES, UPON HIS COMING TO  
EXETER.

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



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

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

A SONG.

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

PRINCES AND FAVOURITES.

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

## EXAMPLES : OR, LIKE PRINCE LIKE PEOPLE.

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

## POTENTATES.

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

## THE WAKE.

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

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

THE PETER-PENNY.

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

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

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

## TO DOCTOR ALABLASTER.

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

## UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. M. S.

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

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

FELICITIE KNOWES NO FENCE.

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

DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

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

A CONJURATION. TO ELECTRA.

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

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

## COURAGE COOL'D.

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

## THE SPELL.

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

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

HIS WISH TO PRIVACIE.

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

A GOOD HUSBAND.

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

## A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

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



UPON PUSSE AND HER PRENTICE. EPIG.

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

BLAME THE REWARD OF PRINCES.

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

CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

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

ANGER.

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

A PSALME, OR HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

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

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

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

AN HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

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

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

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

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

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

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

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

MODERATION.

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

TO ANTHEA.

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

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

## UPON PREW, HIS MAID.

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

## THE INVITATION.

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

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

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMASSE.

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

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

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

## CHRISTMASSE-EVE, ANOTHER CEREMONIE.

COME, guard this night the Christmas-pie,  
That the thiefe, though ne'r so slie,  
With his flesh-hooks, don't come nie  
To catch it.

From him, who all alone sits there,  
Having his eyes still in his eare,  
And a deale of nightly feare,  
To watch it.

## ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS.

WASH your hands, or else the fire  
Will not teend to your desire ;  
Unwasht hands, ye maidens, know,  
Dead the fire, though ye blow.

## ANOTHER.

WASSAILE the trees, that they may beare  
You many a plumb and many a peare ;  
For more or lesse fruits they will bring,  
As you doe give them wassailing.

POWER AND PEACE.

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

TO HIS DEARE VALENTINE, MISTRESSE MARGARET  
FALCONBRIGE.

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

TO OENONE.

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

VERSES.

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

## HAPPINESSE.

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

## THINGS OF CHOICE, LONG A COMMING.

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

## POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

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

## UPON BICE.

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

## UPON TRENCHERMAN.

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



KISSES.

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

ORPHEUS.



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

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

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

## ANY WAY FOR WEALTH.

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

## UPON AN OLD WOMAN.

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

## UPON PEARCH. EPIG.

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

## TO SAPHO.

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

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

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

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

THE BRIDE-CAKE.

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

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## TO BE MERRY.

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

## BURIALL.

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

## LENITIE.

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

## PENITENCE.

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

## GRIEFE.

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

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

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

THE MEANE.

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

HASTE HURTFULL.

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

## PURGATORY.

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

## THE CLOUD.

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

## UPON LOACH.

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

## THE AMBER BEAD.

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

TO MY DEAREST SISTER, M. MERCIÉ HERRICK.

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

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

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

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

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

## SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

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

## TO THE PASSENGER.

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

## UPON NODES.

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



TO THE KING, UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## COUNSELL.

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

## BAD PRINCES PILL THEIR PEOPLE.

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

## MOST WORDS, LESSE WORKES.

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

## TO DIANEME.

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

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

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

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

UPON TAP.

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

HIS LOSSE.

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

DRAW AND DRINKE.

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

## UPON PUNCHIN. EPIG.

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

## TO OENONE.

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

## UPON BLINKS. EPIG.

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

## UPON ADAM PEAPES. EPIG.

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

TO ELECTRA.

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

TO MISTRESSE AMIE POTTER.

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

UPON A MAIDE.

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

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

## UPON LOVE.

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

## BEAUTY.

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

## UPON LOVE.

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

## UPON HANCH, A SCHOOLMASTER. EPIG.

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

UPON PEASON. EPIG.

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

TO HIS BOOKE.

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

READINESSE.

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

WRITING.

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

## SOCIETY.

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

## UPON A MAID.

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

## SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS.

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

## THE DELAYING BRIDE.

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



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

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

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

AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

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

## THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.

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

## TO ANTHEA.

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

## NEED.

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

## TO JULIA.

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

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ON JULIA'S LIPS.

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

TWILIGHT.

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

TO HIS FRIEND MASTER J. JINCKS.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

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

## KINGS AND TYRANTS.

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

## CROSSES.

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

## UPON LOVE.

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

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

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

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

NO DIFFERENCE I'TH' DARK.

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

THE BODY.

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

TO SAPHO.

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

OUT OF TIME OUT OF TUNE.

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

## TO HIS BOOKE.

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

## TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND SIR THOMAS HEALE.

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

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

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

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

TO APOLLO.

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

ON LOVE.

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

ANOTHER.

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

AN HYMNE TO CUPID.

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

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

## TO ELECTRA.

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

## HOW HIS SOULE CAME ENSNARED.

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



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

FACTIONS.

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

KISSES LOATHSOME.

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

UPON REAPE.

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

## UPON TEAGE.

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

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

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

## UPON TRUGGIN.

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

## THE SHOWRE OF BLOSSOMES.

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

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

## UPON SPENKE.

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

## A DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

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

## UPON LULLS.

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

## SLAVERY.

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

## CHARMES.

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

## ANOTHER.

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

## ANOTHER TO BRING IN THE WITCH.

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

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

ANOTHER CHARME FOR STABLES.

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

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE EVE.

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

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

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

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

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,  
With cooler oken boughs,  
Come in for comely ornaments,  
To re-adorn the house.  
Thus times do shift ; each thing his turne do's hold ;  
New things succeed as former things grow old.

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE DAY.

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

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

UPON CANDLEMASSE DAY.

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

SURFEITS.

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

UPON NIS.

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

\*TO BIANCHA, TO BLESSE HIM.

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

JULIA'S CHURCHING, OR PURIFICATION.

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

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

## TO HIS BOOK.

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



TEARES.

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

TO HIS FRIEND, TO AVOID CONTENTION OF WORDS.

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

TRUTH.

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

UPON PRICKLES. EPIG.

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

THE EYES BEFORE THE EARES.

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

## WANT.

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

## TO A FRIEND.

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

## UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE MUSITIAN.

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

## A SONG UPON SILVIA.

FROM me my Silvia ranne away,  
And running therewithall,

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

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

THE HONY-COMBE.

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

UPON BEN JOHNSON.

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

## AN ODE FOR HIM.

AH Ben !

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

My Ben !

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

## UPON A VIRGIN.

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

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

BLAME.

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

A REQUEST TO THE GRACES.

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

UPON HIMSELFE.

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

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

## MULTITUDE.

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

## FEARE.

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

## TO M. KELLAM.

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

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

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

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

## CUNCTATION IN CORRECTION.

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

## PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS.

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

## REST REFRESHES.

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

## REVENGE.

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



THE FIRST MARRS OR MAKES.

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

BEGINNING, DIFFICULT.

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

FAITH FOUR-SQUARE.

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

THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH.

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

CLOATHES ARE CONSPIRATORS.

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

CRUELTY.

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

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

## FAIRE AFTER FOULE.

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

## HUNGER.

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

## BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE.

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

## THE END.

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

## THE BONDMAN.

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

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

CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

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

TO SILVIA.

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

FAIRE SHEWES DECEIVE.

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

HIS WISH.

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

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

UPON JULIA'S WASHING HERSELF IN THE RIVER.

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

A MEANE IN OUR MEANES.

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

UPON CLUNN.

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

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

UPON CUPID.

X

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

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

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

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

UPON BLISSE.

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

## UPON BURR.

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

## UPON MEGG.

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

## AN HYMNE TO LOVE.

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

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

No, no, Ile be  
In fetters free ;

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

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

\*

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

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

## WOMEN USELESSE.

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

## LOVE IS A SIRRUP.

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

## LEVEN.

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



REPLETION.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

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

NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

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

TO M. LEONARD WILLAN, HIS PECULIAR FRIEND.

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

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

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

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

†

2

TO JULIA.

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

TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER M. ELIZABETH  
FINCH.

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

UPON RALPH.

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

## TO HIS BOOKE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO HIS MUSE. ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

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

UPON VINEGER.

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

## UPON MUDGE.

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

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

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

## UPON HIS SPANIELL TRACIE.

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

THE DELUGE.

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

UPON LUPES.

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

RAGGS.

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

## STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVERAIGNTY.

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

## UPON TUBBS.

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

## CRUTCHES.

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



## TO JULIA.

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

## UPON CASE.

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

## TO PERENNA.

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

TO HIS SISTER IN LAW, M. SUSANNA HERRICK.

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

UPON THE LADY CREW.

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

ON TOMASIN PARSONS.

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

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

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

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

SUSPICION MAKES SECURE.

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

UPON SPOKES.

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

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

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

A BUCOLICK BETWIXT TWO ; LACON AND THYRSIS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Lacon.* Alack, for grief !

*Thyr.* But I'll be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call  
 Me, and my sad playmates all,  
 To his ev'ning funerall.

Live long, Lacon ; so adew !

*Lacon.* Mournfull maid, farewell to you ;  
 Earth afford ye flowers to strew !

UPON SAPHO.

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

UPON FAUNUS.

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

## THE QUINTELL.

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

## A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

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

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

## CARE A GOOD KEEPER.

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

RULES FOR OUR REACH.

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

TO BIANCHA.

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

TO THE HANDSOME MISTRESSE GRACE POTTER.

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

## ANACREONTIKE.

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



**MORE MODEST, MORE MANLY.**

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

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

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

**ANACREONTICK VERSE.**

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

**UPON PENNIE.**

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

## PATIENCE IN PRINCES.

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

## FEARE GETS FORCE.

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

## PARCELL-GILT POETRY.

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

## UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER.

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

*Ans.* Like, and dislike ye.

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

*Ans.* Stroake ye, to strike ye.

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

*Ans.* Love will be-foole ye.

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

*Ans.* Heate ye, to coole ye.

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

*Ans.* Love, gifts will send ye.

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

*Ans.* Stock ye, to spend ye.

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

*Ans.* Love will fulfill ye.

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

*Ans.* Kisse ye, to kill ye.

TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT IN CORNWALL.

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

HIS GRANGE.

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

LEPROSIE IN HOUSES.

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

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

## GOOD MANNERS AT MEAT.

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

## ANTHEA'S RETRACTATION.

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

## COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

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

## SEEKE AND FINDE.

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

REST.

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

LEPROSIE IN CLOATHES.

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



UPON BUGGINS.

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

GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES.

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

## HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

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

## THE BEGGER.

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

## BASTARDS.

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

HIS CHANGE.

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

THE VISION.

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

## A VOW TO VENUS.

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

## ON HIS BOOKE.

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

## A SONNET OF PERILLA.

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

## BAD MAY BE BETTER.

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



POSTING TO PRINTING.

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

RAPINE BRINGS RUINE.

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

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

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

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

## UPON BOREMAN. EPIG.

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

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

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

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

SUFFERANCE.

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

HIS TEARS TO THAMASIS.

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

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

## PARDONS.

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

## PEACE NOT PERMANENT.

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

## TRUTH AND ERROUR.

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

## THINGS MORTALL STILL MUTABLE.

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

STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

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

X

WIT PUNISHT PROSPERS MOST.

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

TWELFE NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEENE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## HIS DESIRE.

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

CAUTION IN COUNCELL.

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

MODERATION.

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

ADVICE THE BEST ACTOR.

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

CONFORMITY IS COMELY.

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

LAWES.

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

THE MEANE.

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

## LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE.

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

## HIS HOPE OR SHEAT-ANCHOR.

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

## COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

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

## TWILIGHT.

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

## FALSE MOURNING.

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



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

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

DIET.

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

SMART.

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

THE TINKER'S SONG.

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

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

## HIS COMFORT.

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

## SINCERITY.

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

## TO ANTHEA.

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

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NOR BUYING OR SELLING.

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

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, M. JO. WICKS.

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

THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFULL.

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

AFTER AUTUMNE, WINTER.

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

A GOOD DEATH.

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

RECOMPENCE.

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

ON FORTUNE.

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

TO SIR GEORGE PARRIE, DOCTOR OF THE CIVILL  
LAW.

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

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

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

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

CHARMES.

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

ANOTHER.

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

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

## ANOTHER.

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

## UPON GORGONIUS.

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

## GENTLENESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## TO JULIA.

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

## TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

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

## TO THE HONOURED MASTER ENDIMION PORTER.

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



SPEAKE IN SEASON.

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

OBEDIENCE.

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

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

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

OF LOVE.

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

## UPON TRAP.

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

## UPON GRUBS.

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

## UPON DOL.

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

## UPON HOG.

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

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

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

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

## TO PERENNA.

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

## ON HIMSELFE.

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

## ON LOVE.

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

## ANOTHER ON LOVE.

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

## UPON GUT.

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

UPON CHUB.

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

PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

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

ON HIMSELF.

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

TO M. LAURENCE SWETNAHAM.

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

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

## HIS COVENANT OR PROTESTATION TO JULIA.

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

## ON HIMSELFE.

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

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN, MASTER  
MICHAEL OULSWORTH.

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

TO HIS GIRLES, WHO WOULD HAVE HIM SPORTFULL.

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

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

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

HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.

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

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

## ON HIMSELFE.

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

## UPON KINGS.

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

## TO HIS GIRLES.

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

## UPON SPUR.

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



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

TO HIS BROTHER, NICOLAS HERRICK.

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

THE VOICE AND VIOLL.

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

## WARRE.

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

## A KING AND NO KING.

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

## PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS.

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

## FLATTERIE.

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

## UPON RUMPE.

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

## UPON SHOPTER.

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

†

UPON DEB.

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

EXCESSE.

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

UPON CROOT.

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

THE SOULE IS THE SALT.

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

UPON FLOOD, OR A THANKFULL MAN.

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

## UPON PIMPE.

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

## UPON LUSKE.

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

## FOOLISHNESSE.

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

## UPON RUSH.

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

## ABSTINENCE.

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

NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE.

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

SAUCE FOR SORROWES.

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

TO CUPID.

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

DISTRUST.

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

THE HAGG.

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

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

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

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

## THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES.

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

## ON HIMSELFE.

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

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

TO HIS BOOKE.

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

THE END OF HIS WORKE.

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

TO CROWNE IT.

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

ON HIMSELFE.

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

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

## THE PILLAR OF FAME.

FAME's pillar here, at last we set,  
Out-during marble, brasse, or jet;  
Charm'd and enchanted so,  
As to withstand the blow  
Of overthrow;  
Nor shall the seas,  
Or OUTRAGES  
Of storms orebear  
What we up-rear;  
Tho kingdoms fal,  
This pillar never shall  
Decline or waste at all;  
But stand for ever by his owne  
Firme and well fixt foundation.

To his book's end this last line he'd have plac't,  
Jocond his muse was, but his life was chast.

FINIS.



HIS  
NOBLE NUMBERS:  
OR,  
HIS PIOUS PIECES,  
Wherein (amongst other things)  
he sings the Birth of his CHRIST:  
and fighes for his *Saviour's* suffering  
on the *Crosse*.

---

HESIOD.

Ἰδμεν ψυδα πολλὰ λίγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.  
Ἰδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἰθίλωμεν, ἀληθία μυθήσασθαι.

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**HIS**

**NOBLE NUMBERS :**

**OR,**

**HIS PIOUS PIECES.**

---

**HIS CONFESSION.**

**Look** how our foule dayes do exceed our faire ;  
And as our bad more then our good works are,  
Ev'n so those lines, pen'd by my wanton wit,  
Treble the number of these good I've writ.  
Things precious are least num'rous ; men are prone  
To do ten bad for one good action.

**HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION.**

**For** those my unbaptized rhimes,  
Writ in my wild unhallowed times ;

For every sentence, clause, and word,  
That's not inlaid with thee, my Lord,  
Forgive me, God, and blot each line  
Out of my book that is not thine.  
But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one  
Worthy thy benediction ;  
That one of all the rest shall be  
The glory of my work and me.

## TO FINDE GOD.

WEIGH me the fire ; or, canst thou find  
A way to measure out the wind ;  
Distinguish all those floods that are  
Mixt in that watrie theater ;  
And tast thou them as saltlesse there,  
As in their channell first they were ;  
Tell me the people that do keep  
Within the kingdomes of the deep ;  
Or fetch me back that cloude againe,  
Beshiver'd into seeds of raine ;  
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares  
Of corn, when summer shakes his eares ;  
Shew me that world of starres, and whence  
They noiselesse spill their influence ;  
This if thou canst, then shew me Him  
That rides the glorious Cherubim.

## WHAT GOD IS.

God is above the sphere of our esteem,  
And is the best known, not defining Him.

## UPON GOD.

God is not onely said to be  
An Ens, but Supraentitie.

## MERCY AND LOVE.

God hath two wings, which He doth ever move ;  
The one is mercy, and the next is love ;  
Under the first the sinners ever trust,  
And with the last he still directs the just.

## GOD'S ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION.

God, when He's angry here with any one,  
His wrath is free from perturbation ;  
And when we think His looks are sowre and grim,  
The alteration is in us, not Him.

## GOD NOT TO BE COMPREHENDED.

'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend  
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

## GOD'S PART.

PRAYERS and praises are those spotlesse two  
Lambe, by the law, which God requires as due.

## AFFLICTION.

GOD n'ere afflicts us more then our desert,  
Though He may seem to overact His part :  
Sometimes He strikes us more then flesh can beare,  
But yet still lesse then grace can suffer here.

## THREE FATALL SISTERS.

THREE fatall sisters wait upon each sin ;  
First, fear and shame without, then guilt within.

## SILENCE.

SUFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue, to walk ;  
God, the most wise, is sparing of His talk.

## MIRTH.

TRUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin ;  
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

## LOADING AND UNLOADING.

GOD loads and unloads ; thus His work begins,  
To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

## GOD'S MERCY.

GOD's boundlesse mercy is, to sinfull man,  
Like to the ever-wealthy ocean ;  
Which, though it sends forth thousand streams, 'tis  
ne're  
Known, or els seen to be the emptier ;  
And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more  
Full, and fil'd-full, then when full-fil'd before.

## PRAYERS MUST HAVE POISE.

GOD, He rejects all prayers that are sleight,  
And want their poise ; words ought to have their  
weight.

TO GOD ; AN ANTHEM SUNG IN THE CHAPPELL AT  
WHITEHALL, BEFORE THE KING.

*Verse.* MY God, I'm wounded by my sin,  
And sore without, and sick within ;

*Ver. Chor.* I come to thee, in hope to find  
Salve for my body and my mind.

*Verse.* In Gilead though no balme be found  
To ease this smart or cure this wound,

*Ver. Chor.* Yet, Lord, I know there is with thee,  
All saving health and help for me.

*Verse.* Then reach thou forth that hand of thine,  
That powres in oyle as well as wine ;

*Ver. Chor.* And let it work, for I'll endure  
The utmost smart, so thou wilt cure.

#### UPON GOD.

God is all fore-part, for we never see  
Any part backward in the Deitie.

#### CALLING AND CORRECTING.

God is not onely mercifull, to call  
Men to repent, but when He strikes withall.

#### NO ESCAPING THE SCOURGING.

God scourgeth some severely, some He spares ;  
But all in smart have lesse or greater shares.

#### THE ROD.

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



## GOD HAS A TWOFOLD PART.

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

## GOD IS ONE.

God, as he is most holy knowne,  
So He is said to be most one.

## PERSECUTIONS PROFITABLE.

Afflictions they most profitable are  
To the beholder and the sufferer ;  
Bettering them both, but by a double straine,  
The first by patience, and the last by paine.

## TO GOD.

Do with me, God, as thou didst deal with John,  
Who writ that heavenly Revelation ;  
Let me, like him, first cracks of thunder heare ;  
Then let the harp's enchantments strike mine eare ;  
Here give me thornes ; there, in thy kingdome, set  
Upon my head the golden coronet ;  
There give me day, but here my dreadfull night ;  
My sackcloth here, but there my stole of white.

## WHIPS.

GOD has his whips here to a twofold end,  
The bad to punish, and the good t'amend.

## GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

IF all transgressions here should have their pay,  
What need there then be of a reckning day ;  
If God should punish no sin, here, of men,  
His Providence who would not question then ?

## TEMPTATION.

THOSE saints which God loves best,  
The devill tempts not least.

## HIS EJACULATION TO GOD.

MY God ! look on me with thine eye  
Of pittie, not of scrutinie ;  
For if thou dost, thou then shalt see  
Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.  
O then ! for mercie's sake, behold  
These my irruptions manifold ;  
And heale me with thy looke or touch :  
But if thou wilt not deigne so much,  
Because I'm odious in thy sight,  
Speake but the word, and cure me quite.

GOD'S GIFTS NOT SOONE GRANTED.

God heares us when we pray, but yet defers  
His gifts, to exercise petitioners ;  
And though a while He makes requesters stay,  
With princely hand, He'l recompence delay.

PERSECUTIONS PURIFIE.

God strikes His church, but 'tis to this intent,  
To make, not marre her, by this punishment ;  
So where He gives the bitter pills, be sure,  
'Tis not to poyson, but to make thee pure.

PARDON.

God pardons those who do through frailty sin ;  
But never those that persevere therein.

AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

In numbers, and but these few,  
I sing thy birth, oh JESU !  
Thou prettie Babie, borne here,  
With sup'rabundant scorn here ;  
Who for thy princely port here,  
Hadst for thy place  
Of birth, a base  
Out-stable for thy court here.

Instead of neat inclosures  
Of interwoven osiers ;  
Instead of fragrant posies  
Of daffadills and roses,  
Thy cradle, kingly stranger,  
                    As gospell tells,  
                    Was nothing els,  
But, here, a homely manger.

But we with silks, not cruells,  
With sundry precious jewells,  
And lilly-work will dresse thee ;  
And as we dispossesse thee  
Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,  
                    Sweet babe, for thee,  
                    Of ivorie,  
And plaister'd round with amber.

The Jewes, they did disdaine thee ;  
But we will entertaine thee  
With glories to await here,  
Upon thy princely state here,  
And more for love then pittie :  
                    From yeere to yeere  
                    Wee'l make thee, here,  
A free-born of our citie.

## LIP-LABOUR.

IN the old Scripture I have often read,  
The calfe without meale n'ere was offered ;  
To figure to us nothing more then this,  
Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

## THE HEART.

IN prayer the lips ne're act the winning part,  
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.

## EARE-RINGS.

WHY wore th' Egyptians jewells in the eare,  
But for to teach us, all the grace is there,  
When we obey, by acting what we heare ?

## SIN SEEN.

WHEN once the sin has fully acted been,  
Then is the horror of the trespassse seen.

## UPON TIME.

TIME was upon  
The wing, to flie away ;  
And I cal'd on  
Him but a while to stay ;  
But he'd be gone,  
For ought that I could say.

He held out then  
 A writing, as he went,  
 And askt me, when  
 False man would be content  
 To pay agen,  
 What God and nature lent.

An houre-glasse,  
 In which were sands but few,  
 As he did passe,  
 He shew'd, and told me too,  
 Mine end near was,  
 And so away he flew.

## HIS PETITION.

IF warre or want shall make me grow so poore,  
 As for to beg my bread from doore to doore ;  
 Lord, let me never act that beggar's part,  
 Who hath thee in his mouth, not in his heart !  
 He who asks almes in that so sacred Name,  
 Without due reverence, playes the cheater's game.

## TO GOD.

THOU hast promis'd, Lord, to be  
 With me in my miserie ;  
 Suffer me to be so bold  
 As to speak, Lord, say, and hold.

HIS LETANIE, TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the houre of my distresse,  
When temptations me oppresse,  
And when I my sins confesse,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart, and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomfited,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

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

When the artlesse doctor sees  
No one hope, but of his fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When his potion and his pill,  
His, or none, or little skill,  
Meet for nothing but to kill,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing-bell doth tole,  
And the furies in a shole  
Come to fright a parting soule,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burne blew,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more then true,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last hath praid,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knowes, I'm tost about,  
Either with despaire or doubt ;  
Yet, before the glasse be out,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And halfe damns me with untruth,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine eares, and fright mine eyes,  
And all terrors me surprize,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Judgment is reveal'd,  
And that open'd which was seal'd ;  
When to Thee I have appeal'd,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !



## THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING for a former, doth invite  
God to bestow a second benefit.

## COCK-CROW.

BELL-MAN of night, if I about shall go  
For to denie my Master, do thou crow.  
Thou stop'st S. Peter in the midst of sin ;  
Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin ;  
Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun  
A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.

## ALL THINGS RUN WELL FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.

ADVERSE and prosperous fortunes both work on  
Here for the righteous man's salvation ;  
Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,  
All serve to th' augmentation of his good.

## PAIN ENDS IN PLEASURE.

AFFLICTIONS bring us joy in times to come,  
When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

## TO GOD.

I'LE come, I'le creep, though thou dost threat,  
Humbly unto thy mercy-seat ;

When I am there, this then I'll do,  
Give thee a dart and dagger too ;  
Next, when I have my faults confest,  
Naked I'll shew a sighing breast ;  
Which, if that can't thy pittie wooe,  
Then let thy justice do the rest,  
And strike it through.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell,  
Wherein to dwell ;  
A little house, whose humble roof  
Is weather proof ;  
Under the sparres of which I lie  
Both soft and drie ;  
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,  
Hath set a guard  
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep  
Me while I sleep.  
Low is my porch, as is my fate ;  
Both void of state ;  
And yet the threshold of my doore  
Is worn by th' poore,  
Who thither come and freely get  
Good words or meat.  
Like as my parlour, so my hall  
And kitchin's small ;  
A little butterie, and therein  
A little byn,

Which keeps my little loafe of bread  
    Unchipt, unflead ;  
Some brittle sticks of thorne or briar  
    Make me a fire,  
Close by whose living coale I sit,  
    And glow like it.  
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,  
    The pulse is thine,  
And all those other bits that bee  
    There plac'd by thee ;  
The worts, the purslain, and the messe  
    Of water cresse,  
Which of thy kindnesse thou hast sent ;  
    And my content  
Makes those, and my beloved beet,  
    To be more sweet.  
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth  
    With guiltlesse mirth,  
And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink,  
    Spic'd to the brink:  
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand  
    That soiles my land,  
And giv'st me, for my bushell sowne,  
    Twice ten for one ;  
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay  
    Her egg each day ;  
Besides my healthful ewes to bear  
    Me twins each yeare ;  
The while the conduits of my kine  
    Run creame, for wine :

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

## TO GOD.

MAKE, make me thine, my gracious God,  
Or with thy staffe, or with thy rod !  
And be the blow, too, what it will,  
Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill ;  
Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,  
Yet, in torments, I'll commend thee ;  
Examine me with fire, and prove me  
To the full, yet I will love thee ;  
Nor shalt thou give so deep a wound,  
But I as patient will be found.

## ANOTHER TO GOD.

LORD, do not beat me,  
Since I do sob and crie,  
And swowne away to die,  
Ere thou dost threat me.

Lord, do not scourge me,  
If I, by lies and oaths,  
Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,  
But rather purge me.

NONE TRULY HAPPY HERE.

HAPPY's that man to whom God gives  
A stock of goods, whereby he lives  
Neer to the wishes of his heart ;  
No man is blest through ev'ry part.

TO HIS EVER-LOVING GOD.

CAN I not come to thee, my God, for these  
So very many meeting hindrances,  
That slack my pace, but yet not make me stay ?  
Who slowly goes, rids, in the end, his way.  
Cleere thou my paths, or shorten thou my miles,  
Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles ;  
Since rough the way is, help me when I call,  
And take me up, or els prevent the fall.  
I kenn my home ; and it affords some ease  
To see far off the smoking villages.  
Fain would I rest, yet covet not to die,  
For feare of future biting penurie ;  
No, no, my God, thou know'st my wishes be  
To leave this life, not loving it, but thee.

## ANOTHER.

THOU bid'st me come ; I cannot come ; for why ?  
Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie.  
To mount my soule, she must have pineons given ;  
For, 'tis no easie way from earth to heaven.

## TO DEATH.

THOU bidst me come away,  
And I'll no longer stay,  
Then for to shed some tears  
For faults of former years ;  
And to repent some crimes  
Done in the present times ;  
And next, to take a bit  
Of bread, and wine with it ;  
To don my robes of love,  
Fit for the place above ;  
To gird my loynes about  
With charity throughout,  
And so to travaile hence  
With feet of innocence :  
These done, I'll only crie,  
" God, mercy !" and so die.

NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME.

GOD will have all or none ; serve him, or fall  
Down before Baal, Bel, or Belial :  
Either be hot or cold ; God doth despise,  
Abhorre, and spew out all neutralities.

WELCOME WHAT COMES.

WHATEVER comes, let's be content withall ;  
Among God's blessings, there is no one small.

TO HIS ANGRIE GOD.

THROUGH all the night  
Thou dost me fright,  
And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping ;  
And day by day,  
My cup can say,  
My wine is mixt with weeping.

Thou dost my bread  
With ashes knead,  
Each evening and each morrow ;  
Mine eye and eare,  
Do see and heare  
The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steele,  
Ay me ! I feele,  
Upon me beating ever ;  
While my sick heart,  
With dismall smart  
Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,  
This can't endure ;  
But in short time 'twill please thee,  
My gentle God,  
To burn the rod,  
Or strike so as to ease me.

## PATIENCE, OR COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

ABUNDANT plagues I late have had,  
Yet none of these have made me sad ;  
For why ? my Saviour, with the sense  
Of suffering, gives me patience.

## ETERNITIE.

O YEARES and age ! Farewell :  
Behold I go,  
Where I do know  
Infinitie to dwell.



And these mine eyes shall see  
All times, how they  
Are lost i'th' sea  
Of vast eternitie,

Where never moone shall sway  
The starres ; but she,  
And night, shall be  
Drown'd in one endlesse day.

TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD ; A PRESENT, BY A  
CHILD.

Go, prettie child, and beare this flower  
Unto thy little Saviour ;  
And tell him, by that bud now blown,  
He is the Rose of Sharon known.  
When thou hast said so, stick it there  
Upon his bibb or stomacher ;  
And tell him, for good handsell too,  
That thou hast brought a whistle new,  
Made of a clean strait oaten reed,  
To charme his cries at time of need ;  
Tell him, for corall thou hast none,  
But if thou hadst, he should have one ;  
But poore thou art, and knowne to be  
Even as monillesse as he.  
Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse  
From those mellifluous lips of his ;

Then never take a second on,  
To spoile the first impression.

THE NEW-YEERE'S GIFT.

LET others look for pearle and gold,  
Tissues, or tabbies manifold ;  
One onely lock of that sweet hay,  
Whereon the blessed babie lay,  
Or one poore swadling-clout, shall be  
The richest New-yeere's gift to me.

TO GOD.

IF any thing delight me for to print  
My book, 'tis this ; that thou, my God, art in't.

GOD AND THE KING.

How am I bound to two ! God, who doth give  
The mind ; the King, the meanes whereby I live.

GOD'S MIRTH, MAN'S MOURNING.

WHERE God is merry, there write down thy fears ;  
What He with laughter speaks, heare thou with tears.

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HONOURS ARE HINDRANCES.

GIVE me honours : what are these  
But the pleasing hindrances,  
Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come  
In the way 'twixt me and home ?  
Cleer the walk, and then shall I  
To my heaven lesse run, then flie.

THE PARASCEVE, OR PREPARATION.

To a love-feast we both invited are ;  
The figur'd damask, or pure diaper,  
Over the golden altar now is spread,  
With bread, and wine, and vessells furnished ;  
The sacred towell, and the holy eure  
Are ready by, to make the guests all pure ;  
Let's go, my Alma ; yet e're we receive,  
Fit, fit it is, we have our Parasceve.  
Who to that sweet bread unprepar'd doth come,  
Better he starv'd, then butt to tast one crumme.

TO GOD.

God gives not onely corne for need,  
But likewise sup'rabundant seed ;  
Bread for our service, bread for shew ;  
Meat for our meales, and fragments too :

He gives not poorly, taking some  
Between the finger and the thumb ;  
But for our glut, and for our store,  
Fine flowre prest down, and running o're.

## A WILL TO BE WORKING.

ALTHOUGH we cannot turne the fervent fit  
Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the streame of it ;  
And howsoe're we have the conquest mist,  
'Tis for our glory that we did resist.

## CHRIST'S PART.

CHRIST, He requires still, wheresoe're He comes  
To feed or lodge, to have the best of roomes ;  
Give Him the choice ; grant Him the nobler part  
Of all the house ; the best of all's the heart.

## RICHES AND POVERTY.

GOD co'd have made all rich, or all men poore ;  
But why He did not, let me tell wherefore :  
Had all been rich, where then had patience been ?  
Had all been poore, who had his bounty seen ?

## SOBRIETY IN SEARCH.

To seek of God more then we well can find,  
Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

## ALMES.

GIVE, if thou canst, an almes ; if not afford,  
Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word :  
God crowns our goodnesse, where so e're He sees,  
On our part, wanting all abilities.

## TO HIS CONSCIENCE.

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be  
My private protonotarie ?  
Can I not wooe thee, to passe by  
A short and sweet iniquity ?  
I'll cast a mist and cloud upon  
My delicate transgression,  
So utter dark, as that no eye  
Shall see the hug'd impietie.  
Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please,  
And winde all other witnesses ;  
And wilt not thou with gold be ti'd,  
To lay thy pen and ink aside,  
That in the mirk and tonguelesse night,  
Wanton I may, and thou not write ?

It will not be : And therefore, now,  
For times to come, I'll make this vow ;  
From aberrations to live free,  
So I'll not fear the judge or thee.

## TO HIS SAVIOUR.

LORD, I confesse, that Thou alone art able  
To purifie this my Augean stable ;  
Be the seas water, and the land all sope,  
Yet if Thy blood not wash me, there's no hope.

## TO GOD.

GOD is all sufferance here ; here He doth show  
No arrow nockt, onely a stringlesse bow ;  
His arrowes flie, and all his stones are hurl'd  
Against the wicked in another world.

## HIS DREAME.

I DREAMT last night thou didst transfuse  
Oyle from Thy jarr into my creuze ;  
And powring still Thy wealthy store,  
The vessell full, did then run ore ;  
Methought I did thy bounty chide,  
To see the waste ; but 'twas repli'd  
By thee, deare God, God gives men seed  
Oft-times for wast, as for his need.

Then I co'd say, that house is bare  
That has not bread, and some to spare.

## GOD'S BOUNTY.

God's bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse,  
As men do wane in thankfulnessse.

## TO HIS SWEET SAVIOUR.

NIGHT hath no wings to him that cannot sleep ;  
And Time seems then not for to flie, but creep ;  
Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she  
Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.  
Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray  
The winds to blow the tedious night away,  
That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.  
Sick is my heart ; O Saviour ! do Thou please  
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses ;  
Lighten my candle, so that I beneath  
Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death ;  
Let me thy voice betimes i'th' morning heare ;  
Call, and I'll come ; say Thou the when and where :  
Draw me but first, and after Thee I'll run,  
And make no one stop till my race be done.

## HIS CREED.

I do believe that die I must,  
And be return'd from out my dust ;

I do believe, that when I rise,  
Christ I shall see with these same eyes ;  
I do believe that I must come  
With others to the dreadfull doome ;  
I do believe the bad must goe  
From thence to everlasting woe ;  
I do believe the good, and I,  
Shall live with Him eternally ;  
I do believe I shall inherit  
Heaven by Christ's mercies, not my merit ;  
I do believe the One in Three,  
And Three in perfect Unitie ;  
Lastly, that JESUS is a deed  
Of gift from God ; and here's my creed.

## TEMPTATIONS.

TEMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have accesse ;  
Satan o'recomes none but by willingnesse..

## THE LAMP.

WHEN a man's faith is frozen up as dead,  
Then is the lamp and oyle extinguished.

## SORROWES.

SORROWES our portion are ; ere hence we goe.,  
Crosses we must have, or hereafter woe.



## PENITENCIE.

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

## THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

## SUNG BY THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all dayes !  
O paragon, and pearle of praise !  
O Virgin-martyr, ever blest  
    Above the rest  
Of all the maiden-traine ! We come,  
And bring fresh strewings to thy tombe.

Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round  
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground ;  
And as we sing thy dirge, we will  
    The daffadill,  
And other flowers, lay upon  
The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou wonder of all maids, li'st here,  
Of daughters all, the deerest deere ;  
The eye of virgins ; nay, the queen  
    Of this smooth green,  
And all sweet meades, from whence we get  
The primrose and the violet.

Too soon, too deere did Jephthah buy,  
By thy sad losse, our liberty ;  
His was the bond and cov'nant, yet  
                    Thou paid'st the debt ;  
Lamented Maid ! he won the day,  
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along  
The olive branch, and victor's song ;  
He slew the Ammonites, we know,  
                    But to thy woe ;  
And in the purchase of our peace,  
The cure was worse then the disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine,  
We offer here, before thy shrine,  
Our sighs for storax, teares for wine ;  
                    And to make fine,  
And fresh thy herse-cloth, we will here  
Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.

Receive, for this thy praise, our teares ;  
Receive this offering of our haire ;  
Receive these christall vials, fil'd  
                    With teares, distil'd  
From teeming eyes ; to these we bring,  
Each maid, her silver filleting,

To guild thy tombe ; besides, these caules,  
These laces, ribbands, and these faules,  
These veiles, wherewith we use to hide  
    The bashfull bride,  
When we conduct her to her groome ;  
All, all we lay upon thy tombe.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,  
Shall we ere bring coy brides to bed ;  
No more, at yeerly festivalls,  
    We, cowslip balls,  
Or chaines of columbines shall make  
For this, or that occasion's sake.

No, no ; our maiden pleasures be  
Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee ;  
'Tis we are dead, though not i'th' grave ;  
    Or if we have  
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep  
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,  
And make this place all paradise ;  
May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence  
    Fat frankincense ;  
Let balme and cassia send their scent  
From out thy maiden monument.

May no wolfe howle, or screech-owle stir  
 A wing about thy sepulcher ;  
 No boysterous winds or stormes come hither,  
                     To starve or wither  
 Thy soft sweet earth ; but, like a spring,  
 Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shie maids, at wonted hours,  
 Come forth to strew thy tombe with flow'rs ;  
 May virgins, when they come to mourn,  
                     Male incense burn  
 Upon thine altar ; then return,  
 And leave thee sleeping in thy urn.

TO GOD, ON HIS SICKNESSE.

WHAT though my harp and violl be  
 Both hung upon the willow-tree ?  
 What though my bed be now my grave,  
 And for my house I darknesse have ?  
 What though my healthfull days are fled,  
 And I lie numbred with the dead ?  
 Yet I have hope, by Thy great power  
 To spring, though now a wither'd flower.

SINS LOATH'D, AND YET LOV'D.

SHAME checks our first attempts ; but then 'tis prov'd,  
 Sins first dislik'd are after that belov'd.

## SIN.

SIN leads the way, but as it goes, it feels  
The following plague still treading on his heels.

## UPON GOD.

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

## FAITH.

WHAT here we hope for, we shall once inherit ;  
By faith we all walk here, not by the spirit.

## HUMILITY.

HUMBLE we must be, if to heaven we go ;  
High is the roof there, but the gate is low.  
When e're thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye ;  
Grace is increased by humility.

## TEARES.

OUR present teares here, not our present laughter,  
Are but the handsells of our joyes hereafter.

## SIN AND STRIFE.

AFTER true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife  
Must last with Satan to the end of life.

## AN ODE, OR PSALME TO GOD.

DEER God !  
If thy smart rod  
Here did not make me sorrie,  
I sho'd not be  
With thine or thee,  
In Thy eternall glorie.

But since  
Thou didst convince  
My sinnes, by gently striking ;  
Add still to those  
First stripes, new blowes,  
According to thy liking.

Feare me,  
Or scourging teare me ;  
That thus from vices driven,  
I may from hell  
Flie up, to dwell  
With thee and thine in heaven.

GRACES FOR CHILDREN.

WHAT God gives, and what we take,  
 'Tis a gift for Christ his sake ;  
 Be the meale of beanes and pease,  
 God be thank'd for those and these ;  
 Have we flesh, or have we fish,  
 All are fragments from his dish.  
 He his church save, and the king,  
 And our peace, here like a spring  
 Make it ever flourishing.

GOD TO BE FIRST SERV'D.

HONOUR thy parents ; but good manners call  
 Thee to adore thy God, the first of all.

ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD.

HERE a little child I stand,  
 Heaving up my either hand ;  
 Cold as paddocks though they be,  
 Here I lift them up to thee,  
 For a benizon to fall  
 On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

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5



A CHRISTMAS CAROLL, SUNG TO THE KING IN THE  
PRESENCE AT WHITEHALL.

*Chor.* WHAT sweeter musick can we bring  
Then a caroll, for to sing  
The birth of this our heavenly King?  
Awake the voice! Awake the string!  
Heart, eare, and eye, and every thing,  
Awake! the while the active finger  
Runs division with the singer.

*From the Flourish they came to the Song.*

1. Dark and dull night, flie hence away,  
And give the honour to this day,  
That sees December turn'd to May.

2. If we may ask the reason, say,  
The why, and wherefore all things here  
Seem like the spring-time of the yeere?

3. Why do's the chilling winter's morne  
Smile like a field beset with corne;  
Or smell like to a meade new-shorne,  
Thus on the sudden? 4. Come and see  
The cause why things thus fragrant be.  
'Tis he is borne, whose quickning birth  
Gives life and luster, publike mirth,  
To heaven and the under earth.



*Chor.* We see him come, and know him ours,  
Who, with his sun-shine and his showers,  
Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The darling of the world is come,  
And fit it is we finde a roome  
To welcome Him. 2. The nobler part  
Of all the house here is the heart,

*Chor.* Which we will give him, and bequeath  
This hollie and this ivie wreath,  
To do him honour, who's our King,  
And Lord of all this revelling.

*The Musicall Part was composed by  
M. Henry Lawes.*

THE NEW YEERE'S GIFT, OR CIRCUMCISION'S SONG,  
SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE  
AT WHITE-HALL.

1. PREPARE for songs ; he's come, he's come ;  
And be it sin here to be dumb,  
And not with lutes to fill the roome.

2. Cast holy water all about,  
And have a care no fire go's out,  
But 'cense the porch and place throughout.

3. The altars all on fier be ;  
The storax fries, and ye may see  
How heart and hand do all agree,  
To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all is less sweet  
then he.

4. Bring him along, most pious priest,  
And tell us then, when as thou seest  
His gently-gliding, dove-like eyes,  
And hear'st his whimp'ring and his cries ;  
How canst thou this babe circumcise ?

5. Ye must not be more pitifull then wise ;  
For, now unlesse ye see him bleed,  
Which makes the bapti'me, 'tis decreed,  
The birth is fruitlesse. *Chor.* Then the work God  
speed.

1. Touch gently, gently touch ; and here  
Spring tulips up through all the yeere ;  
And from his sacred bloud, here shed,  
May roses grow, to crown his own deare head.

*Chor.* Back, back again ; each thing is done  
With zeale alike, as 'twas begun ;  
Now singing, homeward let us carrie  
The Babe unto his mother Marie ;  
And when we have the Child commended  
To her warm bosome, then our rites are ended.

*Composed by M. Henry Lawes.*

ANOTHER NEW-YEERE'S GIFT, OR SONG FOR THE  
CIRCUMCISION.

1. HENCE, hence, prophane, and none appeare  
With any thing unhallowed here ;  
No jot of leven must be found  
Conceal'd in this most holy ground.

2. What is corrupt, or sowr'd with sin,  
Leave that without, then enter in ;  
*Chor.* But let no Christmas mirth begin  
Before ye purge and circumcise  
Your hearts and hands, lips, eares, and eyes.

3. Then, like a perfum'd altar, see  
That all things sweet and clean may be ;  
For here's a Babe that, like a bride,  
Will blush to death if ought be spi'd  
Ill-scenting or unpurifi'd.

*Chor.* The room is cens'd ; help, help t'invoke  
Heaven to come down, the while we choke  
The temple with a cloud of smoke.

4. Come then, and gently touch the birth  
Of him who's Lord of heaven and earth ;

5. And softly handle Him ; y'ad need,  
Because the prettie Babe do's bleed.

Poore pittied Child ! who from thy stall  
Bring'st, in thy blood, a balm that shall  
Be the best new-yeere's gift to all.

1. Let's blesse the Babe ; and as we sing  
His praise, so let us blesse the king.

*Chor.* Long may he live, till he hath told  
His new yeeres trebled to his old ;  
And when that's done, to reaspire,  
A new-borne Phoenix from his own chaste fire.

GOD'S PARDON.

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespass here ;  
For, once in hell, none knows remission there.

SIN.

SIN once reacht up to God's eternall sphere,  
And was committed, not remitted there.

EVILL.

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

THE STAR-SONG ; A CAROLL TO THE KING.  
SUNG AT WHITEHALL.

*The Flourish of Musick ; then followed the Song.*

1. TELL us, thou cleere and heavenly tongue,  
Where is the Babe but lately sprung ?  
Lies He the lillie-banks among ?

2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours  
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,  
Spangled with deaw-light ; thou canst cleere  
All doubts, and manifest the where.

3. Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek  
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,  
Or search the beds of spices through,  
To find him out ?

*Star.* No, this ye need not do ;  
But only come and see Him rest,  
A princely Babe, in's mother's brest.

*Chor.* He's seen ! He's seen ! why then around,  
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground ;  
And all rejoyce that we have found  
A King, before conception, crown'd.

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring  
Unto our prettie twelfth-tide King,  
Each one his severall offering ;

*Chor.* And when night comes wee'l give him wassail-  
ing ;  
And that his treble honours may be seen,  
Wee'l chuse him King, and make his mother Queen.

## TO GOD.

WITH golden censers, and with incense, here  
Before thy virgin altar I appeare,  
To pay thee that I owe, since what I see  
In or without, all, all belongs to Thee.  
Where shall I now begin to make, for one  
Least loane of thine, half restitution ?  
Alas ! I cannot pay a jot ; therefore  
I'le kisse the tally, and confesse the score.  
Ten thousand talents lent me, thou dost write ;  
'Tis true, my God ; but I can't pay one mite.

## TO HIS DEERE GOD.

I'LE hope no more  
For things that will not come ;  
And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome.  
Wealth brings much woe ;  
And, since it fortunes so,  
'Tis better to be poore,  
Then so t'abound,  
As to be drown'd,  
Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care, avant,  
I'll learn to be content  
With that small stock thy bounty gave or lent.  
What may conduce  
To my most healthfull use,  
Almighty God, me grant!  
But that or this,  
That hurtfull is,  
Denie thy suppliant.

## TO GOD, HIS GOOD WILL.

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,  
O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants the deed.  
Where rams are wanting, or large bullocks thighs,  
There a poor lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.  
Take then his vowes, who, if he had it, would  
Devote to thee both incense, myrrhe, and gold,  
Upon an altar rear'd by him, and crown'd  
Both with the rubie, pearle, and diamond.

## ON HEAVEN.

PERMIT mine eyes to see  
Part, or the whole of thee,  
O happy place!  
Where all have grace  
And garlands shar'd,  
For their reward;

Where each chaste soule  
In long white stole,  
And palmes in hand,  
Do ravisht stand ;  
So in a ring,  
The praises sing  
Of Three in One,  
That fill the throne ;  
While harps and violls then  
To voices say, Amen.

## THE SUMME, AND THE SATISFACTION.

LAST night I drew up mine account,  
And found my debits to amount  
To such a height, as for to tell  
How I sho'd pay, 's impossible.  
Well, this I'le do ; my mighty score,  
Thy mercy-seat I'le lay before ;  
But therewithall I'le bring the band,  
Which in full force did daring stand,  
Till my Redeemer, on the tree,  
Made void for millions, as for me :  
Then, if thou bid'st me pay, or go  
Unto the prison, I'le say, No ;  
Christ having paid, I nothing owe ;  
For this is sure, the debt is dead  
By law, the bond once cancelled.



## GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST.

God makes not good men wantons, but doth bring  
Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing ;  
With trialls those, with terrors these He proves,  
And hazards those most whom the most He loves.  
For Sceva, darts ; for Cocles, dangers ; thus  
He finds a fire for mighty Mutius ;  
Death for stout Cato ; and besides all these,  
A poyson too He has for Socrates ;  
Torments for high Attilius ; and, with want,  
Brings in Fabricius for a combatant ;  
But bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes,  
He never brings them once to th' push of pikes.

## GOOD CHRISTIANS

PLAY their offensive and defensive parts,  
Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.

## THE WILL THE CAUSE OF WOE.

WHEN man is punisht, he is plagued still,  
Not for the fault of nature, but of will.

## TO HEAVEN.

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

## THE RECOMPENCE.

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

## TO GOD.

PARDON me, God, once more I thee intreat,  
That I have plac'd thee in so meane a seat,  
Where round about thou seest but all things vaine,  
Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.  
But as Heaven's publike and immortall Eye  
Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby;  
So thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,  
But take no tincture from my sinfull book.  
Let but one beame of glory on it shine,  
And that will make me and my work divine.

## TO GOD.

LORD, I am like to misletoe,  
Which has no root, and cannot grow,  
Or prosper, but by that same tree  
It clings about ; so I by thee.  
What need I then to feare at all,  
So long as I about thee craule ?  
But if that tree sho'd fall and die,  
Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

## HIS WISH TO GOD.

I WOULD to God that mine old age might have,  
Before my last, but here a living grave ;  
Some one poore almes-house ; there to lie or stir,  
Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher ;  
A little piggin and a pipkin by,  
To hold things fitting my necessity ;  
Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and place,  
Might me excite to fore, and after grace.  
Thy crosse, my Christ, fixt 'fore mine eyes sho'd be,  
Not to adore that, but to worship thee.  
So, here the remnant of my days I'd spend,  
Reading Thy Bible, and my book ; so end.

## SATAN.

WHEN we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more  
He teares and fugs us, then he did before ;  
Neglecting once to cast a frown on those  
Whom ease makes his, without the help of blowes.

## HELL.

HELL is no other but a soundlesse pit,  
Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it.

## THE WAY.

WHEN I a ship see on the seas,  
Cuft with those watrie savages,  
And therewithall, behold, it hath  
In all that way no beaten path ;  
Then, with a wonder, I confesse,  
Thou art our way i'th' wilderness ;  
And while we blunder in the dark,  
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

## GREAT GRIEFE, GREAT GLORY.

THE lesse our sorrowes here and suffrings cease,  
The more our crownes of glory there increase.

## HELL.

HELL is the place where whipping-cheer abounds,  
But no one jailor there to wash the wounds.

## THE BELL-MAN.

ALONG the dark and silent night,  
With my lantern and my light,  
And the tinkling of my bell,  
Thus I walk, and this I tell :  
Death and dreadfulness call on  
To the gen'rall session ;  
To whose dismall barre, we there  
All accompts must come to cleere.  
Scores of sins w've made here many,  
Wip't out few, God knowes, if any.  
Rise ye debtors then, and fall  
To make paiment while I call.  
Ponder this, when I am gone :  
By the clock 'tis almost one.

## THE GOODNESSE OF HIS GOD.

WHEN winds and seas do rage,  
And threaten to undo me,  
Thou dost their wrath asswage,  
If I but call unto thee.

A mighty storm last night  
Did seek my soule to swallow ;  
But by the peep of light  
A gentle calme did follow.

What need I then despaire,  
Though ills stand round about me ?  
Since mischiefs neither dare  
To bark or bite without thee.

X  
THE WIDDOWE'S TEARES ; OR, DIRGE OF DORCAS.

COME pitie us, all ye who see  
Our harps hung on the willow-tree ;  
Come pitie us, ye passers by,  
Who see or hear poor widdowes crie ;  
Come pitie us, and bring your eares  
And eyes to pitie widdowes teares.  
*Chor.* And when you are come hither,  
Then we will keep  
A fast, and weep  
Our eyes out all together,

For Tabitha ; who dead lies here,  
Clean washt, and laid out for the beere.  
O modest matrons, weep and waile !  
For now the corne and wine must faile ;  
The basket and the bynn of bread,  
Wherewith so many soules were fed,

*Chor.* Stand empty here for ever ;  
And ah ! the poore,  
At thy worne doore,  
Shall be releev'd never.

Woe worth the time, woe worth the day,  
That reav'd us of thee, Tabitha !  
For we have lost, with thee, the meale,  
The bits, the morsells, and the deale  
Of gentle paste and yeelding dow,  
That thou on widdowe's did bestow.

*Chor.* All's gone, and death hath taken  
Away from us  
Our maundie ; thus  
Thy widdowes stand forsaken.

Ah, Dorcas, Dorcas ! now adieu  
We bid the creuse and pannier too ;  
I, and the flesh, for and the fish,  
Dol'd to us in that lordly dish.  
We take our leaves now of the loome,  
From whence the housewife's cloth did come ;

*Chor.* The web affords now nothing ;  
Thou being dead,  
The woosted thred  
Is cut, that made us clothing.

Farewell the flax and reaming wooll,  
With which thy house was plentiful ;

Farewell the coats, the garments, and  
The sheets, the rugs, made by thy hand ;  
Farewell thy fier and thy light,  
That ne're went out by day or night:

*Chor.* No, or thy zeale so speedy,  
That found a way,  
By peep of day,  
To feed and cloth the needy.

But ah, alas ! the almond bough,  
And olive branch is wither'd now ;  
The wine presse now is ta'ne from us,  
The saffron and the calamus ;  
The spice and spiknard hence is gone,  
The storax and the cynamon ;

*Chor.* The caroll of our gladnesse  
Has taken wing,  
And our late spring  
Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.

How wise wast thou in all thy waies !  
How worthy of respect and praise !  
How matron-like didst thou go drest !  
How soberly above the rest  
Of those that prank it with their plumes,  
And jet it with their choice perfumes !

*Chor.* Thy vestures were not flowing ;  
Nor did the street  
Accuse thy feet  
Of mincing in their going.



And though thou here li'st dead, we see  
A deale of beauty yet in thee.  
How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,  
Thy lips with all diffused grace!  
Thy hands, though cold, yet spotlesse, white,  
And comely as the chrysolite.

*Chor.* Thy belly like a hill is,  
Or as a neat  
Cleane heap of wheat,  
All set about with lillies.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we  
Will shew these garments made by thee;  
These were the coats, in these are read  
The monuments of Dorcas dead:  
These were thy acts, and thou shalt have  
These hung, as honours o're thy grave,

*Chor.* And after us, distressed,  
Sho'd fame be dumb,  
Thy very tomb  
Would cry out, Thou art blessed.

TO GOD, IN TIME OF PLUNDERING.

RAPINE has yet tooke nought from me:  
But if it please my God, I be  
Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,  
God make me thankfull still for it.  
I have been gratefull for my store;  
Let me say grace when there's no more.

## TO HIS SAVIOUR. THE NEW YEER'S GIFT.

THAT little prettie bleeding part  
Of foreskin send to me ;  
And Ile returne a bleeding heart,  
For new-yeer's gift to thee.

Rich is the jemme that thou did'st send,  
Mine's faulty too, and small ;  
But yet this gift thou wilt commend,  
Because I send thee all.

## DOOMES-DAY.

LET not that day God's friends and servants scare ;  
The bench is then their place, and not the barre.

## THE POORE'S PORTION.

THE sup'rabundance of my store,  
That is the portion of the poore ;  
Wheat, barley, rie, or oats, what is't  
But he takes tole of ? all the griest.  
Two raiments have I ? Christ then makes  
This law, that He and I part stakes :  
Or have I two loaves ? then I use  
The poore to cut, and I to chuse.

## THE WHITE ISLAND ; OR PLACE OF THE BLEST.

IN this world, the Isle of Dreames,  
While we sit by sorrowe's streames,  
Teares and terrors are our theames,  
Reciting :

But when once from hence we flie,  
More and more approaching nigh  
Unto young eternitie,  
Uniting :

In that whiter Island, where  
Things are evermore sincere ;  
Candour here and lustre there,  
Delighting :

There no monstrous fancies shall  
Out of hell an horroure call,  
To create, or cause at all,  
Affrighting.

There, in calm and cooling sleep,  
We our eyes shall never steep,  
But eternall watch shall keep,  
Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue  
Me immortaliz'd, and you ;  
And fresh joyes, as never too  
Have ending.

## TO CHRIST.

I CRAWLE, I creep ; my Christ, I come  
To Thee for curing balsamum ;  
Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the tree,  
Affording salve of soveraigntie.  
My mouth I'll lay unto thy wound,  
Bleeding, that no blood touch the ground ;  
For, rather then one drop shall fall  
To wast, my JESU, I'll take all.

## TO GOD.

God ! to my little meale and oyle,  
Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle ;  
And thou my pipkinnet shalt see,  
Give a wave-offring unto thee.

## FREE WELCOME.

God, He refuseth no man, but makes way  
For all that now come, or hereafter may.

GOD'S GRACE.

God's grace deserves here to be daily fed,  
That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

COMING TO CHRIST.

To him who longs unto his CHRIST to go,  
Celerity even itself is slow.

CORRECTION.

God had but one son free from sin, but none  
Of all His sonnes free from correction.

GOD'S BOUNTY.

God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known  
To give us more then hope can fix upon.

KNOWLEDGE.

SCIENCE in God is known to be  
A substance, not a qualitie.

SALUTATION.

CHRIST, I have read, did to his chaplains say,  
Sending them forth, Salute no man by th' way ;

Not that He taught his ministers to be  
Unsmooth or sowre to all civilitie ;  
But to instruct them, to avoid all snares  
Of tardidation in the Lord's affaires.  
Manners are good ; but till his errand ends,  
Salute we must, nor strangers, kin, or friends.

## LASCIVIOUSNESSE.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE is knowne to be  
The sister to saturitie.

## TEARES.

God from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes,  
And gives his children kisses then, not stripes.

## GOD'S BLESSING.

IN vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,  
Unlesse God gives the Benedicite.

## GOD AND LORD.

God is his name of nature ; but that word  
Implies his power, when he's cal'd the LORD.

## THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

God hides from man the reck'ning day, that he  
May feare it ever for uncertaintie ;  
That being ignorant of that one, he may  
Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

## ANGELLS.

ANGELLS are called Gods ; yet of them, none  
Are Gods, but by participation ;  
As just men are entitled Gods, yet none  
Are Gods, of them, but by adoption.

## LONG LIFE.

THE longer thred of life we spin,  
The more occasion still to sin.

## TEARES.

THE teares of saints, more sweet by farre,  
Then all the songs of sinners are.

## MANNA.

THAT manna, which God on his people cast,  
Fitted itself to ev'ry feeder's tast.

## REVERENCE.

TRUE rev'rence is, as Cassiadore doth prove,  
The feare of God, commixt with cleanly love.

## MERCY.

MERCY, the wise Athenians held to be  
Not an affection, but a Deitie.

## WAGES.

AFTER this life, the wages shall  
Not, shar'd alike, be, unto all.

## TEMPTATION.

GOD tempteth no one, as S. Aug'stine saith,  
For any ill, but for the proof of faith :  
Unto temptation God exposeth some ;  
But none, of purpose, to be overcome.

## GOD'S HANDS.

GOD's hands are round and smooth, that gifts may  
fall  
Freely from them, and hold none back at all.



LABOUR.

LABOUR we must, and labour hard  
I'th' Forum here, or Vineyard.

MORA SPONSI, THE STAY OF THE BRIDEGROOME.

THE time the bridegroom staves from hence,  
Is but the time of penitence.

ROARING.

ROARING is nothing but a weeping part,  
Forc'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

THE EUCHARIST.

HE that is hurt seeks help ; sin is the wound ;  
The salve for this, i'th' Eucharist is found.

SIN SEVERELY PUNISHT.

GOD in His own day will be then severe  
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt here.

**MONTES SCRIPTURARUM, THE MOUNTS OF THE  
SCRIPTURES.**

**THE** mountains of the Scriptures are; some say,  
Moses and Iesus, called Ioshua ;  
The Prophet's mountains of the Old are meant,  
The Apostle's mounts of the New Testament.

**PRAYER.**

**A PRAYER**, that is said alone,  
Starves, having no companion.  
Great things ask for when thou dost pray,  
And those great are, which ne're decay.  
Pray not for silver, rust eats this ;  
Ask not for gold, which metall is ;  
Nor yet for houses, which are here  
But earth ; such vowes nere reach God's eare.

**CHRIST'S SADNESSE.**

**CHRIST** was not sad, i'th' garden, for His own  
Passion, but for His sheep's dispersion.

**GOD HEARES US.**

**God**, who's in heav'n, will hear from thence,  
If not to th' sound, yet to the sense.

GOD.

GOD, as the learned Damascen doth write,  
A sea of substance is, indefinite.

CLOUDS.

HE that ascended in a cloud, shall come  
In clouds, descending to the publike doome.

COMFORTS IN CONTENTIONS.

THE same who crownes the conquerour, will be  
A coadjutor in the agonie.

HEAVEN.

HEAV'N is most faire ; but fairer He  
That made that fairest canopie.

GOD.

IN God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be  
Ev'n God himself, in perfect entitie.

HIS POWER.

GOD can do all things, save but what are known  
For to imply a contradiction.

CHRIST'S WORDS ON THE CROSSE, " MY GOD,  
MY GOD."

CHRIST, when he hung, the dreadfull crosse upon,  
Had, as it were, a dereliction,  
In this regard ; in those great terrors he  
Had no one beame from God's sweet majestie.

JEHOVAH.

JEHOVAH, as Boëtius saith,  
No number of the plurall hath.

CONFUSION OF FACE.

GOD then confounds man's face, when He not hears  
The vows of those who are petitioners.

ANOTHER.

The shame of man's face is no more  
Then prayers repel'd, sayes Cassiodore.

BEGGARS.

JACOB, God's beggar was ; and so we wait,  
Though ne're so rich, all beggars at His gate.

GOOD AND BAD.

THE bad among the good are here mixt ever ;  
The good without the bad are here plac'd never.

SIN.

SIN no existence ; Nature none it hath,  
Or good at all, as learn'd Aquinas saith.

MARTHA, MARTHA.

THE repetition of the name, made known  
No other than Christ's full affection.

YOUTH AND AGE.

GOD on our youth bestowes but little ease ;  
But on our age most sweet indulgences.

GOD'S POWER.

GOD is so potent, as His power can  
Draw out of bad a soveraigne good to man.

PARADISE.

PARADISE is, as from the learn'd I gather,  
A quire of blest soules circling in the Father.

## OBSERVATION.

THE Jewes, when they built houses, I have read,  
One part thereof left still unfinished ;  
To make them thereby mindfull of their own  
Cities most sad and dire destruction.

## THE ASSE.

God did forbid the Israelites to bring  
An asse unto him, for an offering ;  
Onely, by this dull creature, to expresse  
His detestation to all slothfulnesse.

## OBSERVATION.

THE Virgin-mother stood at distance there  
From her sonne's crosse, not shedding once a teare ;  
Because the law forbade to sit and crie  
For those who did as malefactors die.  
So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,  
Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the law.  
Observe, we may, how Mary Joses then,  
And the other Mary, Mary Magdalen,  
Sate by the grave ; and sadly sitting there,  
Shed for their Master many a bitter teare :  
But 'twas not till their dearest Lord was dead,  
And then to weep they both were licensed.

## TAPERS.

THOSE tapers which we set upon the grave  
In fun'rall pomp, but this importance have,  
That soules departed are not put out quite;  
But, as they walk't here in their vestures white,  
So live in heaven in everlasting light.

## CHRIST'S BIRTH.

ONE birth our Saviour had; the like none yet  
Was, or will be a second like to it.

## THE VIRGIN MARY.

To work a wonder, God would have her shown  
At once a bud, and yet a rose full-blowne.

## ANOTHER.

As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in,  
No crack or schisme leave i'th' subtill skin;  
So the divine hand work't, and brake no thred,  
But in a mother kept a maiden-head.

## GOD.

GOD, in the holy tongue, they call  
The place that filleth all in all.

## ANOTHER OF GOD.

God's said to leave this place, and for to come  
Nearer to that place then to other some ;  
Of locall motion, in no least respect,  
But only by impresscion of effect.

## ANOTHER.

God is Jehovah cal'd ; which name of His,  
Implies or essence, or the He that is.

## GOD'S PRESENCE.

God's evident, and may be said to be  
Present with just men to the veritie ;  
But with the wicked, if he doth comply,  
'Tis, as S. Bernard saith, but seemingly.

## GOD'S DWELLING.

God's said to dwell there, wheresoever He  
Puts down some prints of His high majestie ;  
As when to man He comes, and there doth place  
His holy Spirit, or doth plant His grace.

## THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE Virgin Marie was, as I have read,  
The House of God, by Christ inhabited ;



Into the which He entered ; but the doore  
Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

## TO GOD.

God's undivided, One in Persons Three,  
And Three in inconfused Unity ;  
Originall of essence, there is none  
'Twixt God the Father, Holy Ghost, and Sonne ;  
And though the Father be the first of Three,  
'Tis but by order, not by entitie.

## UPON WOMAN AND MARY.

So long, it seem'd, as Marie's faith was small,  
Christ did her Woman, not her Mary call ;  
But no more Woman, being strong in faith,  
But Mary cal'd then, as S. Ambrose saith.

## NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE Jewes their beds, and offices of ease,  
Plac't north and south, for these cleane purposes ;  
That man's uncomely froth might not molest  
God's wayes and walks, which lie still east and west.

## SABBATHS.

SABBATHS are threefold, as S. Austine sayes,  
The first of time, or Sabbath here of dayes ;

The second is a conscience trespass-free ;  
The last the Sabbath of eternitie.

## THE FAST, OR LENT.

NOAH the first was, as tradition sayes,  
That did ordaine the fast of forty dayes.

## SIN.

THERE is no evill that we do commit,  
But hath th' extraction of some good from it :  
As when we sin, God, the great Chymist, thence  
Drawes out th' elixar of true penitence.

## GOD.

God is more here then in another place,  
Not by His essence, but commerce of grace.

## THIS, AND THE NEXT WORLD.

God hath this world for many made, 'tis true ;  
But he hath made the world to come for few.

## EASE.

God gives to none so absolute an ease,  
As not to know or feel some grievances.

BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS.

PAUL, he began ill, but he ended well ;  
 Judas began well, but he foulely fell.  
 In godlinesse, not the beginnings, so  
 Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

TEMPORALL GOODS.

THESE temp'rall goods, God, the most wise, com-  
 mends  
 To th' good and bad, in common, for two`ends ;  
 First, that these goods none here may o're esteem,  
 Because the wicked do partake of them ;  
 Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun ;  
 Being, oft here, the just man's portion.

HELL FIRE.

THE fire of hell this strange condition hath,  
 To burn, not shine, as learned Basil saith.

ABEL'S BLOOD.

SPEAK, did the bloud of Abel cry  
 To God for vengeance? Yes, say I,  
 Ev'n as the sprinkled bloud cal'd on  
 God for an expiation.

## ANOTHER.

THE bloud of Abel was a thing  
Of such a rev'rend reckoning,  
As that the old world thought it fit,  
Especially to sweare by it.

## A POSITION IN THE HEBREW DIVINITY.

ONE man repentant, is of more esteem  
With God, then one that never sin'd 'gainst Him.

## PENITENCE.

THE doctors, in the Talmud, say,  
That in this world, one onely day  
In true repentance spent, will be  
More worth then heav'ns eternitie.

## GOD'S PRESENCE.

God's present ev'ry where ; but most of all  
Present by union hypostaticall :  
God, he is there where's nothing else, schooles say,  
And nothing else is there where He's away.

## THE RESURRECTION POSSIBLE AND PROBABLE.

FOR each one body that i'th' earth is sowne,  
There's an up-rising but of one for one ;  
But for each graine that in the ground is thrown,  
Threescore or fourescore spring up thence for one :  
So that the wonder is not halfe so great  
Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

## CHRIST'S SUFFERING.

JUSTLY our dearest Saviour may abhorre us,  
Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for us.

## SINNERS.

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way,  
Either as when, the learned schoolemen say,  
Men's sins destroyed are when they repent ;  
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

## TEMPTATIONS.

No man is tempted so, but may o'ecome,  
If that he has a will to masterdome.

## PITTIE AND PUNISHMENT.

God doth embrace the good with love ; and gaines  
The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.

## GOD'S PRICE AND MAN'S PRICE.

GOD bought man here with his heart's blood expence ;  
And man sold God here for base thirty pence.

## CHRIST'S ACTION.

CHRIST never did so great a work, but there  
His humane nature did in part appeare ;  
Or, ne're so meane a peece, but men might see  
Therein some beames of His divinitie :  
So that in all He did, there did combine  
His humane nature, and His part divine.

## PREDESTINATION.

PREDESTINATION is the cause alone  
Of many standing, but of fall to none.

## ANOTHER.

ART thou not destin'd ? then, with hast, go on  
To make thy faire predestination :  
If thou canst change thy life, God then will please  
To change, or call back His past sentences.

SIN.

SIN never slew a soule, unlesse there went  
Along with it some tempting blandishment.

ANOTHER.

SIN is an act so free, that if we shall  
Say 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

ANOTHER.

SIN is the cause of death ; and sin's alone  
The cause of God's predestination ;  
And from God's prescience of man's sin doth flow  
Our destination to eternall woe.

PRESCIENCE.

God's prescience makes none sinfull ; but th' offence  
Of man's the chief cause of God's prescience.

CHRIST.

To all our wounds here, whatsoe're they be,  
Christ is the one sufficient remedie.

## CHRIST'S INCARNATION.

CHRIST took our nature on him, not that he  
'Bove all things lov'd it, for the puritie :  
No, but he drest Him with our humane trim,  
Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

## HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here ;  
Yet it is given to the labourer.

## GOD'S KEYES.

GOD has foure keyes, which he reserves alone ;  
The first of raine ; the key of hell next known ;  
With the third key He opes and shuts the wombe ;  
And with the fourth key He unlocks the tombe.

## SIN.

THERE's no constraint to do amisse,  
Whereas but one enforcement is.

## ALMES.

GIVE unto all, lest He, whom thou deni'st,  
May chance to be no other man but Christ.



## HELL FIRE.

ONE onely fire has hell ; but yet it shall,  
Not after one sort, there excruciate all :  
But look, how each transgressor onward went  
Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

## TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, to keep  
    The larder leane,  
        And cleane  
From fat of veales and sheep ?

Is it to quit the dish  
    Of flesh, yet still  
        To fill  
The platter high with fish ?

Is it to fast an houre,  
    Or rag'd to go,  
        Or show  
A down-cast look, and sowre ?

No: 'tis a fast, to dole  
    Thy sheaf of wheat,  
        And meat,  
Unto the hungry soule.

It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate,  
And hate,  
To circumsise thy life.

To shew a heart grief-rent ;  
To sterve thy sin,  
Not bin ;  
And that's to keep thy lent.

## NO TIME IN ETERNITIE.

By houres we all live here ; in heaven is known  
No spring of time, or time's succession.

## HIS MEDITATION UPON DEATH.

BE those few hours, which I have yet to spend,  
Blest with the meditation of my end ;  
Though they be few in number, I'm content ;  
If otherwise, I stand indifferent.  
Nor makes it matter, Nestor's yeers to tell,  
If man lives long, and if he live not well.  
A multitude of dayes still heaped on,  
Seldome brings order, but confusion.  
Might I make choice, long life sho'd be with-stood,  
Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good ;  
Which, to effect, let ev'ry passing bell  
Possesse my thoughts, next comes my dolefull knell ;

And when the night perswades me to my bed,  
I'le thinke I'm going to be buried ;  
So shall the blankets which come over me,  
Present those turfs which once must cover me ;  
And with as firme behaviour I will meet  
The sheet I sleep in, as my winding-sheet.  
When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes,  
I will believe that then my body dies ;  
And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,  
I'le have in mind my resurrection,  
Which must produce me to that gen'rall doome,  
To which the pesant, so the prince must come,  
To heare the Judge give sentence on the throne,  
Without the least hope of affection.  
Teares, at that day, shall make but weake defence,  
When hell and horroure fright the conscience.  
Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin  
To shun the least temptation to a sin ;  
Though to be tempted be no sin, untill  
Man to th' alluring object gives his will.  
Such let my life assure me, when my breath  
Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death ;  
Which is the height of comfort, when I fall,  
I rise triumphant in my funerall.

## CLOATHS FOR CONTINUANCE.

THOSE garments lasting evermore,  
Are works of mercy to the poore ;  
Which neither tetter, time, or moth,  
Shall fray that silke, or fret this cloth.

## TO GOD.

COME to me, God ; but do not come  
To me, as to the gen'ral doome,  
In power ; or come thou in that state,  
When thou thy lawes didst promulgate,  
When as the mountains quak'd for dread,  
And sullen clouds bound up his head.  
No, lay thy stately terrors by,  
To talke with me familiarly ;  
For if Thy thunder-claps I heare,  
I shall lesse swoone then die for fear.  
Speake thou of love, and I'll reply  
By way of Epithalamie ;  
Or sing of mercy, and I'll suit  
To it my violl and my lute.  
Thus let thy lips but love distill,  
Then come, my God, and hap what will.

## THE SOULE.

WHEN once the soule has lost her way,  
O then, how restlesse do's she stray !  
And having not her God for light,  
How do's she erre in endlesse night !

## THE JUDGEMENT-DAY.

IN doing justice, God shall then be known,  
Who, shewing mercy here, few priz'd, or none.

## SUFFERINGS.

WE merit all we suffer, and by far  
More stripes then God layes on the sufferer.

## PAIN AND PLEASURE.

GOD suffers not His saints and servants deere,  
To have continual paine or pleasure here ;  
But look how night succeeds the day, so He  
Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

## GOD'S PRESENCE.

GOD is all-present to what e're we do,  
And as all-present, so all-filling too.

## ANOTHER.

THAT there's a God, we all do know,  
But what God is we cannot show.

## THE POORE MAN'S PART.

TELL me, rich man, for what intent  
Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment?  
When as the poore crie out, To us  
Belongs all gold superfluous.

## THE RIGHT HAND.

GOD has a right hand, but is quite bereft  
Of that, which we do nominate the left.

## THE STAFFE AND ROD.

Two instruments belong unto our God;  
The one a staffe is, and the next a rod;  
That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart,  
The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

## GOD SPARING IN SCOURGING.

GOD still rewards us more then our desert;  
But when He strikes, He quarter-acts His part.

## CONFESSION.

CONFESSION two-fold is, as Austine sayes,  
The first of sin is, and the next of praise :  
If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse ;  
If well, then chant God's praise with cheerfulness.

## GOD'S DESCENT.

God is then said for to descend, when He  
Doth here on earth some thing of novitie ;  
As when in humane nature He works more  
Then ever, yet, the like was done before.

## NO COMING TO GOD WITHOUT CHRIST.

Good, and great God ! How sho'd I feare  
To come to Thee, if Christ not there !  
Co'd I but think He would not be  
Present, to plead my cause for me ;  
To hell I'd rather run, then I  
Wo'd see Thy face, and He not by.

## ANOTHER, TO GOD.

THOUGH thou beest all that active love,  
Which heats those ravisht soules above ;  
And though all joyes spring from the glance  
Of Thy most winning countenance ;

Yet sowre and grim Thou'dst seem to me,  
If through my Christ I saw not Thee.

## THE RESURRECTION.

THAT Christ did die, the Pagan saith ;  
But that He rose, that's Christian's faith.

## COHEIRES.

WE are coheires with Christ ; nor shall His own  
Heire-ship be lesse by our adoption :  
The number here of heires, shall from the state  
Of His great birth-right nothing derogate.

## THE NUMBER OF TWO.

God hates the duall number ; being known  
The lucklesse number of division ;  
And when He blest each sev'rall day, whereon  
He did His curious operation ;  
'Tis never read there, as the Fathers say,  
God blest his work done on the second day ;  
Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,  
Or by ourselves, or from the pulpit read.

## HARDNING OF HEARTS.

God's said, our hearts to harden then,  
When as His grace not supples men.



## THE ROSE.

BEFORE man's fall the Rose was born,  
S. Ambrose sayes, without the thorn ;  
But, for man's fault, then was the thorn,  
Without the fragrant rose-bud, born ;  
But ne're the rose without the thorn.

## GOD'S TIME MUST END OUR TROUBLE.

GOD doth not promise here to man, that He  
Will free him quickly from his miserie ;  
But in His own time, and when He thinks fit,  
Then He will give a happy end to it.

## BAPTISME.

THE strength of Baptisme, that's within ;  
It saves the soule by drowning sin.

## GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE.

GOLD serves for tribute to the King ;  
The frankincense for God's offering.

## TO GOD.

God, who me gives a will for to repent,  
Will add a power to keep me innocent ;  
That I shall ne're that trespasse recommit,  
When I have done true penance here for it.

## THE CHEWING THE CUD.

WHEN well we speak, and nothing do that's good,  
We not divide the hoof, but chew the cud ;  
But when good words, by good works, have their proof,  
We then both chew the cud and cleave the hoof.

## CHRIST'S TWOFOLD COMING.

THY former coming was to cure  
My soule's most desp'rate calenture ;  
Thy second advent, that must be  
To heale my earth's infirmitie.

## TO GOD, HIS GIFT.

As my little pot doth boyle,  
We will keep this level-coyle ;  
That a wave, and I will bring  
To my God a heave offering.

## GOD'S ANGER.

GOD can't be wrathful, but we may conclude,  
Wrathful He may be by similitude ;  
God's wrathful said to be, when He doth do  
That without wrath, which wrath doth force us to.

## GOD'S COMMANDS.

IN God's commands ne're ask the reason why;  
Let thy obedience be the best reply.

## TO GOD.

IF I have plaid the truant, or have here  
Fail'd in my part, O Thou that art my deare,  
My mild, my loving tutor, Lord and God !  
Correct my errors gently with thy rod.  
I know that faults will many here be found,  
But where sin dwells, there let thy grace abound.

## TO GOD.

THE work is done ; now let my lawrell be  
Given by none but by thyselfe to me ;  
That done, with honour thou dost me create  
Thy poet, and thy prophet lawreat.

GOOD FRIDAY ; REX TRAGICUS, OR CHRIST GOING  
TO HIS CROSSE.

Put off thy robe of purple ; then go on  
To the sad place of execution ;  
Thine houre is come, and the tormentor stands  
Ready to pierce thy tender feet and hands.  
Long before this the base, the dull, the rude,  
Th' inconstant, and unpurged multitude  
Yawne for thy coming ; some e're this time crie,  
How He deferres, how loath He is to die !  
Amongst this scumme, the souldier, with his speare,  
And that sowre fellow, with his vineger,  
His sponge, and stick, do ask why thou dost stay ?  
So do the skurfe and bran too. Go thy way,  
Thy way, thou guiltlesse man, and satisfie  
By thine approach, each their beholding eye.  
Not as a thief shalt thou ascend the mount,  
But like a person of some high account :  
The crosse shall be thy stage, and thou shalt there,  
The spacious field have for thy theater.  
Thou art that Roscius, and that markt-out man  
That must this day act the tragedian,  
To wonder and affrightment. Thou art He  
Whom all the flux of nations comes to see ;  
Not those poor theeves that act their parts with thee :  
Those act without regard, when once a King,  
And God, as thou art, comes to suffering.  
No, no, this scene from thee takes life and sense,  
And soule and spirit plot, and excellence.

Why then begin, Great King! ascend thy throne,  
And thence proceed to act thy passion  
To such an height, to such a period rais'd,  
As hell, and earth, and heav'n may stand amaz'd.  
God, and good angells guide thee, and so blesse  
Thee in thy severall parts of bitterness ;  
That those who see thee nail'd unto the tree  
May, though they scorn thee, praise and pitie thee.  
And we, thy lovers, while we see thee keep  
The lawes of action, will both sigh and weep,  
And bring our spices to embalme thee dead ;  
That done, wee'l see thee sweetly buried.

## HIS WORDS TO CHRIST, GOING TO THE CROSSE.

WHEN thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,  
All thy disciples thee forsook and fled.  
Let their example not a pattern be  
For me to flie, but now to follow thee.

## ANOTHER, TO HIS SAVIOUR.

IF thou beest taken, God forbid  
I flie from thee, as others did ;  
But if thou wilt so honour me,  
As to accept my companie,  
I'le follow thee, hap, hap what shall,  
Both to the judge and judgment-hall ;

And if I see thee posted there,  
To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,  
I'le take my share, or els, my God,  
Thy stripes I'le kisse, or burn the rod.

HIS SAVIOUR'S WORDS, GOING TO THE CROSSE.

HAVE, have ye no regard, all ye  
Who passe this way, to pitie me,  
Who am a man of miserie !

A man both bruis'd and broke, and one  
Who suffers not here for mine own,  
But for my friend's transgression !

Ah ! Sion's daughters, do not feare  
The crosse, the cords, the nailes, the speare,  
The myrrhe, the gall, the vineger ;

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath  
Drunk up the wine of God's fierce wrath ;  
Onely, there's left a little froth,

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew,  
What bitter cups had been your due,  
Had He not drank them up for you.

## HIS ANTHEM, TO CHRIST ON THE CROSSE.

WHEN I behold thee, almost slain,  
With one and all parts full of pain ;  
When I thy gentle heart do see  
Pierc't through, and dropping bloud, for me,  
I'le call and cry out, Thanks to thee.

*Verse.* But yet it wounds my soule to think  
That for my sin thou, thou must drink,  
Even thou alone, the bitter cup  
Of furie and of vengeance up.

*Chor.* Lord, I'le not see thee to drink all  
The vineger, the myrrhe, the gall ;

*Ver. Chor.* But I will sip a little wine,  
Which done, Lord say, The rest is mine.

THIS CROSSE-TREE HERE  
 DOTH JESUS BEARE,  
 WHO SWEET'NED FIRST  
 THE DEATH ACCURS'T.

HERE all things ready are; make hast, make hast, away,  
 For long this work wil be, and very short this day.  
 Why then, go on to act; here's wonders to be done,  
 Before the last least sand of thy ninth houre be run;  
 Or e're dark clouds do dull or dead the mid-daye's sun.

Act when thou wilt,  
 Bloud will be spilt;  
 Pure balme, that shall  
 Bring health to all.  
 Why then, begin  
 To powre first in  
 Some drops of wine,  
 In stead of brine,  
 To search the wound,  
 So long unsound;  
 And, when that's done,  
 Let oyle next run,  
 To cure the sore  
 Sinne made before.  
 And, O deare Christ!  
 E'en as Thou di'st,  
 Look down and see  
 Us weepe for Thee.  
 And tho, love knows,  
 Thy dreadfull woes  
 Wee cannot ease;  
 Yet doe Thou please,  
 Who mercie art,  
 T'accept each heart,  
 That gladly would  
 Helpe, if it could.  
 Meane while let mee,  
 Beneath this tree,  
 This honour have,  
 To make my grave.



## TO HIS SAVIOUR'S SEPULCHER. HIS DEVOTION.

HAILE, holy and all-honour'd tomb,  
By no ill haunted ; here I come,  
With shoes put off, to tread thy roome.  
I'le not prophane, by soile of sin,  
Thy doore, as I do enter in ;  
For I have washt both hand and heart,  
This, that, and ev'ry other part ;  
So that I dare, with farre lesse feare,  
Then full affection, enter here.  
Thus, thus I come to kisse thy stone  
With a warm lip and solemne one ;  
And as I kisse, I'le here and there  
Dresse thee with flowrie diaper.  
How sweet this place is ! as from hence  
Flow'd all Panchaia's frankincense,  
Or rich Arabia did commix  
Here all her rare aromaticks.  
Let me live ever here, and stir  
No one step from this sepulcher.  
Ravisht I am ! and down I lie,  
Confus'd in this brave extasie.  
Here let me rest, and let me have  
This for my heaven, that was thy grave ;  
And, coveting no higher sphere,  
I'le my eternitie spend here.

HIS OFFERING, WITH THE REST, AT THE  
SEPULCHER.

To joyn with them who here confer  
Gifts to my Saviour's sepulcher ;  
Devotion bids me hither bring  
Somewhat for my thank-offering.  
Loe ! thus I bring a virgin-flower,  
To dresse my maiden-Saviour.

HIS COMING TO THE SEPULCHER.

HENCE they have born my Lord ; behold ! the stone  
Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.  
Tell me, white angell, what is now become  
Of Him we lately seal'd up in this tombe ?  
Is He, from hence, gone to the shades beneath,  
To vanquish hell, as here he conquer'd death ?  
If so, I'll thither follow, without feare,  
And live in hell, if that my Christ stayes there.

OF all the good things whatsoe're we do,  
God is the APXH, and the TEAOZ too.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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