

**HESPERIDES: THE POEMS AND
OTHER REMAINS OF ROBERT
HERRICK NOW FIRST COLLECTED.
HIS NOBLE NUMBERS: OR HIS
PIOUS PIECES**

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Hesperides: the poems and other remains of Robert Herrick now first collected. His noble numbers: or his pious pieces by Robert Herrick & William Carew Hazlitt

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ROBERT HERRICK & WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT

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Library of Old Authors.



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EDITED BY

W. CAREW HAZLITT.



VOLUME THE SECOND.

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HESPERIDES.

THE BRACELET OF PEARLE: TO SILVIA.



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

One jename 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.

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're-
thrown,
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 corces had on a foot.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

TIS said, as Cupid dauc'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, & at last are
crown'd.

FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

PREPOSTROUS 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 mans frequent fame, spoke out with
praise.

POSSESSIONS.

THOSE possessions short-liv'd are,
Into the which we come by warre.

LAXARE FIDULAM.

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 nativeitie!
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitfull Genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.
O place! O people! manners! fram'd to please
All nations, customes, 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 Ile to the west return,
Ile 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 pauncies :
 Full of fier ; then I write
 As the Godhead doth indite.
 Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
 Like the Sybells, 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.