Hesperides
(1648)

Robert Herrick

Shearsman Books
Hesperides was first published in London in 1648.
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 ( çift ), swash characters (Æ), 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, ſf and ſk), and before an apostrophe – in the event of a double SS before an apostrophe, or at the end of a word, this becomes ſs. The inconsistent use of more decorative upper-case letters – swash characters – follows the original edition: these usually appear in titling, but 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 Scolar 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 (1591-1674) 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.

Sing of Brooks, of Blossomes, Birds, and Bowers:
Of April, May, of June, and July-Flowers.
I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, Waffails, Wakes,
Of Bride-grooms, Brides, and of their Bridall-cakes.
I write of Youth, of Love, and have Acceffe
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 tranf-shifting; and I write
How Roses first came Red, and Lillies White.
I write of Groves, of Twilights, and I sing
The Court of Mab, and of the Fairie-King.
I write of Hell; I sing (and ever shall)
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

To his Muse.

Hither Mad maiden wilt thou roame?
Farre safer ’twere to stay at home:
Where thou mayft fitt, and piping please
The poore and private Cottages.
Since Coats, and Hamlets, beft agree
With this thy meaner Mintraffe.
There with the Reed, thou mayft exprefs
The Shepherds Fleecie happinesse:
And with thy Eclogues intermixe
Some smooth, and harmlesse Beucolicks.
There on a Hillock thou mayft sing
Unto a handfome Shephardling;
Or to a Girle (that keeps the Neat)
With breath more fweet then Violet.
There, there, (perhaps) fuch 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 fly 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, cenfured.
That man’s unwise will search for Ill,
And may prevent it, sitting still.

To his Booke.

While thou didst keep thy Candor undefil’d,
Deerely I lov’d thee; as my first-born 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 e’er they be;
If good I’le smile, if bad I’le sigh for Thee.

Another.

O read my Booke the Virgin shie
May blushe, (while Brutus standeth by:)
But when He’s gone, read through what’s writ,
And never stain a cheeke for it.

Another.

Ho with thy leaves shall wipe (at need)
The place, where swelling Piles do breed:
May every Ill, that bites, or smarts,
Perplexe him in his hinder-parts.

To the foure Reader.

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

To his Booke.

Come thou not neere those men, who are like Bread
O’re-leven’d; or like Cheefe o’re-renetted.

When he would have his versés read.

In sober mornings, doe not thou reherse
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 Laurel spirts ’ith fire, and when the Hearth
Smiles to it selfe, and guilds the roofe with mirth;
When up the *Thyrfe is rail’d, and when the sound
Of sacred *Orgies flyes, A round, A round.
When the Rofe raignes, and locks with ointments shine,
Let rigid Cato read these Lines of mine.

* A Javelin twind with Ioy; * Songs to Bacchus.
Upon Julia's Recovery.

Doop, droop no more, or hang the head
Ye Rosés 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 Corall, but more cleare.

To Silvia to wed.

Let us (though late) at last (my Silvia) wed;
And loving lie in one devoted bed.
Thy Watch may stand, my minutes fly poste haste;
No sound calls back the yeere that once is past.
Then sweete 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 wife, and love.

The Parliament of Rosés to Julia.

Dreamt the Roses one time went
To meet and sit in Parliament:
The place for these, and for the rest
Of flowers, was thy spotlesse breast:
Over the which a State was drawne
Of Tiffanie, or Cob-web Lawne;
Then in that Parly, all those powers
Voted the Rose; the Queen of flowers.
But so, as that her self should be
The maide of Honour unto thee.

*No bashfulnesse in begging.*

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

*The Frozen Heart.*

I
Freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwels
In me but Snow, and *icycles.*
For pitties fake give your advice,
To melt this snow, and thaw this ice,
I’le drink down Flames, but if so be
Nothing but love can upple me;
I’le rather keepe this frost, and snow,
Then to be thaw’d, or heated so.

*To Perilla.*

A
H my *Perilla!* do’st thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steale away from thee?
Age cals me hence, and my gray haires bid come,
And haste away to mine eternal home;
’Twill not be long (*Perilla*) after this,
That I muſt give thee the *supremeſt* kifle:
Dead when I am, firft caſt in falt, and bring
Part of the creame from that *Religious Spring;*
With which (*Perilla*) wash my hands and feet;
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs (when thou didſt implore
The Gods protection, but the night before)
Follow me weeping to my Turfe, and there
Let fall a Primrose, and with it a teare:
Then lastly, let some weekly-strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me:
Then shall my Ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the coole, and silent shades of sleep.

_A Song to the Maskers._

_C_ome down, and dance ye in the toyle
Of pleafures, to a Heate;
But if to moifture, 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 leafl 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 disallow'd,
A lying Rich man, and a Poore man proud.

To his Mistresses.

Help me! helpe me! now I call
To my pretty Witchcrafts all:
Old I am, and cannot do
That, I was accustom'd to.
Bring your Magicks, Spels, and Charmes,
To enfeath my thighs, and armes:
Is there no way to beget
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 pleasure you.

The Wounded Heart.

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

No Loathfomnesse in love.

What I fancy, I approve,
    No Diflike there is in love:
Be my Miftresse fhort or tall,
And diftorted there-withall:
Be she likewise one of those,
That an Acre hath of Nofe:
Be her forehead, and her eyes
    Full of incongruities:
Be her cheeks fo shallow too,
As to fhew her Tongue wag through.
Be her lips ill hung, or fet,
And her grinders black as jet;
Ha’s she thinne haire, hath she none,
She’s to me a Paragon.

To Anthea.

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

The Weeping Cherry.

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

Soft Musick.

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

The Difference Betwixt 
Kings and Subjects.

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

His Answer to a Question.

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

_Upon Julia’s Fall._

_LINES_ was carelesse, and withall,  
She rather took, then got a fall:  
The wanton _Ambler_ chanc’d to see  
Part of her legs sinceritie:  
And ravish’d thus, It came to passe,  
The Nagge (like to the _Prophets Affe_)  
Began to speak, and would have been  
A telling what rare sights h’ad seen:  
And had told all; but did refraine,  
Because his Tongue was ty’d againe.

_Expences Exhaust._

_Live with a thrifty, not a needy Fate;_  
_Small shotes paid often, waste a vast estate._

_Love what it is._

_Love is a circle that doth restlesse move_  
_In the same sweet eternity of love._

_Presence and Absence._

_When what is lov’d, is Present, love doth spring;_  
_But being absent, Love lies languishing._
No Spouse but a Sister.

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

The Pomander Bracelet.

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

The Shooe tying.

Anthea bade me tye her shooe;
I did; and kiss’d the Instep too:
And would have kiss’d unto her knee,
Had not her Blush rebuk’d me.

The Karkanet.

In stead of Orient Pearls of Jet,
I sent my Love a Karkanet:
About her spotleffe neck she knit
The lace, to honour me, or it:
Then think how wrapt was I to see
My Jet t’enthrall such Ivorie.
His sailing from Julia.

When that day comes, whose evening fayes I’m gone
Unto that watrie Defolation:
Devoutly to thy Clowet-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 forbeare
(In my short absence) to unfluce a teare:
But yet for Loves-fake, let thy lips doe this,
Give my dead picture one engendring kiss:
Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
In thy remembrance (Julia.) So farewell.

How the Wall-flower came firft, and
why jo called.

Why this Flower is now call’d jo,
Lift’ sweet maids, and you shal know.
Understand, this Firft-ling was
Once a brisk and bonny Lasfe,
Kept as close as Danâe was:
Who a sprightly Spring all lov’d,
And to have it fully prov’d,
Up the got upon a wall,
Tempting down to slide withall:
But the filken twift unty’d,
So she fell, and bruis’d, she dy’d.
Love, in pitty of the deed,
And her loving-luckle speed,
Turn’d her to this Plant, we call
Now, The Flower of the Wall.
Why Flowers change colour.

The 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 kisfe the time away.
You blame me too, because I can’t devife
Some spore, 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 Caques are ever found
To give (if any, yet) but little sound.
Deep waters noyfe-leffe are:
That chiding freams betray small depth below.
So when Love speechleffe is, she doth expresse
A depth in love and that depth, bottomleffe.
Now since my love is tongue-leffe, know me such,
Who speak but little, ’cause I love so much.

Upon the losfe of his Mistresses.

I have loft, and lately, these
Many dainty Mistresses:
Stately Julia, prime of all;
Sapho next, a principall:
Smooth Anthea, for a skin
White, and Heaven-like Chryftalline:
Sweet Eleftera, and the choice
Myrba, 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.

M E thought, (last night) love in an anger came,
And brought a rod, so whipt me with the same:
Mirtle the twigs were, meerly to imply;
Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle cruelie.
Patient I was: Love pitifull grew then,
And stroak'd the stripes, and I was whole agen.
Thus like a Bee, Love-gentle stil doth bring
Hony to salve, where he before did stinging.

The Vine.

I Dream'd this mortal part of mine
Was Metamorphoz'd to a Vine;
Which crawling one and every way,
Enthrall'd my dainty Lucia.
Me thought, her long small legs & thighs
I with my Tendrils did surprize;
Her Belly, Buttocks, and her Waiste
By my soft Nerulits 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 seemed to me
Young Bacchus ravilht by his tree.
My curles about her neck did craule,
And armes and hands they did enthrall:
So that she could not freely stir,
(All parts there made one prisoner.)
But when I crept with leaves to hide
Those parts, which maids keep unesp’yd.
Such fleeting pleasures there I took,
That with the fancie I awook;
And found (Ah me!) this flesh of mine
More like a Stock, then like a Vine.

To Love.

I’m free from thee; and thou no more shalt heare
My puling Pipe to beat against thine eare:
Farewell my shackles, (though of pearle they be)
Such precious thraldome ne’r shall fetter me.
He loves his bonds, who when the first are broke,
Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

On himself.

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

Love’s play at Pus-h-pin.

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

*The Rosarie.*

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

*Upon Cupid.*

Old wives have often told, how they
Saw Cupid bitten by a flea:
And thereupon, in tears half drown’d,
He cry’d aloud, Help, help the wound:
He wept, he fobbd, he call’d to some
To bring him Lint, and Bajanum,
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 Deftinies.*

*The Armilet.*

Three lovely Sistars 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 Deftinies all three)
Who told me, they had drawn a thred
of Life, and ’twas for me.
They shew’d me then, how fine ’twas spun;
And I reply’d thereto,
I care not now how soone ’tis done,
Or cut, if cut by you.

Sorrowes succeed.

When one is past, another care we have,
Thus Woe succeeds a Woe; as wave a Wave.

Cherry-pit.

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

To Robin Red-brest.

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

Discontents in Devon.

More discontents I never had
Since I was born, then here;
Where I have been, and still am fad,
In this dull Devon-shire:
Yet justly too I must confesse;
I ne’r invented such
Ennobled numbers for the Prefe,
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’st my small Remains an Urne.

Cherrie-ripe.

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

To his Mistress.

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

Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim; 
And thou (Anthea) must withdraw from him 
Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me 
Under that Holy-oke, or Gospel-tree: 
Where (though thou see’st not) thou may’st think upon 
Me, when thou yearly go’st Procession: 
Or for mine honour, lay me in that Tombe 
In which thy sacred Reliques shall have room: 
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 dreams so please, 
Love give me more such nights as these.

Dreames.

Here we are all, by day; By night w’are hurl’d 
By dreams, each one, into a sevrall world.

Ambition.

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