

1. To Musick. A Song

Musick, thou Queen of Heaven, Care-charming-spel,
That strik'st a stilnesse into hell:
Thou that tam'st Tygers, and fierce storms (that rise)
With thy soule-melting Lullabies:
Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming spheres,
To charme our soules, as thou enchant'st our eares.

2. Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may (To the Virgins, to make much of Time)

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

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

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

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

3. 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 thy poore heart,
Now is sick:
One kisse from thee
Will counsell be,
And Physick.

4. Upon Cupid

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'd,
And am tormented now.

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

5. To Music, to becalm his Fever

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

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

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

6. His content in the Country

Here, here I live with what my Board,
Can with the smallest cost afford.
Though ne'r so mean the Viands be,
They well content my Prew and me.
Or Pea, or Bean, or Wort, or Beet,
What ever comes, content makes sweet:
Here we rejoyce, because no Rent
We pay for our poore Tenement:
Wherein we rest, and never feare
The Landlord, or the Usurer.
The Quarter-day does ne'r affright
Our Peacefull slumbers in the night.
We eate our own, and batten more,
Because we feed on no mans score:
But pitie those, whose flanks grow great,
Swel'd with the Lard of others meat.
We blesse our Fortunes when we see
Our own beloved privacie:
And like our living, where w'are known
To very few, or else to none.

7. The wounded Cupid. Song

Cupid as he lay among
Roses, by a Bee was stung.
Whereupon in anger flying
To his Mother, said thus crying:
Help! O help! Your Boy's a dying.
And why, my pretty Lad, said she?
Then blubbering, replied he,
A winged Snake has bitten me,
Which Country people call a Bee.
At which she smil'd; then with her hairs
And kisses drying up his tears:
Alas! Said she, my Wag! If this
Such a pernicious torment is:
Come, tel me then, how great's the smart
Of those, thou woundest with thy Dart!

8. 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 creeking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay.
A goose
I have, which, with a jealous eare,
Lets loose
Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare.
A Lamb
I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,
Whose Dam
An Orphan left him (lately dead.)
A Cat
I keep, that playes about my House,
Grown fat,
With eating many a miching Mouse.
To these
A Tracy 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.

9. Upon his departure hence

Thus I
Passe by,
And die:
As One,
Unknown,
And gon:
I'm made
A shade, And laid
I'th grave,
There have
My Cave.
Where tell
I dwell,
Farewell.

10. 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 Minutes space how I
Can runne mad, and Prophetie.

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

11. Four Epigrammatic Couplets

1. Poverty and Riches

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

2. Again

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

3. The Covetous still Captives

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

4. Lawes

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

12. To Daffadills

Faire Daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soone:
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his Noone.
Stay, stay,
Untill the hasting day
Has run
But to the Even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will goe with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet Decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours doe, and drie
Away,
Like to the Summers raine;
Or as the pearles of Morning dew
Ne'r to be found againe.

13. Upon himself

Thou shalt not All die; for while Love's fire shines
Upon his Altar, men shall read thy lines;
And learn'd Musicians shall to honour Herricks
Fame, and his Name, both set, and sing his Lyrics.