





Selections from
the Poetry of
Robert Herrick
with Drawings by
Edwin A. Abbey

HARPER & BROTHERS - PUBLISHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE - NEW YORK 1892

TO ANTHUS, WHO MAY COMMAND
HIM ANY THING.

BID me live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart he give to thee.

Did that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy Decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall doe so for thee.

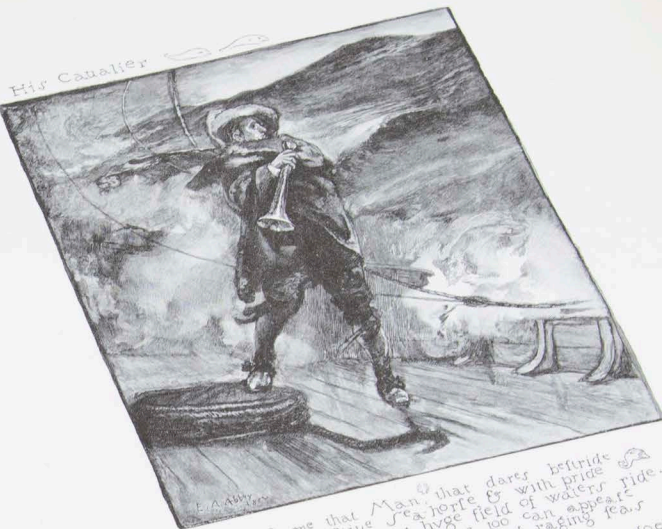
Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and he despair,
Under that *Cypress* tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.



Goddess, I do put a quite
Rehearsal and would with part
If it be I may but prove
Lucky in this Maiden I put
I will promise thee shall be
Mistress, offered up to thee



Cille me that Man that dares bestride
 The active Sea-horse & with pride
 Through that huge field of waters ride;
 Who, with his looks and raging fear
 The ruffling winds and waves
 In mid of all their ovings
 This, this a survivor Man can doe
 Saile against Rocks and spit them too;
 It and a World of pikes passe through.

ER
 , that dares bestride
 horse, & with pride,
 ough field of waters ride:
 o, can appease
 raging Seas,
 outrages.
 man can doe,
 and split them too;
 'ikes passe through.

Master stay
they flew away ;
(rown old)
d.
es abide,
ide ;
ater here,
are.

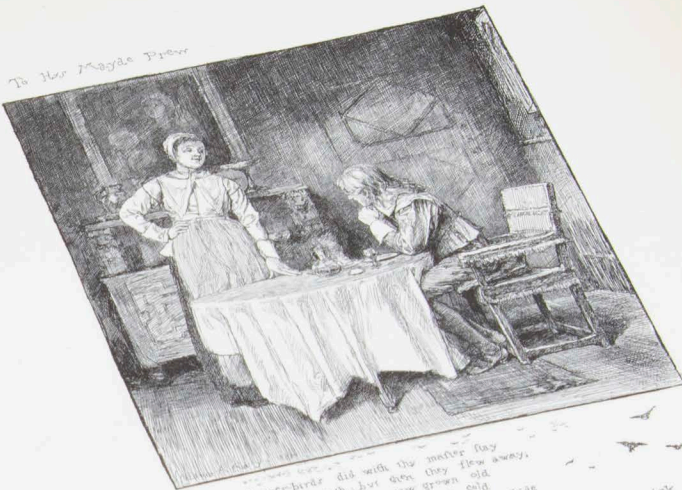
BALDWIN.
88.

st Maid, is sick,
unatick :
come and bring
ring ;
hall be
o Thee.

W HIS MAID.

the Urne is laid
ce Baldwin (once my maid)
ose happy spark here let
ple Violet.

To Mr. May's Press



These summer-birds did with the master fly
The time of warmth, but when they flew away,
Leaving their feet being now grown old
Expected to all the coming winters abide
But then, kind Press, did the summer rise
And with the winter's air the master here
For which the love, thus with the master here
You two but all the seasons of the year

R. Herrick



