

**Of Musique, Poetrie, Art, and Love**

A song cycle on poems of Robert Herrick (1591-1647)

**1. To Musique, to becalme his Fever**

Charme me asleep, and melt me so  
With thy Delicious Numbers;  
That being ravisht, hence I goe  
Away in easie slumbers.  
Ease my sick head,  
And make my bed,  
Thou Power that canst sever  
From me this ill:  
And quickly still:  
Though thou not kill  
My Fever.  
Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
From a consuming fire,  
into a gentle-licking flame  
And make it thus expire.  
Then make me weep  
My paines asleep;  
And give me such repoes,  
That I, poore I,  
May think, thereby,  
I live and die  
'Mongst Roses.  
Fall on me like a silent dew,  
Or like those Maiden showrs,  
Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew  
A Baptime ore the flowers.  
Melt, melt my paines, With thy soft straines;  
That having ease me given,  
With full delight,  
I leave this light;  
And take my flight  
For Heaven.

**2. The Cheat of Cupid: Or, The Ungentle Guest**

One silent night of late,  
When every creature rested,  
Came one unto my gate,  
And knocking me molested.  
Who's that (said I) beats there,  
And troubles thus the Sleepie?  
Cast off (said he) all feare,  
And let not Locks thus keep ye.  
For I a Boy am, who  
By Moonlesse nights have swerved;  
And all with showrs wet through,  
And e'en with cold half starved.  
I pittifull arose,  
And soon a Taper lighted;  
And did my selfe disclose  
Unto the lad benighted.  
I saw he had a Bow,  
And Wings too, which did shiver;  
And looking down below,  
I spy'd he had a Quiver.  
I to my Chimney's shine  
Brought him, (as Love professes)  
And chaf'd his hands with mine,  
And dry'd his dropping Tresses:

But when he felt him warm'd,  
Let's try this bow of ours,  
And string if they be ham'd,  
Said he, with these late showrs.  
Forthwith his bow he bent,  
And wedded string and arrow,  
And struck me that it went  
Quite through my heart and marrow.  
Then laughing loud, he flew  
Away, and thus said flying,  
Adieu, mine Host - Adieu,  
Ile leave thy heart a dying.

**3. His Poetrie His Pillar**

Onely a little more  
I have to write,  
Then Ile give ore,  
And bid the world Good-night.  
'Tis but a flying minute -  
That I must stay,  
Or linger in it;  
And then I must away.  
O time that cut'st down all!  
And scarce leav'st here  
Memorial!  
Of any men that were.  
How many Iye forgot  
In Vaults beneath?  
And piece-meale rot  
Without a fame in death?  
Behold this living stone,  
I reare for me,  
Ne'r to be thrown  
Downe, envious Time by thee.  
Pillars let some set up,  
(If so they please)  
Here is my hope,  
And my *Pyramides*.

**4. The Wounded Cupid. Song**

*Cupid* as he lay among  
*Roses*, by a Bee was stung.  
Whereupon in anger flying  
To his Mother, said thus crying;  
Help! O help! your Boy's a dying.  
And why, my pretty Lad, said she?  
Then blubbering, replied he -  
A winged Snake has bitten me,  
Which Country people call a Bee.  
At which she smil'd; then with her hairs  
And kisses drying up his tears:  
Alas! said she, my Wag! if this  
Such a pernicious torment is:  
Come tel me then, how great's the smart  
Of those, thou woundest with thy Dart!

**5. Art Above Nature, To Julia**

When I behold a Forrest spread  
With silken trees upon thy head;  
And when I see that other Dresse  
Of flowers set in comlinesse:  
When I behold another grace  
In the ascent of curious Lace,  
Which like a Pinacle doth shew  
The top, and the top-gallant too.  
Then, when I see thy Tresses bound  
Into an Ovall, square, or round;  
And knit in knots far more than I  
Can tell by tongue; or true-love tie:  
Next, when those Lawrie Filmes I see  
Play with a wild civility:  
And all those airie silks to flow,  
Alluring me, and tempting so:  
I must confesse, mine eye and heart  
Dotes less on Nature, then on Art.

**6. The Mad Maid's Song**

Good morrow to the Day so fair;  
Good morning Sir to you:  
Good morrow to mine own torn hair  
Bedabled with the dew.  
Good morning to this Primrose too;  
Good morrow to each maid;  
That will with flowers the Tomb bestrew,  
Wherein my Love is laid.  
Ah woe is me, woe, woe is me,  
Alack and welladay!  
For pittie, Sir, find out that Bee,  
Which bore my Love away.