

## APPENDIX 1

## CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING

Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne  
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.  
 See how Aurora throwes her faire  
 Fresh-quiltedcolours through the aire:  
 Get up, sweet-Slug-a-bed, and see  
 The Dew-bespangling Herbe and Tree.  
 Each lower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,  
 Above an houre since; yet you not drest,  
 Nay! not so much as out of bed?  
 When all the Birds have Mattens seyed,  
 And sung their thankful Hymnes: 'tis sin,  
 Nay, profanation to keep in,  
 When as a thousand Virgins on this day,  
 Spring, sooner then the Lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your Foliage, and be seene  
 To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and greene;  
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
 For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire:  
 Feare not; the leaves will strew  
 Gemms in abundance upon you:  
 Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,  
 Against you come, some Orient Pearls unwept:  
 Come, and receive them while the light  
 Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night:  
 And Titan on the Eastern hill  
 Retires himselfe, or else stands still  
 Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be brief in praying:  
 Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and comming, marke  
 How each field turns a street; each street a Parke  
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees: see how  
 Devotion gives each House a Bough,  
 Or Branch: Each Porch, each doore, ere this,  
 An Arke, a tabernacle is,  
 Made of white-thorn neatly enterwove;  
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
 Can such delights be in the street,  
 And open fields, and we not see't?  
 Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey  
 The Proclamation made for May:  
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;  
 And my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,  
But is got up, and gone to bring in May  
A Deale of Youth, ere this, is come  
Back, and with White-torhn laden home.  
Some have dispatcht their Ckaes and Creame,  
Before that we left to dreame:  
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted Troth,  
And choose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth:  
Many a green-gown has been given;  
Many a kisse, both odde and even:  
Many a glance has been sent  
From out the eye, Loves Firmament:  
Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying  
This night, and Locks pickt, yet we're not a Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime;  
And take the harmlesse follie of the time.  
We shall grow old apace, and die  
Before we know our liberty.  
Our life is short; and our dayes rune  
As fast away as do's the Sunne:  
And as a vapour, or a drop of raine  
Once lost, can ne'er be found againe:  
So when or you or I are made  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;  
All love, all liking, all delight  
Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.  
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying;  
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

APPENDIX 2

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a flying:  
And this same flower that smiles to day,  
To morrow will be dying.

The Glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
The Higher he's a getting;  
The sooner will his Race be run,  
And neerer he's to Setting.

That Age is best, which is the first,  
When Youth and Blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;  
And while ye may, goe marry:  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

APPENDIX 3

TO DAFFADILS

Faire Daffadils, we weep to see  
    You haste away so soone:  
As yet the early-rising Sun  
    Has not attain'd his Noone.  
    Stay, stay,  
    Until the hasting day  
    Has run  
    But to the Even-song;  
And having pray'd together, we  
    Will goe with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
    We have as short as a Spring;  
As quick a growth to meet Decay,  
    As you, or any thing.  
    We die,  
    As your hours doe, and drie  
    Away,  
    Like to the Summers raine;  
Or as the pearles of Mornings dew  
    Ne'er to be found againe.

APPENDIX 4  
TO BLOSSOMS

Faire pledges of a fruitful Tree,  
Why do yee fall so fast?  
Your date is not so past;  
But you may stay yet here a while,  
To blush and gently smile;  
And goe at last.

What were yee borne to be  
And houre or half's delight;  
And so tobid goodnight?  
'Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth  
Meerly to shew your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely Leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave:  
And after they have shown their pride,  
Like you a while: They glide  
Into the Grave.

APPENDIX 5

TO A BED OF TULIPS

Bright Tulips, we do know,  
You had your coming hither;  
And Fading-time do's show,  
That Ye must quickly wither.

Your Sister-hoods may stay,  
And smile her for your hours;  
But dye ye must away:  
Even as the meanest Flower.

Come virgins then, and see  
Your frailties; and bemoan ye;  
For lost like these, 'twill be,  
As Time had never known ye.