

Hesperides

(1648)

Robert Herrick

Shearsman Books

SAMPLER

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Hesperides was first published in London in 1648.

FOREWORD

This volume reproduces the first published edition of Herrick's work from 1648 – albeit only the secular poems – with the original spelling: the long S (ſ), ligatures (&t), swash characters (⁂), and all. Some original features that appear to be errors – very few, and many of them caught by the original publisher and listed as errata in the first edition – have been silently amended.

With regard to the long S, we have tried to follow the original's intent in all respects here, standardising the occasionally erratic usage. The house rule at the original printer's was to use the normal S at the ends of words, and always in the upper-case; before lower-case F or K (no doubt to avoid the visual confusion arising from the combinations, ff and fk), and before an apostrophe – in the event of a double SS before an apostrophe, or at the end of a word, this becomes fs. The inconsistent use of more decorative upper-case letters – *swash* characters – follows the original edition: these usually appear in titling but do also occur occasionally in the body of a poem. Finally, the use of italics and the erratic capitalisation (especially of titles) follows the original in all respects.

The guide for this edition is the Scholar Press facsimile edition of 1969, itself a photo-reproduction of a copy in the British Library. It should be noted that we have excluded Herrick's religious poems, which were bound into the original *Hesperides* under their own separate title, *His Noble Numbers*. In due course, we will issue a matching edition containing those poems.

An Index of Titles and Contents pages may be found at the end of this volume, on pages 416 and 432 respectively.

Unusually for its time, this book's first edition was seen through the press by the author himself – taking after his hero, Ben Jonson (1572-1637), who had done the same with his own *Workes*. Herrick (1591-1634) had been living in Devon for many years, working as a parish priest, and had been out of the swim of things, while still keeping up occasional contact with his old friends from the London literary scene – such as Suckling (1609-1641), Fane (1602-1666) and Lovelace (1617-1657). We published a selected Herrick ten years ago, on that occasion employing modern spelling, but I have long wanted to present *Hesperides* in full, and in its original guise, and have finally been able to do so with this edition.

Tony Frazer

SAMPLER

HESPERIDES.

The Argument of his Book.

I Sing of *Brooks*, of *Blossomes*, *Birds*, and *Bowers*:
Of *April*, *May*, of *June*, and *July*-Flowers.
I sing of *May-poles*, *Hock-carts*, *Wassails*, *Wakes*,
Of *Bride-grooms*, *Brides*, and of their *Bridall-cakes*.
I write of *Youth*, of *Love*, and have Accessè
By these, to sing of cleanly-*Wantonneffe*.
I sing of *Dewes*, of *Raines*, and piece by piece
Of *Balme*, of *Oyle*, of *Spice*, and *Amber-Greece*.
I sing of *Times transfigiting*; and I write
How *Roses* first came *Red*, and *Lillies White*.
I write of *Groves*, of *Twilights*, and I sing
The Court of *Mab*, and of the *Katie-King*.
I write of *Hell*; I sing (and ever shall)
Of *Heaven*, and hope to have it after all.

To his Muse.

W Hither *Mad maiden* wilt thou roame?
Farre safer 'twere to stay at home:
Where thou mayst sit, and piping please
The poore and private *Cottages*.
Since *Coats*, and *Hamlets*, best agree
With this thy meaner *Minstrallie*.
There with the *Reed*, thou mayst expresse
The *Shepherds Fleecie happineffe*:
And with thy *Eclogues* intermixe
Some smooth, and harmlesse *Beucolicks*.
There on a *Hillock* thou mayst sing
Unto a handsome *Shephardling*;
Or to a *Girl* (that keeps the *Neat*)
With breath more sweet then *Violet*.
There, there, (perhaps) such Lines as These

May take the simple *Villages*.
But for the Court, the Country wit
Is despicable unto it.
Stay then at home, and doe not goe
Or flie abroad to seeke for woe.
Contempts in Courts and Cities dwell;
No *Critick* haunts the Poore mans Cell:
Where thou mayst hear thine own Lines read
By no one tongue, there, censured.
That man's unwise will search for Ill,
And may prevent it, fitting still.

To his Booke.

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

Another.

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

Another.

WHo with thy leaves shall wipe (at need)
The place, where swelling *Piles* do breed:

May every Ill, that bites, or fmarts,
Perplexe him in his hinder-parts.

To the foure Reader.

IF thou diflik'ft the Piece thou light'ft on firft;
Thinke that of All, that I have writ, the worft:
But if thou read'ft my Booke unto the end,
And ftill do'ft this, and that verfe, reprehend:
O Perverfe man! If All difgustfull be,
The Extreame Scabbe take thee, and thine, for me.

To his Booke.

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

When he would have his verfes read.

IN fober mornings, doe not thou reherfe
The holy incantation of a verfe;
But when that men have both well drunke, and fed,
Let my Enchantments then be fung, or read.
When Laurell fpirts 'ith fire, and when the Hearth
Smiles to it felfe, and guilds the roofe with mirth;
When up the **Thyrfe* is raif'd, and when the found
Of facred **Orgies* flyes, A round, A round.
When the *Rofe* raignes, and locks with ointments fhine,
Let rigid *Cato* read thefe Lines of mine.

* A *Javelin* twind with *Ioy*; * Songs to *Bacchus*.

Upon Julias Recovery.

DRoop, droop no more, or hang the head
Ye *Roses* almost withered;
Now strength, and newer Purple get,
Each here declining *Violet*.
O *Primroses*! let this day be
A Resurrection unto ye;
And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
Or sworn to that sweet Sister-hood:
For Health on *Julia's* cheek hath shed
Clarret, and Creame comming led.
And those her lips doe now appeare
As beames of *Corrall*, but more cleare.

To Silvia to wed.

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

The Parliament of Roses to Julia.

IDreamt the *Roses* one time went
To meet and sit in Parliament:
The place for these, and for the rest
Of flowers, was thy spotlesse brest:
Over the which a State was drawne
Of Tiffanie, or Cob-web Lawne;
Then in that *Parly*, all those powers

Voted the Rose; the Queen of flowers.
But so, as that her self should be
The maide of Honour unto thee.

No bashfulnesse in begging.

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

The Frozen Heart.

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

To Perilla.

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

Follow me weeping to my Turfe, and there
Let fall a *Primroſe*, and with it a teare:
Then laſtly, let ſome weekly-ftrewings be
Devoted to the memory of me:
Then ſhall my *Ghoſt* not walk about, but keep
Still in the coole, and ſilent ſhades of ſleep.

A Song to the Maskers.

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

2. Not only to your ſelves aſſume
Theſe ſweets, but let them fly;
From this, to that, and ſo Perfume
E'ne all the ſtanders by.
3. As Goddeſſe *Iſis* (when ſhe went
Or glided through the ſtreet)
Made all that touch't her with her ſcent,
And whom ſhe touch't, turne ſweet.

To Perenna.

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

Treason.

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

Two Things Odious.

TWO of a thousand things, are difallow'd,
A lying *Rich* man, and a *Poore* man proud.

To his Mistresses.

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

The Wounded Heart.

COME bring your *sampler*, and with Art,
Draw in't a wounded Heart:
And dropping here, and there:
Not that I thinke, that any Dart,
Can make your's bleed a teare:

Or peirce it any where;
Yet doe it to this end: that I,
May by
This secreet fee,
Though you can make
That *Heart* to bleed, your's ne'r will ake
For me.

No Loathsomnesse in love.

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

To Anthea.

I^F deare *Anthea*, my hard fate it be
To live some few-sad-hours after thee:
Thy *sacred Corse* with *Odours* I will burne;
And with my *Lawrell* crown thy *Golden Urne*.
Then holding up (there) such religious Things,
As were (time past) thy holy *Filittings*:
Nere to thy *Reverend Pitcher* I will fall
Down dead for grief, and end my woes withall:

So three in one small plat of ground shall ly,
Anthea, Herrick, and his Poetry.

The Weeping Cherry.

I Saw a *Cherry* weep, and why?
Why wept it? but for shame,
Because my *Julia's* lip was by,
And did out-red the same.
But pretty Fondling, let not fall
A teare at all for that:
Which *Rubies, Coralls, Scarlets*, all
For tincture, wonder at.

Soft Musick.

THE mellow touch of musick most doth wound
The foule, when it doth rather figh, then found.

*The Difference Betwixt
Kings and Subiects.*

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

His Answer to a Question.

SOME would know
Why I fo
Long fill doe tarry,
And ask why
Here that I
Live, and not marry?
Thus I those

Doe oppose;
What man would be here,
Slave to Thrall,
If at all
He could live free here?

Upon Julia's Fall.

JULIA was carelesse, and withall,
She rather took, then got a fall:
The wanton *Ambler* chanc'd to see
Part of her leggs sinceritie:
And ravish'd thus, It came to passe,
The Nagge (like to the *Prophets Ass*)
Began to speak, and would have been
A telling what rare fights h'ad seen:
And had told all; but did refraine,
Because his Tongue was ty'd againe.

Expences Exhaust.

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

Love what it is.

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

Presence and Absence.

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

No Spouse but a Sister.

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

The Pomander Bracelet.

TO me my *Julia* lately sent
A Bracelet richly Redolent;
The Beads I kift, but not lov'd her
That did perfume the Pomander.

The Shooe tying.

ANthea bade me tie her shooe;
I did; and kift the Instep too:
And would have kift unto her knee,
Had not her Blush rebuked me.

The Carkanet.

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

His sailing from Julia.

When that day comes, whose evening fayes I'm gone
Unto that watterie Defolation:
Devoutly to thy *Closet-gods* then pray,
That my wing'd Ship may meet no *Remora*.
Those Deities which circum-walk the Seas,
And look upon our dreadfull passages,
Will from all dangers, re-deliver me,
For one *drink-offering*, poured out by thee.
Mercie and *Truth* live with thee! and forbear
(In my short absence) to unfluce a teare:
But yet for Loves-sake, let thy lips doe this,
Give my dead picture one engendring kisse:
Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
In thy remembrance (*Julia*.) So farewell.

*How the Wall-flower came first, and
why so called.*

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

Why Flowers change colour.

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

*To his Mistresse objecting to him neither
Toying or Talking.*

YOU say I love not, cause I doe not play
Still with your curles, and kisse the time away.
You blame me too, because I can't devise
Some sport, to please those Babies in your eyes:
By *Loves Religion*, I must here confesse it,
The most I love, when I the least expresse it.
Small griefs find tongues: Full Calques are ever found
To give (if any, yet) but little found.
Deep waters noyse-lesse are; And this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below.
So when Love speechlesse is, she doth expresse
A depth in love, and that depth, bottomlesse.
Now since my love is tongue-lesse, know me such,
Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

Upon the losse of his Mistresses.

I Have lost, and lately, these
Many dainty Mistresses:
Stately *Julia*, prime of all;
Sapho next, a principall:
Smooth *Anthea*, for a skin
White, and Heaven-like Chrystalline:
Sweet *Electra*, and the choice
Myrha, for the Lute, and Voice.

Next, *Corinna*, for her wit,
And the graceful use of it:
With *Perilla*: All are gone;
Onely *Herrick's* left alone,
For to number sorrow by
Their departures hence, and die.

The Dream.

ME thought, (last night) love in an anger came,
And brought a rod, so whipt me with the fame:
Mirtle the twigs were, meely to imply;
Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle crueltie.
Patient I was: Love pitifull grew then,
And stroak'd the stripes, and I was whole again.
Thus like a Bee, *Love-gentle* still doth bring
Hony to fave, where he before did sting.

The Vine.

IDream'd this mortal part of mine
Was Metamorphoz'd to a Vine;
Which crawling one and every way,
Enthrall'd my dainty *Lucia*.
Me thought, her long small legs & thighs
I with my *Tendrils* did surprize;
Her Belly, Buttocks, and her Waste
By my soft *Nerv'ls* were embrac'd:
About her head I writhing hung,
And with rich clusters (hid among
The leaves) her temples I behung:
So that my *Lucia* seem'd to me
Young *Bacchus* ravish'd by his tree.
My curls about her neck did craule,
And armes and hands they did enthrall:
So that she could not freely stir,

(All parts there made one prisoner.)
But when I crept with leaves to hide
Those parts, which maids keep unespied.
Such fleeting pleasures there I took,
That with the fancy I awoke;
And found (Ah me!) this flesh of mine
More like a *Stock*, then like a *Vine*.

To Love.

I'M free from thee; and thou no more shalt hear
My pining Pipe to beat against thine ear:
Farewell my shackles, (though of pearls they be)
Such precious thralldome ne'er shall fetter me.
He loves his bonds, who when the first are broke,
Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

On himselfe.

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

Love's play at Push-pin.

LOVE and my selfe (beleeve me) on a day
At childish Push-pin (for our sport) did play:
I put, he pushed, and heedless of my skin,

Love prickt my finger with a golden pin:
Since which, it felters fo, that I can prove
'Twas but a trick to poyfon me with love:
Little the wound was; greater was the smart;
The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

The Rosarie.

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

Upon Cupid.

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

The Parcæ, or, Three dainty Destinies.
The Armilet.

T Hree lovely Sifters working were
(As they were closely fet)
Of soft and dainty Maiden-haire,
A curious *Armelet*.
I smiling, ask'd them what they did?
(Faire *Destinies* all three)

Who told me, they had drawn a thred
of Life, and 'twas for me.
They fhew'd me then, how fine 'twas spun;
And I reply'd thereto,
I care not now how foone 'tis done,
Or cut, if cut by you.

Sorrowes fucceed.

W^Hen one is paf, another care we have,
Thus Woe fucceeds a Woe; as wave a Wave.

Cherry-pit.

I^{VLIA} and I did lately fit
Playing for fport, at Cherry-pit;
She threw; I caft; and having thrown,
I got the Pit, and fhe the Stone.

To Robin Red-breft.

L^Aid out for dead, let thy laft kindneffe be
With leaves and moffe-work for to cover me:
And while the Wood-nimphs my cold corps inter,
Sing thou my Dirge, fweet-warbling Chorifter!
For Epitaph, in Foliage, next write this,
Here, here the Tomb of Robin Herrick is.

Discontents in Devon.

M^Ore difcontents I never had
Since I was born, then here;
Where I have been, and ftill am fad,

In this dull *Devon-shire*:
Yet justly too I must confesse;
I ne'r invented such
Ennobled numbers for the Presse,
Then where I loath'd so much.

To his Paternall Countrey.

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

Cherrie-ripe.

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

To his Mistresses.

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

To Anthea.

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

The Vision to Electra.

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

Dreames.

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

Ambition.

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