From Katherines dock was lanch'd a pinke,  
Which soone did floate but did not sinke.  
Shee lay a while at Essex shoare,  
Expecting rigging yard and store.
From thence disasters to prevent,  
With winde in poupe shee sailld to Kent.  
At Rochester shee anker cast,  
Which Canterbury did distast.
But Winchester with Elyes help  
Did hale a shore this lyon's whelpe.
Her ribbs were weake and shee did reele,  
To some are set to mend her keele,  
To stopp her leake, and mend her fort,  
And make her fit for any port.

Because before shee was not fitt,  
Now as some saie, she is not yet.  
Although shee be a Car well-built,  
And by her poope all over guilt.  
For soe shee is, in part and whole,  
In goods and body, mynde and soule.
This ensuing were since the
discoverie of their poisonings.

A page, a knight, a Viscount and an Earle,
In England matched to a sourye girl.
This match was fitt, for their word likewise pour
A wife, a mother, a murtherer, and a whore.

And this she geth'ring from out a Cuckowes nest
Now from her mate, into a page's breast.
Inconstant bird, and maffy adulterous wife
To take a page, and leave a worthy Earle.
But nowe her wings are limned, staied is her flight.
Within a place whilome Blackfriers hight.
Sowe as at tyme chance, shee no more muste flie,
Untes ambitiously, she mount on hie
Some few degrees; and sowe, against her will,
A sodaine fall maie chance the bird to kill.

This bird some saie with yong one is growne bigg.
Beleeve't, whoe list; moste hold it but a figg.

63
Pilot or Pirate, thou hast lost this Pincke.
And by her leake must to the bottom sink.
Thy lands are gone, alas they were not thine.
Thy house likewise, another saies is mine:
Then wheres thy witt? alas, tis two years dead.
And wheres thy wife? another did her wedd.
Art thou a man, or but some simple part?
Nothing thie owne, but thie aspiring hart.

Rawley thie house, Westmorland thie lands,
Overbury thye witt, Essex thie wife demands.
Like Aesops jay each bird will pluck his fether
And leave thee naked, expos'd to wind and wether.
Yett have thie frends to keepe thee from the cold
Soc [blot] now this sunne is set to shine noe more
The cause, thy pride, and a lascivious whore.
A proper new ballet to the tune, whwpe dooe mee no harme, good man, or the Cleane Contrary way which you please at youe will and her son but agree. A

There was an ould ladd rode in an ould padd
Unto an old Punke a wooinge.

Hee layd the ould Punke uppon an ould trunke
O, there was a good ould dующe.

There was an ould mayd scarce swete, as they sayde,
For a place that I dare not mention.

She, in an odd humor, lay with a perfumer,
O, there was an odd invention.

The punke and the mayd they sunge and they sayd
That marriage was a servility.

If marry you must, for change of lust,
O, well fare a trick of nullity.

There was a Madam did study to frame a
Device to draw up a perpuse.

She drew it so narrow, a Carr might go through,
O, there was a slender slice.

Her Earle did appoint her, they say such a jointure,
As was of noe validity.

Above twice in a night he could her woe right,
O, there was a strange frigidity.

But when her Earle had an other girl,
His wimble could pierce her flanke.

His nag proved able by changine his stable,
O, there was a quo ad hanc.

This dame was inspected, butt found interiecrd.
A mayd of more perfection.
Holde the midwives door handle while the knight houlds the Kandle
O, there was cleere inspection.
Now all forren writers cry out of their miters
That allow this for a Virginity.
And talk of erection, and of ejection,
O, there was sound divinity.
There was a young Lord assumed on his word
He would bee a Parliament maker.
But see how things alter, hee feareth the halter,
O, there was an Undertaker.
Hee had a swete friend that he did commend
To the keeping of sweete Sir Cervius.
They gave him a clister, his belley did blister,
O, there was a swete peece of service.
This frend denyd and could not abide,
A match that hee sayd would Shame us.
Betwixt this Matron and this grave patron,
O, Pattern of Ignoramus.
Now West and Thorne and Turner doe turne
And say that theise plotts were faudes.
They may say ther pleasure too thinke it hard-measure,
O, knaves, and Punkes, and bawdes.

finis, quoth Sir Hadasperson, Knight of the Sonne.
Im printed in Paules Church yard att the signe of the yellow
Bande and Cuffs by Adam Arsnik Robert Roseaker and are to bee
sould att the Signe of Andromada Liberata in Turnebull streete.
The faire and famous mayde is gone
And stole a marryage all a lone.
Some say that seeme to know the truth,
She was ashamed to wedd a youth.
For she knew well what did belong
Unto a man; els they her wronge.
And was limbed, nated to the twist,
I would the paynter there had kist.
Butt now, my Lordes, the noble teller
Putts down their hoers in a seller.
Why? you would none it (?) yett see her rights her
In spight of those that most did spight her.
See how his thyme nose droppes rose nobles.
What wants in crownes, in wordes shee doubles.
The Frith coyne in bagges runnes sweatinge
To this rich wedding got by cheatinge.
The goodly house and landes in Kent,
All to this wench is mect.
And all his suites work for his darlinge,
What, thinke you, his leane Chappes starveling?
But soft, we lost the lovely bride.
She and her mate to bed are hied.
She in her lovers armes girl round,
Where must bee lost, what shee never found.
Most happy bee his chance, for hee
   Enjoyed her now from head to knee.
   From Lippe to hippe, from side to side,
   And that which hee found woman wide.
   Full fruitful prove shee, as her grandame,
   To bring a Sonne, though gott att randome.
   And glory, youth, that hast prevailed,
   Since many mist that were entayled.
   And when thou are amidst her crany,
   Wish well to Watson and Trelanyl.
From Katterin's dock there launcht a pinke,
Leake shee did often but did never sinke.
In fallinge downe to Essex pleasant shore,
Long shee expected rigginge, and yards store.
But out of hope there to obtaine content,
With winde in poore, away she flyes for Kent.
And faine she would at Rochester cast anchor,
But hideous dangers and chill feares much banck her.
Besides, to crosse good Canterburies hawse,
And London too, did crosse the Oceanlawes(?)
Yet Winchester avery'd shee might, and Ely,
By scriptum est would prove it, did not he lye?
Well, where shee would be they two tugg'd her thether,
Mauger the sea, the tyde, the wind, the weather.
Then Somarsett, to caulke and fresh her beake,
Make yare her geare, new yard her, stop her leake,
And bravely furnisht now with all munition,
To sea shee goes, upon an expedition.
Her canvas spreading, when shee was inclin'd-to,
Up shee would fetch, whome ere she had a mind to.
Clap him aboard, take the best things shee had,
And in exchange, give him some owerworne Lad.
Many a gallant top and fore yard mast
Her rude incontors layd in helpless wast.
And now her will commandes what ere she please,
Without controul, even o're all the seas.
In triumph thus she revel'd till debate
Arose between her master and his mate.
The pinke was tender-sided and unsteady,
At every gust to turne her keele up ready.
The mate discerning that did soone distast her;
His thoughts, her faultes discovers, to the master.
For-warning him, such tempests were a brewinge,
As not to leave her brought apparent ruine.
The Master, wholly on his pinke in-ammored,
Into his head could have no counsell hammered.
Still, he would keepe her, like her, love her best.
But doth in hart his honest Mate detest.
Consults with his beloved, a fitt tymne watches;
When by a tricke, they clap him under hatches.
Where fed with art-composed Tart hee laye,
Till at a port hole he was made away,
And Overburied, head and ears in water.
Pitty that shee should cause so foule a slaughter.
This trecherous practice, Neptune winnowed out
And moved just vengance at the seas about.
The grudging winde with angry murmure swell,
And sad disasters in black storms foretell.
No rest, no refuge the proude pinke could have,
Toss'd, tumbled, rumbled on the boistrous wave.
Her ends, her friends prevale not, nor her prair;
Up she was cast at the black friers staires.
Where, in requitall of her former jadeing,
Ransckt and rifled, mar'd and barr'd from trading.
On ground shee sitts, and though as yett she splits not,
Crack't and half-wrack't, for sea againe she fitts not.
Nay, though her owners safely oft should winne her,
No man Alive would ever venture in her.
But her deare master, close unto a mountaine,
Was driven ashore nigh Ignoramus fountaine.
From whence the stormes increasing fury strooke him
Downe to a Moore: Where now you may goe look him.
Pulchra mea (nec enim non dulcis) flamma medulla
Heu nescis mens es quantum Amaryllis amor.

Non ego mirar Stygiae si forsitan aulae
Romuleus possit clamiger esse Petrus.
Innumeris etenim ditatus manibus umbras
et referat stigias ingrediturque fores
Sed miror qui com sperati (?) quis sum distet utriusque
possit et aetherei clamiger esse poli.
Sed reque iam miror: caeli nam clandere forsan
D Fletcher — tei ta solet: Stygis sed referare fores.

flumen apud superos nullam est: quid pontibus ergo
est opis? aut quid opus denique pontifice?
ast apud internos cum tot sint flumina, soli
ipsi habeant pontes pontificis que suos.

Here liyes Jone, deny it who can,
That liv’d a false woman yet dy’d a true man.
One tricke shee had to set forth her cunning,
While one legge stood still, the other was running.

The starre that rose in Virgo’s traine,
From south to north did post amaine.
If southward bee the coast of Spaine
Then northren Charles, look to thy waine.
Bella inter geminos plus quam civilia fratres
Trarerat ambiugus religionis aper
Ille reformatae fidei pro pribus instat
Iste reformandam negat esse fide
Propositis causis rationis alter—utrinque
Concurrere pares et cecidere pares.
Quod fuit in tantis fratrem capit alter utrumque
Quod fuit in votis perdit uterq fide.
Captivi gemeni sine captivante trahuntur,
Et victi victi transfuga castra petit
Quod genus hoc pugnae est, ubi victus gaudet uterq
Et tamen alterutrum se suposse debet.

Between 2 brothers civil warre, and worse,
The nice point of religion long did nurse:
For reformation of the faith, that ples;
That faith should be reformed thus finely
The reasons of the cause apart propounded;
Both met alike, alike were both confounded.
As heart could wish each brother take the other;
As fates would have if each his faith forsook.
Without captiver both are captives led,
vanquish campe the victor fled.
And to the victor campe the vanquish fled.
What fight is this, where conquered both are glad
Yet either, to have conquered other sad?

H.B.
Buckinghamus, io, maris est praefectus et idem
Qui dominatur equis nunc dominatur aquis.
Sic inter superos liquidas qui temperat undas
Neptunus celeres et moderatus equos.
Et nunc displiciat a-iquam geminata potestas
Exemplum superis com plauisse videt?

Io to Buckingham great Admiral,
Io to Buckingham, the man
That rules the horse, now rules the ocean.
Nor is it fitt, but hee that rules the deepes
Should rayne and checke the foaminge steedes he keeps.
Nor let this doubled power cloud any browe,
Since the hie powers this president allowe.
The farewell to Sack

Farewell thou time past so knowne, so deare
To me, as blood to life, and spiritt neare,
Nay, thou more neare then kindred, friend, man, wife,
Male to the female, soule and bodie life
To quicke action; or the warme soft side
Of the resisting, yet resigning bryde.
The kisse of virgins, first fruits of the bedd,
Sweet speech, smooth touch, the lipps, the maiden-head.
These and a thousand sweetes could never bee
So neere and deare, as thou wast once to mee.
Oh thou the drinker of Gods and Angels wine
That scatterst spiritts and lust; whose purer shine
More radiant then the summers sun-beams shewes
Each way illustrious, brave, and like to those
Commets wee see by night; whose shagge portents
Foreshew the comming of some dyre events,
Or some full flame, which with a prid aspiries
Throwing about his wild, and pearcing fires.
'Tis thee lov'd Necter, O diviner soule
A Emennall in thy selfe, that canst controulle
That which subverts, whole nature, grief and care,
Vexation of the mynde, and damn'd dispaire.
'Tis thou, aloane, who with thy Mistick fann
Work'st more then wisdome, Arte, or Nature can,
To rouse the holy madnesse; and awake
The frost-bound-blood, and spiritts, and to make
Them franticke with thy raptures, striking through
The soule like lightning, and as active too.
'Tis not Apollo can, nor those thriue three
Castalian Sisters sing, if wanting thee.
Horace, Anacreon, both had lost their fame
Had'st thou not fild them with they fire and flame.
Phoebean splendor, and thou Thespian springe
Of whose, sweete Swans must drinke before they sing
Their true pac'd numbers, and their sacred layes
Which make them worthy Cedard and the Bayes.
But why; why longer doe I gaze upon
Thee, with the eye of Adoration?
Since I must leave thee, and inforst, must say
To all thy witching beauties goe away.
But if thy whimpering lookes doe ask me why?
Then know that Nature bids thee goe not I.
'Tis her erronious self hath forg'd a brayne
Uncapable of such a Soveraigne
As is thy powerfull selfe, prithee drawe in
Thy glowing fires, least in their sight the sinn
Of faerie idolatry, shooe into mee, and
I turne Apostate to the strict command
Of nature, bid me now farewel, or smile
More inly, least thy tempting looks beguile
My vows, denouent in zeale, which thus much shewe thee,
That I have sworn but by thy lookes to knowe thee;
Let others drink thee and with mayne desire
Thee and their lippes espouse; while I admyre
And love thee, but not tast thee, let my Muse
Faiile of thy former helps, and only use
Her in adulterate strength, what's done by mee
Hereafter, shall smell of the lampe, not thee.

R. Herricke

The Welcome Againe
So soft streames meete, so springs with gladder smiles
Meeet after lone divortmente by the Isles,
When love the child of likenesse urgeth on
Their chirstal natures to an union.
So meet stolke kisses when the moony nights
Call forth fierce Lovers to their wisth delights;
So kings and queenes meete when desire convinces
All thoughts but such as ayme at getting Princes;
As I meete thee, soule of my life and fame,
A Eternall lamp of love, whose radiant fame,
Out-stares the heav'ns, Osiris, and thy gleames
Dash forth the splendor of his midday beames.
Welcome, oh welcome my illustrouse spouse
Welcome as is the end unto my vowes:
Nay far more welcome then the happy solle,
The sea-scourg'd Marchant after all his toile
Saluts with tears of joy, when fyers display
The smoking chimneys of his Ithaca.
Where has thou been thus long from my embraces
Poor pitted exile? tell me did thy graces
Fly discontented hence? and for a time
Did rather choose to blissie an other cyme?
Or was it to that end thou meanest to move me
More by thy absence, to desire and love thee?
Why frownes my sweet? Why does my saint deferr
Her bosome smiles from mee her worshipper?
Why are those happie looks, the which have bin
Time past so fragrant, sickly, now drawne in
Like a dull twilight? Tell mee has my soule
Prophan'd in speech? or done an act more foule
Against thy purer nature? for that fault
He expiate with sulphyr, hair, and salt
And with the chriatal humour of the spring
Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling,
Wilt thou not smile, or tell mee what's amisse?
Have I been cold to huggle thee? too remisse
Too temperate in imbracing? has desire
To theward died in th'embers, and no fire
Left in this rakt up ashheape, as a marke
To testifie the glowing of a sparke?
Have I devorst thee only to combine
Or quench my lust upon some other wyne?
True I confesse, I lefte thee and appeale
'Twas done by me more to confirm my zeale,
And double my affection, as doe those,
Whose love growes more enflam'd, by being foes,
But to forsake thee ever could there be
A thought of such like possibilitie?
When thou thy selfe dar'st say, thy Isles should lack
Grapes before Herrick leaves Canary sacke.
Thou art my life, my leven, salt to all
My dearer daynties, navell, principall
Fire to all my functions, givest me blood
Chyne, spirit, and marrow and what els is good:
Thou mak'st mee ayrie active to be borne
Like Iphiclus upon the topps of corne.
And makst mee winged, as the nymble howers
To dance and caper on the heads of flowers;
And ride the sun-beames, can there be a thinge
Under the heavenly Isis that can bringe
More love unto my life? or can present
My Genius with a fuller blandishment?
Illustrious Idoll can the Egyptian seek
Helpe from the garlicke, onion, and the leek
And pay no vowes to the? who was their best
God, and farre more transcendent then the rest?
Had Cassius that weake water drinker knowne
Thee in thy vine, had hee but tasted one
Small chalice of thy purer Nectar? He
As the wise Cato had approv'd of thee.
Had not Ioves son that brave Tyrinthian swayne
Invited to the Thespian banquets taine
Full gobletts of thy bloud, his joviall spright
Ne' r had kept heat for fiftie maids that night.
Come come and kiss me, heate and lust commends
Thee and thy beauties; kisse we'le be friends
Too stronge for fate to break us, looke upon
Mee, with that full pride of completion
As Queenes, meet Queenes; or come thou unto mee
As Cleopatra to Marke Anthony,
When her highe visage did at once present,
To the Triumphers love and wonderment.
Swell up my nerves with spiritt, lett my blood
Runne through my vayneis like to a hasty floud,
Fill each part full of fire, active to doe
What thy commanding selfe shall putt it too:
And till I turne Apostate to thy love
Which here I vowe to serve, does not remove
Thy fiers from me, but lett Apollos curse
Blast all my actions, or a thing thats worse;
When these circumstancies have power to see
The time that I prevaricate from thee.
Call me the sonne of beere, and then confine
Mee to the tapp; the tost, the turfe, lett wyne
Nere shine upon mee, lett my verses all
Hast to a suddaine death and funerall.
And last deare spouse when I thee dissavowe
Nere may Propheticke Daphne crown my browe.
finis
What is our life? a play of passion.
Our mirths, the musicke of division.
Our mothers wombes, the tiering places bee,
Where wee are drest, for lifes short comedie.
The graves that hide us from the schorching sonn,
Are like drawne curtaines, when the playe is done.
Thus playing, we by our latest rest,
Whenas we dye in earnest, not in jest.

h.s.

Huge Mars, and mighty Pallas, come helpe me to remember,
The noble acts, and worthy facts, performed in November.
By barriker stout, and sturdie, young gentlemen so proper,
Who marcht in hose, as some suppose, bedaubed with lace of copper.
This project was invented, because their purse was shallow,
Sure by a prince, a subject since, I meane the old prince Swallowe.
Confirmd by all the Benchers, spruce old men, wise, and wittie;
By a tricke of law, not worth a straw, to cousin court, and cittle.
Bid understanding blinde you? or eye-sight (doating asses);
T' imagine ours, all dimme as yours, your eyes that look through glasses?
But happee was this project; thrice happy was this monday,
For Hemmings old, and Burbige bold, Nat Field and Henry Condway.
for affection

1. Betwixt two jewels, such as shee,
   And that deare love I beare her,
   If any odds of worth may bee
   Affection is the dearer.

2. For through shee in myne eies esteeme
   From all her sex doth wynn me,
   I cannot see, nor can shee seeme
   With out mee, as within mee.

3. Though shee’s most fayre, yet since that deare
   Desire, that makes me love her,
   Could think her more, if less she were,
   My thoughts mee please above her.

4. Hir face the sphære is of my sight,
   My hart hir worth’s pavillion.
   Two eyes find her but one delight,
   One hart makes her a million.

5. As thirst is in beholding streames
   Much pleas’d, but more in drinking:
   There are noe thoughts so sweet as dreams,
   Noe sight soe sweet as thinking.

Your love to thirst you simbolize
Your Mistris to a River,
The tast, then sight you better prize
And soe the Palme you give her.
The question is, whether affection to his mistis, or shee himself gives a man most delight, for his person.

1. Twixt Femmes so pretious as the Lass
And my affection to her.

2. shoe could not seeme nor could you see
With in you, as shee meretits.

3. Though your desire makes her to seeme
In that desire I decree
Both her, and all her graces.

4. Why fancie thy longings hart
Ten thousand loves unto you.

5. One drop more assaumes my drouth
Then sight of river's streaming
My love, and mistis I once thought
Less pleasant than my dreaming.
The more I doe my deare possess,
    The more I her desire,
To reape the fruits of her sweetnes
    Is fuell to my fyre.

Injoying her I doubly gayne,
Sweete thoughts, hir soules deare case;
Shee absent: I chill comfort fayne,
    Present, I both embrace.

Shee in myne armes as fruitful fields,
    Rich plenties doe encrease,
Unto my late vest spirit yields,
Unuttered joye and peace.

Tellus is sowne by country swayne,
    With hope that Autumnes neere,
And that Ceres will stuffe with grayne
    His barnes to make good cheere.

If man ne're claspes his loved deare,
    Yet doth hir love pursue,
Like Tantalus his foods is neere,
    His feast is fasting true.