THE POEMS
OF
JOHN DONNE
EDITED FROM THE OLD EDITIONS
AND NUMEROUS MANUSCRIPTS
WITH INTRODUCTIONS & COMMENTARY
BY
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VOL. I
THE TEXT OF THE POEMS
WITH APPENDIXES

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PREFACE

The present edition of Donne's poems grew out of my work as a teacher. In the spring of 1907, just after I had published a small volume on the literature of the early seventeenth century, I was lecturing to a class of Honours students on the 'Metaphysical poets'. They found Donne difficult alike to understand and to appreciate, and accordingly I undertook to read with them a selection from his poems with a view to elucidating difficult passages and illustrating the character of his 'metaphysics', the Scholastic and scientific doctrines which underlie his conceits. The only editions which we had at our disposal were the modern editions of Donne's poems by Grosart and Chambers, but I did not anticipate that this would present any obstacle to the task I had undertaken. About the same time the Master of Peterhouse asked me to undertake the chapter on Donne, as poet and prose-artist, with the Cambridge History of English Literature. The result is that though I had long been interested in Donne, of had given, while at work on the poetry of the seventeenth century, much thought to his poetry as a centre of interest and influence, I began to make a more minute study of the text of his poems than I had yet attempted.

The first result of this study was the discovery that there were several passages in the poems, as printed in Mr. Chambers' edition, of which I could give no satisfactory explanation to my class. At the close of the term I went to Oxford and began in the Bodleian rapid collation of the text of that edition with the other copies, especially of 1633. The conclusion to which
I came was that, excellent in many ways as that editic
the editor had too often abandoned the reading of
for the sometimes more obvious but generally weaker
often erroneous emendations of the later editions. A
records the variants this had become clear in some o
already, but an examination of the older editions bro
out another fact,—that by modernizing the punctua
while preserving no record of the changes made, the editor
had corrupted some passages in such a manner as to make
it impossible for a student, unprovided with all the old
editions, to recover the original and sometimes quite
correct reading, or to trace the error to its fountain-
head.

My first proposal to the Delegates of the Clarendon
Press was that I should attempt an edition of Donne’s
poems resting on a collation of the printed texts; that for
all poems which it contains the edition of 1633 should be
accepted as the authority, to be departed from only when
the error seemed to be obvious and certain, and that all such
changes, however minute, should be recorded in the notes.
In the case of poems not contained in the edition of 1633,
the first edition (whether 1635, 1649, 1650, or 1669) was
to be the authority and to be treated in the same fashion.
Such an edition, it was hoped, might be ready in a year.
I had finished my first collation of the editions when a copy
of the Grolier Club edition came into my hands, and
I included it in the number of those which I compared
throughout with the originals.

While the results of this collation confirmed me in the
opinion I had formed as to the superiority of the edition
of 1633 to all its successors, it showed also that that edition
was certainly not faultless, and that the text of those poems
which were issued only in the later editions was in general
very carelessly edited and corrupt, especially of those
poems which were added for the first time in 1669. This raised the question, what use was to be made of the manuscript copies of the poems in correcting the errors of the edition? Grosart had based his whole text on one or two manuscripts in preference to the editions. Mr. Chambers, while wisely refusing to do this, and adopting the editions as the basis of his text, had made frequent reference to the manuscripts and adopted corrections from them. Professor Norton made no use of the manuscripts in preparing the text of his edition, but he added in an Appendix an account of one of these which had come into his hands, and later he described some more and showed clearly that he believed corrections were to be obtained from this source. Accordingly I resolved to examine tentatively those which were accessible in the British Museum, especially the transcript of three of the Satyres in Harleian MS. 5110.

A short examination of the manuscripts convinced me that it would be very unsafe to base a text on any single extant manuscript, or even to make an eclectic use of a few of them, taking, now from one, now from another, what seemed a probable emendation. On the other hand it became clear that if as wide a collation as possible of extant manuscripts were made one would be able to establish in many cases what was, whether right or wrong, the traditional reading before any printed edition appeared.

A few experiments further showed that one, and a very important, result of this collation would be to confirm the trustworthiness of 1633, to show that in places where modern editors had preferred the reading of some of the later editions, generally 1635 or 1669, the text of 1633 was not only intrinsically superior but had the support of tradition, i.e. of the majority of the manuscripts. If this were the case, then it was also possible that the traditional,
manuscript text might afford corrections when 1633 had fallen into error. At the same time a very cursory examination of the manuscripts was sufficient to show that many of them afforded an infinitely more correct and intelligible text of those poems which were not published in 1633 than that contained in the printed editions.

Another possible result of a wide collation of the manuscripts soon suggested itself, and that was the settlement of the canon of Donne's poems. One or two of the poems contained in the old editions had already been rejected by modern editors, and some of these on the strength of manuscript ascriptions. But on the one hand, no systematic attempt had been made to sift the poems, and on the other, experience has shown that nothing is more unsafe than to trust to the ascriptions of individual, unauthenticated manuscripts. Here again it seemed to the present editor that if any definite conclusion was to be obtained it must be by as wide a survey as possible, by the accumulation of evidence. No such conclusion might be attainable, but it was only thus that it could be sought.

The outcome of the investigation thus instituted has been fully discussed in the article on the Text and Canon of Donne's Poems in the second volume, and I shall not attempt to summarize it here. But it may be convenient for the student to have a quite brief statement of what it is that the notes in this volume profess to set forth.

Their first aim is to give a complete account of the variant readings of the original editions of 1633, 1635, 1649-50-54 (the text in these three is identical), and 1664. This was the aim of the edition as originally planned, and though my opinion of the value of many of the variants of the later editions has undergone considerable abatement since I was able to study them in the library afforded by the manuscripts, I have endeavoured
complete my original scheme; and I trust it may be found that nothing more important has been overlooked than an occasional misprint in the later editions. But I know from the experience of examining the work of my precursors, and of revising my own work, that absolute correctness is almost unattainable. It has been an advantage to me in this part of the work to come after Mr. Chambers and the Grolier Club editors, but neither of these editions records changes of punctuation.

The second purpose of the notes is to set forth the evidence of the manuscripts. I have not attempted to give anything like a full account of the variant readings of these, but have recorded so much as is sufficient for four different purposes.

(1) To vindicate the text of 1633. I have not thought it necessary to detail the evidence in cases where no one has disputed the 1633 reading. If the note simply records the readings of the editions it may be assumed that the manuscript evidence, so far as it is explicit (the manuscripts frequently abound in absurd errors), is on the side of 1633. In other cases, when there is something to be said for the text of the later editions, and especially when modern editors have preferred the later reading (though I have not always called attention to this) I have set forth the evidence in some detail. At times I have mentioned each manuscript, at others simply all the MSS., occasionally just MSS. This last means literally that all the positive evidence before me was in favor of the reading, but that my collations were silent as to some of the manuscripts. My collators, whether myself or those who worked for me, used Mr. Chambers' edition because of its numbered lines. Now if Mr. Chambers already adopted a 1635 or later reading the tendency of the collator—especially at first, before the importance of certain readings had become obvious—was to pass over
the agreement of the manuscript with this later reading in silence. In all important cases I have verified the reading by repeated reference to the manuscripts, but in some of smaller importance I have been content to record the general trend of the evidence. I have tried to cite no manuscript unless I had positive evidence as to its reading.

(2) The second use which I have made of the manuscript evidence is to justify my occasional departures from the text of the editions, whether 1633 (and these are the departures which call for most justification) or whatever later edition was the first to contain the poem. In every such case the reader should see at a glance what was the reading of the first edition, and on what authority it has been altered. My aim has been a true text (so far as that was attainable), not a reprint; but I have endeavoured to put the reader in exactly the same position as I was myself at each stage in the construction of that text. If I have erred, he can (in a favourite phrase of Donne's) 'control' me. This applies to spelling and punctuation as well as to the words themselves. But two warnings are necessary. When I note a reading as found in a number of editions, e.g. 1635 to 1654 (1635-54), or in all the editions (1633-69), it must be understood that the spelling is not always the same throughout. I have generally noted any variation in the use of capitals, but not always. The spelling and punctuation of each poem is that of the first edition in which it was published, or of the manuscript from which I have printed, all changes being recorded. Again, if, in a case where the words and not the punctuation is the matter in question, I cite the reading of an edition or some editions followed by a list of agreeing manuscripts, it will be understood that any punctuation given is that of the editions. If a list of manuscripts only
is given, the punctuation, if recorded, is that of one or two of the best of these.

In cases where punctuation is the matter in question the issue lies between the various editions and my own sense of what it ought to be. Wherever it is not otherwise indicated the punctuation of a poem is that of the first edition in which it appeared or of the manuscript from which I have printed it. I have not recorded every variant of the punctuation of later editions, but all that affect the sense while at the same time not manifestly absurd. The punctuation of the manuscripts is in general negligible, but of a few manuscripts it is good, and I have occasionally cited these in support of my own view as to what the punctuation should be.

(3) A third purpose served by my citation of the manuscripts is to show clearly that there are more versions than one of some poems. A study of the notes to the *Satyres, The Flea, The Curse, Elegy XI: The Bracelet*, will make this clear.

(4) A fourth, subordinate and occasional, purpose of my citation of the manuscripts is to show how Donne's poems were understood or misunderstood by the copyists. Occasionally a reading which is probably erroneous throws light upon a difficult passage. The version of *P* at p. 34, ll. 18–19, elucidates a difficult stanza. The reading of *Q* in *The Storme*, l. 38,

\[ *P* \]

\[ Yea, and the Sunne \]

\[ *Q* \]

\[ I, and the Sunne \]

suggests, what is probably correct but had not been suspected by any editor, that 'I' here, as often, is not the pronoun, but 'Aye'.

The order of the poems is that of the editions of 1635 onwards with some modifications explained in the
Preface

Introduction. In Appendix B I have placed all those poems which were printed as Donne's in the old editions (1633 to 1669), except Basse's Epitaph on Shakespeare, and a few found in manuscripts connected with the editions, or assigned to Donne by competent critics, all of which I believe to be by other authors. The text of these has been as carefully revised as that of the undoubted poems. In Appendix C I have placed a miscellaneous collection of poems loosely connected with Donne's name, and illustrating the work of some of his fellow-wits, or the trend of his influence in the occasional poetry of the seventeenth century.

The work of settling the text, correcting the canon, and preparing the Commentary has been done by myself. It was difficult to consult others who had not before them all the complex mass of evidence which I had accumulated. On some five or six places in the text, however, where the final question to be decided was the intrinsic merits of the readings offered by the editions and by the manuscripts, or the advisability of a bolder emendation, I have had the advantage of comparing my opinion with that of Sir James Murray, Sir Walter Raleigh, Dr. Henry Bradley, Mr. W. A. Craigie, Mr. J. C. Smith, or Mr. R. W. Chapman.

For such accuracy as I have secured in reproducing the old editions, in the text and in the notes, I owe much to the help of three friends, Mr. Charles Forbes, of the Pr-Office, Aberdeen, who transcribed the greater portion of my manuscript; Professor John Purves, of Unive, College, Pretoria, who during a visit to this country, 1633, a large section of my proofs, comparing them with editions in the British Museum; and especially to my assistant, Mr. Frederick Rose, M.A., now Douglas JefScholar, Christ Church, Oxford, who has revised my proof throughout with minute care.

I am indebted to many sources for the loan of neces...
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material. In the first place I must acknowledge my debt to the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland for allowing me a grant of £40 in 1908-9, and of £30 in 1909-10, for the collation of manuscripts. Without this it would have been impossible for me to collate, or have collated for me, the widely scattered manuscripts in London, Petworth, Oxford, Cambridge, Manchester, and Boston. Some of my expenses in this connexion have been met by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, who have also been very generous in the purchase of necessary books, such as editions of the Poems and the Sermons. At the outset of my work the Governing Body of Christ Church, Oxford, lent me the copy of the edition of 1633 (originally the possession of Sir John Vaughan (1603–1674) Chief Justice of the Common Pleas) on which the present edition is based, and also their copies of the editions of 1639, 1650, and 1654. At the same time Sir Walter Raleigh lent me his copy of the edition of 1669. At an early stage of my work Captain C. Shirley Harris, of 90 Woodstock Road, Oxford, communicated with me about Donne’s use of the word ‘Mucheron’, and he was kind enough to lend me both his manuscript, P, and the transcript which he had caused to be made. By the kindness of Lord Ellesmere I was permitted to collate his unique copy of the 1611 edition of the

Elegy of the World and Funerall Elegie. While as doing so, Mr. Strachan Holme, the Librarian, to my attention to a manuscript collection of Donne’s letters (B), and with his kind assistance I was enabled to this at Walkden, Manchester, and again at Bridge-

er House. Mr. Holme has also furnished a photo-

of the title-page of the edition of 1611. To the

orities of Trinity College, Dublin, and of Trinity
college, Cambridge, I am indebted not only for permission
to collate their manuscripts on the spot, but for kindly lending them to be examined and compared in the Library at King's College, Aberdeen; and I am indebted for a similar favour to the authorities of Queen's College, Oxford. In Dublin I met Professor Edward Dowden, and no one has been a kinder friend to my enterprise. He put at my disposal his interesting and valuable manuscript (D) and all his collection of Donne's works. He drew my attention to a manuscript (O'F') in Ellis and Elvey's catalogue for 1903. Mr. Warwick Bond was good enough to lend me the notes he had made upon this manuscript, which ultimately I traced to Harvard College Library. With Professor Dowden, Mr. Edmund Gosse has given me the most generous and whole-hearted assistance. He lent me, as soon as ever I applied to him, his valuable and unique Westmoreland MS., containing many poems which were not included in any of the old editions. Some of these Mr. Gosse had already printed in his own delightful Life and Letters of John Donne (1899), but he has allowed me to reprint these and to print the rest of the unpublished poems for the first time. From his manuscript (G) of the Progresse of the Soule, or Metempsychosis, I have also obtained important emendations of the text. This is the most valuable manuscript copy of this poem. It will be seen that Mr. Gosse is a very material contributor to the completeness and interest of the present edition.

To the Marquess of Crewe I am indebted for permission not to examine the manuscript M, to which a note of Sir 1633, Simon's had called my attention; and to Lord Lecor's An for a like permission to collate a manuscript in his possession, of which a short description is given in the MSS. Commission, Sixth Report, p. 312, No. 118. With Mr. Whitcomb's aid I was enabled to do this carefully and he has subsequently verified references. Anot
Preface

interesting manuscript (JC) was lent me by Mr. Elkin Mathews, who has also put at my disposal his various editions of the Lives of Walton and other books connected with Donne. Almost at the eleventh hour, Mr. Geoffrey Keynes, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, discovered for me a copy of the 1612 edition of the Anniversaries, for which I had asked in vain in Notes and Queries. I owe to him, and to the kind permission of Mr. Edward Huth and the Messrs. Sotheby, a careful collation and a photograph of the title-page.

For the Commentary Dr. Norman Moore supplied me with a note on the Galenists and Paracelsians; and Dr. Gaster with the materials for a note on Donne's use of Jewish Apocrypha. Professor Picavet, of the Sorbonne, Paris, was kind enough to read in proof my notes on Donne's allusions to Scholastic doctrines, and to make suggestions. But I have added to these notes as they passed through the Press, and he must not be made responsible for my errors. Mr. W. Barclay Squire and Professor C. Sanford Terry have revised my transcripts and proofs of the music.

I desire lastly to express my gratitude to the officials of the Clarendon Press for the care with which they have read my proofs, the patience with which they have taken my changes and additions, and the trouble they have taken to secure photographs, music, and other details. Few faults may be found—and I doubt not they are many—in my part of the work, I think the part for the Press is responsible is wellnigh faultless.

H. J. C. GRIERSON.

LANGCROFT,

NNET, ABERDEENSHIRE.

July 15, 1912.
NOTE

The typography of the edition of 1633 has been closely followed, in its use for example of 'u' and 'v'; and of long 'f', which is avoided in certain combinations, e.g. 'sk' (but P. 12, l. 27. 'askes' 1633) and frequently 'sb'; nor is it generally used when the letter following 's' is elided; but there are one or two exceptions to this.

In the following places I have printed a full 'and' where 1633 contracts to ' &' owing to the length of the line:

Page 12, l. 4. & whô; P. 15, l. 40. & drove; P. 65, l. 8. & nought; P. 153, l. 105. & almes; P. 158, l. 101. & name; do, l. 107. & rockes, &; P. 159, l. 30. & black; P. 171, l. 83. & lawes; P. 183, l. 18. & Courts; P. 184, l. 29. & God; P. 205, l. 2. & pleasure; P. 240, l. 288. & sinke; P. 254, l. 107. & thinke; do, l. 113. & think; P. 280, l. 24. & Mines; P. 297, l. 56. & lands; do, l. 62. & brow; P. 306, l. 290. & lents; P. 327 (xii), l. 8. & feed; P. 337, l. 35. & thou; P. 360, l. 188. & turn'd; P. 384, l. 78. & face.

In the following places 'm' or 'n', indicated by a contraction, has been printed in full: Page 12, l. 4. Her whô; do. & whô; P. 37, l. 17. whê (bis); P. 82, l. 46. thê; P. 90, l. 2. frô; P. 128, l. 28. Valêtine; P. 141, l. 8. whê; P. 150, l. 16. thê; P. 159, l. 30. fträge; P. 169, l. 31. whô; P. 257, l. 210. sucefsiô; P. 266, l. 513. ancïê P. 305, l. 255. thê; P. 336, l. 10. whê; P. 343, l. 1. the Frô; P. 345, l. 169. thê; P. 387, l. 71. Pêbrooke.

There are a few examples of the same changes in the poems printed from the later editions, but I have not reproduced any of these editions so completely as 1633, every poem in which, with the exception of Bassaj's An Epitaph upon Shakespeare (1633, p. 149, i.e. 165) has been here reprinted.
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1-27 | The Progressie of the Soule...

**DIVINE POEMS**

1633 103 | To E. of D. with six holy Sonnets...
Walton's *Life of Magdalen Herbert* | To the Lady Magdalen Herbert: of St. Mary...
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**HOLY SONNETS**

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29 | Nativitie...
30 | Temple...
30-1 | Crucifying...
31 | Resurrection...
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**Holy Sonnets**

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1633 32 | II. As due by many titles...
1635 333 | III. O might those fighes and teares...
1633 33 | IV. Oh my blacke Soule...
1635 334 | V. I am a little world...
1633 33-4 | VI. This is my playes laft scene...
34 | VII. At the round earths imagin'd corners...
1635 336 | VIII. If faithfull soules be alike glorifi'd...
1633 35 | IX. If poyfonous mineralls...
35-6 | X. Death be not proud...
36 | XI. Spit in my face you Jewes...
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### APPENDIX A

**Latin Poems and Translations**

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**Poems attributed to John Donne in the Old Editions (1633-1669) and the Principal MS. Collections, arranged according to their probable authors.**

#### I

**Poems.** Probably by Sir John Roe, Knt.

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Addl. MS. 25707
Burley MS.
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Lansdowne MS. 740
O'Flaherty MS.
Stowe MS. 961
Stowe MS. 961
Addl. MS. 11811
Phillipps MS.
Walton's Compleat Angler

O Frutefull Garden
&c.
To my Lord of Pembroke
Of a Lady in the Black Masque
Life.
My Love.
O Eyes!
Silence Best Praife.
Beauty in Little Room.
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PLATES

John Donne, from the engraving prefixed to the Poems, 1635. face page 7
John Donne, 1613, from an engraving prefixed to the prose Letters &c., 1651. face page 175
John Donne, from the frontispiece to Death's Duel, 1632. face page 369
LIST OF EDITIONS REGULARLY CITED IN NOTES.

1633, 1635, 1639, 1650, 1654, 1669.

Contractions:—
1633-54 i.e. All editions between and including these dates.
1633-69 i.e. All the editions.
Etc.

EDITIONS OCCASIONALLY CITED.

1649, in lists of editions and MSS. appended to poems first published in that edition. Textually it is identical with 1650-54.

1719, Tonson's edition.


Chambers, Mr. E. K. Chambers' edition of 1896.
### LIST OF MS. SIGLA.

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<td>Ash 38</td>
<td>Ashmole MS. 38, Bodleian Library.</td>
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<td>B</td>
<td>Bridgewater MS., Bridgewater House.</td>
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<td>Bur</td>
<td>Burley MS., formerly at Burley-on-the-Hill House, Rutland</td>
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<td>C</td>
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<td>Cy</td>
<td>Carnaby MS., Harvard College.</td>
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<td>D</td>
<td>Dowden MS., belonging to Professor Edward Dowden.</td>
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<td>E20</td>
<td>Egerton MS. 2013, British Museum.</td>
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<td>E22</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; 2230, &quot;</td>
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<td>G</td>
<td>Gosse MS. of Metempsychosis, belonging to Mr. Edmund Gosse.</td>
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<td>H39</td>
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<td>TCC</td>
<td>Trinity College, Cambridge, MS.</td>
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<td>TCD</td>
<td>Trinity College, Dublin, MS. G. 2. 21.</td>
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<td>TCD (II)</td>
<td>A second collection of poems in the same MS.</td>
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<td>W</td>
<td>Westmoreland MS., belonging to Mr. Edmund Gosse.</td>
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The following groups are important: —

D, H49, Lec,

and

A18, N, TC, where TC represents TCC and TCD.
THE
PRINTER
TO THE
UNDERSTANDERS.

Or this time I must speake only to you: at another, Readers may per-
chance serve my turne; and I thinke this a way very free from exception, in
hope that very few will have a minde to confesse themselves ignorant.

If you looke for an Epiftle, as you have before ordinary publications, I am sorry that I must
deceive you; but you will not lay it to my charge, when you shall consider that this is not ordinary, for if I should
fay it were the beft in this kinde, that ever this Kingdome hath yet feene; he that would doubt of it must goe out
of the Kingdome to enforme himfelfe, for the beft judgments, within it, take it for granted.

You may imagine (if it please you) that I could endeare it unto you, by faying, that importunity drew it on; that
had it not beene pretented here, it would have come to us from beyond the Seas; (which perhaps is true enough,) That my charge and paines in procuring of it hath beene
such, and fuch. I could adde hereto, a promise of more correétnesse, or enlargement in the next Edition, if you
shall in the meane time content you with this. But these
things are so common, as that I should profane this Peece by applying them to it; A Peece which who so takes not as he findes it, in what manner soever, he is unworthy of it, fith a scattered limbe of this Author, hath more amiable-ness in it, in the eye of a discerner, then a whole body of some other; Or, (to expresse him beft by himfelfe)

—A hand, or eye,

By Hilyard drawne, is worth a history

By a worse Painter made;—

If any man (thinking I speake this to enflame him for the vent of the Impreffion) be of another opinion, I fhall as willingly spare his money as his judgement. I cannot lofe fo much by him as hee will by himfelfe. For I fhall satisfie my felfe with the confcience of well doing, in making fo much good common.

Howfoever it may appeare to you, it fhall suffice mee to enforme you, that it hath the beft warrant that can bee, publique authority, and private friends.

There is one thing more wherein I will make you of my counfell, and that is, That whereas it hath pleafed fome, who had studied and did admire him, to offer to the memory of the Author, not long after his deceafe, I have thought I fhould do you service in prefenting them unto you now; onely whereas, had I placed them in the beginning, they might have serv'd for fo many Encomiums of the Author (as is uſual in other workes, where perhaps there is need of it, to prepare men to digest fuch ftuffe as follows after,) you fhall here finde them in the end, for whosoever reades the rest fo farre, fhall perceive that there is no occafion to ufe them to that purpose; yet there they are, as an atteftation for their fakes that knew not fo much before, to let them fee how much honour was attributed to this worthy man, by thofe that are capable to give it. Farewell.

The Printer to the Vnderftanders. 1635-69: The Printer to the Reader. 1633. See note 28 here 1635-69: om. 1633

Hexaftichon
SONGS
AND
SONETS.

The good-morrow.

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the heaven sleepers den?
T'was so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee.
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd, and got, t'was but a dreame of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking foules,
Which watch not one another out of feare;
For love, all love of other sights controules,
And makes one little roome, an every where.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,
Let us posseffe one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,
And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,
Where can we finde two better hemispheres
Without sharpe North, without declining West?


What ever dyes, was not mixt equally;
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die.

Song.

Go, and catche a falling starre,
Get with child a mandrake roote,
Tell me, where all past yeares are,
Or who cleft the Divels foot,
Teach me to heare Mermaides singing,
Or to keep off envies singing,
And finde
What winde
Serves to advance an honest minde.

If thou beeft borne to strange fights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride thou thousand daies and nights,
Till age snow white haires on thee,
Thou, when thou retorn'ft, wilt tell mee
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And sweare
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

19 was not] is not 1669 20-1 or, thou and I . . . can die. 1633, D. H40, H49, Lec: or, thou and I . . . can slacken, . can die. Chambers: both thou and I

Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die. 1635-69, JC, O'F, P: or thou and I

Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

As thou and I &c. H40: And thou and I &c.

Song. 1633-69: Song, A Songe, or no title, A18, A25, B, L74, S96, TC 1669: [past times P go fee] 1669, S, S96: fee most other MSS.
If thou findest one, let mee know,
    Such a Pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
    Though at next doore wee might meet,
Though shee were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
   Yet shee
   Will bee
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

Womans constancy.

Now thou haft lov'd me one whole day,
To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then Antedate some new made vow?
    Or say that now
We are not just those persons, which we were?
Or, that oaths made in reverential feare
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths, true maryages untie,
So lovers contraets, images of those,
Binde but till sleep, deaths image, them unloose?
    Or, your owne end to Justifie,
For having purpof'd change, and falsehood; you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vaine lunatique, against these scapes I could
    Dispute, and conquer, if I would,
Which I abstraine to doe,
For by to morrow, I may thinke so too.
The undertaking.

I

Have done one braver thing
Then all the Worthies did,
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keepe that hid.

It were but madness now t'impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can finde none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuffe to worke upon, there is,)
Would love but as before.

But he who lovelinesse within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and skinne,
Loves but their olde clothes.

If, as I have, you also doe
Vertue'attir'd in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the Hee and Shee;

And if this love, though placed so,
From prophanne men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they doe, deride:

Then you have done a braver thing
Then all the Worthies did;
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keepe that hid.

26 did; Ed: did. 1633-39: did. 1650-69 27 spring,] spring 1633-39

The
The Sunne Rising.

But fie old foole, unruly Sunne,
Why doft thou thus,
Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us?
Must to thy motions lovers feations run?
Sawcy pedanticke wretch, goe chide
Late schoole boyes, and foure prentices,
Goe tell Court-huntmen, that the King will ride,
Call countrey ants to harvest offices;
Love, all alike, no seafon knowes, nor clyme,
Nor houres, dayes, moneths, which are the rags of time.

Thy beames, so reverend, and strong
Why shouldst thou thinke?
I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,
But that I would not lose her sight so long:
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Looke, and to morrow late, tell mee,
Whether both the India's of spice and Myne
Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with mee.
Aske for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterdye,
And thou shalt heare, All here in one bed lay.

She's all States, and all Princes, I,
Nothing else is.
Princes doe but play us; compar'd to this,
All honor's mimique; All wealth alchimie.
Thou funne art halfe as happy as wee,
In that the world's contracted thus;
Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee
To warme the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare.

The Indifferent.

I can love both faire and browne,
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betraies,
Her who loves lonenesse beft, and her who maskes and plaies,
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,
Her who beleeves, and her who tries,
Her who still weepes with spungie eyes,
And her who is dry corke, and never cries;
I can love her, and her, and you and you,
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do, as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices spent, and now would finde out others?
Or doth a feare, that men are true, torment you?
Oh we are not, be not you so,
Let mee, and doe you, twenty know.
Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe.
Muft I, who came to travaile thorow you,
Grow your fixt subjeft, because you are true?

26 thus; Ed: thus. 1633–69
The Indifferent. 1633–69, A1S, N, TCG, TCD: A Songe, Songe, or no
title, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96: Sonnet. P
1650–51 12 [spents] 15 mee, 1633: me; 1635–69
17 travaile] spelt travell, travel 1635–69

Venus
**Songs and Sonets.**

*Venus* heard me sing this song,
And by Loves sweetest Part, Variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no more.
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
And said, alas, Some two or three
Poore Heretiques in love there bee,
Which thinke to stablish dangerous constancie.
But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them, who'are false to you.

---

**Loves V fury.**

For every houre that thou wilt spare mee now,
I will allow,
Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my browne, my gray haires equall bee;
Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let
Mee travell, sojourne, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last yeares reliet: thinke that yet
We'had never met.

Let mee thinke any rivals letter mine,
And at next nine
Keepe midnights promise; mistake by the way
The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
Onely let mee love none, no, not the sport;
From country graffe, to comfitures of Court,
Or cities quelque choses, let report
My minde transport.

---

19 sing 1669 20 sweeteft Part. sweeteft sweet, 1669, P, S
21 and that it 1633, B, D, H 49, Lec. S: it 1635-69, H 40, P: and it A18, JC, N, O'F, 896, T€


This
This bargai'ne's good; if when I'am old, I bee
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine owne honour, or my shame, or paine,
Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gaine.

Doe thy will then, then subject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,
Spare mee till then, I'll beare it, though the bee
One that loves mee.

---

The Canonization.

For Godfake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my pallie, or my gout,
My five gray haires, or ruin'd fortune flout,
With wealth your state, your minde with Arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his honour, or his grace,
Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face
Contemplate, what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?
What merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who faies my teares have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veins fill
Adde one more to the plaguy Bill?
Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.
Call us what you will, wee are made such by love;
   Call her one, mee another flye,
We'are Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,
   And wee in us finde the Eagle and the Dove.
   The Phoenix ridle hath more wit
   By us, we two being one, are it.
So to one neutrall thing both sexes fit,
   Wee dye and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

Wee can dye by it, if not live by love,
   And if unfit for tombes and hearfe
Our legend bee, it will be fit for verfe;
   And if no piece of Chronicle wee prove,
   We'll build in sonnets pretty roomes;
As well a well wrought urne becomes
The greatest athes, as halfe-acre tombes,
   And by these hymnes, all shall approve
Us Canoniz'd for Love:

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love
   Made one anothers hermitage;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
   Who did the whole worlds foule contract, and drove
   Into the glasses of your eyes
   (So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize,)
   Countries, Townes, Courts: Beg from above
A patterne of your love!

---

**Songs and Sonets.**

Call us what you will, wee are made such by love;
   Call her one, mee another flye,
We'are Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,
   And wee in us finde the Eagle and the Dove.
   The Phoenix ridle hath more wit
   By us, we two being one, are it.
So to one neutrall thing both sexes fit,
   Wee dye and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

Wee can dye by it, if not live by love,
   And if unfit for tombes and hearfe
Our legend bee, it will be fit for verse;
   And if no piece of Chronicle wee prove,
   We'll build in sonnets pretty roomes;
As well a well wrought urne becomes
The greatest athes, as halfe-acre tombes,
   And by these hymnes, all shall approve
Us Canoniz'd for Love:

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love
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You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
   Who did the whole worlds foule contract, and drove
   Into the glasses of your eyes
   (So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize,)
   Countries, Townes, Courts: Beg from above
A patterne of your love!

---


---

**The**
The triple Fool.

I

Am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining Poetry;

But where's that wise man, that would not be I,

If she would not deny?

Then as th'earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea waters fretful sail away,

I thought, if I could draw my pains,
Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay,

Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For, he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
Some man, his art and voice to show,

Doth set and sing my paine,

And, by delighting many, frees againe

Griefe, which verse did restraine.

To Love, and Griefe tribute of Verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases when'tis read,

Both are increased by such songs:
For both their triumphs so are published,

And I, which was two fools, do so grow three;

Who are a little wiser, the best fools bee.
Songs and Sonets.

Lovers infinitenesse.

If yet I have not all thy love,
Deare, I shall never have it all,
I cannot breath one other sigh, to move,
Nor can intreat one other teare to fall,
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, teares, and oathes, and letters I have spent.
Yet no more can be due to mee,
Then at the bargain made was ment,
If then thy gift of love were partiall,
That some to mee, some should to others fall,
Deare, I shall never have Thee All.

Or if then thou gavest mee all,
All was but All, which thou hadst then;
But if in thy heart, since, there be or shal,
New love created bee, by other men,
Which have their stocks intire, and can in teares,
In sighs, in oathes, and letters outbid mee,
This new love may beget new feares,
For, this love was not vowed by thee.
And yet it was, thy gift being generall,
The ground, thy heart is mine, what ever shall
Grow there, deare, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
Hee that hath all can have no more,
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldest have new rewards in store;

Thou canst not every day give me thy heart, 
If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it: 
Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart, 
It stayes at home, and thou with losing gavest it: 
But wee will have a way more liberall, 
Then changing hearts, to joyne them, so wee shall 
Be one, and one anothers All.

Song.

Sweetest love, I do not goe, 
For wearinesse of thee, 
Nor in hope the world can shew 
A fitter Love for mee; 
But since that I 
Must dye at laft, 'tis beft, 
To use my selfe in jest 
Thus by fain'd deaths to dye;

Except mine come when thine doth part 
And in such giving it, thou gaveft it: A25, C 
Perchance mine comes, when thine doth parte, 
And by such losing it, &c. JC

[1] have] love 1669: find A25, C 32 them] us 1669

Song. 1653-69: Song. or no title, A18, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC, Le, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TGD: in A18, N, TCC, TGD, this with Send home my long stray'd eyes and The Bait are given as Songs which were made to certain ayres which were made before. 1-4 In most MSS. these lines are written as two long lines, and so with ll. 9-12, 17-20, 25-28, 33-36 4 mee; 1650-69: mee. 1633-39 5-8 But since ... dye; 1633, A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Le, N, P, S, S96, TCC:

At the laft musit part 'tis beft, 
Thus to use my selfe in jest 
By fained deaths to dye; 1635-54, O'F:
Muff dye at laft, 'tis beft, 
Thus to use my self in jest 
By fained death to dye; 1669 

Yesternight
Yesternight the Sunne went hence,
And yet is here to day,
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor halfe so short a way:
Then feare not mee,
But beleev that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurres then hee.

O how feeble is mans power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot adde another houre,
Nor a loft houre recall!
But come bad chance,
And wee joyne to'it our strength,
And wee teach it art and length,
It selfe o' r us to'advance.

When thou sith'ft, thou sith'ft not winde,
But sith'ft my soule away,
When thou weep'ft, unkindly kinde,
My lifes blood doth decay.
It cannot bee
That thou lov'ft mee, as thou say'ft,
If in thine my life thou wafte,
Thou art the best of mee.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethinke me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy feares fulfill ;
But thinke that wee
Are but turn'd aside to sleepe;
They who one another keepe
Alive, ne'r parted bee.
When I dyed last, and, Deare, I dye
As often as from thee I goe,
Though it be but an hour agoe,
And Lovers hours be full eternity,
I can remember yet, that I
Something did say, and something did bestow;
Though I be dead, which sent mee, I should be
Mine owne executor and Legacie.

I heard mee say, Tell her anon,
That my selfe, (that is you, not I,) Did kill me, and when I felt mee dye,
I bid mee send my heart, when I was gone,
But alas could there finde none,

When I had ripp’d me,’ and search’d where hearts did lye;
It kill’d mee againe, that I who still was true,
In life, in my last Will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
But colours it, and corners had,
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was intire to none, and few had part.
As good as could be made by art
It seem’d; and therefore for our losses sad,
I meant to send this heart in stead of mine,
But oh, no man could hold it, for twas thine.

A Fever.

O H do not die, for I shall hate
All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember, thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know;
To leave this world behind, is death,
But when thou from this world wilt goe,
The whole world vapers with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the worlds soule, goest,
It stay, tis but thy carkasse then,
The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
But corrupt wormes, the worthyest men.

O wrangling schooles, that search what fire
Shall burne this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her feaver might be it?

And yet she cannot wait by this,
Nor long beare this tormenting wrong,
For much corruption needfull is
To fuel such a feaver long.

These burning fits but meteors bee,
Whose matter in thee is soone spent.
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet 'twas of my minde, feising thee,
Though it in thee cannot perseeve.
For I had rather owner bee
Of thee one houre, then all else ever.


Ave
Aire and Angels.

Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angell affect us oft, and worship'd bee;
   Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing I did see.
   But since my soule, whose child love is,
Takes limmes of flesh, and else could nothing doe,
More subtile then the parent is,
Love must not be, but take a body too,
   And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid Love aske, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fixe it self in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballaft love, I thought,
And so more steedily to have gone,
With wares which would sinke admiration,
I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,
   Ev'ry thy haire for love to worke upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
   For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere;
   Then as an Angell, face, and wings
Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,
   So thy love may be my loves sphære;
      Just such disparitie
As is twixt Aire and Angells puritie,
'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever bee.

TCC, TCD: no title, B, H40 4 bee; Ed: bee, 1633-69 5 came.]
came 1633 6 I did | did I 1669 fee. Ed: fee, 1633-69 7 since
Ed: since, 1633-69 11 who, Ed: who 1633-69 14 lip, eye,]
lips, eyes, 1669. Chambers 19 Ev'ry thy 1633-39. A18, B(Even), D,
H40, H49, JC, Lee, N, O'F, S(Ever), S96, TC: Thy every 1650-69 22
scatt'ring Ed: scatt'ring 1633-35: scatt'ring 1639-69 27 Aire 1633-54
and all MSS.: Aire 1669. Chambers

Breake
Breake of day.

'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rife from me?
Why should we rife, because 'tis light?
Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?
Love which in despight of darkness brought us hether,
Should in despight of light keepe us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speake as well as spie,
This were the worst, that it could say,
That being well, I faine would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honor so,
That I would not from him, that had them, goe.

Muft businesse thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst diseafe of love,
The poore, the foule, the falsfe, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe
Such wrong, as when a maryed man doth wooe.

---

Breake of day. 1633-69. A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD: no title or Sonnet,
5 in despight 1650-54. A18, D, H40, H49, L74, LeC, N, S, TC 6 in despight 1653, 1650-69: in
despight 1655-59] holde A18, L74, N, S96, TC 9 were]
is A18, L74, N, O'F, S, TC 11 I lov'd I love JC, N, O'F, TC 12
him, that had them, 1633-54, D, H49, LeC, S: him that hath them (or it)
A25, B, C, L74, N, O'F, TC: her, that had them, 1669: her that hath
them B, JC (it), S96 15 foule,] foole, H40 18 as when ... doth
1633, 1669, A25, C, D, H40, H49, LeC, S, S96: as if ... should A18,
B, JC, L74, N, O'F, TC: as when ... should 1633-54

The
The Anniversarie.

All Kings, and all their favorites,
All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as they passe,
Is elder by a yeare, now, then it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things, to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday,
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keepes his first, laft, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my coarse,
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas, as well as other Princes, wee,
(Who Prince enough in one another bee,)
Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and eares,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt teares;
But soules where nothing dwells but love
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increafed there above,
When bodies to their graves, soules from their graves remove.

The Anniversarie. 1633–69, A18, N, TCC, TCD; no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec O’F, P, S: Ad Liviam. S96 3 times, as they pass, 1633, 1669 (which brackets which . . . pafs), MSS.: times, as these pafs, 1635–54: time, as they pass, Chambers, who attributes to 1633, 1669 12 divorce. Ed: divorce, 1633–69 17 love Ed: love; 1633–69 20 to their graves] to their grave 1635–39

And
Songs and Sonets.

And then wee shall be throughly bleft,
But wee no more, then all the rest;
Here upon earth, we are Kings, and none but wee
Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects bee.
Who is so safe as wee? where none can doe
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add againe
Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attaine
To write threescore: this is the seconde of our raigne.

A Valediction: of my name, in the window.

My name engrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmnesse to this glaffe,
Which, ever since that charm, hath beene
As hard, as that which grav'd it, was;
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

A Valediction: Of &c. D, H49: A Valediction of &c. 1633-69, H49, Lcc: Valediction of &c. A18, N, TCC, TCD: A Valediction of my name in the Glaffe Window Cy: A Valediction to &c. B: Valediction of Glaffe O'F: Valediction in Glaffe P: The Diamond and Glasse S: Upon the ingravinge of his name with a Diamonde in his mistris windowe when he was to travel. S96 (This is added to the title in O'F.): similarly, JC 4 was; Ed: was, 1633-69 5 eye] eyes A18, B, Cy, JC, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC
II.
'Tis much that Glafle fhould bee
As all confessing, and through-shine as I,
'Tis more, that it shewes thee to thee,
And cleare reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules, loves magique can undoe,
Here you see mee, and I am you.

III.
As no one point, nor dash,
Which are but accessaries to this name,
The flowers and tempefts can outwafh,
So fhall all times finde mee the fame;
You this intireneffe better may fulfill,
Who have the patterne with you still.

III.
Or, if too hard and deepe
This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
It, as a given deaths head keepe,
Lovers mortalitie to preach,
Or thinke this ragged bony name to bee
My ruinous Anatomie.

V.
Then, as all my foules bee,
Emparadif'd in you, (in whom alone
I understand, and grow and see,)
The rafters of my body, bone
Being still with you, the Mufcle, Sinew, and Veine,
Which tile this house, will come againe.
Songs and Sonets.

VI.
Till my returne, repaire
And recompaet my scattered body so.
As all the vertuous powers which are
Fix'd in the starres, are said to flow
Into such characters, as graved bee
When these starres have supremacie:

VII.
So, since this name was cut
When love and grieue their exaltation had,
No doore 'gainst this names influence shut;
As much more loving, as more sad,
'Twill make thee; and thou shouldest, till I returne,
Since I die daily, daily mourne.

VIII.
When thy inconsiderate hand
Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
To looke on one, whose wit or land,
New battry to thy heart may frame,
Then thinke this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offendst my Genius.

IX.
And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy Lover's gold, and page,
His letter at thy pillow'hath laid,
Disputed it, and tam'd thy rage,
And thou begin'ft to thaw towards him, for this,
May my name steep in, and hide his.

32 fo. 1633-35: fo. 1639-69, Chambers. See note 34 flow Ed:
flow, 1633-69 36 these 1633: these 1635-69 have] had 1669
1633-69 39 shut: Ed: shut. 1633-69 44 ope 1633-69, O'F,
S96: out A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S, TC 48 offendst]
offends 1669 50 and] or 1669, JC, O'F, S96
52-3 Disputed thou it, and tame thy rage.
If thou to him begin'ft to thaw for this, 1669 X.
X.
And if this treason goe
To an overt act, and that thou write againe;
In supercribing, this name flow
Into thy fancy, from the pane.
So, in forgetting thou remembrest right,
And unaware to mee shalt write.

XI.
But glaflake, and lines must bee,
No means our firme substantiall love to keepe;
Neere death inflicts this lethargie,
And this I murmur in my sleepe;
Impute this idle talke, to that I goe,
For dying men talke often so.

Twicknam garden.

Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with teares,
Hither I come to seeke the spring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,
Receive such balmes, as else cure every thing;
But O, selfe traytor, I do bring
The spider love, which transubstantiates all,
And can convert Manna to gall,
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
True Paradize, I have the serpant brought.

55 goe | growe JC, O'E, S 56 againe; 1633: againe: 1635-69 57
this | my 1669 58 pane. 1633: Pen. 1635-69, O'E, S 60 unaware
unawares B, N, O'E, P, S, S96, TC 64 this | thus 1635-69, O'E, P, S, S96
Twicknam garden. 1633-69: du. or Twitnam Garden. A18, L74 (in
Cj, D, H.10, H.19, JC, Lcc, P 3 ears | years 1669 4 balms ...
cure 1633, A25, D, H.49: balm ... cures 1635-69. A18, B, Cj, L74, N,
O'E, P, S, S96, TC thing; Ed: thing, 1633: thing: 1635-69 6
 spider | spiders 1669 8 thoroughly 1633-39: thoroughly 1650-69
Twere
Twere wholsomer for mee, that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave frost did forbid
These trees to laugh, and mocke mee to my face;
But that I may not this disgrace
Indure, nor yet leave loving, Love let mee
Some senselesse peecce of this place bee;
Make me a mandrake, so I may groane here,
Or a stone fountaine weeping out my yeare.

Hither with christall vyalis, lovers come,
And take my teares, which are loves wine,
And try your mistresse Teares at home,
For all are false, that taft not just like mine;
Alas, hearts do not in eyes shine,
Nor can you more judge womans thoughts by teares,
Then by her shadow, what she weares.
O perverse sexe, where none is true but shee,
Who's therefore true, because her truth kills mee.

A Valediction: of the booke.

I'll tell thee now (deare Love) what thou shalt doe
To anger destiny, as she doth us,
How I shall stay, though she Esloygne me thus
And how posterity shall know it too;

A Valediction: of &c. Ed: A Valediction of the booke A18, N, TCC,
A Valediction of a booke left in a windowe. JC
How thine may out-endure
Sybills glory, and obscure
Her who from Pindar could allure,
And her, through whose helpe Lucian is not lame,
And her, whose booke (they say) Homer did finde, and name.

Study our manuscripts, those Myriades
Of letters, which have past twixt thee and mee,
Thence write our Annals, and in them will bee
To all whom loves subliming fire invades,
Rule and example found;
There, the faith of any ground
No schismaticque will dare to wound,
That fees, how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to use, to be these his Records.

This Booke, as long-liv'd as the elements,
Or as the worlds forme, this all-graved tome
In cypher writ, or new made Idiome,
Wee for loves clergie only'are instruments:
When this booke is made thus,
Should againe the ravenous
Vandals and Goths inundate us,
Learning were safe; in this our Univerfe
Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Mufick, Angels Verfe.

Here Loves Divines, (since all Divinity
Is love or wonder) may finde all they seeke,
Whether abstrac{t spirituall love they like,
Their Soules exhal'd with what they do not fee,

18 Records, 1633-69: records, Grolier
1639-54: Tomb. 1669, A18, Cy, Lec, N, S
1633-69 22 instruments: Ed: instruments, 1633-69. See note 25
20 tome 1655-35: to me
and Goths inundate us. A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, TC: and the
Goths invade us. 1633-54, S: and Goths invade us. 1669, H40, JC (or), 0'F,
26 were safe; 1653: rest omit semicolon.
Or,
Songs and Sonets.

Or, loth so to amuse
Faiths infirmitie, they chuse
Something which they may see and use;
For, though minde be the heaven, where love doth fit, 35
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more then in their booke may Lawyers finde,
Both by what titles Mistresses are ours,
And how prerogative these states devours,
Transferr'd from Love himselfe, to womankinde,
Who though from heart, and eyes,
They exact great subsidies,
Forfake him who on them relies,
And for the cause, honour, or conscience give,
Chimeraes, vaine as they, or their prerogative. 45

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can reade,) 50
May of their occupation finde the grounds:
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to consider what 'tis, one proceed,
In both they doe excell
Who the present governe well,
Whose weakness none doth, or dares tell;
In this thy booke, such will their nothing fee,
As in the Bible some can finde out Alchimy.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll studie thee,
As he removes farre off, that great heights takes;
How great love is, presence beft tryall makes,
But absence tryes how long this love will bee;

32 Or, . . . amuze Ed: Or . . . amuze, 1633-69. 33 infirmitie,
infirmities, 1669. D. H.49, LeC 38 titles] titles, 1633 39 these states]
those rites A18, N, TC 40 womankinde, Ed: womankinde. 1633-54:
womankinde: 1669 43 relies, Ed: relies 1633: relies; 1635-69 44
give,] give; 1635-69 46 State[men] Trad[efmen Cy, P 47 grounds:
Ed: grounds, 1633-69 49 'tis, one] 'tis on, 1669 53 their nothing
1635-54, A18, B. Cy, D. H.40, H.49, IC (notings), LeC, N, O', F, S, TC (but
the MSS. waver between their and there). there something 1633, 1669, P
55 vent 1633, 1669: went 1635-54 thoughts; abroad] thoughts abroad:
1669 56 great heights] shadows O'F

To
To take a latitude
Sun, or staries, are fitlieft view’d
At their brightest, but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have wee,
But to marke when, and where the darke eclipses bee?

Communitie.

Good wee must love, and must hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good still,
But there are things indifferent,
Which wee may neither hate, nor love,
But one, and then another prove,
As wee fhall finde our fancy bent.

If then at firft wise Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then some wee might hate, and some chufe,
But since shee did them fo create,
That we may neither love, nor hate,
Onely this refts, All, all may use.

If they were good it would be fene,
Good is as visible as greene,
And to all eyes it felle betrayes:
If they were bad, they could not laft,
Bad doth it felle, and others waft,
So, they deserve nor blame, nor praife.
But they are ours as fruits are ours,
He that but tafts, he that devours,
   And he that leaves all, doth as well:
Chang'd loves are but chang'd forts of meat,
   And when hee hath the kernell eate,
Who doth not fling away the shell?

Love's growth.

I

Scarce beleeeve my love to be so pure
   As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude, and season, as the graffe;
Me thinkes I lyed all winter, when I sware,
My love was infinite, if spring make'it more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow
   With more, not onely bee no quintessence,
But mixt of all stuffes, paining soule, or sense,
And of the Sunne his working vigour borrow,
Love's not so pure, and abstrac, as they use
To say, which have no Mistrelle but their Muse,
But as all else, being elemented too,
Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
   Love by the spring is growne;
As, in the firmament,
Starres by the Sunne are not inlarg'd, but fhowne.
Gentle love deeds, as blossomes on a bough,
From loves awakened root do bud out now.
If, as in water ftir'd more circles bee
Produc'd by one, love such additions take,
Those like fo many sphæres, but one heaven make,
For, they are all concentrique unto thee.
And though each spring doe adde to love new heate,
As princes doe in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter fhall abate the springs encreafe.

Loves exchange.

Love, any devill else but you,
Would for a given Soule give something too.
At Court your fellowes every day,
Give th'art of Riming, Huntsmanship, or Play,
For them which were their owne before;
Onely I have nothing which gave more,
But am, alas, by being lowly, lower.

I aske no dispensation now
To falsifie a teare, or figh, or vow,
I do not sue from thee to draw
A non obstante on natures law,
These are prerogatives, they inhere
In thee and thine; none should forswear
Except that hee Loves minion were.

18-19 Starres . . . fhowne. Gentle love Ed: Starres . . . fhowne,
Gentle love 1633-69:
Stars are not by the sunne enlarg'd: but fhowne
Greater; Loves deeds P. See note
24 thec. Ed: thec, 1633-69 28 the 1633, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,
N, S96, TC: this 1633-69, Cy, O'F, P, S
Loves exchange. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title. B, D, H40, H49,
JC, Lec, O'F, P 4 or] and most MSS. Play D: play 1633-69 9
or figh, or vow, 1633-54: a figh, a vow, 1669

Give
Give mee thy weakneffe, make mee blinde,
Both wayes, as thou and thine, in eies and minde;
Love, let me never know that this
Is love, or, that love childish is;
Let me not know that others know
That she knowes my paines, leaft that so
A tender shame make me mine owne new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou’art juft,
Because I would not thy first motions truft;
Small townes which fland fliffe, till great shot
Enforce them, by warres law condition not.
Such in loves warfare is my cafe,
I may not article for grace;
Having put Love at laft to shew this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change the Idolatrie of any land,
This face, which wherefo’r it comes,
Can call vow’d men from cloifters, dead from tombes,
And melt both Poles at once, and store
Deserts with cities, and make more
Mynes in the earth, then Quarries were before.

For this, Love is enrag’d with mee,
Yet kills not. If I mufT example bee
To future Rebells; If th’unborne
MufT learne, by my being cut up, and torne:
Kill, and disject me, Love; for this
Torture againft thine owne end is,
Rack’t carcasses make ill Anatomies.
Confined Love.

Some man unworthy to be possessor
Of old or new love, himselfe being false or weake,
Thought his paine and shame would be leffer,
If on womankind he might his anger wrekke,
   And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know;
But are other creatures so?

Are Sunne, Moone, or Starres by law forbidden,
To smile where they lift, or lend away their light?
Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a night?
Beasts doe no joynitures lose
Though they new lovers choose,
But we are made worfe then thowe.

Who e'r rigg'd faire ship to lie in harbors,
And not to seake new lands, or not to deale withall?
Or built faire houses, set trees, and arbors,
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?
   Good is not good, unleffe
A thousand it possesse,
   But doth waft with greediness.

Confined Love. 1635-69: no title, 1633, A18, B, D, H49, Jc, L74, Lec, N, O'F, TCC, TCD. To the worthieft of all my lovers. Cy: To the
of all my loves my virtuous mistriues. P 3 his] this 1669 leffer]
the leffer A18, Cy, Jc, P 6 might 1633-69: shoule B, Cy, D, H49,
Jc, L74, Lec, O'F, S, TC 9 lend] bend 1669 11 mate, 1633-39:
meate, 1650: ment, 1669 a night (i.e. a-night) 1633-54: all night 1669
12 Beasts] Beast 1635 15 ship] ships 1669, Chambers 16 seake
new lands 1635-55 and MSS.: secke lands 1639-69. Chambers, whose note
is incorrect withall 1633: with all 1635-69 17 built 1633-35:
build 1639-69

The
Deare love, for nothing less then thee
Would I have broke this happy dreame,
It was a theame
For reason, much too strong for phantasie,
Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet
My Dreame thou brok'dst not, but continuedst it,
Thou art so truth, that thoughts of thee suffice,
To make dreames truths; and fables histories;
Enter these armes, for since thou thought'st it best,
Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a Tapers light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise wak'd mee;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lovest truth) an Angell, at first sight,
But when I saw thou sawest my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angells art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when
Excesse of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
I must confess, it could not chuse but bee
Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee.

Comming and staying shou'd thee, thee,
But rising makes me doubt, that now,
Thou art not thou.

That love is weake, where feares as strong as hee;

'Tis
'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave, If mixture it of Fear, Shame, Honor, have. Perchance as torches which must ready bee, Men light and put out, so thou deal'ft with mee, Thou cam'ft to kindle, goe'st to come: Then I Will dreame that hope againe, but else would die.  

---

A Valediction: of weeping. 

Let me powre forth My teares before thy face, whil'st I stay here, For thy face coin'es them, and thy stampe they beare, And by this Mintage they are something worth, For thus they bee 
Pregnant of thee; Fruits of much grieffe they are, emblemes of more, When a teare falls, that thou falst which it bore, So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore. 

On a round ball A workeman that hath copies by, can lay An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia, And quickly make that, which was nothing, All, So doth each teare, Which thee doth weare, A globe, yea world by that impression grow, Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolved so.

Songs and Sonets.

O more then Moone,
Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy sphare,
Weepe me not dead, in thine armes, but forbeare
To teach the sea, what it may doe too soone;
Let not the winde
Example finde,
To doe me more harme, then it purposeth;
Since thou and I siphone one anothers breath,
Who e'r siphes most, is cruellest, and hafts the others death.

Loves Alchymie.

Some that have deeper digg'd loves Myne then I,
Say, where his centrique happinesse doth lie:
I have lov'd, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not finde that hidden mysterie;
Oh, 'tis imposture all:
And as no chymique yet th'Elixar got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall,
So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summers night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day,
Shall we, for this vaine Bubles shadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man,
Can be as happy'as I can; If he can

\[20 \text{ up seas] thy seas 1669} \quad 22 \text{ soone; Ed: soone, 1633-69} \quad 25 \text{ purposeth; Ed: purposeth, 1633-69}\]
Endure the short scorne of a Bridegroomes play?
That loving wretch that sweares,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
Which he in her Angelique findes,
Would sweare as justly, that he heares,
In that dayes rude hoarse ministralsey, the spheares.
Hope not for minde in women; at their best
Sweetnesse and wit, they'are but Mummy, poss'eff.

The Flea.

Marke but this flea, and marke in this,
How little that which thou denyst me is;
It fuck'd me first, and now fucks thee,
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled bee;
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A finne, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys before it woe,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more then wee would doe.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where wee almost, yea more then maryed are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;

23-4 punctuation from MSS: at their best,
Sweetnesse, and wit they'are, but, Mummy, poss't.

1669 omits all punctuation in these lines

The Flea is placed here in the 1633 edition: 1635-69 place it at beginning
3 It fuckt mee first,

Though
Songs and Sonets.

Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
And clothyerd in these living walls of Je't.
Though use make you apt to kill mee,
Let not to that, selfe murder added bee,
And sacrilege, three sinnes in killing three.

Cruell and sodaine, haft thou since
Purpled thy naile, in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty bee,
Except in that drop which it fuckt from thee?
Yet thou triumph'ft, and faist that thou
Find'ft not thy selfe, nor mee the weaker now;
'Tis true, then learne how falfe, feares bee;
Just so much honor, when thou yeeld'ft to mee,
Will wait, as this flea's death yeeld'ft to mee.

The Curse.

Who ever guesses, thinks, or dreames he knowes
Who is my mistris, wither by this curfe;
His only, and only his purfe
May some dull heart to love dispose,
And shee yeeld then to all that are his foes;
May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorne,
Forswearre to others, what to her he'hath sworne,
With feare of mifl^uig, shame of getting, torne:

16 you] thee A18, Cy, N, O'F, S, 896, TC 21 Wherein] In what
A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, S, 896, TC 22 drop] blood 1669
couref 1669 3 His only, and only his purfe 1633-54, A18, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S, TC: Him, only for his purfe
1669, Chambers: His one and his onely purfe P 4 heart 1633-54
and MSS.: his one and his purfe
1669 and Chambers 5 And she yeeld then to
1633-54 and MSS.: And then yield unto 1669, Chambers 8 getting,
16 and 24

Madneffe
Madness his sorrow, gout his cramp, may hee
Make, by but thinking, who hath made him such:
And may he feel no touch
Of conscience, but of fame, and bee
Anguish'd, not that 'twas sinne, but that 'twas shee:
In early and long scarceness may he rot,
For land which had been his, if he had not
Himselfe incestuously an heir begot:

May he dreame Treason, and beleev, that hee
Meant to performe it, and confess, and die,
And no record tell why:
His sonnes, which none of his may bee,
Inherit nothing but his infamie:
Or may he so long Parastites have fed,
That he would faine be theirs, whom he hath bred,
And at the last be circumcist'd for bread:

The venom of all stepdames, gamsters gall,
What Tyrans, and their subjects interwisth,
What Plants, Mynes, Beasts, Foule, Fish,
Can contribute, all ill which all
Prophets, or Poets speake; And all which shal
Be annex'd in schedules unto this by mee,
Fall on that man; For if it be a shee
Nature before hand hath out-curfed mee.

9 cramp. cramps. 1669. Chambers, and most MSS. 10 him 1633-54
and MSS: them 1669. Chambers 12 fame, flame; A18, A25, N, P, TC
14-16 In early and long scarcenes ... an heir begot: 1633, B, D, H40,
H49, Lee, O'F (which gives alternate version in margin), S:
Or may he for her vertue reverence
One that hates him onely for impotence,
And equall Traitors be the and his fenne.

18 Meant Went A18, N, TC 26 Tyrants, 1633-35: Tyrants, 1639:
tyrants, 1650 69 27 Mynes, A18, A25, B, H40, JC, L74, N, O'F,
P, Q, S, TC: Myne, 1633-69, D, H49, Lee 28 ill 1669: ill, 1633-54

The
The Message.

Send home my long stray’d eyes to mee,
Which (Oh) too long have dwelt on thee;
Yet since there they have learn’d such ill,
Such forc’d fashions,
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good fight, keep them still.

Send home my harmleffe heart againe,
Which no unworthy thought could stain’d;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jeftings
Of protestings,
And croffe both
Word and oath,
Keepe it, for then ’tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know, and see thy lyes,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguish
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou art now.


A noe-
A nocturnall upon S. Lucies day,
Being the shortest day.

Is the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes,
Lucies, who scarce seaven houres herself unmaskes,
The Sunne is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes;
The worlds whole sap is funke:
The generall balme th'hydroptique earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the beds-feet, life is shrunke,
Dead and enterr'd; yet all these seeme to laugh,
Compar'd with mee, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers bee
At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:
For I am every dead thing,
In whom love wrought new Alchimic.
For his art did expresse
A quintessence even from nothingnesse,
From dull privations, and leane emptinesse:
He ruin'd mee, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darknesse, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
Life, soule, forme, spirit, whence they beeing have;
I, by loves limbecke, am the grave
Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have wee two wept, and so
Drownd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
To be two Chaofles, when we did show
Care to ought else; and often absences
Withdrew our soules, and made us carcasses.
But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing, the Elixer grown;
   Were I a man, that I were one,
I needs must know; I should preferre,
   If I were any beast,
Some ends, some means; Yea plants, yea stones detest,
And love; All, all some properties invert;
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sunne renew.
You lovers, for whose sake, the lesser Sunne
   At this time to the Goat is runne
To fetch new luft, and give it you,
   Enjoy your summer all;
Since shee enjoyes her long nights festivall,
Let mee prepare towards her, and let mee call
This houre her Vigill, and her Eve, since this
Both the yeares, and the dayes deep midnight is.

_Witchcraft by a picture._

I
Fixe mine eye on thine, and there
Pitty my picture burning in thine eye,
My picture drown'd in a transparent teare,
   When I looke lower I espie;
Hadst thou the wicked skill
By pictures made and mard, to kill,
How many ways mightst thou performe thy will?

31 know;] know, 1633 32 beast,] beast; Grolier
All. all Ed: love, all, all 1633–69 inveft; Ed: inveft, 1633: inveft
1633–69 37 renew. 1633: renew, 1635–69 41 all; Ed: all,
1633–69 and Chambers, who places a full stop after festivall
44 Eve, 1650–69: eve, 1633–39
Witchcraft &c. 1633–69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: The Picture. or Picture.
Cy, JC, O'F, P, S96: A Songe. B 4 espie; Ed: espie, 1633–69
6 to kill, Ed: to kill? 1633–39: to kill; 1650–69

But
But now I have drunke thy sweet salt teares,
   And though thou poure more I'll depart;
My picture vanisht, vanisht fears,
   That I can be endamag'd by that art;
Though thou retaine of mee
One picture more, yet that will bee,
Being in thine owne heart, from all malice free.

The Bait.

Come live with mee, and bee my love,
   And wee will some new pleasures prove
Of golden fands, and chriftall brookes,
With filken lines, and silver hookes.

There will the river whispering runne
Warm'd by thy eyes, more then the Sunne.
And there the' inamor'd fih will fty,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,
Each fih, which every channell hath,
Will amorously to thee swimme,
Glauder to catch thee, then thou him.

9 And though | Although 1669 | And though thou therefore poure more will depart; B. H. 10 | vanisht, vanisht fears, 1633, A18, B, Cy, H40, JC. N. P, S96. TC: vanished, vanish all fears 1635–54, O F: vanish, vanish fears, 1669 11 that | thy JC, O F, S96 14 all | thy B, H40, S96

If thou, to be so seene, beeft loath,
By Sunne, or Moone, thou darknest both,
And if my selfe have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legges, with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poore fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowie net:

Let coarse bold hands, from flimy neft
The bedded fish in banks out-wrelft,
Or curious traitors, leavefilke flies
Bewitch poore fishes wandring eyes.

For thee, thou needft no such deceit,
For thou thy selfe art thine owne bait;
That fishe, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser farre then I.

The Apparition.

When by thy scorne, O murdrefle, I am dead,
And that thou thinkft thee free
From all solicitation from mee,
Then shall my ghoft come to thy bed,
And thee, fain'd veftall, in worse armes shall see;

Then thy sicke taper will begin to winke,
And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,
Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke
Thou call'st for more,
And in false sleepe will from thee shrinke,
And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt I ye
A veryer ghost then I;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Left that preserve thee'; and since my love is spent,
I had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Then by my threatenings rest still innocent.

The broken heart.

HE is starke mad, who ever sayes,
That he hath beene in love an houre,
Yet not that love so soone decayes,
But that it can tenne in lesse space devour;
Who will beleeve mee, if I sware
That I have had the plague a yeare?
Who would not laugh at mee, if I should say,
I faw a flaske of powde burne a day?
Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
If once into loves hands it come!
All other griefes allow a part
To other griefes, and aske themselves but some;

7 then | 1669 omits 10 in false sleepe will from 1633, Cy, D, H49, Lec, S: in false sleepe from 1635-54: in a false sleepe even from 1669: in a false sleepe from A25, P: in a false sleepe will from A18, N, TC 13 I; I, 1633, some copies 17 rest still] keep thee A25, Cy, JC, O'F, P


They
They come to us, but us Love draws,
Hee swallows us, and never chawes:
   By him, as by chain'd shot, whole rankes doe dye,
   He is the tyran Pike, our hearts the Frye.

If 'twere not so, what did become
Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the roome,
   But from the roome, I carried none with mee:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show
   More pitty unto mee: but Love, alas,
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
   Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I thinke my breast hath all
   Those peeces still, though they be not unite;
And now as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
   My ragges of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love, can love no more.

---

A Valediction: forbidding mourning.

As virtuous men passe mildly away,
And whisper to their foules, to goe,
Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no:

15 chain'd shot] chain-shot A18, A25, N, TC
16 tyran] Tyrant
1669 our hearts] and we 1669 17 did | could A18, A25, B, C, L74,
23 alas.] alas 1633 24 sir[i] fierce A18, B, N, TC
30 hundred] thousand A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, M, N, P, S, TC

So let us melt, and make no noise,
   No teare-floods, nor figh-tempefts move,
'Twere prophanation of our joyes
   To tell the layetie our love.

Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares,
   Men reckon what it did and meant,
But trepidation of the sphaeres,
   Though greater farre, is innocent.

Dull sUBLunary lovers love
   (Whose foule is fense) cannot admit
Abfence, because it doth remove
   Thofe things which elemented it.

But we by a love, fo much refin'd,
   That our felves know not what it is,
Inter-affured of the mind,
   Care leffe, eyes, lips, and hands to miffe.

Our two foules therefore, which are one,
   Though I muft goe, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
   Like gold to ayery thinnesse beate.

If they be two, they are two fo
   As ififfe twin compaffes are two,
Thy foule the fixt foot, makes no show
   To move, but doth, if the'other doe.

6 No wind-fighs or tear-floods us move. Walton 8 layetie our love.
couc Walton, O, F 10 it] they Walton 15 Abfence, because
1633-54 and MSS.: Of abfence, caufe 1669 16 Thofe things
1633-54 and all MSS.: The thing 1669, Chambers. See note 17
much] far 1669 18 our felves] our fouls Walton 20 Care leffe,
1633-35, 1669: Careleffe, 1639-54 lips, and hands 1669 and all
MSS.: lips, hands 1633 And
And though it in the center fit,
Yet when the other far doth rome,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And growes erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to mee, who muft
Like th'other foot, obliquely runne;
Thy firmnes makes my circle juyt,
And makes me end, where I begunne.

The Extase.

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest
The violets reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best.

Our hands were firmly cimented
With a fast balme, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred
Our eyes, upon one double string;
So to'entergraff our hands, as yet
Was all the meanses to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate
Sufpends uncertaine victorie,
Our soules, (which to advance their state,
Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee.
And whil't our foules negotiate there,
    Wee like sepulchral statues lay;
All day, the fame our postures were,
    And wee said nothing, all the day.
If any, so by love refin'd,
    That he foules language understood,
And by good love were grownen all minde,
    Within convenient distance stood,
He (though he knew not which foule spake,
    Because both meant, both spake the fame)
Might thence a new concoction take,
    And part farre purer then he came.
This Extasie doth unperplex
    (We said) and tell us what we love,
Wee see by this, it was not sexe,
    Wee see, we saw not what did move:
But as all severall foules containe
    Mixture of things, they know not what,
Love, these mixt foules, doth mixe againe,
    And makes both one, each this and that.
A single violet transplant,
    The strength, the colour, and the size,
(All which before was poore, and scant,)
    Redoubles still, and multiplies.
When love, with one another so
    Interinanimates two foules,
That abler foule, which thence doth flow,
    Defects of lonelinefle controules.
Wee then, who are this new foule, know,
    Of what we are compos'd, and made,
For, th'Atomies of which we grow,
    Are foules, whom no change can invade.

18 lay; Ed: lay, 1633-69 25 knew 1635-69, A18, A25, B, H40,
H,49,JC,N,P,TC: knowes 1633, D, Lee 29 doth] do 1669 31 sexe,
1669: sexe 1633-54 42 Interinanimates A18, A25, B, H40, H49,
JC,N,O,F,P,TC: Interanimates 1633-69, D, Lee 44 lonelinefles
lonelinefs 1669 46 made, 1633-39: made: 1650-69 47 Atomies
1653-54: Atomies 1669 48 are foules, 1633, 1669: are foule, 1635-54
But
But O alas, so long, so farre
Our bodies why doe wee forbeare?

They are ours, though they are not wee, Wee are
The intelligences, they the spheare.

We owe them thankes, because they thus,
Did us, to us, at first convay,
Yeelled their forces, sense, to us,
Nor are droffe to us, but allay.

On man heavens influence workes not so,
But that it first imprints the ayre,
Soo soule into the soule may flow,
Though it to body first repaire.

As our blood labours to beget
Spirits, as like soules as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtile knot, which makes us man:

So must pure lovers soules descend
T' affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great Prince in prifon lies.

To'our bodies turne wee then, that so
Weake men on love reveal'd may looke;

Loves mysteries in soules doe grow,
But yet the body is his booke.

And if some lover, such as wee,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still marke us, he shall see
Small change, when we're to bodies gone.


Loves
Long to talk with some old lovers' ghost,
Who dyed before the god of Love was borne:
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
Sunke so low, as to love one which did scorne.
But since this god produc'd a destinie,
And that vice-nature, custome, lets it be;
I must love her, that loves not mee.

Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,
Nor he, in his young godhead pra6lis'd it;
His office was indulgently to fit
Active to passives. Correspondencie
Only his subject was; It cannot bee
Love, till I love her, that loves mee.

But every moderne god will now extend
His vast prerogative, as far as Jove.
To rage, to luft, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlwe of the God of Love.
Oh were wee wak'ned by this Tyrannie
To ungod this child againe, it could not bee
I should love her, who loves not mee.

Rebell and Atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love could doe?
Love might make me leave loving, or might trie
A deeper plague, to make her love mee too,
Which, since she loves before, I am loth to see;
Falshood is worse then hate; and that must bee,
If shee whom I love, should love mee.

1633: much? 1635 9 it; Ed: it. 1633-69 13 subject] Subject
1669 14 love... me. 1633,1669, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40(who), H49, JC, L74, N, P, S(lov'd), TCD: Love, if I love, who loves not mee.
1635-54, O'F 19 Oh... wak'ned] Were we not weak'ned 1669
21 That I should love, who loves not me. A18, A25, C, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Leu, N, P, S, S96, TC: O'F reads as these but alters to as in printed edd. 24 might make A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, N, P, S, S96, TC: may make 1633-69, Lee 26 Which,] Which 1633

Loves
Loves diet.

TO what a combersome unwieldinesse
And burdenous corpulence my love had growne,
But that I did, to make it leffe,
And keepe it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon
That which love worst endures, disposition.

Above one sigh a day I'allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune, and my faults had part;
And if sometimes by stealth he got
A she sigh from my mistresse heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'Twas neither very found, nor meant to mee.

If he wrong from mee'a teare, I brin'd it fo
With scorne or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
If he fuck'd hers, I let him know
'Twas not a teare, which hee had got,
His drinke was counterfeit, as was his meat;
For, eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but sweat.

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters; When she writ to me,
And that that favour made him fat,
I said, if any title bee
Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it availe,
To be the fortieth name in an entaille?

Ed: mee; 1633-35: mee : 1639-69 18 For,] Her 1669 19 Whatever ... that, 1633-39, 1669: Whate'er might him dislaft I still writ that, 1650-54: Whatever hee would dislaft I writt that, A18, N, TC
20 But burnt my letters; When she writ to me, 1633: But burnt her letters when she writ to me, 1633: But burnt her letters when she writ to me; 1639-54, Chambers: But burnt my letters which she writ to me; 1669
21 that that 1633: if that 1635-69. See note 24 name] man 1669
Thus
Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard love, to flye
At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse;
Now negligent of sport I lye,
And now as other Fawkners use,
I spring a mistress, swear, write, fight and weep:
And the game kill'd, or lost, goe talke, and sleepe.

The Will.

Before I figh my last gaspe, let me breath,
Great love, some Legacies; Here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see,
If they be blinde, then Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to Embassadours mine eares;
To women or the sea, my teares.
Thou, Love, haft taught mee heretofore
By making mee serve her who'had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but fuch, as had too much before.
My confiance I to the planets give;
My truth to them, who at the Court doe live;
Mine ingenuity and openneffe,
To Jesuites; to Buffonies my pensivenesse;
My silence to any, who abroad hath beene;
My mony to a Capuchin.
Thou Love taught me, by appointing mee
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacitie.


2 Here I 1633-54; I here 1669, Chambers 6 teares. Ed: teares; 1633-69 8 serve her] love her 1669 10 give; Ed: give, 1633-69 10-27 These stanzas printed without a break, 1669
14 hath] have 1669 18 an incapacitie.] no good Capacity. 1669

My
My faith I give to Roman Catholiques; 20
All my good works unto the Schifmaticks
Of Amsterdam; my beft civility
And Courtship, to an Universitie;
My modesty I give to souldiers bare;
My patience let gamesters share.
Thou Love taught me, by making mee
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Onely to give to those that count my gifts indignity.
I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; Mine induftrie to foes;
To Schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulnesse;
My ficknesse to Phylirians, or exceffe;
To Nature, all that I in Ryme have writ;
And to my company my wit.
Thou Love, by making mee adore
Her, who begot this love in mee before,
Taught me to make, as though I gave, when I did but restore.

To him for whom the pafting bell next tolls,
I give my phyfick booke; my writen rowles
Of Morall counfels, I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; To them which paffe among
All forrainers, mine English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making mee love one
Who thinkes her friendship a fit portion
For yonger lovers, doft my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more; But I'll undoe
The world by dying; because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Then gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth;

And
And all your graces no more use shall have
Then a Sun dyall in a grave.
Thou Love taught mee, by making mee
Love her, who doth negleæ both mee and thee,
To'invent, and practife this one way, to'annihilate all three.

The Funerall.

Who ever comes to shroud me, do not harme
Nor question much
That subtile wreath of haire, which crowns my armé;
The mystery, the signe you must not touch,
For'tis my outward Soule,
Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,
Will leave this to controule,
And keepe these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolution.

For if the fine wie thread my braine lets fall
Through every part,
Can tye those parts, and make mee one of all;
These haires which upward grew, and strenght and art
Have from a better braine,
Can better do'it; Except the meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they are condemn'd
to die.

54 all three. 1633–39, three being below the line in 1633 and above in 1635–39: al. three 1650–54, the full stop having fallen from three to all below it: annihilate thee. 1669
So?igs
a?ici
So7iets.

What ere she meant by 't, bury it with me,
For since I am
Loves martyr, it might breed idolatrie,
If into others hands these Reliques came;
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a Soule can doe,
So, 'tis some bravery,
That since you would save none of mee, I bury some of you.

---

The Blossome.

Little think'st thou, poore flower,
Whom I have watch'd fixe or seaven dayes,
And seene thy birth, and seene what every houre
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To Morrow finde thee falne, or not at all.

Little think'st thou poore heart
That labour'st yet to neistle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffenede by long siege to bow:
Little think'st thou,
That thou to Morrow, ere that Sunne doth wake,
Must with this Sunne, and mee a journey take.


But
But thou which lov'lt to bee
Subtile to plague thy selfe, wilt say,
Alas, if you must goe, what's that to mee?
Here lyes my businesse, and here I will stay:
You goe to friends, whose love and meanses present
Various content
To your eyes, eares, and tongue, and every part.
If then your body goe, what need you a heart?

Well then, stay here; but know,
When thou hast stayd and done thy most;
A naked thinking heart, that makes no shew,
Is to a woman, but a kinde of Ghost;
How shall shee know my heart; or having none,
Know thee for one?
Practife may make her know some other part,
But take my word, shee doth not know a Heart.

Meet mee at London, then,
Twenty dayes hence, and thou shalt see
Mee fresher, and more fat, by being with men,
Then if I had stayd still with her and thee.
For Gods fake, if you can, be you so too:
I would give you
There, to another friend, whom wee shall finde
As glad to have my body, as my minde.

18 wilt | will 1669  23 tongue A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, L.e.
N, O', F, S96, TC: om. S: taft 1633-69  24 need you a heart? A25,
B, D, H49, L.e., N, O', F, S, S96, TC: need you have a heart? JC: need
your heart? 1633-69  38 I would A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, O', F,
S, S96, TC: I will 1633-69. L.e.
The Primrose, being at Montgomery Castle, upon the hill, on which it is situate.

Upon this Primrose hill,  
Where, if Heav'n would distill  
A shoure of raine, each severall drop might goe  
To his owne primrose, and grow Manna so;  
And where their forme, and their infinitie  
Make a terrestrial Galaxie,  
As the small starres doe in the skie:  
I walke to finde a true Love; and I see  
That'tis not a mere woman, that is shee,  
But must, or more, or leffe then woman bee.

Yet know I not, which flower  
I wish; a fixe, or foure;  
For should my true-Love leffe then woman bee,  
She were scarce any thing; and then, should she  
Be more then woman, shee would get above  
All thought of sexe, and thinke to move  
My heart to study her, and not to love;  
Both these were monsters; Since there must reside  
Falshood in woman, I could more abide,  
She were by art, then Nature falsify'd.

Live Primrose then, and thrive  
With thy true number five;  
And women, whom this flower doth repreent,  
With this mysterious number be content;  
Ten is the farthest number; if halfe ten

The Primrose. 1633, A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD:  
The Primrose, being at &c. 1635-69  
16 sexe, 1633: sexe;  
1635-69  
17 and not] and om. 1635-39, A18, N, S, TC  
23 women] woman Chambers  
25 number; Ed: number, 1633-69

Belonge
Belonge unto each woman, then
Each woman may take halfe us men;
Or if this will not serve their turne, Since all
Numbers are odde, or even, and they fall
First into this, five, women may take us all.

The Relique.

When my grave is broke up againe
Some second gheft to entertaine,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head
To be to more then one a Bed)
And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And thinke that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their foules, at the laft busie day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mif-devotion doth command,
Then, he that digges us up, will bring
Us, to the Bifhop, and the King,
To make us Reliques; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A someting else thereby;

26 Belonge all the MSS.: Belongs 1633-69. See note 27 men;
Ed: men, 1633 39: men: 1650 69 28 their 1633 39: the
1650-69 29 and 1633: since 1650 69 30 this. Ed: this 1633,
A18, B, D, H,49, Lec, N, S, S96, TC: om. 1633-69, 0'F, Chambers
JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC: maff-devotion 1669, Chambers 15 and
1633-54 and MSS.: or 1669, Chambers 17 Thou shalt be] You shal
be A25, D, H,49, JC, Lec, S. See note

All
All women shall adore us, and some men;
And since at such time, miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we did harmelesse lovers wrought.

First, we lov’d well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov’d, nor why,
Difference of sex no more we knew,
Then our Guardian Angells doe;

Comming and going, wee
Perchance might kiffe, but not between those meales;
Our hands ne’r toucht the seales,
Which nature, injur’d by late law, sets free:
These miracles we did; but now alas,
All measure, and all language, I should passe,
Should I tell what a miracle shee was.

---

The Dampe.

When I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
And my friends curiositie
Will have me cut up to survey each part,
When they shall finde your Picture in my heart,
You thinke a sodaine dampe of love
Will through all their senfes move,
And worke on them as mee, and so preferre
Your murder, to the name of Massacre.

---

20 time] times JC.O’F 21 have that age] that age were A1S, N,TC 25-26 Difference... doe, 1633; A1S, N,TC:
Difference of Sex we never knew,
No more then Guardian Angells do, 1635-69:
Difference of Sex we never knew,
26 doe; Ed: doe, 1633-69 27 wee Ed: wee, 1633-69 28 not]
TCC, TCD 4 When] And 1669 my 1633-39: mine 1650-69 Poore
Poore victories! But if you dare be brave,
   And pleasure in your conquest have,
First kill th'enormous Gyant, your Dijdaine,
   And let th'enchantrefe Honor, next be slaine,
   And like a Goth and Vandall rize,
Deface Records, and Histories
Of your owne arts and triumphs over men,
   And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up as well as you
   My Gyants, and my Witches too,
Which are vast Constancy, and Secretness,
But these I neyther looke for, nor profeffe;
   Kill mee as Woman, let mee die
As a meere man; doe you but try
Your passyue valor, and you shall finde than,
In that you'have odds enough of any man.

The Dissolution.

Shee's dead; And all which die
To their first Elements resOLVE;
And wee were mutuall Elements to us,
   And made of one another.
My body then doth hers involve,
   And those things whereof I confist, hereby
In me abundant grow, and burdenous,
   And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of Passion, sighes of ayre,
Water of teares, and earthly sad despaire,
Which my materials bee,
But neere wore out by loves securitie,
Shee, to my losse, doth by her death repaire,
And I might live long wretched so
But that my fire doth with my fuell grow.
Now as those Active Kings
Whose foraine conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest breake:
This (which I am amaz'd that I can speake)
This death, hath with my store
My use encreas'd.
And so my soule more earnestly releas'd,
Will outtrip hers; As bullets flowen before
A latter bullet may o'rtake, the poudre being more.

A Jeat Ring sent.

Theou art not so black, as my heart,
Nor halfe so brittle, as her heart, thou art;
What would'ft thou say? shal both our properties by thee
bee spoke,
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke?

Marriage rings are not of this stuffe;
Oh, why should ought lesse precious, or lesse tough
Figure our loves? Except in thy name thou have bid it say,
I'am cheap, and nought but fashion, fling me'away.
Yet stay with mee since thou art come,
    Circle this fingers top, which didst her thombe.
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell with me,
    She that, Oh, broke her faith, would soon breake thee.

Negative love.

I
    Never stoop'd so low, as they
Which on an eye, cheeke, lip, can prey,
    Seldome to them, which soare no higher
Then vertue or the minde to'admire,
For sense, and understanding may
    Know, what gives fuel to their fire:
My love, though silly, is more brave,
    For may I misse, when ere I crave,
If I know yet, what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest
Which can by no way be exprest
    But Negatives, my love is so.
To All, which all love, I say no.
If any who deciphers beft,
    What we know not, our selves, can know,
Let him teach mee that nothing; This
As yet my eafe, and comfort is,
    Though I speed not, I cannot misse.

The Prohibition.

Take heed of loving mee,
At least remember, I forbade it thee;
Not that I shall repaire my unthrifty wais
Of Breath and Blood, upon thy sighes, and teares,
By being to thee then what to me thou wais;
But, so great Joy, our life at once outweares,
Then, least thy love, by my death, frustrate bee,
If thou love mee, take heed of loving mee.

Take heed of hating mee,
Or too much triumph in the Victorie.
Not that I shall be mine owne officer,
And hate with hate againe retaliate;
But thou wilt lose the title of conquerour,
If I, thy conquest, perishe by thy hate.
Then, least my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate mee, take heed of hating mee.

Yet, love and hate mee too,
So, these extreames shall neitherse office doe;
Love mee, that I may die the gentler way;
Hate mee, because thy love is too great for mee;
Or let these two, themselves, not me decay;
So shall I, live, thy Stage, not triumph bee;


F 2 Left
Songs and Sonets.

Left thou thy love and hate and mee undo,
To let mee live, O love and hate mee too.

The Expiration.

SO, so, breake off this laft lamenting kiffe,
Which fucks two foules, and vapors Both away,
Turne thou ghost that way, and let mee turne this,
And let our selves benight our happiest day,
We ask'd none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any, so cheape a death, as saying, Goe;

Goe; and if that word have not quite kil'd thee,
Eafe mee with death, by bidding mee goe too.
Oh, if it have, let my word worke on mee,
And a just office on a murderer doe.
Except it be too late, to kill me so,
Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe.

23-4 Left thou thy love and hate and mee undo
To let mee live, Oh (of in some copies) love and hate mee too. 1633. B
Then left thou thy love hate, and mee thou undo
0 let me live, yet love and hate me too. 1635-54, Cy, D, H40, H49.
JC, O'F (MSS. omitting first thou and some with Oh for yet)
Left thou thy love, and hate, and me thou undo.
O let me live, yet love and hate me too. 1669.

title. A25.C, JC
So, fo, So, go 1669 5 ask'd A18, A25, B, C.
JC, N, O'F, S96, TC: aske 1633-69, P, S
9 Oh, 1633, A18, A25, JC, N, TC: Or, 1635-69, B, O'F, S, S96
The Computation.

For the first twenty yeares, since yesterday,
I scarce believ'd, thou couldn't be gone away,
For forty more, I fed on favours past,
And forty'on hopes, that thou would'lt, they might last.
Teares drown'd one hundred, and sighes blew out two,
A thousand, I did neither thinke, nor doe,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; But thinke that I
Am, by being dead, Immortall; Can ghosts die?

The Paradox.

No Lover faith, I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect Lover;
Hee thinkest that else none can, nor will agree
That any loves but hee:
I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say
Hee was kill'd yesterday?
Love with excesse of heat, more yong then old,
Death kills with too much cold;
Wee dye but once, and who lov'd laft did die,
Hee that faith twice, doth lye:
For though hee seeme to move, and stirre a while,
It doth the sense beguile.
Such life is like the light which bideth yet
When the lights life is set,
Or like the heat, which fire in solid matter
Leaves behind, two hours after.
Once I lov'd and dy'd; and am now become
Mine Epitaph and Tombe.
Here dead men speake their last, and so do I;
Love-slaine, loe, here I lye.

Farewell to love.

W

Hilft yet to prove,
I thought there was some Deitie in love
So did I reverence, and gave
Worship; as Atheists at their dying houre
Call, what they cannot name, an unknowne power,
As ignorantly did I crave:
Thus when
Things not yet knowne are coveted by men,
Our desires give them fashion, and so
As they waxe lesse, fall, as they sife, grow.

But, from late faire
His higheffe fitting in a golden Chaire,
Is not lesse cared for after three dayes
By children, then the thing which lovers fo
Blindly admire, and with such worship wooe;
Being had, enjoying it decayes:
And thence,
What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense,
And that so lamely, as it leaves behinde
A kinde of sorrowing dulnesse to the minde.


Farewell to love, following Soules joy: p. 429, O'F, 896

Worship; Ed: Worship, 1635-69 10 life. 1635-69, O'F: rife 896

Ah
Ah cannot wee,
As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,
    After such pleasures? Unleffe wise
Nature decreed (since each such Act, they say,
    Diminisheth the length of life a day)
    This, as shee would man should despise
    The sport;
Because that other curse of being short,
    And onely for a minute made to be,
(Eagers desire) to raise posterity.

Since so, my minde
Shall not desire what no man else can finde,
    I'll no more dote and runne
To purse things which had indammag'd me.
And when I come where moving beauties be,
    As men doe when the summers Sunne
    Growes great,
Though I admire their greatnesse, shun their heat;
    Each place can afford shadowes. If all faile,
'Tis but applying worme-feed to the Taile.

A Lecture upon the Shadow.

Stand still, and I will read to thee
A Lecture, Love, in loves philosophy.
The three three houres that we have spent,
Walking here, Two shadowes went


Along
Along with us, which we our selves produc'd;
But, now the Sunne is just above our head,
We doe those shadowes tread;
And to brave clearnesse all things are reduc'd.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did, and shadowes, flow,
From us, and our cares; but, now 'tis not so.
That love hath not attain'd the high'ft degree,
Which is still diligent left others fee.
Except our loves at this noone stay,
We shall new shadowes make the other way.
As the first were made to blinde
Others; thefe which come behinde
Will worke upon our selves, and blind our eyes.
If our loves faint, and weftwardly decline;
To me thou, falsly, thine,
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadowes were away,
But these grow longer all the day,
But oh, loves day is short, if love decay.
Love is a growing, or full constant light;
And his first minute, after noone, is night.

Sonnet. The Token.

Send me some token, that my hope may live,
Or that my eafeleffe thoughts may sleep and rest;
Send me some honey to make sweet my hive,
That in my passion I may hope the best.

9 loves 1655-54. Ais. 1.74, N, TC: love 1669. B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96
12 high'ft leaf B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96
14 loves 1655-69, Ais, A25, L74. N, TC: love B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96
19 If our loves faint 1655-69, A25, O'F(love), P, S96(love),
TC: If once love faint B, D, H40, H49, JC, S
26 first Ais, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC: short 1655-69
Sonnet. The Token. 1659-69 (following Upon Mr. Thomas Coryats Crudities, at close of Epicedes): Ad Lepham. S96: no title. B, Cy:
Sonnet. O'F: Elegie. 1 token B, O'F, S96: Tokens 1650-69, P
4 passion S96: passions 1650-69. B, P

I beg
I beg noe ribbond wrought with thine owne hands,
To knit our loves in the fantastick straine
Of new-toucht youth; nor Ring to shew the stands
Of our affection, that as that's round and plaine,
So should our loves meet in simplicity;
No, nor the Coralls which thy wrift infold,
Lac'd up together in congruity,
To shew our thoughts should rest in the same hold;
No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
And most desir'd, because best like the best;
Nor witty Lines, which are most copious,
Within the Writings which thou haft addrest.

Send me nor this, nor that, t'increase my store,
But swear thou thinkest I love thee, and no more.

\textit{(Selfe Love.)}

HE that cannot chuse but love,
And strives against it still,
Never shall my fancy move;
For he loves 'gainst his will;
Nor he which is all his own,
And can att pleteasure chuse,
When I am caught he can be gone,
And when he lift refuse.
Nor he that loves none but faire,
For such by all are sought;
Nor he that can for foul ones care,
For his Judgement then is nought:

1650–69 14 desir’d because... best; B, *O'F, S96*: desired 'caufe'tis like the best; 1650–54: desired 'caufe'tis like the best; 1669, Chambers

\textit{(Selfe Love.)} title given by Chambers: no title, 1650–69 (in appendix).
\textit{JC, O'F} 4 'gainst JC, *O'F*: against 1650–69 6 And can... chuse, JC: And cannot pleasure chuse, 1650–69: And can all pleasures chuse, *O'F* 11 foul ones] soulenefs *O'F*
Nor he that hath wit, for he
Will make me his jefť or slave;
Nor a fool, for when others . . . .
He can neither . . . . . .
Nor he that still his Mistrefte payes,
For she is thrall’d therefore:
Nor he that payes not, for he sayes
Within, shee’s worth no more.
Is there then no kinde of men
Whom I may freely prove?
I will vent that humour then
In mine own felfe love.

14 slave; 1719: slave 1650–69
15 fool, 1719: fool 1650–69
17 payes, JC, O’F: prays, 1650–69
19 payes not, ] payes, not, 1650–69
20 Within, Ed: Within 1650–69

The end of the Songs and Sonets.
EPIGRAMS.

Hero and Leander.
Both rob’d of aire, we both lye in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown’d.

Pyramus and Thisbe.
Two, by themselves, each other, love and feare
Slaine, cruell friends, by parting have joyn’d here.

Niobe.
By childrens births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine owne sad tombe.

A burnt ship.
Out of a fired ship, which, by no way
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap’d forth, and ever as they came
Neere the foes ships, did by their shot decay;
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship
drown’d.

Hero and Leander. 1633-69, A18, HN, N, O’F, TCC, TCD, W
Pyramus and Thisbe. 1633-69, A18, Cy, HN, N, O’F, TCC, TCD, W
1 feare] feare, Chambers, and Grolier (which drops all the other commas)
Niobe. 1633-69, A18, HN, N, O’F, TCC, TCD, W
2 mine owne sad tombe. 1633-69: mine owne tombe. A18, N, TC: made mine owne tombe. HN, W
A burnt ship. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Nave arfa. W: De
Nave arfa. O’F. See note

Fall
Epigrams.

Fall of a wall.

Vnder an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall
A too-bold Captaine perish'd by the fall,
Whose brave misfortune, happiest men envi'd,
That had a towne for tombe, his bones to hide.

A lame begger.

I Am unable, yonder begger cries,
To stand, or move; if he say true, he lies.

Cales and Guyana.

If you from spoyle of th'old worlds farthest end
To the new world your kindled valors bend,
What brave examples then do prove it trew
That one things end doth still beginne a new.

Sir John Wingefield.

Beyond th'old Pillers many have travailed
Towards the Suns cradle, and his throne, and bed:
A fitter Piller our Earle did bestow
In that late Iland; for he well did know
Farther then Wingefield no man dares to goe.

A selle accuser.

Our misfris, that you follow whores, still taxeth you:
'Tis strange that she should thus confess it, though't it
be true.

towne 1635-69 bones 1635-69,
A1S, N. I G: corpus B, HN, O F. W


Cales and Guyana. O F: Calez &c. W: first printed in Gosse's Life
and Letters of John Donne (1899)

Wingfield. O F: first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne
(1899) 2 throne W: grave O F 4 late W: Lady O F

2 that om. HN, O F, W thus om. HN, O F, W it] om. HN, O F

A licentious
Epigrams.

A licentious person.

Thy finnes and haires may no man equall call, For, as thy finnes increase, thy haires doe fall.

Antiquary.

If in his Studie he hath so much care To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

Disinherited.

Thy father all from thee, by his last Will, Gave to the poore; Thou hast good title still.

Phryne.

Thy flattering picture, Phryne, is like thee, Onely in this, that you both painted be.

An obscure writer.

Philo, with twelve years study, hath beene griev'd To be understood; when will he be beleev'd?

Klockius.

Klockius so deeply hath sworne, ne'r more to come In bawdie houfe, that hee dares not goe home.

A licentious person. 1633–69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Whore. HN: no title, O’F, RP31, W 1 Thy | His and so throughout, RP31
Antiquary. 1633–69, A18, N, P, TCC, TCD, W: Hammon. HN: no title, Bur, Cy, O’F: Epigram. S96 1 he hath so much 1633–69: he have such A18, N, TC: Hamon hath such B, Cy, HN (have), O’F, S96, W
2 strange om. B, HN, O’F all om. Bur
Disinherited. 1633–69: One disinherited. HN: no title, Cy, O’F, P, W
1 Will, Ed: Will 1633–69
Phryne. 1633–69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, O’F 1 like thee,]
like to thee, 1650–69
Klockius. HN: no title, 1633–69, Bur, O’F 1 Klockius] Rawlings Bur
2 In bawdie] In a bawdie HN

Raderus.
Why this man gelded Martial I muse,
Except himselfe alone his tricks would use,
As Katherine, for the Courts sake, put downe Stewes.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

Like E/pes fellow-slaves, O Mercury,
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like E/pes selfe, which nothing; I confesse
I should have had more faith, if thou hadst leffe;
Thy credit lost thy credit: 'Tis sinne to doe,
In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,
To beleeve all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but lyest like a Greeke.

Ralphius.

Compaffion in the world againe is bred:
Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

The Lier.

Thou in the fields walkst out thy supping howers,
And yet thou sweareft thou haft supp'd like a king:
Like Nebuchadnezer perchance with grafs and flowers,
A fallet worse then Spanifh dieting.
ELEGIES.

ELEGIE I.

Jealofie.

Fond woman, which would'lt have thy husband die,
And yet complain'lt of his great jealoufie;
If swolne with poyfon, hee lay in'his laft bed,
His body with a fere-barke covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and short, as can
The nimbleft crocheting Mufitian,
Ready with loathfome vomiting to spue
His Soule out of one hell, into a new,
Made deafe with his poore kindreds howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd teares, great legacies,
As a slave, which to morrow should be free;
Yet weep'lt thou, when thou feest him hungerly
Swallow his owne death, hearts-bane jealoufie.
O give him many thanks, he'is courteous,
That in fuspeeting kindly warneth us.
Wee muft not, as wee us'd, flout openly,
In scoffing ridles, his deformitie;
Nor at his boord together being fatt,
With words, nor touch, scarce looks adulterate.
Nor when he swolne, and pamper'd with great fare,
Sits downe, and snorts, cag'd in his basket chaire,
Muft wee ufurpe his owne bed any more,
Nor kiffe and play in his house, as before.


Now
Now I see many dangers; for that is His realme, his castle, and his dioceffe. But if, as envious men, which would revile Their Prince, or coyne his gold, themselves exile Into another countrie, and doe it there, Wee play in another house, what shoud we feare? There we will scorne his household policies, His feely plots, and pensionary spies, As the inhabitants of Thames right side Do Londons Major; or Germans, the Popes pride.

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**ELEGIE II.**

*The Anagram.*

Marry, and love thy Flavia, for, shee Hath all things, whereby others beautious bee, For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great, Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat, Though they be dimme, yet she is light enough, And though her harsh haire fall, her skinne is rough; What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire’s red, Give her thine, and she hath a maydenhead. These things are beauties elements, where these Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.

If red and white and each good quality
Be in thy wench, ne’r aske where it doth lye.
In buying things perfum’d, we aske; if there
Be muske and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in th’usuall place,
She’thath yet an Anagram of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In the leane dearte of words, what could wee say?
When by the Gamut some Musitions make
A perfect song, others will undertake,
By the fame Gamut chang’d, to equall it.
Things simply good, can never be unfit.
She’s faire as any, if all be like her,
And if none bee, then she is singular.
All love is wonder; if wee justly doe
Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty, soone as beauty, dies,
Chufe this face, chang’d by no deformities.
Women are all like Angels; the faire be
Like those which fell to worse; but such as shee,
Like to good Angels, nothing can impaire:
’Tis lefte griefe to be foule, then to have beene faire.
For one nights revels, silke and gold we chuse,
But, in long journeyes, cloth, and leather use.
Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say,
There is best land, where there is foulest way.
Oh what a soveraigne Plaister will shee bee,
If thy past sinnes have taught thee jealoufie!
Here needs no spies, nor eunuches; her commit
Safe to thy foes; yea, to a Marmofit.
When Belgiaes citiess, the round countries drowne,
That dutry fouleneffe guards, and armes the towne:

Elegies.

So doth her face guard her; and so, for thee,
Which, forc’d by businesse, absent oft must bee,
Shee, whose face, like clouds, turnes the day to night,
Who, mightier then the sea, makes Moores seem white,
A Nunnery durft receive, and thinke a maid,
And though in childbeds labour she did lie,
Midwifes would swear, ’twere but a tympanie,
Whom, if shee accuse her selfe, I credit leffe
Then witches, which impoffibles confesse,
Whom Dildoes, Bedftaves, and her Velvet Glasse
Would be as loath to touch as Joseph was:
One like none, and lik’d of none, fitteft were,
For, things in fashion every man will weare.

ELEGIE III.

Change.

Althought thy hand and faith, and good workes too,
Have seal’d thy love which nothing should undoe,
Yea though thou fall backe, that apostatie
Confrme thy love; yet much, much I feare thee.
Women are like the Arts, forc’d unto none,
Open to all searchers, unpriz’d, if unknowne.

Country is drown’d. That . . towns; 1669: Like Belgia’s cities the round
country drowns. That . . towns. Chambers: MSS. agree with 1633–54, but
before countries read variously round (A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lee,
M, N, P, TC, W), lowe(B), foul(0’F, S, S96, which read country drowns . .
towns) 49 childbeds 1633–54. Lee, W: childbirths 1669. A18, A25, B,
1633–69 53–4 Whom . . Joseph was: 1669 and all MSS [or a
Velvet 1669]: ov. 1633–54

Eleg. III. Change. 1635–54: Elegie III. 1635,1669: no title or Elegye
(numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lee, N, O’F, P, S,
S96, TCC, TCD, W 1 workes word 1669 4 Confrme]
Confirms 1669, A25, L74, P 5 Women] Women, 1633 forc’d unto
none | forbid to none B
If I have caught a bird, and let him fly,
Another fouler using these means, as I,
May catch the same bird; and, as these things bee,
Women are made for men, not him, nor mee.

Foxes and goats; all beasts change when they please,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild then these,
Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
Idly make them apter to 'endure then men?
They're our clogs, not their owne; if a man bee
Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley is free;
Who hath a plow-land, cafts all his seed corne there,
And yet allowes his ground more corne should bære;
Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po.

By nature, which gave it, this liberty
Thou lov'lt, but Oh! canst thou love it and mee?
Likeneffe glues love: and if that thou so doe,
To make us like and love, must I change too?
More then thy hate, I hate'it, rather let mee
Allow her change, then change as oft as shee,
And doe not teach, but force my'opinion
To love not any one, nor every one.
To live in one land, is captivitie,
To runne all countries, a wild roguery;
Waters ftincke soone, if in one place they bide,
And in the vast sea are more putrifi'd:
But when they kiffe one banke, and leaving this
Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kiffe,
Then are they purest; Change'is the nurfery
Of musicke, joy, life, and eternity.
ELEGIE IV.

The Perfume.

Once, and but once found in thy company,
All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on mee;
And as a thiefe at barre, is question'd there
By all the men, that have beene rob'd that yeare,
So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz'd)
By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
As though he came to kill a Cockatrice,
Though hee hath oft sworne, that hee would remove
Thy beauties beautie, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seene.
Yet close and secret, as our soules, we have beene.
Though thy immortall mother which doth lye
Still buried in her bed, yet will not dye,
Takes this advantage to sleepe out day-light,
And watch thy entries, and returns all night,
And, when she takes thy hand, and would seeme kind,
Doth search what rings, and armlets she can finde,
And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
And fearing lest thou'art swollen, doth thee embrace;
To trie if thou long, doth name strange meates,
And notes thy paleness, blushing, sighs, and sweats;
And politiquely will to thee confess
The sinnes of her owne youths ranke lustinesse;
Yet love these Sorceries did remove, and move


Thee
Elegies.

Thee to gull thine owne mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like Faiery Sprights
Oft skipt into our chamber, those sweet nights,
And kift, and ingled on thy fathers knee,
Were brib’d next day, to tell what they did see:
The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,
That oft names God in oathes, and onely than,
He that to barre the first gate, doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colosius stride,
Which, if in hell no other paines there were,
Makes mee feare hell, because he must be there:
Though by thy father he were hir’d to this,
Could never wittesie any touch or kiffe.
But Oh, too common ill, I brought with mee
That, which betray’d mee to my enemie:
A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed
Even at thy fathers nofe, so were wee spied.
When, like a tyran King, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered.
Had it beeene some bad smell, he would have thought
That his owne feet, or breath, that smell had wrought.
But as wee in our Ile emprifoned,
Where cattell onely, and diverse dogs are bred,
The pretious Unicornes, strange monsters call,
So thought he good, strange, that had none at all.
I taught my silkes, their whistling to forbear,
Even my oppreft shoes, dumbe and speechlesse were,
Onely, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
Next mee, mee traiterously haft betraid,
And unsuspected haft invisibly
At once fled unto him, and staid with mee.
Bafe excrement of earth, which doft confound

29 ingled] dandle 1669 30 see: 1635–69: see: 1633 31 grim
eight-foot-high iron-bound Ed: grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound 1633–69
37 to 1633–69: for MSS. 38 kiffe. [kiffe; 1633 40 my 1633:
mine 1635–69 44 Smelt] Smells 1669 shivered. A18, D, H, 49, L.7.4,
N, TC, W: shivered; 1633–69: shivered, Chambers and Grolier. See note
46 that smell] the smell 1669 49 monsters Ed: monsters, 1633–69
50 good,] sweet 1669 53 bitter sweet, 1653–39: bitter-sweet, 1650–69
Senfe,
Senfe, from distinguishing the sicke from found;
By thee the seely Amorous sucks his death
By drawing in a leprous harlots breath;
By thee, the greatest staine to mans estate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,
There, things that seeme, exceed substantiall;
Gods, when yee fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Because you were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell;
You're loathfome all, being taken simply alone,
Shall we love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth foone decay;
And you are rare, that takes the good away.
All my perfumes, I give moft willingly
To embalme thy fathers corfe; What? will hee die?

ELEGIE V.

His Picture.

Here take my Picture; though I bid farewell,
Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall dwell.
'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
When wee are shadowes both, then'twas before.
When weather-beaten I come backe; my hand,
Perhaps with rude oares torne, or Sun beams tann'd,
My face and brest of haircloth, and my head
With cares rash sodaine storms, being o'erspread,
My body's lack of bones, broken within,
And powders blew stains scatter'd on my skinne;
If rivall fooles taxe thee to have lov'd a man,
So foule, and course, as, Oh, I may seeme than,
This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
Doe his hurts reach mee? doth my worth decay?
Or doe they reach his judging minde, that hee
Should now love leefe, what hee did love to see?
That which in him was faire and delicate.
Was but the milke, which in loves childish state
Did nourse it: who now is growne strong enough
To feed on that, which to diffus'd tastes seemes tough.

**ELEGIE VI.**

OH, let mee not serve so, as those men serve
Whom honours smoakes at once fatten and serve;
Poorly enrich't with great mens words or lookes;
Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes
As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still
Their Princes stiles, with many Realms fulfill


Whence
Elegies.

Whence they no tribute have, and where no sway.
Such services I offer as shall pay
Themselves, I hate dead names: Oh then let mee
Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite bee.
When my Soule was in her owne body heath'd,
Nor yet by oathes betroth'd, nor kifles breath'd
Into my Purgatory, faithleffe thee,
Thy heart seem'd waxe, and theele thy constancie:
So, careleffe flowers frow'd on the waters face,
The curled whirlpooles suck, smack, and embrace.
Yet drowne them; so, the tapers beamie eye
Amorously twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,
Yet burnes his wings; and such the devill is,
Scarce visiting them, who are intirely his.
When I behold a streame, which, from the spring,
Or in a speechleffe slumber, calmly ride
Her wedded channels bofome, and then chide
And bend her browes, and fwell if any bough
Do but floop downe, or kif her upmoft brow;
Yet, if her often gnawing kifles winne
The traiterous banke to gape, and let her in,
She rutheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native, and her long-kept course,
In flattering eddies promifing retorne,
She flouts the channell, who thenceforth is drie;
Then say I; that is shee, and this am I.
Yet let not thy deepe bitternesse beget
Careleffe defpaire in mee, for that will whet
My minde to scorne; and Oh, love dull'd with paine
Was ne’r so wise, nor well arm’d as disdain.
Then with new eyes I shall survey thee, and sip
Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye.
Though hope bred faith and love; thus taught, I shall
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall.
My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
Am the Reculant, in that resolute state,
What hurts it mee to be‘excommunicate?

ELEGIE VII.

Nature lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
And in that sophistrie, Oh, thou dost prove
Too subtile: Foole, thou didst not understand
The mystique language of the eye nor hand:
Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the aire
Of sighes, and say, this lies, this sounds despair:
Nor by the’eyes water call a maladie
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
Of flowers, how they devisefully being set
And bound up, might with speechlesse secrecie
Deliver errands mutely, and mutually.

39 thee,’ om. 1669  40 eye, Ed: eye; 1633-54: eye: 1669: eye, Chambers  41 Though... love; 1633: Though. breed...
Oh,.. prove] Oh, how... prove 1669  6 despair: 1635-69: despair.
10 they devisefully being set] their devise in being set Cy, P  12 errands 1633: errands 1635-69: meet errands B

Remember
Elegies.

Remember since all thy words us'd to bee
To every suitor; I, if my friends agree;
Since, household charmes, thy husbands name to teach,
Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach;
And since, an hours discourse could scarce have made
One answr in thee, and that ill arraid
In broken proverbs, and torne sentences.
Thou art not by so many duties his,
That from the worlds Common having fever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be scene, nor see,
As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
Refin'd thee'into a blif-full Paradifie.
Thy graces and good words my creatures bee;
I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee,
Which Oh, shall strangers taste? Muft I alas
Frame and enamell Plate, and drinke in Glaffe?
Chafe waxe for others seales? breake a colts force
And leave him then, being made a ready horse?

ELEGIE VIII.
The Comparifon.

As the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still,
As that which from chaf'd muskats pores doth trill,
Such are the sweat drops of my Miftris breast,
And on her (brow) her skin such luftre sets,
They feeme no sweat drops, but pearle coronets.

14 agree; Ed: agree. 1633-69 21-2 That... nor feee, ] in brackets
1669 24 Paradifie] paradifie 1633 25 words 1633-54, A25, B, Cy,
JC, N, O'F, P, W: works 1669, A18, D, H, 49, Lee, TC bee; Ed: bee,
1633-69

1633: Elegie. (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, C, Cy, JC, L74, N, O'F, P,
S, S96, TCC, TCD, W 2 muskets ] muskets 1669 4 breaff. 1635-69:
breaff. 1633 5 (brow) Ed: necke 1633-69 and MSS. See note 6
coronets. 1633-69, A18, B, Cy, L74, M, N, O'F, S96, TC: carcanets. A25,

Ranke
Ranke sweaty froth thy Mirtrelle's brow defiles,
Like spermatique issue of ripe menstiruous boiles,
Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawlesse law
Enforc'd, Sanferra's starved men did draw
From parboild shooes, and bootes, and all the rest
Which were with any soveraigne fatnes blest,
And like vile lying stones in faffrond tinne,
Or warts, or wheales, they hang upon her skinne.
Round as the world's her head, on every side,
Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide,
Or that whereof God had such jealouie,
As, for the ravishing thereof we die.
Thy head is like a rough-hewne statute of jeat,
Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set;
Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
Of Cynthia, when th'earth's shadowes her embrace.
Like Proserpines white beauty-keeping chest,
Or Joues belt fortunes urne, is her faire brett.
Thine's like worme eaten trunkes, cloth'd in seals skin,
Or grave, that's dust without, and finke within.
And like that slender stalke, at whose end it stands
The wood-bine quivering, are her armes and hands.
Like rough bark'd elmboughes, or the ruflet skin
Of men late scurg'd for madnes, or for finne,
Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the citie gate,
Such is thy tann'd skins lamentable state.
And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand
The short swolne fingers of thy gouty hand.
Then like the Chymicks mafculine equall fire,
Which in the Lymbecs warme wombe dothe inspire
Into th'earth's worthlesse durt a foule of gold,

biles or byles  13 vile lying stones 1635-54 and MSS.: vile stones lying
1635.1669  14 they hang At S. B. J.C. L74, M. N. O. F (altered to it). S,
TC, W: it hangs 1635-69 19 a | om. 1635-39 26 grave| grav'd 1669
durt 1635-69, W: durt At S. A25. JC. M.N.O. F. P. S. TC 28 hands. W:
hands. 1635-69  34 thy gouty hand. 1635-69, At S. A25. B. L74. N. O. F,
P. S93. TC. W (hand; 1635-69): her gouty hand; 1635. J.C. S: thy
miftre's hand; 1669  37 durt 1635-69: part 1635, from next line

Such
Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gunne,
Or like hot liquid metalls newly runne
Into clay moulds, or like to that Atana
Where round about the graffe is burnt away.
Are not your kiffees then as filthy, and more,
As a worme fucking an invenom'd fore?
Doth not thy fearfull hand in feeling quake,
As one which gath'ring flowers, still feares a snake?
Is not your laft act harsh, and violent,
As when a Plough a stony ground doth rent?
So kiffe good Turtles, fo devoutly nice
Are Priests in handling reverent sacrifice,
And such in searching wounds the Surgeon is
As wee, when wee embrace, or touch, or kiffe.
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
She, and comparifons are odious.

ELEGIE IX.

The Autumnall.

NO Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath fuch grace,
As I have seen in one Autumnall face.
Yong Beauties force our love, and that's a Rape,
This doth but counfaile, yet you cannot fcape.
If t'were a shame to love, here t'were no shame,
Affection here takes Reverences name.
Were her first yeares the Golden Age; That's true,
But now shee's gold oft tried, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her tolerable Tropique clyme.
Faire eyes, who asks more heate then comes from hence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles, graves; If graves they were,
They were Loves graves; for else he is no where.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth fit
Vow'd to this trench, like an Anachorit.
And here, till hers, which must be his death, come,
He doth not digge a Grave, but build a Tombe.
Here dwells he, though he sojourn ev'ry where,
In Progress, yet his standing house is here.
Here, where still Evening is; not noone, nor night;
Where no voluptuousnesse, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at Revels, you at Counfaile, sit.
This is loves timber, Youth his under-wood;
There he, as wine in June, enrates blood,
Which then comes seafonablest, when our taft
And appetite to other things, is paft.
Xerxes strange Lydian love, the Platane tree,
Was lov'd for age, none being so large as shee,
Or else becaufe, being yong, nature did bleffe
Her youth with ages glory, Barrenesse.
If we love things long sought, Age is a thing
Which we are fifty yeares in compassing.
If transitory things, which soone decay,
Age must be lovelyLEFT at the latest day.
But name not Winter-faces, whose skin's slacke;
Lanke, as an unthriffs purse: but a soules sacke;
Whose Eyes seeke light within, for all here's shade;
Whose mouths are holes, rather wore out, then made;
Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone,
To vexe their soules at Resurrection;
Name not these living Deaths-heads unto mee,
For these, not Ancient, but Antique be.
I hate extreme: yet I had rather stay
With Tombs, then Cradles, to weare out a day.
Since such loves naturall lation is, may still
My love descend, and journey downe the hill,
Not panting after growing beauties, so,
I shall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe.
Elegyes.

ELEGIE X.

The Dreame.

I Mage of her whom I love, more then she,
Whose faire impression in my faithfull heart,
Makes mee her Medall, and makes her love mee,
As Kings do coynes, to which their stamps impart
The value: goe, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is growne too great and good for me:
Honours oppresse weake spirits, and our fense
Strong objects dull; the more, the leffe wee fee.
When you are gone, and Reason gone with you,
Then Fantaffe is Queene and Soule, and all;
She can prefent joyes meaner then you do;
Convenient, and more proportionall.
So, if I dreame I have you, I have you,
For, all our joyes are but fantastical.
And so I scape the paine, for paine is true;
And sleepe which locks up fense, doth lock out all.
After a fuch fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to love more thankefull Sonnets make,
Then if more honour, teares, and paines were spent.
But dearest heart, and dearer image stay;
Alas, true joyes at best are dreame enough;
Though you stay here you passe too fast away:
For even at first lifes Taper is a snuffe.
Fill’d with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart, then ideatt with none.

Eleg. X. The Dreame. 1633-54: Elegie X. 1669: Elegie. 1633:
Picture. S96: Elegie. or no title, A1S.B, D, H40, H49. L74, LecN, O’F,
P.S, S96, TCC, ICD 7 fense] fense, 1633 8 dull; 1635-69:
dull, 1633 16 out] up B, P, S 17 a fuch 1633-54: such a 1669
22 dreame] dreams 1669

ELEGIE
ELEGIE XI.

The Bracelet.

Vpon the losse of his Mistresse's Chaine, for which he made satisfaction.

Not that in colour it was like thy haire,
For Armelets of that thou maist let me weare:
Not that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kist,
For so it had that good, which oft I mift:
Nor for that sily old moralitie,
That as these linkes were knit, our love should bee:
Mourne I that I thy heavenfold chaine have lost;
Nor for the luck fake; but the bitter cost.
O, shall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet
No leaven of vile foder did admit;
Nor yet by any way have straid or gone
From the first state of their Creation;
Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithfull guide;
To gaine new friends, t'appease great enemies;
To comfort my soule, when I lie or rife;
Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe
Sentence (dread judge) my sins great burden beare?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace throwne,
And puni!'ht for offences not their owne?
They fave not me, they doe not ease my paines,
When in that hell they'are burnt and tyed in chains.

Elegies.

Were they but Crownes of France, I cared not, 9
For, most of these, their naturall Countreys rot 25
I think possessest, they come here to us,
So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous;
And howsoe’er French Kings most Christian be,
Their Crownes are circumsis’d most Jewifhly.
Or were they Spanifh Stamps, still travelling,
That are become as Catholique as their King, 30
Those unluckt beare-whelps, unfill’d piftolets
That (more than Canon shot) availes or lets;
Which negligently left unrounded, looke
Like many angled figures, in the booke
Of some great Conjurer that would enforce 35
Nature, as these doe justice, from her courfe;
Which, as the soule quickens head, feet and heart,
As streams, like veins, run through th’earth’s every part,
Visit all Countreys, and have flily made
Gorgeous France, ruin’d, ragged and decay’d;
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day:
And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia.
Or were it such gold as that wherewithall
Almighty Chymiques from each minerall,
Having by subtle fire a soule out-pull’d;
Are dirtly and desperately gull’d:
I would not spit to quench the fire they’are in,
For, they are guilty of much hainous Sin.
But, shal my harmleffe angels perishte? Shall 45
I lose my guard, my eafe, my food, my all?

24 thefe 1635-54: them 1669 their naturall Countreys Cy. O’F:
their Countreys naturall 1635-54, P: their naturall Countrey 1669, and rest
of MSS. 26 ruinous; Ed: ruinous. 1635-69 28 Jewifhly. Ed:
Jewifhly; 1635-69 35 great; dread 1669 36 courfe; Ed: courfe.
1635-69 38 streams, Ed: streams 1635-69 40 ruin’d, ragged
and decay’d; 1669, and MSS., but end stop varies: ruin’d: ragged and decay’d 1635: ruin’d: ragged and decay’d. 1639-54 42 Belgia. Ed:
Belgia: 1635-69 45 soule] Mercury B 47 they’are in, 1635-69:
therein. Cy. P: they were in, rest of MSS.

Much
Much hope which they should nourish will be dead,
Much of my able youth, and luftyhead
Will vanish; if thou love let them alone,
For thou wilt love me lees when they are gone;
And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer
Well-pleas'd with one leane thred-bare groat, for hire,
May like a devill roar through every street;
And gall the finders conscience, if they meet.
Or let mee creepe to some dread Conjurer,
That with phantaftique schemes fils full much paper;
Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
And with whores, theeves, and murderers stuft his rents,
So full, that though hee passe them all in finne,
He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in.
But if, when all his art and time is spent,
Hee faie 'twill ne'r be found; yet be content;
Receive from him that doome ungrudgingly,
Becaufe he is the mouth of destiny.
Thou faie (alas) the gold doth still remain;
Though it be chang'd, and put into a chaine;
So in the first falne angels, refhtil
Wifdome and knowledge; but,'tis turn'd to ill:
As these should doe good works; and should provide
Necellities; but now must nurse thy pride.
And they are still bad angels; Mine are none;
For, forme gives being, and their forme is gone:
Pitty these Angels; yet their dignities
Passe Vertues, Powers, and Principalities.
But, thou art resolute; Thy will be done! 
Yet with such anguish, as her only sonne 
The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay, 
Vnto the fire these Martyrs I betray. 
Good soules, (for you give life to every thing) 
Good Angels, (for good meflages you bring) 
Deftin'd you might have beene to such an one, 
As would have lov'd and worship'd you alone:
One that would suffer hunger, nakednesse, 
Yea death, ere he would make your number leffe.
But, I am guilty of your sad decay; 
May your few fellowes longer with me stay.

But a thou wretched finder whom I hate 
So, that I almoft pitty thy estate: 
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all, 
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall: 
Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains, 
First mayst thou bee; then chain'd to hellish paines; 
Or be with forraine gold brib'd to betray 
Thy Countrey, and faile both of that and thy pay. 
May the next thing thou stoop't to reach, containe 
Poyfon, whose nimble fume rot thy moist braine; 
Or libels, or some interdicted thing, 
Which negligly kept, thy ruine bring.
Lust-bred diseas'es rot thee; and dwell with thee 
Itching desire, and no abilitie.
May all the evils that gold ever wrought; 
All mischieves that all devils ever thought; 
Want after plenty; poore and gouty age; 
The plagues of travellers; love; marriage 
Affliet thee, and at thy lives last moment,
Elegies.

May thy swolne finnes themselves to thee preuent.  
But, I forgive; repent thee honest man:
Gold is Restorative, refore it then:
But if from it thou beest loath to depart,
Because 'tis cordiall, would twere at thy heart.

ELEGIE XII.

His parting from her.

Since she must go, and I must mourn, come Night,
Environ me with darkness, whilst I write:
Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
I am to suffer when my Love is gone.
Alas the darkest Magick cannot do it,
Thou and greate Hell to boot are shadows to it.
Should Cinthia quit thee, Venus, and each starre,
It would not forme one thought dark as mine are.
I could lend thee obscurenes now, and say,
Out of my self, There should be no more Day,
Such is already my felt want of light,
Did not the fires within me force a light.
Oh Love, that fire and darkness should be mixt,
Or to thy Triumphs foes strange torments fixt?
Is't because thou thy self art blind, that wee
Thy Martyrs must no more each other fee?

110 thee] thou 1669  113 But if it from it ... depart. 1635-54. C7, 
P: But if that from it ... part, 1669: Or if with it ... depart rest of MSS.  
Elegie. XII. &c. Ed: Eleg. XIII &c. 1635-54 (Eleg. XIII.  
being Come, Fates, &c., p. 407): Elegie XIII. 1669: At her De- 
TCD (II) 1 Night, Ed: night 1635-69  4 Love | soule 1635-54  
5-44 omit. 1635-54, A25,B  6 Thou and greate Hell H40,0'F,P,  
896: And that great Hell 1669 to boot are 1669, H40,0'F: are nought  
but P,896  7 thee. Ed: thee 1669  9 thee H40: them 1669,  
P,896,TCD 10 Day, Ed: Day. 1669  11 felt want H40,0'F,  
P,896,TCD: felt-want 1669 light, Ed: light 1669  12 fires H40,  
0'F,P,896,TCD: Such 1669  
Or
Or tak'ft thou pride to break us on the wheel,
And view old Chaos in the Pains we feel?
Or have we left undone some mutual Right,
Through holy fear, that merits thy defpight?
No, no. The fault was mine, impute it to me,
Or rather to conspiring definite,
Which (since I lov'd for forme before) decreed,
That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed:
And therefore now, sooner then I can say,
I saw the golden fruit, 'tis rapt away.
Or as I had watcht one drop in a vast stream,
And I left wealthy only in a dream.
Yet Love, thou'rt blinder then thy self in this,
To vex my Dove-like friend for my amifs:
And, where my owne faith truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate:
So blinded Justice doth, when Favorites fall,
Strike them, their house, their friends, their followers all.
Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires
Into our blouds, inflaming our desires,
And made'ft us sigh and glow, and pant, and burn,
And then thy self into our flame didst turn?
Was't not enough, that thou didst hazard us
To paths in love so dark, so dangerous:
And those so ambush'd round with houshold spies,
And over all, thy husbands towring eyes

That
That flam'd with oylie sweat of jealoufie:
Yet went we not still on with Contancie?
Have we not kept our guards, like spie on spie?
Had correspondece whilst the foe stood by?
Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blifles
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kiffes?
Shadow'd with negligence our moft respects?
Varied our language through all dialects,
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards
Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?
Have we prov'd all these secrets of our Art,
Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
And, after all this pafled Purgatory,
Muft sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
First let our eyes be rivited quite through
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
Let our armes clasp like Ivy, and our fear
Freeze us together, that we may flick here,
Till Fortune, that would rive us, with the deed
Strain her eyes open, and it make them bleed:
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accus'd, fhould fuch a mischief doe.
Oh Fortune, thou'rt not worth my leaft exclame,
And plague enough thou haft in thy own flame.
Do thy great worft, my friend and I have armes,

Though
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harmes.
Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide
Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd,
And we can love by letters fill and gifts,
And thoughts and dreams; Love never wanteth shifts.
I will not look upon the quickning Sun,
But strait her beauty to my sense shall run;
The ayre shall note her soft, the fire moist pure;
Water suggest her clear, and the earth sure.
Time shall not lose our passages; the Spring
How fresh our love was in the beginning;
The Summer how it ripened in the eare;
And Autumn, what our golden harvests were.
The Winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
But count it a lof season, so shall she.
And dearest Friend, since we must part, drown night
With hope of Day, burthens well born are light.
Though cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,
Yet Phoebus equally lights all the Sphere.
And what he cannot in like Portions pay,
The world enjoys in Masts, and so we may.
Be then ever your self, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: so
Declare your self base fortunes Enemy,
No lefs by your contempt then constancy:
That I may grow enamoured on your mind,
When my own thoughts I there reflected find.

Elegies.

THOUGH. 103

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When my own thoughts I there reflected find.

69 Rend us in sunder, 1669 and MSS.: Bend us, in sunder 1635-54
72 shifts, 1635: shifts, 1639-69 76 Water H.40, P, TCD: Waters
1635-69, A25, S96 pure. Ed: pure; 1635-69 77 Time Times
H.40. TCD: Spring Ed: spring 1635-69 79 ripened in the eare;
B, H.40, O. F. P, S96. TCD: ripened in the yeare; 1635: ripened the
yeare; 1639-69 83-94 omit 1635-54, A25, B 85 Though H.40,
P, TCD: The 1669, S96 87 he... Portions Ed: he... portions
H.40: he... portion O. F. P, TCD: we... Portion 1669: he can't in
like proportion H-K (Grosart) 88 enjoys] yet joys H.40 89 ever
your] your favour H.40. TCD 92 by your contempt then con-
fancy: H.40, S96: be your contempt then constancy: O. F, H-K (Grosart).
P, TCD: be your contempt then her inconstancy: 1669 94 there
reflected H.40, O. F. P, S, TCD: here neglected 1669: there neglected
H-K (Grosart, probably wrongly)

For
Elegies.

For this to th'comfort of my Dear I vow,
My Deeds shall still be what my words are now;
The Poles shall move to teach me ere I start;
And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart;
Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
Think, heaven hath motion loft, and the world, fire:
Much more I could, but many words have made
That, oft, suspected which men would perfwade;
Take therefore all in this: I love so true,
As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGIE XIII.

Iulia.

HArke newes, ó envy, thou shalt heare descry'd
My Iulia; who as yet was ne'r envy'd.
To vomit gall in flander, swell her vaines
With calumny, that hell it selfe disdaines,
Is her continuall practice; does her best,
To teare opinion even out of the breft
Of dearest friends, and (which is worfe than vilde)
Sticks jealousie in wedlock; her owne childe
Scapes not the showres of envy, To repeate
The monftrous fashions, how, were, alive, to eate
Deare reputation. Would to God she were
But halfe so loath to act vice, as to heare

95-104 om. TCD 95 For H40, S96: And 1635-69 96 my words are now; H40, P: my deeds are now; 1635-69, O'F, S96: my thoughts are now; A25 102 oft, 1635-54: oft 1669 would 1635-54, A25, B, H40, O'F, S96: most 1669
Elegie XIII. &c. Ed: Eleg. XV. &c. 1635-54: Elegie XV. 1669:
Iulia. B: Elegy. Iulia. O'F 5 practice; Ed: practice, 1635-69 7 vilde) Ed: vile) 1635-69: vilde is the regular spelling of this word in the Donne MSS. 8 in wedlock;) in the sheets of wedlock; B 10 how. 1635: how; 1639-69

My
My milde reproofe. Liv’d Mantuan now againe,
That feemall Maitix, to limme with his penne
This the Chymera, that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger, anger feeds desire,
Tongued like the night-crow, whose ill boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries,
Her breath like to the juice in Tenarvs
That blafts the springs, though ne’r so prosperous,
Her hands, I know not how, us’d more to spill
The food of others, then her selfe to fill.
But oh her minde, that Orcus, which includes
Legions of mischiefs, countleffe multitudes
Of formleffe curses, projects unmade up,
Abuses yet unfaslion’d, thoughts corrupt,
Mifhapen Cavils, palpable untruths,
Inevitable errours, self-accusing oaths:
These, like those Atoms swarming in the Sunne,
Throng in her bosome for creation.
I blush to give her halfe her due; yet say,
No poison’s halfe so bad as Julia.

ELEGIE XIV.

A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.

Sing no harme good soother to any wight,
To Lord or foole, Cuckold, beggar or knight,
To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
Reformed or reduced Captaine, Knave,

14 That feemall Maitix, 1635: 1639-69 and Chambers drop comma. But
see note 18 injuries, 1635-39: injuries. 1650-69 20 prosperous. Ed:
prosperous. 1635-69. 24 mischiefs O’F: mischief, 1635-69 28
oaths: B, H-K(Grosart): loathes: 1635-69 O’F 31 give but half B:
give half her O’F yet say,] only this say, B: but this say O’F

XVI. 1669: Elegie XV. O’F: no title, B 2 or foole,] to fool, 1669

Officer,
Officer, Lugler, or lustice of peace,
Iuror or Judge; I touch no fat fowes greafe,
I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
But (like a true man) say there are too many.
I feare not ore tenus; for my tale,
Nor Count nor Counfellour will redd or pale.
A Citizen and his wife the other day
Both riding on one horfe, upon the way
I overtooke, the wench a pretty peate,
And (by her eye) well fitting for the feate.
I saw the lecherous Citizen turne backe
His head, and on his wifes lip steale a smacke,
Whence apprehending that the man was kinde,
Riding before, to kife his wife behinde,
To get acquaintance with him I began
To fort discourse fit for so fine a man:
I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still,
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffique of the I(n)land seas had marr'd,
Whether the Britaine Burse did fill apace,
And likely were to give th'Exchange disgrace;
Of new-built Algate, and the More-field crofles,
Of flore of Bankerouts, and poore Merchants losses
I urged him to speake; But he (as mute
As an old Courtier worn to his laft suite)
Replies with onely yeas and nayes; At laft
(To fit his element) my theame I call
On Trademens gaines; that fet his tongue agoing:
Alas, good sir (quoth he) There is no doing
In Court nor City now; she smil'd and I,
And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie

5 Lugler. 1655-39: Lugle, 1650-69 9 tenus; Ed: tenus, 1635-69
10 will redd or pale. 1669, B. 0'F (shall): will looke redd or pale. 1635-54
14 feate. Ed: fete, 1635-69 16 feale | fede O'F 21 Plaguy 1669,
B. O'F: Plaguing 1635-54 22 Custome | custome 1635
1(n)land Ed: Iland 1635-54: Midland 1669, O'F: the land, the seas B,
but later hand has inserted mid above the line: Island Chambers and Grolier
27 More-field | Moorefields B 32 To fit | To hit O'F 33 going:
Ed: agoing, 1635-69 35 In... now; Ed: roman 1635-69

In
Elegies.

In one met thought: but he went on apace,
And at the present time with such a face
He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praise,
To any but my Lord of Essex days;
Call'd those the age of action; true (quoth Hee)
There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay downe,
For, put to push of pay, away they runne;
Our onely City trades of hope now are
Bawd, Tavern-keeper, Whore and Scrivener;
The much of Priviledg'd kinsmen, and the flore
Of fresh protections make the rest all poore;
In the first state of their Creation,
Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
A righteous pay-master. Thus ranne he on
In a continued rage: so void of reason
Seem'd his harsh talke, I sweat for feare of treason.
And (troth) how could I leffe? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wife Lord Major,
And his wise brethrens worships, when one prayeth,
He swore that none could say Amen with faith.
To get him off from what I glowed to heare,
(In happy time) an Angel did appeare,
The bright Signe of a lov'd and wel-try'd Inne,
Where many Citizens with their wives have bin
Well us'd and often; here I pray'd him stay,
To take some due refreshment by the way.
Looke how hee look'd that hid the gold (his hope)
And at's returne found nothing but a Rope,
So he on me, refus'd and made away,
Though willing she pleaded a weary day:
I found my wife, struck hands, and pray'd him tell
(To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine,
But his kind wife gave me the very Signe.

ELEGIE XV.
The Expostulation.

To make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
Thought I, but one had breath'd purest aire,
And must she needs be false because she's faire?
Is it your beauties marke, or of your youth,
Or your perfection, not to study truth?
Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes?
Or thofe it hath, smile at your perjuries?
Are vowes so cheape with women, or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
And blowne away with winde? Or doth their breath
(Both hot and cold at once) make life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Form'd into words, so many sighs should meete
As from our hearts, so many oaths, and teares
Sprinkled among, (all sweeter by our feares

66 on 1669, B: at 1635-54 me,] me: 1635-54 70 day: 1669.
B, O'F: slay, 1635-59: slay: 1650-54 69 dwell; 1635: dwell
1639-54: dwell, 1669

Elegie XV. Ed: Eleg. XVII. The Expostulation. 1635-54: Elegie
XVII. 1669: Elegie. 1633, B, Cy, H,40, HN, M, N, O'F, P, RP31, 8, 896,
TCD, Jonson's Underwoods 2 strong] full Und 3 purest] the
purer Und 6 Or your 1633-69: Or of your H 40 it hath,]
the hath B, H4o, M, N, P, 896 12 (Both hot and cold at once) RP31:
Both ... at once, Und: (Both ... cold) at once 1633-69, 896: Both
heate and coole at once M make] threat Und 14 Form'd into]
Tun'd to our Und 15 As] Blowne Und 16-18 (all sweeter ...
the rest) 1633, B, Cy, M, N, O'F, P, RP31: (all sweeter end &c. 1635, which
does not complete the bracket: (all sweeter by our fears) &c. 1639 69,
L74 (sweeter), P (sweeter), 896 (sweeter)

And
And the divine impression of stolne kifes,
That seald'd the reft) should now prove empty blisies?
Did you draw bonds to forset? signe to breake?
Or muft we reade you quite from what you speake,
And finde the truth out the wrong way? or muft
Hee first desire you false, would wish you just?
O I prophane, though most of women be
This kinde of beast, my thought shall except thee;
My dearest love, though froward jealoufie,
With circumstance might urge thy' inconstancie,
Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will ceafe to cheare
The teeming earth, and that forget to beare,
Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames
With ribs of Ice in June would bind his streams,
Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours.
But O that treacherous breaft to whom weake you
Did truft our Counsells, and wee both may rue,
Having his falshood found too late, 'twas hee
That made me cast you guilty, and you me,
Whilst he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word
Wee spake, unto the cunning of a third.
Cursed may hee be, that so our love hath slaine,
And wander on the earth, wretched as Cain,
Wretched as hee, and not deserve least pitty;
In plaguing him, let misery be witty;
Let all eyes shunne him, and hee shunne each eye,
Till hee be noysome as his infamie;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his Soules price;

22 with] have P
24 This kinde of beast,] The common Montler,
Und] my thought 1633: my thoughts 1635-69, HN. 896
25 though froward] how ever RP31, Und
yours; 1633: 34 truft 1635-69: drift Chambers
40 wretched as Cain, 1633-69, B, Cy, N, O, F: as wretched Cain. P: as
curfed Cain, S: wretched on the Earth, as Cain: Und

And
And after all selfe torment, when hee dyes,
    May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
Swine eate his bowels, and his falfe tongue
    That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung,
And let his carrion coarse be a longer feast
    To the Kings dogges, then any other beast.
Now have I curst, let us our love revive;
    In mee the flame was never more alive;
I could beginne againe to court and praise,
    And in that pleazure lengthen the short dayes
Of my lifes leaf; like Painters that do take
    Delight, not in made worke, but whiles they make;
I could renew those times, when first I saw
    Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd; and at maskes and playes
    Commend the selfe fame Actors, the same wayes;
Aske how you did, and often with intent
    Of being officious, be impertinent;
All which were such soft paltimes, as in these
    Love was as subtilly catch'd, as a disease;
But being got it is a treasure sweet,
    Which to defend is harder then to get:
And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
    For though'tis got by chance, tis kept by art.
ELEGIE XVI.

On his Mistris.

By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
Which my words masculine persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatened me,
I calmly beg: But by thy fathers wrath,
By all paines, which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee, and all the oaths which I
And thou have sworn to seal joynt constancy,
Here I unsweare, and overwear them thus,
Thou shalt not love by wayes so dangerous.
Temper, o faire Love, loves impetuous rage,
Be my true Mistris still, not my faign'd Page;
I'll goe, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behind
Thee, onely worthy to nurse in my minde,
Thirst to come backe; o if thou die before,
My foule from other lands to thee shall foare.
Thy (else Almighty) beautie cannot move
Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wilde Boreas hardinesse; Thou haft reade
How roughly hee in peeces shivered
Faire Orithia, whom he swore he lov'd.


Fall
Elegies.

Fall ill or good, 'tis madnesse to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd; Feed on this flattery,
That absent Lovers one in th'other be.
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy bodies habite, nor mindes; bee not strange
To thy selfe onely; All will spie in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace;
Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soone
Eclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone.
Men of France, changeable Camelions,
Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
Loves fuellers, and the rightest company
Of Players, which upon the worlds stage be,
Will quickly know thee, and no leffe, alas!
Th'indifferent Italian, as we passe
His warme land, well content to thinke thee Page,
Will hunt thee with such luft, and hideous rage,
As Lots faire guests were vex. But none of these
Nor spungy hydroptique Dutch shall thee displease,
If thou stay here. O stay here, for, for thee
England is onely a worthy Gallerie,
To walke in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
When I am gone, dreame me some happinesse,
Nor let thy lookes our long hid love confesse,
Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor bless nor curse
Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse
With midnights startings, crying out, oh, oh
Nurse, ô my love is flaine, I faw him goe

Elegies.

O'r the white Alpes alone; I saw him I,
Affaid'd, fight, taken, flabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augure me better chance, except dread love
Thinke it enough for me to'have had thy love.

ELEGIE XVII.

Variety.

The heavens rejoice in motion, why should I
Abjure my so much lov'd variety,
And not with many youth and love divide?
Pleasure is none, if not diversifi'd:
The fun that sitting in the chaire of light
Sheds flame into what else so ever doth seem bright,
Is not contented at one Signe to Inne,
But ends his year and with a new beginnes.
All things doe willingly in change delight,
The fruitfull mother of our appetite:
Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
Where their fair spreading streames run wide and farr;
And a dead lake that no strange bark doth greet,
Corrupts it self and what doth live in it.
Let no man tell me such a one is faire,
And worthy all alone my love to share.
Nature in her hath done the liberall part
Of a kinde Miftrffe, and imployn'd her art
To make her loveable, and I aver
Him not humane that would turn back from her:


917-3 I love
I love her well, and would, if need were, dye
To doe her service. But follows it that I
Must serve her onely, when I may have choice
Of other beauties, and in change rejoice?
The law is hard, and shall not have my voice.
The last I saw in all extreames is faire,
And holds me in the Sun-beames of her haire;
Her nymph-like features such agreements have
That I could venture with her to the grave:
Another's brown, I like her not the worse,
Her tongue is soft and takes me with discourse.
Others, for that they well descendred are,
Do in my love obtain as large a share;
And though they be not fair, 'tis much with mee
To win their love onely for their degree.
And though I faile of my required ends,
The attempt is glorious and it self commends.
How happy were our Syres in ancient times,
Who held plurality of loves no crime!
With them it was accounted charity
To stirre up race of all indifferently;
Kindred were not exempted from the bands:
Which with the Persian still in usage stands.
Women were then no sooner asked then won,
And what they did was honest and well done.
But since this title honour hath been us'd,
Our weake credulity hath been abus'd;
The golden laws of nature are repeal'd,
Which our first Fathers in such reverence held;
Our liberty's revers'd, our Charter's gone,
And we're made servants to opinion,
A monster in no certain shape attir'd,
And whose original is much desir'd,
Form'd at first, but going on in fashions,
And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.

Here love receiv'd immedicable harms,
And was dispoiled of his daring armes.
A greater want then is his daring eyes,
He lost those awfull wings with which he flies;
His sinewy bow, and those immortall darts
Wherewith he 'is wont to bruise refting hearts.

Onely some few strong in themselves and free
Retain the seeds of antient liberty,
Following that part of Love although deprest,
And make a throne for him within their brest,
In spight of modern cenfures him avowing
Their Soveraigne, all service him allowing.
Amongst which troop although I am the leaft,
Yet equall in perfection with the best,
I glory in subjection of his hand,
Nor ever did decline his leaft command:
For in whatever forme the message came
My heart did open and receive the fame.
But time will in his course a point discry
When I this loved service must deny,
For our allegiance temporary is,
With firmer age returns our liberties.
What time in years and judgement we repos'd,
Shall not so easilie be to change dispo's'd,
Nor to the art of severall eyes obeying;
But beauty with true worth securely weighing,
Which being found assembled in some one,
We'll love her ever, and love her alone.

ELEGIE XVIII.
Loves Progress.

Whoever loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick:
Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o're lick
Our love, and force it new strange shapes to take,
We erre, and of a lump a monster make.
Were not a Calf a monster that were grown
Face'd like a man, though better then his own?
Perfection is in unitie: preferr
One woman first, and then one thing in her.
I, when I value gold, may think upon
The dueltines, the application,
The wholsomnes, the ingenuitie,
From rust, from foil, from fire ever free:
But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
By our new nature (Use) the soul of trade.

All these in women we might think upon
(If women had them) and yet love but one.

80 obeying; Ed: obeying, 1650-69  81 securely 1650-69: un-
partially A10  82 being 1650-69: having A10 one, Ed: one
1650-69  83 We'll love her ever, Ed: We'll leave her ever, 1650-69.
JC: Would love for ever, A10
Elegie XVIII. * & c. Ed: Elegie XVIII. 1669, where it is first included
among the Elegies. It had already been printed in Wit and Drollery. By
Sir J. M., J. S., Sir W. D., J. D., and the most refined Wits of the Age, 1667.
It appears in A18, A25, B, Cy, D. H. 49, Lee. N. O'F, S, S96, TC, with title
Loves Progress, or Elegie. on Loves Progress, or with no title
Love is a 1669: And Love's a MSS. 5 strange 1661 and MSS.:
strong 1669 11 I. | I 1669 14 ever 1669: for ever O'F, S, S96
16 (our new nature) use, 1661 17 these 1669 and MSS: this 1661,
Cy, P. Chambers

Can
Elegies.

Can men more injure women then to say
They love them for that, by which they're not they? 20
Makes virtue woman? must I cool my bloud
Till I both be, and find one wise and good?
May barren Angels love so. But if we
Make love to woman; virtue is not she:
As beauty is not nor wealth: He that itrayes thus From her to hers, is more adulterous,
Then if he took her maid. Search every spheare
And firmament, our Cupid is not there:
He's an infernal god and under ground,
With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound:
Men to such Gods, their sacrificing Coles
Did not in Altars lay, but pits and holes.
Although we see Celestial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we Till and love:
So we her ayres contemplate, words and heart,
And virtues; but we love the Centrique part.
Nor is the foul more worthy, or more fit
For love, then this, as infinite as it.
But in attaining this desired place
How much they erre; that fett out at the face? 40
The hair a Foreft is of Ambushes,
Of springes, snares, fetters and manacles:
The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
And when 'tis wrinckled, shipwracks us again.
Smooth, 'tis a Paradice, where we would have
Immortal stay, and wrinckled 'tis our grave.
The Nose (like to the first Meridien) runs
Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two funs;
It leaves a Cheek, a roifie Hemisphire

20 theni om. 1661 25 beauty is not 1661 and MSS.: beauties
no 1669 thus] thus: 1669 27 Then if he took Then he that
took 1661, B (takes), Cy, O, F, P, S
spheare | spheare 1669 30
abound: Ed. abound, 1669 32 in A, B, D, H, 49, Lee, N, TC:
on 1669, A25
holes: ] holes: 1669 38 infinite | infinit 1669
42 springes, H49 and some MSS.: springes, 1669 46 and 1661, A18,
A25, B, C, D, H, 49, Lee, N, P, S96, TC: but 1669 our 1661, MSS.:
a 1669 47 firft Meridien 1661 and MSS.: sweet Meridien 1669.
On either side, and then direct us where
Upon the Islands fortunate we fall,
(Not faynte Canaries, but Ambrosiall)
Her swelling lips; To which when wee are come,
We anchor there, and think our selves at home,
For they seem all: there Syrens songs, and there
Wife Delphick Oracles do fill the ear;
There in a Creek where chosen pearls do swell,
The Remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
These, and the glorious Promontory, her Chin
Ore past; and theLyrege Hellepont betwenee
The Seifos and Abydos of her breasts,
(Not of two Lovers, but two Loves the neafs)
Succeeds a boundles sea, but yet thine eye
Some Island moles may scattered there descry;
And Sailing towards her India, in that way
Shall at her fair Atlantick Navell stay;
Though thence the Current be thy Pilot made,
Yet ere thou be where thou woul]st be embay'd,
Thou shalt upon another Forest set,
Where many Shipwrack, and no further get.
When thou art there, consider what this chace
Mispent by thy beginning at the face.
Rather set out below; practice my Art,
Some Symetry the foot hath with that part
Which thou dost seek, and is thy Map for that
Elegies.

Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
Least subject to disguise and change it is;
Men say the Devil never can change his.
It is the Emblem that hath figured
Firmness; 'tis the first part that comes to bed. 80
Civilities we see refin'd: the kids
Which at the face began, transplanted is,
Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee,
Now at the Papal foot delights to be:
If Kings think that the nearer way, and do
Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too;
For as free Spheres move faster far then can
Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man
Which goes this empty and ætherial way,
Then if at beauties elements he stay. 90
Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
Two purses, and their mouths averstely laid:
They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
That way which that Exchequer looks, must go:
He which doth not, his error is as great,
As who by Clyster gave the Stomack meat.

ELEGIE XIX.

Going to Bed.

Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers defie,
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,
Is tir'd with standing though he never fight.

80 the] bis 1669 81–2 Civilities, we see, refin'd the kids Which at
the face begonne, transplanted is D, H49, Lec 83 Imperial] imperial 1669
86 too;] too. 1669. 90 elements 1661 and MSS.: enemies 1669 91
hath] Chambers omits 93 owe,] owe 1669 96 Clyster gave
A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC: Clyster gives 1669
Elegie XIX. &c. Ed: in 1669. A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, N,
O’F, P, S, S66, TCC, TCD, W’ Appeared in 1669 edition after the Elegies,
unnamed but with the heading To his Misfirs going to Bed. The MSS.
include it among the Elegies either with no heading, or simply Elegye, or
numbered according to the scheme adopted: B gives title which I have adopted
as consistent with other titles 4 he 1669: they A18, D, H49, JC, 
L74, LeC, N, TC

Off
Off with that girdle, like heavens Zone glittering,
But a far fairer world incompassing.
Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,
That th'eyes of base fools may be flapt there.
Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme,
Tells me from you, that now it is bed time.
Off with that happy busk, which I envie,
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
Your gown going off, such beauteous state reveals,
As when from flowry meads th'hills shadow steale.
Off with that wyerie Coronet
The hairy Diademe which on you doth grow:
Now off with those shoes, and then safely tread
In this loves hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be
Receive'd by men; Thou Angel bringst with thee
A heaven like Mahomet's paradise; and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know,
By this these Angels from an evil sprite,
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.
Licence my roaming hands, and let them go,
Before, behind, between, above, below.
O my America! my new-found-land,
My kingdom, safest when with one man man'd,
My Myne of precious stones, My Emperie,

5 glittering | glittering MSS. 8 That I may see my shrine that mirrors to fair, Cy, P 10 it is 1669: 'tis your MSS. 11 which]
whom A18, D, H49, L74, Lec., S, TC, W 14 from MSS.: through 1669 shadow | shadows 1669 16 Diadene . . . grow:
A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec., N, O'F, P, TC: Diadem which on your
head doth grow: 1669: Diadems which on you do grow. S, Chambers
17 Now . . . shoes, 1669, JC, W: Off., shoes A18, D, H49, Lec., N, TC: Off with those hose and shoes S safely A18, A25, B, L74, N, O'F, S,
S96, TC, W: softly 1669, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec., P 20 Receive by men: Thou all MSS.: Reveal'd to men; thou 1669 21 Paradise; Ed: Paradise. 1669
22 Ill 1669, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec., N, S, S96, TC, W: All B, O'F, P, and Chambers' conjecture [spirits 1669, A18, B, D.
H49,N,S: angels O'F, S96 white, Ed: white; 1669 26 below. Ed: below, 1669 28 kingdom, MSS.: Kingdom's 1669 safest A18,

How
How blest am I in this discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds, is to be free;
Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.

Full nakedness! All joyes are due to thee,
As souls un bodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,
To taste whole joyes. Gems which you women use
Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in mens views,
That when a fools eye lighteth on a Gem,
His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.
Like pictures, or like books gay coverings made
For lay-men, are all women thus array'd;
Them selves are myllick books, which only wee
(Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know;
As liberally, as to a Midwife, shew
Thy self: cast all, yea, this white linnen hence,
There is no pennance due to innocence.

To teach thee, I am naked first; why than
What needst thou have more covering then a man.

ELEGIE
Ill I have peace with thee, warr other men,
   And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
   All other Warrs are scrupulous; Only thou
O fayr free Citty, maist thyselfe allowe
To any one: In Flanders, who can tell
   Whether the Mafter preffe; or men rebell?
Only we know, that which all Ideots say,
They beare most blows which come to part the fray.
   France in her lunatique giddines did hate
Ever our men, yea and our God of late;
   Yet the relyes upon our Angels well,
Which nere returne; no more then theywhich fell.
Sick Ireland is with a strange warr possesse
Like to an Ague; now raging, now at rest;
Which time will cure: yet it must doe her good
If she were purg'd, and her headayne let blood.
And Midas joyes our Spanish journeys give,
   We touch all gold, but find no food to live.
And I should be in the hott parching clyme,
To duft and ashes turn'd before my time.
   To mew me in a Ship, is to inthrall
Mee in a prifon, that weare like to fall;
Or in a Cloyfter; save that there men dwell
   In a calme heaven, here in a swagering hell.

Elegy XX &c. Ed.: First published in F. G. Waldron's A Collection of Miscellaneous Poetry, 1802, from a MS. dated 1625; then by Sir J. Simeon in his Philobiblon Society volume of 1856. It is included among Donne's Elegies in A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'clock, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W. In B it has the title Making of Men. The present text is based on W 7 all A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, O'clock, S, S96, TC, W: most
JC, Chambers 8 They bear most blows which (or that) A18, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, S, S96, TC, W: They must bear blows, which Chambers
9 giddinen's giddinge Wald 11 well,] well W 13 a strange 14 straying Sim 16 head 19 the A18, B, Cy, D, H49, N, S, S96, TC, W: that Chambers, A25, JC, L74, O'clock 24 swagering] swaying Chambers

Long
Elegies.

Long voyages are long consumptions,
And ships are carts for executions.
Yea they are Deaths; Is't not all one to flye
Into an other World, as t'is to dye?
Here let mee warr; in these armes lett mee lye;
Here lett mee parlee, batter, bleede, and dye.
Thyne armes imprison me, and myne armes thee;
Thy hart thy ransom is; take myne for mee.  
Other men war that they their reft may gayne;
But wee will reft that wee may fight agayne.
Those warrs the ignorant, these th'expierc'd love,
There wee are alwaycs under, here above.
There Engins farr off breed a just true feare,
Neere thrusts, pikes, flabs, yea bullets hurt not here.
There lyes are wrongs; here safe uprightly lye;
There men kill men, we'll make one by and by.
Thou nothing; I not halfe so much shall do
In these Warrs, as they may which from us two
Shall spring. Thoufands wee fee which travaile not
To warrs; But stay swords, armes, and shott
To make at home; And shall not I do then
More glorious service, staying to make men?
HEROICALL EPISTLE.

Sapho to Philaeonis.

Where is that holy fire, which verse is said to have? is that enchanting force decay'd?
Verse that drawes Nature's workes, from Nature's law, Thee, her best worke, to her worke cannot draw.
Have my teares quench'd my old Poetique fire;
Why quench'd they not as well, that of desire?
Thoughts, my mindes creatures, often are with thee,
But I, their maker, want their libertie.
Onely thine image, in my heart, doth fit.
But that is waxe, and fires environ it.

My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence;
And I am robb'd of Picture, Heart, and Sense.

Dwells with me still mine irksome Memory,
Which, both to keepe, and lose, grieves equally.
That tells me how faire thou art: Thou art so faire,
As gods, when gods to thee I doe compare,
Are grac'd thereby; And to make blinde men fee,
What things gods are, I say they are like to thee.
For, if we justly call each silly man
A little world, What shall we call thee than?
Thou art not soft, and cleare, and frait, and faire,
As Down, as Stars, Cedars, and Lillies are.

Heroicall Epistle. | In 1655 Sapho to Philaeonis follows Basse’s Epitaph upon Shakelpearce, and precedes The Annuntiation and Passion. In 1655 it was placed with some other miscellaneous and dubious poems among the Letters to severall Personages, where it has appeared in all subsequent editions. I have transferred it to the neighbourhood of the Elegies and given it the title which seems to describe exactly the genre to which it belongs. In JC it is entitled Elegie 18th. The other MSS. are A18, A25, O’F, N, P, TCC, TCD. In A25, JC, and P, ll. 31-54 are omitted 2 have?
1650-69: have, 1653 39 3 worke, 1653-39: worke, 1650-69, O’F 8 maker, 1655-69: maker, 1653 17 thereby; And 1655-69: thereby, And 1653, some copies 22 As Down, 1653-69, A18, N, TC: As downes P: As downs O’F. See note Cedars. | as Cedars, A18, N, O’F, TC

But
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my Phao awhile, but shall be never,
As thou, wait, art, and, oh, maifl be ever.
Here lovers sweare in their Idolatrie,
That I am such; but Griefe discolors me.
And yet I grieve the leffe, left Griefe remove
My beauty, and make me' unanswered of thy love.
Plaies some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
A mutuall feeling which should sweeten it.
His chinne, a thorny hairy unevennesse
Doth threaten, and some daily change posseffe.
Thy body is a naturall Paradisè,
In whose selfe, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
Nor needs perfection; why shouldst thou than
Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
Men leave behinde them that which their sin showes,
And are as theeves trac'd, which rob when it snows.
But of our dailyance no more signes there are,
Then fishes leave in streames, or Birds in aire.
And betweene us all sweetnesse may be had;
All, all that Nature yields, or Art can adde.
My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
But so, as thine from one another doe;
And, oh, no more; the likenesfè being fuch,
Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
Hand to strange hand, lippe to lippe none denies;
Why should they brest to brest, or thighs to thighs?
Likenesse begets such strange selfe flatterie,
That touching my selfe, all seemes done to thee.
My selfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kiffe,
And amorously thanke my selfe for this.
Me, in my glasse, I call thee; But alas,
When I would kisse, teares dimme mine eyes, and glasse.
O cure this loving madness, and restore
Me to mee; thee, my halfe, my all, my more.
So may thy cheekes red outweare scarlet dye,
And their white, whitenesse of the Galaxy,
So may thy mighty, amazing beauty move
Envy in all women, and in all men, love,
And so be change, and sickness, farre from thee,
As thou by comming neere, keep'lt them from me.

58 me to mee; thee, 1635 69, A18, A25, JC, N, P, TC (generally mee, in MSS.): me to mee; thee, 1633: me to thee, thee Chambers halfe.]
harte A25, JC, P
59-60 So may thy cheekes outweare all scarlet dye
May blisse and thee be one eternallye P: om. JC
61 mighty, amazing Ed: mighty amazing 1633-69: almighty amazing P

EPITHA-
EPITHALAMIONS, OR MARRIAGE SONGS.

An Epithalamion, Or marriage Song on the Lady Elizabeth, and Count Palatine being married on St. Valentines day.

I.

Hail Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the Aire is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choristers
And other birds are thy Parishioners,
Thou marriest every yeare
The Lirique Larke, and the grave whispering Dove,
The Sparrow that negleets his life for love,
The household Bird, with the red stomacher,
Thou mak'lt the black bird speed as soone,
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcyon;
The husband cocke lookes out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more cheerfully then ever shine,
This day, which might enflame thy self, Old Valentine.

II.

Till now, Thou warmed'lt with multiplying loves
Two larkes, two sparrows, or two Doves,
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day coulefit two Phœnixes;
Thou mak'lt a Taper see
What the sunne never saw, and what the Arke


(Which
(Which was of foules, and beatls, the cage, and park,) Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee, Two Phœnixes, whose joyned breasts Are unto one another mutuall neets, Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give Yong Phœnixes, and yet the old shall live. Whose love and courage never shall decline, But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine.

III.

Up then faire Phœnix Bride, frustrate the Sunne, Thy selfe from thine affection Takest warmth enough, and from thine eye All lesser birds will take their Jollitie. Up, up, faire Bride, and call, Thy starres, from out their severall boxes, take Thy Rubies, Pearles, and Diamonds forth, and make Thy selfe a constellation, of them All, And by their blazing, signifie, That a Great Princefs falls, but doth not die; Bee thou a new starre, that to us portends Ends of much wonder; And be Thou those ends. Since thou dost this day in new glory shine, May all men date Records, from this thy Valentine.

III.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame Meeting Another, growes the same, So meet thy Fredericke, and so To an unseparable union growe. Since separation

Epithalamions.

Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but one, can disunite,
You’re twice inseparable, great, and one;
  Goe then to where the Bishop staiest,
To make you one, his way, which divers waies
Must be effect’d; and when all is past,
And that you’re one, by hearts and hands made fast,
You two have one way left, your selves to’entwine,
 Besides this Bishop’s knot, or Bishop Valentine.

V.

But oh, what ailes the Sunne, that here he staiest,
   Longer to day, then other daies?
   Staies he new light from thefe to get?
And finding here such store, is loth to set?
   And why doe you two walke,
So slowly pac’d in this procession?
Is all your care but to be look’d upon,
   And be to others spectacle, and talke?
   The feaft, with gluttonous daies,
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,
The maffuers come too late, and ‘I think, will stay,
Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.
Alas, did not Antiquity affigne
A night, as well as day, to thee, O Valentine?

VI.

They did, and night is come; and yet wee see
   Formalities retarding thee.
   What meane these Ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in pieces,) goe
   So nicely about the Bride;

49 disunite, Groler: disunite. 1633-69 and Chambers
50 Bishops
knot, or Bishop Valentine. A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lee, N, O’F, P(our), S96,
TC Bishop’s knot, O Bishop Valentine. 1633-54: Bishops knot of Bishop
Valentine. 1669: Bishops knot, of Bishop Valentine. Chambers
60 store. 1633, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lee, N, P, S96, TCD: starres, 1635-69,
O’F, Chambers
67 come too late, 1633: come late, 1635-69
70 O Valentine? 1633-54, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lee, N, O’F, P, S96, TCD:
old Valentine? 1669

A Bride,
A Bride, before a good night could be said,
Should vanish from her cloathes, into her bed,
As Soules from bodies steale, and are not spy'd.

But now she is laid; What though shee bee?
Yet there are more delayes. For, where is he?
He comes, and passes through Spheare after Spheare,
First her sheetes, then her Armes, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

VII.
Here lyes a shee Sunne, and a shee Moone here,
She gives the best light to his Spheare,
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe,
And yet they doe, but are
So just and rich in that coyne which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs forbeare, nor stay;
Neither desires to be spar’d, nor to spare,
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No such occasion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Then all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine.

VIII.
And by this act of these two Phenixes
Nature againe restored is,
For since these two are two no more,
Ther's but one Phenix still, as was before.
Reft now at laft, and wee


As
Epithalamions.

As Satyres watch the Sunnes uprise, will stay
Waiting, when your eyes opened, let out day,
Onely deir'd, because your face wee see;
Others neare you shall whispering speake,
And wagers lay, at which side day will breake,
And win by' observing, then, whose hand it is
That opens first a curtaine, hers or his;
This will be tryed to morrow after nine,
Till which houre, wee thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

ECCLOGVE.


Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Christmas
time, reprehends his absence from court, at the marriage
Of the Earle of Sommerfet, Idios gives an account of
his purpose therein, and of his absence thence.

Allophanes.

Unseasonable man, statue of ice,
What could to countries solitude entice
Thee, in this yeares cold and decrepit time?
Natures instinct draws to the warmer clime
Even small birds, who by that courage dare,
In numerous fleets, saile through their Sea, the aire.
What delicacie can in fields appeare,
Whil't Flora herselfe doth a freeze jerkin weare?
Whil't windes do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leafes, to furnish roddes enough to whip

104 As ... uprise,] brackets 1650-69
105 day,] day. 1633

2 Thy
Thy madneffe from thee; and all springs by froft
Have taken cold, and their sweet murmure loft;
If thou thy faults or fortunes would’lt lament
With juft solemnity, do it in Lent;
At Court the spring already advanced is,
The Sunne stayes longer up; and yet not his
The glory is, farre other, other fires.
First, zeale to Prince and State; then loves desires
Burne in one breft, and like heavens two great lights,
The first doth governe dayes, the other nights.
And then that early light, which did appeare
Before the Sunne and Moone created were,
The Princes favour is defus’d o’r all,
From which all Fortunes, Names, and Natures fall;
Then from those wombes of starres, the Brides bright eyes,
At every glance, a constellation flyes,
And fowes the Court with starres, and doth prevent
In light and power, the all-ey’d firmament;
First her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,
Then from their beames their jewels lufters rise,
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good desire;
Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell,
Where in darke plotts, fire without light doth dwell:
Or but like Stoves, for luft and envy get
Continuall, but artificiall heat;
Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds difgeft,
And make our Court an everlafting Eaft.
And can’ft thou be from thence?

Idios. No, I am there.
As heaven, to men dispos’d, is every where,
So are those Courts, whose Princes animate,
Not onely all their house, but all their State.
Let no man thinke, because he is full, he hath all,
Kings (as their patterne, God) are liberall
Not onely in fulnesse, but capacitie,
Enlarging narrow men, to feele and see,
And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
So, reclus'd hermits often times do know
More of heavens glory, then a worldling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man,
Is an epitome of Gods great booke
Of creatures, and man need no farther looke;
So is the Country of Courts, where sweet peace doth,
As their one common foule, give life to both,
I am not then from Court.

Allophanes.

Dreamer, thou art.
Think'lt thou fantafique that thou haft a part
In the East-Indian fleet, because thou haft
A little spice, or Amber in thy taffe?
Because thou art not frozen, art thou warme?
Seeft thou all good because thou seest no harme?
The earth doth in her inward bowels hold
Stuffe well dispos'd, and which would faine be gold,
But never shall, except it chance to lye,
So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;
As, for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for beft civill use, all tinctures move
From higher powers; From God religion springs,
Wisdome, and honour from the use of Kings.
Then unbeguile thy selfe, and know with mee,
That Angels, though on earth employd they bee,
Epithalamions.

Are still in heav'n, so is he still at home
That doth, abroad, to honest actions come.
Chide thy selfe then, O foole, which yesterday
Mightst have read more then all thy books bewray;
Haft thou a history, which doth present
A Court, where all affections do assent
Unto the Kings, and that, that Kings are just?
And where it is no levity to trust?
Where there is no ambition, but to obey,
Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may;
Where the Kings favours are so plac'd, that all
Finde that the King therein is liberall
To them, in him, because his favours bend
To vertue, to the which they all pretend?
Thou haft no such; yet here was this, and more,
An earnest lover, wife then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath sued Livery,
And is no more in his minority,
Hee is admitted now into that brest
Where the Kings Counfells and his secrets rest.
What haft thou loft, O ignorant man?

Idios.

I knew
All this, and onely therefore I withdrew.
To know and feele all this, and not to have
Words to express it, makes a man a grave
Of his owne thoughts; I would not therefore stay
At a great feast, having no grace to say.
And yet I scap'd not here; for being come
Full of the common joy, I utter'd some;
Reade then this nuptiall song, which was not made
Either the Court or mens hearts to invade,

But
But since I am dead, and buried, I could frame
No Epitaph, which might advance my fame
So much as this poore song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

EPITHALAMION.

I.
The time of the Mariage.

Thou art repriev'd old yeare, thou shalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death bed lye,
   And should't within five dayes expire,
Yet thou art rescu'd by a mightier fire,
   Then thy old Soule, the Sunne,
When he doth in his largest circle runne.
The passage of the West or East would thaw,
And open wide their easie liquid jawe
To all our ships, could a Promethean art
Either unto the Northerne Pole impart
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

II.

Equality of persons.

But undiscerning Mufe, which heart, which eyes,
   In this new couple, doft thou prize,
   When his eye as inflaming is
As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?
   Be tryed by beauty, and than
The bridegrome is a maid, and not a man.
If by that manly courage they be tryed,
Which scornes unjust opinion; then the bride

EPITHALAMION. D, H.49, Lec. O'F, S.96; om. 1633–69. See note
107 expire, ] expire 1633–39
108 by 1633: from 1635–69
121 man. 1669, D: man. 1633–39: man; 1650–54

Becomes
Becomes a man. Should chance or envies Art Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part? Since both have both th’enflaming eyes, and both the loving heart.

III.

Raising of the Bridegroome.

Though it be some divorce to thinke of you
Singly, so much one are you two,
Yet let me here contemplate thee,
First, cheerfull Bridegroome, and first let mee see,
How thou prevent’st the Sunne,
And his red foming horses doft outrunne,
How, having laid downe in thy Soveraignes brest
All busineses, from thence to reinvest
Them, when these triumphs ceafe, thou forward art
To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

III.

Raising of the Bride.

But now, to Thee, faire Bride, it is some wrong,
To thinke thou wert in Bed so long,
Since Soone thou lyest downe first, tis fit
Thou in first rising should’st allow for it.

Pouder thy Radiant haire,
Which if without such ashes thou would’st weare,

Thou
Epithalamions.

Thou, which to all which come to looke upon,
Art meant for Phæbus, would'st be Phaëton.

For our ease, give thine eyes th'unusual part
Of joy, a Teare; so quencht, thou maift impart,
To us that come, thy inflaming eyes, to him, thy loving heart.

V.

Her Apparrelling.

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmitie,
Who can the Sun in water fee.

Soo doft thou, when in silke and gold,
Thou cloud'st thy selfe; since wee which doe behold,

Arte dust, and wormes, 'tis just
Our objects be the fruits of wormes and dust;
Let every Jewell be a glorious starre,
Yet starres are not so pure, as their sphæares are.
And though thou floope, to'appeare to us in part,
Still in that Picture thou intirely art,
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving heart.

VI.

Going to the Chappell.

Now from your Eafts you issue forth, and wee,
As men which through a Cipres fee
The rising sun, doe thinke it two,
Soo, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you,

... eyes 1635-69: eafe, ... eyes. 1633 150 see. 1635-69: see;
Grolier. But see note 157 floope, ... us 1635-69: floope, ...
us, 1633...
Epithalamions.

But that vaile being gone,
By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one. 165
The Church Triumphant made this match before,
And now the Militant doth strive no more;
Then, reverend Priest, who Gods Recorder art,
Doe, from his Dictates, to these two impart
All blessings, which are seene, or thought, by Angels eye
or heart. 170

VII.

The Benediction.

Blest payre of Swans, Oh may you interbring
Daily new joyes, and never sing,
Live, till all grounds of wishes faile,
Till honor, yea till wisedome grow so late,
That, new great heights to trie,
It must serve your ambition, to die;
Raise heires, and may here, to the worlds end, live
Heires from this King, to take thankes, you, to give,
Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art.
May never age, or error overthwart 180
With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North, this
heart.

VIII.

Feasts and Revells.

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day
Injures; it causeth time to stay;
The tables groane, as though this feast
Would, as the flood, destroy all fowle and beast. 185

167 more; Ed: more, 1633: more. 1635-69 170 or thought
Or thought 1633 172 sing, 1633: sing: 1635-69 178 you,
yours, A23, B, D, O'F, S96 give, 1633: give. 1635-69 179
Art. Ed: Art, 1633-69

And
And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revell goes.
They tread the ayre, and fal not where they rofe.
Though fix hours since, the Sunne to bed did part,
The masks and banquets will not yet impart
A sunfet to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart.

IX.

The Brides going to bed.

What mean'ft thou Bride, this companie to keep?
To fit up, till thou faíne wouldst sleepe?
Thou maist not, when thou art laid, doe fo.
Thy self must to him a new banquete grow,
And you must entertaine
And doe all this daies dances o'raigne.
Kno' that if Sun and Moone togerether doe
Rife in one point, they doe not fet fo too;
Therefore thou maist, faire Bride, to bed depart,
Thou art not gone, being gone; where e'rt thou art,
Thou leav'lt in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy loving heart.

X.

The Bridegroomes comming.

As he that sees a starre fall, runs apace,
And findes a gellie in the place,
So doth the Bridegroome haft as much,
Being told this starre is falne, and findes her fuch.

And
Epithalamions.

And as friends may looke strange,
By a new fashion, or apparrells change,
Their soules, though long acquainted they had beene,
These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seene;
Therefore at first thee modestly might start,
But must forthwith surrender every part,
As freely, as each to each before, gave either eye or heart.

XI.

The good-night.

Now, as in Tullias tombe, one lampe burnt cleare,
Unchang'd for fifteene hundred yeare,
May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine.
Fire ever doth aspire,
And makes all like it selfe, turns all to fire,
But ends in ashes, which these cannot doe,
For none of these is fuell, but fire too.
This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves strong Arts
Make of fo noble individual parts
One fire of foure inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts.

Idios.

As I have brought this song, that I may doe
A perfect sacrifice, I'll burne it too.

Allophanes.

No St. This paper I have justly got,
For, in burnt incenfe, the perfume is not
His only that presents it, but of all;
What ever celebrates this Festivall

211 seene; Ed.: seene. 1633-69 214 eye] hand 1650-69
burnt] burn 1669 218 divine. 1635-69: divine; 1633 230 all;
1635-69: all, 1633
Epithalamions.

Is common, since the joy thereof is so.

Nor may your selfe be Priest: But let me goe,
Backe to the Court, and I will lay it upon
Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne.

The Sun-beames in the East are spred,
Leave, leave, faire Bride, your solitary bed,
No more shall you returne to it alone,
It nourseth sadneffe, and your bodies print,
Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint;
You and your other you meet there anon;
Put forth, put forth that warme balme-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in these sheets wil smother,
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh;
Come glad from thence, goe gladder then you came,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Daughters of London, you which bee
Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasurie,
You which are Angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of Angels on your mariage daies,
Help with your presence and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dresse her, and be assign'd,
By you, fit place for every flower and jewell,
Make her for love fit fewell
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde;
So may she faire, rich, glad, and in nothing lame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

4 bodies 1633-69 and MSS.: body 1633 8 smother, 1650-69:
lsmother 1633-39 17 presence Ed: presence, 1633-69. See note
22 faire, rich, glad, and in A18, N, TC, W: faire and rich, in 1633-69, B.
O'F, P, 896

And
And you frolique Patricians,
Sonns of these Senators wealths deep oceans,
Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others wits,
Yee country men, who but your beasts love none,
Yee of those fellowships whereof hee's one,
Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits,
Here shine; This Bridegroom to the Temple bring.
Loo, in yon path which store of straw'd flowers graceth,
The sober virgin paceth;
Except my fight faile, 'tis no other thing;
Weep not nor blush, here is no griefe nor shame,

To day put on perfection, and a womens name.

Thy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold,
And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,
Till, mystically joyn'd, but one they bee;
Then may thy leane and hunger-starved wombe
Long time expect their bodies and their tombe,
Long after their owne parents fatten thee.
All elder claimes, and all cold barrenesse,
All yeelding to new loves bee far for ever,
Which might these two diiffer,
All wayes all th'other may each one possesse;
For, the beft Bride, beft worthy of praiſe and fame,

To day puts on perfection, and a womens name.

Oh winter dayes bring much delight,
Not for themselfes, but for they soon bring night;
Other sweets wait thee then these diverfe meats,
Other disports then dancing jollities,
Other love tricks then glancing with the eyes,
But that the Sun still in our halfe Spheare sweates;

25 Patricians,] Patricians 1633
He flies in winter, but he now stands still.
Yet shadowes turne; Noone point he hath attain’d,
His steeds will bee restrain’d,
But gallop lively downe the Westerne hill;
Thou shalt, when he hath runne the worlds halfe frame,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

The amorous evening starre is rose,
Why then should not our amorous starre inclose
Her selfe in her wish’d bed? Release your strings
Musicians, and dancers take some truce
With these your pleasing labours, for great use
As much wearineffe as perfection brings;
You, and not only you, but all toyl’d beasts
Reft duly; at night all their toyles are dispensed;
But in their beds commenced
Are other labours, and more dainty feasts;
She goes a maid, who, leaft she turne the fame,
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy virgins girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptiall bed (loves altar) lye
A pleasing sacrifice; now dispoffe
Thee of these chains and robes which were put on
T’adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
Like vertue’and truth, art best in nakedneffe;
This bed is onely to virginitie
A grave, but, to a better state, a cradle;
Till now thou waft but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be said, I may bee, but, I am,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.
Even here a tardy course is seen,
Tortuous winds the track a better should be shaping.
For thus it seems that men have less pleasure,
And with the Sun's approach with it appears death-like.
Let us therefore speed the sun, when tender
The Watch Tower of our house consumed her.
Now hence a cloud sent, sword aimed, towards light
By means of his men and the great East:
The Sun they must be beaten.
Now with your help, my friends, we must save our empire,
Therefore are stronger the Sun which now reemains
If we but apply ourselves to a certain goal.
SATYRES.

SATYRE I.

A way thou fondling motley humorist,
Leave me, and in this standing woorden chest,
Consorted with thefe few bookes, let me lye
In prison, and here be commit’d, when I dye;
Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines; and here
Natures Secretary, the Philosopher;
And jolly State-men, which teach how to die
The finewes of a cities mistique bodie;
Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddie fantaiske Poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong, wild uncertaine thee? 7
First sweare by thy best love in earnest
(If thou which lov’st all, canst love any best)
Thou wilt not leave mee in the middle street,
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet,
Not though a Captaine do come in thy way
Bright parcell gilt, with forty dead mens pay,
Not though a briske perfum’d pietre Courtier
Deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer.
Nor come a velvet Justice with a long
Great traine of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen strong,
Wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare
A speech to Court his beautious fonne and heire!
For better or worse take mee, or leave mee:
To take, and leave mee is adultery.
Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
Of refined manners, yet ceremoniall man,
That when thou meet'ft one, with enquiring eyes
Doft search, and like a needy broker prize
The silke, and gold he weares, and to that rate
So high or low, doft raise thy formall hat:
That wilt comfort none, untill thou have knowne
What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne,
As though all thy companions should make thew
Jointures, and marry thy deare company.
Why should'ft thou (that doft not onely approve,
But in ranke itchie lust, desire, and love
The nakedneffe and barenffe to enjoy,
Of thy plume muzzy whore, or prostitute boy)
Hate vertue, though shee be naked, and bare?
At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
And till our Soules be unapparrelled
Of bodies, they from bliffe are banifhed.
Mans first blest state was naked, when by finne
Hee loft that, yet was cloath'd but in beafts skin,
And in this course attire, which I now weare,  
With God, and with the Muses I conferre.  
But since thou like a contrite penitent,  
Charitably warn'd of thy sinnes, doft repent  
These vanities, and giddinesses, loe  
I shut my chamber doore, and come, lets goe.  
But sooner may a cheape whore, who hath beene  
Worne by as many severall men in finne,  
As are black feathers, or musk-colour hofe,  
Name her childs right true father, 'mongst all those:  
Sooner may one guesse, who shall beare away  
The Infanta of London, Heire to an India;  
And sooner may a gulling weather Spie  
By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly  
What fashioned hats, or ruffes, or fuits next yeare  
Our subtile-witted antique youths will weare;  
Then thou, when thou depart'ft from mee, canst show  
Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldst go.  
But how shall I be pardon'd my offence  
That thus have finn'd against my conscience?  
Now we are in the street; He first of all  
Improvidently proud, creepes to the wall,  
And so imprisoned, and hem'd in by mee  
Sells for a little state his libertie;  
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet  

47 weare, 1650-69: weare 1633-39  50 warn'd] warn'd 1653  
52 goe, 1655-69: goe, 1653  54 Worne by] Worne out by 1650-69  
55 musk-colour 1633-35, D, H, 49, L, 74, Lee, N, TCD, W: musk-coloured  
1639-69, A25, P, Q.  58 The Infanta ... India; Ed: The Infanta . . . India, A25, O, F, Q: The infant . . . India, 1633-54 and MSS, generally: The Infantry of London, hence to India: 1669  
63 depart'ft from mee] depart it from hence Cy, D, H, 49, H51, O, F, S, W:  
departeth hence A25, Q, S96: can't JC, Q: can 1633-69 and many MSS.  
66 conscience?] conscience. 1653  70 state] room H51 his 1635-69  
and all MSS.: high 1633. Chambers libertie;] libertie, 1633
Every fine silken painted foole we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
As prentifes, or schoole-boys which doe know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe.
And as fidlers fllop loweft, at highest found,
So to the most brave, floops hee nigh'l the ground.
But to a grave man, he doth move no more
Then the wife politque horse would heretofore,
Or thou O Elephant or Ape wilt doe,
When any names the King of Spaine to you.
Now leaps he upright, Joggs me, & cries, Do you see
Yonder well favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis hee
That dances so divinely; Oh, said I,
Stand still, must you dance here for company?
Hee droopt, wee went, till one (which did excell
Th' Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well)
Met us; they talk'd; I whispered, let us goe,
'T may be you smell him not, truely I doe;
He heares not mee, but, on the other side
A many-coloured Peacock having spide
Leaves him and mee; I for my loft sheep stay;
He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, him whom I laft left, all repute
For his device, in hanfoming a fute,
To judge of lace, pinke, panes, print, cut, and plight,
Of all the Court, to have the beft conceit;
Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe;


But
But Oh, God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so? Why? he hath travayled; Long? No; but to me (Which understand none,) he doth seeme to be Perfect French, and Italian; I replied, So is the Poxe; He answered not, but spy'd More men of fort, of parts, and qualities; At last his Love he in a windowe spies, And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from mee Violently ravish'd to his lechery. Many were there, he could command no more; Hee quarrell'd fought, bled; and turn'd out of dore Directly came to mee hanging the head, And constantly a while must keepe his bed.

Satyre II.

Sir; though (I thanke God for it) I do hate Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one flate In all ill things so excellently best, That hate, toward them, breeds pitty towards the rest.

All this towne perfeely yet in every flate In all ill things so excellently best There are some found so villainously best, Hath in't one found so villainously best Satyre II. 1633-69, D, H49, H51, HN (after C. B. copy in margin), JC, L, Q, S, W: Satyre 3rd. A25: Law Satyre. P: Satire. or no title, B, C, L, 74, N, O'F, S96. TCD

there is one

All this towne perfeely yet in every flate

Though
Though Poetry indeed be such a finne
As I think that brings dearths, and Spaniards in,
Though like the Pestilence and old fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men; and doth remove
Never, till it be fterv'd out; yet their fate
Is poore, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.
One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot reade,
And saven his life) gives ideot aclar's meanes
Starving himselfe) to live by his labor'd seaues;
As in some Organ, Puppits dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move Love by rithmes; but witchcrafts charms
Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes:
Rammes, and slings now are feely battery,
Piftolets are the best Artillerie.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get.
Are they not like fingers at doores for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have ftil
That excufe for writing, and for writing ill;
But hee is worft, who (beggarly) doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-fpue.
As his owne things; and they are his owne, 'tis true,
For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne
The meate was mine, th'excrement is his owne:


But
But these do mee no harme, nor they which use
To out-doe Dildoes, and out-usurk Jewes;
To out-drinke the sea, to out-sweare the Letanie;
Who with finnes all kindes as familiar bee
As Confessors; and for whose sinfull fake,
Schoolemen new tenements in hell must make:
Whose strange finnes, Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandements large receit they dwell.
But these punish themselves; the insolence
Of Cofcus onely breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches poxe,
And plodding on, must make a calfe an oxe)
Hath made a Lawyer, which was (alas) of late
But a scarce Poet; jollier of this state,
Then are new benefic'd ministers, he throwes
Like nets, or lime-twigs, wheresoever he goes,
His title of Barrister, on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas, and Bench:
A motion, Lady; Speake Cofcus; I have beene
In love, ever since tricesimo of the Queene,
Continuall claims I have made, injunctions got
To stay my rivals fuit, that hee should not
Proceed; spare mee; In Hillary terme I went,
You said, If I return'd next size in Lent,

32 To out-doe Dildoes, 1635-69, B, H51, L74, LeC, N, P, Q, TCD: To
out-doe ——; 1633: To out-sweare dildoes Cy, D, H49, HN, O' F, S,
33 Letanie; Ed: Letanie, 1669 and all MSS.: ——
1633: simply omit. 1635-39: gallant, he 1650-54. See note
finnes all kindes 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, 1.74, N, O' F, Q, S, TCD.
W: finnes of all kindes 1633, Cy(kind), LeC, P
35-6 fake, Schoolemen 1669: fake Schoolemen, 1633-54. 40 juli 1633-69, L74, LeC, N, TCD:
great A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, O' F, P, Q, S, S96, W: harts JC
43 Lawyer, Ed: Lawyer; 1633-69 which was (alas) of late Ed: which
was alas of late 1633: which, (alas) of late 1635-69
44 a scarce A25, H49, H51, HN, JC( altered in margin), 1.74, Q, S96, TCD, W: scarce
HN, JC, O' F, S
49 Lady; Ed: Lady, 1633: Lady. 1635-39: Lady: 1650-69 Cofcus; 1633: Cofcus. 1635-69
53 Proceed; 1669: Proceed, 1633-54
54 return'dl Returne 1633
next size 1633-69, L74, LeC, N, O' F, TCD: this size rest of MSS.
I should
I should be in remitter of your grace;
In th' interim my letters should take place
Of affidavits: words, words, which would teare
The tender labyrinth of a soft maids eare,
More, more, then ten Sclovonians scolding, more
Then when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore.

When sick with Poëtrie, and poss'd with muse
Thou waft, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
Law practive for meere gaine, bold soule, repute
Worce then imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owle-like watchman, hee must walke
His hand still at a bill, now he must talke
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will sweare
That onely suretishe hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lye in every thing,
Like a Kings favourite, yea like a King;
Like a wedge in a blocke, wring to the barre,
Bearing-like Asles; and more flameleffe fare
Then carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor
Symonie and Sodomy in Churchmens lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as the sea) hee will compasse all our land;
From Scots, to Wight; from Mount, to Dover strand.
And spying heires melting with luxurie,
Satan will not joy at their finnes, as hee.

For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the stubble,
Of wafting candles, which in thirty yeare
(Relique-like kept) perchance buys wedding geare;
Peecemeale he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.
In parchments then, large as his fields, hee drawes
Assurances, bigge, as gloss'd civill lawes,
So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing lefTe.

These hee writes not; nor for these written payes,
Therefore spares no length; as in those first dayes
When Luther was profet, He did defire
Short Pater nofiers, saying as a Fryer
Each day his beads, but having left those lawes,
Addes to Chrifts prayer, the Power and glory claufe.
But when he fells or changes land, he’impaires
His writings, and (unwatch’d) leaves out, fes heires,
As flily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or fenfe; or in Divinity
As controverters, in vouch’d Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might againft them cleare the doubt.
Where are thofe fpredd woods which cloth’d hertofore
Thofe bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore.
Where’s th’old landlords troops, and almes? In great hals
Carthusian fafts, and fulfome Bachanalls.

84 Relique-like A25, B, D, H49, H51, I-74, N, O’F, Q, S, Sgd, TCD, W:
Reliquely 1633-69, Cy, JC, Lcc, P: geare;] cheer; 1669 (which brackets from 81 as to end of 84), Cy 86 men | Maids 1669 87 parchments
A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, W: parchment 1633-69, L74, Lcc, N, O’F, P, S, Sgd, TCD, his] the 1669 98 fes 1633-69, B, L74, Lcc, Q, and other MSS.: his Cy, D, H49, H51, P heires,] heires 1633 99 As|
In hals 1635-69, L74, O’F: Where the old landlords troopes and almes?
In great hals A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, P, Q, S, W (but the punctuation is very irregular, and some have ’s after Where). See note

Equally
Equally I hate; meanes blestie; in rich mens homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs,
None starve, none surfeit so; But (Oh) we allow,
Good workes as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrops; but my words none drawes
Within the vaft reach of th’huge statute lawes.

Satyre III.

K
Inde pitty chokes my spleene; brave scorn forbids
Those teares to iflue which swell my eye-lids;
I must not laugh, nor weepe finnes, and be wife,
Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
Is not our Miftrefle faire Religion,
As worthy of all our Soules devotion,
As vertue was to the flirt blinded age?
Are not heavens joyes as valiant to affwage
Lufts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,
As wee do them in meanes, shall they furpaffe
Us in the end, and shall thy fathers fpirit
Meete blinde Philofophers in heaven, whose merit
Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom hee taught fo eafie wayes and neare
Sa
poss

\begin{align*}
\text{To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'ft, feare this;} & & 15 \\
\text{This feare great courage, and high valour is.} & & \\
\text{Dar'ft thou ayd mutinous Dutch, and dar'ft thou lay} & & \\
\text{Thee in ships woodden Sepulchers, a prey} & & \\
\text{To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth?} & & 20 \\
\text{Dar'ft thou dive feas, and dungeons of the earth?} & & \\
\text{Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice} & & \\
\text{Of frozen North discoveries? and thrife} & & \\
\text{Colder then Salamanders, like divine} & & 25 \\
\text{Children in th'oven, fires of Spaine, and the line,} & & \\
\text{Whose countries limbecks to our bodies bee,} & & \\
\text{Canst thou for gaine beare? and must every hee} & & 30 \\
\text{Which cryes not, Goddefe, to thy Miftreffe, draw,} & & \\
\text{Or eate thy poyfonous words? courage of straw!} & & \\
\text{O desperate coward, wilt thou teeme bold, and} & & \\
\text{To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand} & & \\
\text{Sentinell in his worlds garrifon) thus yeeld,} & & \\
\text{And for forbidden warres, leave th'appointed field?} & & 35 \\
\text{Know thy foes: The foule Devill (whom thou} & & \\
\text{Striv'ft to please,) for hate, not love, would allow} & & \\
\text{Thee faire, his whole Realme to be quit; and as} & & \\
\text{The worlds all parts wither away and passe,} & & \\
\end{align*}
So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wayne, and thou loving this,
Doft love a withered and worn Trumpet; loft,
Flesh (it selfes death) and joyes which flesh can taste,
Thou lovest; and thy faire goodly soule, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.
Seeke true religion. O where? Mirreus
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seekes her at Rome; there, because hee doth know
That thee was there a thousand yeares agoe,
He loves her ragges so, as wee here obey
The statecloth where the Prince sat yesterday.
Crantz to such brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her only, who at Geneva is call'd
Religion, plaine, simple, fullen, yong,
Contemptuous, yet unhanfome; As among
Lecherous humors, there is one that judges
No wenches wholsome, but coarse country drudges.
Graius stayes still at home here, and because
Some Preachers, vile ambitious bauds, and lawes
Still new like fashions, bid him thinke that thee
Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, hee
Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender, as Wards still
Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
Pay valewes. Carelesse Phrygius doth abhorre
All, because all cannot be good, as one
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
Graccus loves all as one, and thinkes that io
As women do in divers countries goe

40 (it selfes death) 1635-69. A25, B, H51, L74, Lee, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD. 
W: (it selfe death) 1633, Cy, D, S 42 loath. loath; 1633 44 here, 
her. 1633 45 Rome; Ed: Rome, 1633-69 47 He 1633,1669: 
And 1635-54 her D, H49, H51, Lee, O'F, P, S, W: the 1633-69, L74, 
N, P, TCD 49 Crantz W: Crants 1635-54, A25, H51, JC, Lee, N, TCD: 
Grants or Grauntes 1669, L74, O'F, P: Grant Cy, D, H49: Crates Q 
52 unhanfome; Ed: unhanfome. 1633-69 54 drudges.] drudges: 1633 
57 bid or bidd MSS.: bids 1633-69 62 Prigas H51: Phrygas W: 
Phrigias A25

In
In divers habits, yet are still one kinde,
So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
ness too much light breeds; but unmoved thou
Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow;
And the right; askie thy father which is thee,
Let him aske his; though truth and falshood bec
Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is;
Be busie to seeke her, beleeve mee this,
Hee’s not of none, nor wors’t, that seekest the belt.
To adore, or scorne an image, or protest,
May all be bad; doubt wisely; in strange way
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
To sleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged, and sleepe, Truth stands, and hee that will
Reach her, about must, and about must goe;
And what the hills suddennes resists, winne so;
Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,
Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in that night.
To will, implies delay, therefore now doe:
Hard deeds, the bodies paines; hard knowledge too
The mindes indeavours reach, and mysteries
Are like the Sunne, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes.
Keepe the truth which thou haft found; men do not stand
In so ill cafe here, that God hath with his hand
Sign’d Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soule be tyed
To mans lawes, by which she shall not be tyed
At the last day? Oh, will it then boot thee
To say a Philip, or a Gregory,
A Harry, or a Martin taught thee this?
Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
Equally strong? cannot both sides say so?
That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know;
Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd; to be
Then humble to her is idolatrie.
As streames are, Power is; those blest flowers that dwell
At the rough streames calme head, thrive and do well,
But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the streames tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
Through mills, and rockes, and woods, and at last, almost
Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
So perish Souls, which more chuse mens unjust
Power from God claym'd, then God himselfe to trust.

Satyre IIII.

Well; I may now receive, and die; My sinne
Indeed is great, but I have beene in
A Purgatorie, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation to, and scarce map of this.

101 is] are 1669 chang'd;] chang'd 1633 to be Ed: to be, 1633-69
102 idolatrie.] idolatrie; 1633 103 is;] is, 1633 104 do well 1633-69, Lec, N, P, TCD: prove well A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, O'F, Q, S, W 106 alas,] alas 1633 107 mills, and rockes, 1633, L74, N, P, TCD: Milts, rocks, 1635-69, and rest of MSS.
!: D: Cy (where it is the third): Satyre. S96: no title, L74, N, TCD (in L74 it is second, in N, TCD third in order) 2 but I 1633, A25, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, S, W: but yet I 1635-69, Cy, O'F, S96 4 A recreation to, and scarce Q: A recreation, and scant 1633-69, and other MSS.

My
My minde, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been Poyson’d with love to see, or to bee seene,
I had no fuit there, nor new fuite to shew,
Yet went to Court; But as Glaze which did goe
To a Maffe in jeft, catch’d, was faine to disburse
The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curfe;
Before he scapt, So’it pleas’d my deftinie
(Guilty of my fin of going,) to thinke me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forgetful,
as proud, as lustfull, and as much in debt,
As vaine, as witlesse, and as false as they
Which dwell at Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I suffered this; Towards me did runne
A thing more strange, than on Nile’s slime, the Sunne
E’r bred; or all which into Noahs Arke came;
A thing, which would have pos’d Adam to name;
Stranger then heaven Antiquaries studies,
Then Africks Monsters, Guianaes rarities.
Stranger then strangers; One, who for a Dane,
In the Danes Maffacre had fure beene slaine,
If he had liv’d then; And without helpe dies,
When next the Prentifes’gainst Strangers rise.
One, whom the watch at noon lets scarce goe by,
One, to whom, the examining Justice fure would cry,
Sir, by your priet.hood tell me what you are.
His cloths were strange, though coarse; and black, though bare;


Sleevelesse
Sleevelesse his jerkin was, and it had beene
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seene)
Become Tufftaftatie; and our children shall
See it plaine Rafhe awhile, then nought at all.
This thing hath travail'd, and faith, speakes all tongues
And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
Made of th'Accents, and beft phrase of all these,
He speakes no language; If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taft,
But Pedants motley tongue, fouldiers bumbalt,
Mountebankes drugtongue, nor the terms of law
Are strong enough preparatives, to draw
Me to beare this: yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue, call'd complement:
In which he can win widdowes, and pay scores,
Make men speake treason, cofen subleft whores,
Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names mee, and comes to mee; I whisper, God!
How have I finn'd, that thy wraths furious rod,
This fellow chufeth me? He faith, Sir,
I love your judgement; Whom doe you prefer,
For the best linguift? And I feelily
Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie;
Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir; Beza then,
Some other Jefuites, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies, I named; There
He ftopped mee, and faid: Nay, your Apoftles were

32 ground] the ground HN 35 This 1633: The 1635-69 faith,
be). TCD, W: faith. 1669. Chambers and Grolier, without note 36 be-
longs. | belongs. 1633 37 th'Accents, | the antient, HN: the antients,
(prob. for ancientest, but corrected to accents) L74 38 no language;
A25, Q: one language; 1633-69, and MSS. generally 43 beare
heard 1669 this: Q: this, 1633-69 44 With his tongue. 1669, Q:
With his tongue: 1633 54 47 or | and Cy, D, H. 49 HN, JC, O'F, Q, W
48 Surius, | Sledyon O'F (corrected to Surius). Q: Snodons, A25. See note
51 chufeth | chafeth P, Q 55 Sir; Ed: Sir. 1633-69 56 Some
other HN: Some 1633-69 and most MSS.: two other S 57 There
1633 (T faintly printed): here 1635-69

Good
Good pretty linguists, and so Panurge was;  
Yet a poore gentleman, all these may passe  
By travaile. Then, as if he would have told  
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told  
That I was faine to say, If you'had liv'd, Sir,  
Time enough to have beene Interpreter  
To Babells bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.  
He adds, If of court life you knew the good,  
You would leave lonenesse. I said, not alone  
My lonenesse is, but Spartanes fashion,  
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not laft  
Now; Aretines pictures have made few chaft;  
No more can Princes courts, though there be few  
Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue;  
He, like to a high strectht lute string squeakt, O Sir,  'Tis sweet to talke of Kings. At Weftminster,  
Said I, The man that keepes the Abbey tombes,  
And for his price doth with who ever comes,  
Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talke,  
From King to King and all their kin can walke:  
Your eares shall heare nought, but Kings; your eyes meet  Kings only; The way to it, is Kingstreet.  
He smack'd, and cry'd, He's bale, Mechanique, coarse,  
Are not your Frenchmen neate? Mine? as you see,  I have but one Frenchman, looke, hee followes mee.
Certes they are neatly cloth’d; I, of this minde am, 
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
Not so Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not flie; I chaff’d him; But as Itch
Scratch’d into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (foole) found,
Crossing hurt mee; To fit my fullennesse,
He to another key, his file doth addresse,
And asks, what newes? I tell him of new playes.
He takes my hand, and as a Still, which flasies
A Sembriefe, ’twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich mee, so tells many a lye.
More then ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes,
Of trivial household trash he knowes;
When the Queene frown’d, or smil’d,
He knowes who loves; whom; and who by poyfon
Hafts to an Offices reversion;
He knowes who hath fold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, bootes, shooes, and egges-
shels to transport; Shortly boyes shall not play
At blow-point, or span-counter, but they pay
Toll to some Courtier; And wiser then all us,
He knowes what Ladie is not painted; Thus


He
Sa

He with home-meats tries me; I belch, spit, Looke pale, and sickly, like a Patient; Yet He thruls on more; And as if he'd undertooke To say Gallo-Belgicus without booke Speakes of all States, and deeds, that have been since The Spaniards came, to the loss of Amyens. Like a bigge wife, at sight of loathed meat, Readie to travaile: So I sigh, and sweat To heare this Makeron talke: In vaine; for yet, Either my humour, or his owne to fit, He like a priviledg'd pie, whom nothing can Ditcredit, Libells now gainst each great man. He names a price for every office paid; He faith, our warres thrive ill, because delai'd; That offices are entail'd, and that there are Perpetuities of them, lafting as farre As the laft day; And that great officers, Doe with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers. Who wafts in meat, in clothes, in horfe, he notes; Who loves whores, who boyes, and who goats. I more amas'd then Circes prifoners, when They felt themselves turne beasts, felt my felfe then Becomming Traytor, and mee thought I saw One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw To fucke me in; for hearing him, I found That as burnt venome Leachers do grow found By giving others their foares, I might growe Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did shew


M 2 All
All signes of loathing; But since I am in,
I must pay mine, and my forefathers sinne
To the last farthing; Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear this crofe; But the'houre
Of mercy now was come; He tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to scape his torturing,
And faies, Sir, can you spare me; I said, willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crowne? Thankfully I
Gave it, as Ranfome; But as fidlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruft one more jiggé upon you: so did hee
With his long complementall thankes vexe me.
But he is gone, thankes to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my Crowne: Scant
His thankes were ended, when I, (which did see
All the court fill’d with more strange things then hee)
Ran from thence with such or more haft, then one
Who feares more actions, doth make from prifon.
At home in wholesome solitariness
My precious foule began, the wretchednesse
Of fitters at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
It selfe on mee, Such men as he saw there,
I saw at court, and worse, and more; Low feare
Becomes the guiltie, not the accufer; Then,
Shall I, none slave, of high borne, or rai’d men
Feare frownes? And, my Miftris this Truth, betray thee
To th’huffing braggar, putf Nobility?
No, no, Thou which since yesterday haft beene
Almoft about the whole world, haft thou seene,

O Sunne,
Satyres.

O Sunne, in all thy journey, Vanitie,
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy to stand
With us, at London, flouts our Presence, for
Just such gay painted things, which no sappe, nor
Tauf have in them, ours are; And natural
Some of the stocks are, their fruits, baftard all.
'Tis ten a clock and paft; All whom the Mues,
Baloune, Tennis, Dyet, or the Newes,
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks, are found
In the Presence, and I, (God pardon mee.)
As fresh, and sweet their Apparrells be, as bee
The fields they fold to buy them; For a King
Those hose are, cry the flatterers; And bring
Them next weeke to the Theatre to fell;
Wants reach all fstates; Me seemes they doe as well
At stage, as court; All are players; who e'r lookes
(For themselves dare not goe) o'r Cheapside books,
Shall finde their wardrops Inventory. Now,
The Ladies come; As Pirats, which doe know
That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchannel,
The men board them; and praise, as they thinke, well,

165

Cy, D, H49, P, S, S96 170 Transported 1633-69. L74, Lec, N, P, Q.
TCD: Transplanted B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'E, S, S96, W to Strand L74 (land being struck through). S 171 our Presence, 1633,
L74, Lec, N, P, TCD: our Court here. A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, Q, S,
W: our Courtiers, 1633-69. O'E 173 are; are, 1633 178 are found
1633, 1669: were found 1635-54 179 I, (God pardon mee.) 1633:
L. (God pardon mee.) 1633: 1. (God pardon ne:) 1639-69: aye—God
pardon me— Chambers 180 their Apparrells | thaapparells B, Cy, D,
H49, L74, W 182 cry the flatterers; 1633: cry his flatterers; 1635-54,
P: cries his flatterers; Cy, D, H49, JC, Q, S, W: cries the flatterer; 1669,
L74 (flatterers is changed to flatterer). Lec (flatterers) 183 players;
players, 1633 187 wardrops 1633: wardrobes 1655-69 Inventory.
Inventory; 1633 188 doe know 1633-69, Lec, N, Q, TCD: did know
Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, P, S, S96, W 190 (as they think) 1669

Their
Their beauties; they the mens wits; Both are bought. Why good wits ne’er weare scarlet gownes, I thought This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy, And women buy all reds which scarlets die. He call’d her beauty limetwigs, her haire net; She feares her drugs ill laid, her haire loose set. Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine, From hat to shooe, himselfe at doore refine, As if the Prefence were a Moschite, and lift His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift, Making them confess not only mortall Great stains and holes in them; but veniall Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate: And then by Durers rules survay the state Of his each limbe, and with stringes the odds trye Of his neck to his legge, and waft to thighe. So in immaculate clothes, and Symetrie Perfect as circles, with such nicetie As a young Preacher at his first time goes To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes Him not so much as good will, he arrefts, And unto her protestes protestes protestes, So much as at Rome would serve to have throwne Ten Cardinalls into the Inquisition; And whisperd by Iesu, so often, that A Pursevant would have ravishi’d him away

194 scarlets | scarlet D,H,49. Lec. O’F, P, Q, W 195 call’d] calls A25, HN. O’F, P, Q 195-6 net; ... fet;] net. ... net; 1633 198 hat] hat, 1633-54 199 As if the Prefence ... Moschite, 1633-69, Lec (colon 1635-69): As the Prefence ... Moschite, (or Mefchite,) A25, B, Cy, HN, JC, L,74, O’F, P, Q, W: As the Queenes Prefence ... Mefchite, D, H,49: As if the Queenes Prefence ... mefchite, S 203 fornicate: fornicate. 1633 204 survay 1633 69, N, O’F, P, Q, TCD: survayes B, Cy, D, H,49, JC, S, W 205 trye Ed: tryes 1633-69 and MSS. 206 to thighe. Ed: to thighe. 1633-69 and MSS.: to his thighe. Q 211 he arrefts. 1633-69, L,74, Lec, N, TCD: straight arrefts, A25, Cy, D, H,49, HN, O’F, P, Q, S, Sg6, W 215 whisperd 1633, D, H,49, L,74, N, TCD, W: whisperers 1635-69 216 Topcliffe would have ravishi’d him quite away JC, O’F, Q (JC and O’F alter to Pursevant) For
For saying of our Ladies psalter; But'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,
Who, in the other extreme, only doth
Call a rough carelessness, good fashion;
Whose cloak his spurres teare; whom he spits on
He cares not, His ill words doe no harme
To him; he rufteth in, as if arme, arme,
He meant to crie; And though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, till
He strives to looke worse, he keepes all in awe;
Jeafs like a licenc'd fool, commands like law.
Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men which from gaoles to execution goe,
Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the heaven deadly finnes?). Being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing Crofte for a barre, men that doe know
No token of worth, but Queenses man, and fine
Living, barrells of beefe, flaggons of wine;
I shooke like a spyed Spie. Preachers which are
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drowne the finnes of this place, for, for mee
Which am but a scarce brooke, it enough shall bee

217 of om. Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, P, Q, S, W 222 whom 1633, A25, B, D,
H49, L74, N, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: or whom 1635-69, O'F 223 He
cares not, His 1633 and MSS.: He cares not hee. His 1635-69 224
rufteth] ruftes 1639-69 226 still 1635-69, Q, and other MSS.: yet
still 1633, L74, N, TCD 229 I leave] Ile leave B, Cy, D, H49, W
230 men which from A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P,
Q, S, S96, TCD, W: men from 1633-69 232 finnes?): Being Ed:
finnes) being 1633-39: finnes?): being 1650-69: all the editions and some
MSS. close the sentence at 236 wine. 236 Living barrells of beefe,
flaggons of wine. 1633-54: Living, barrells of beef, and flaggons of wine.
1669 237 Speie.] Spie; 1633 238 Seas of Wit and Arts, B, Cy,
L74, N, P, Q, TCD: Seas of Wits and Arts, 1633, D, H49, JC, Lec, S: Seas
of wit and art, A25, HN: Great seas of wit and art, O'F, S96: Seas of
all Wits and Arts. conj. Lowell 239 Drowne] To drowne O'F, S96
240 Which] Who MSS. am but a scarce brooke, 1633, L74, Lec, N, TCD:
am but a scarce brooke, 1635-69: am a scarce brooke, B, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q,
W: am a shallow brooke, Cy, D, H49, S, S96

To
To wash the stains away; Although I yet
With Macchabees modestie, the knowne merit
Of my worke leffen: yet some wise man shall,
I hope, esteeme my writs Canonick.

Satyre V.

Thou shalt not laugh in this leafe, Muse, nor they
Whom any pitty warmes; He which did lay
Rules to make Courtiers, (hee being underftood
May make good Courtiers, but who Courtiers good?)
Frees from the sting of jefts all who in extreme
Are wretched or wicked: of these two a theame
Charity and liberty give me. What is hee
Who Officers rage, and Suiters misery
Can write, and jeft? If all things be in all,
As I thinke, since all, which were, are, and shall
Bee, be made of the fame elements:
Each thing, each thing implies or represents.
Then man is a world; in which, Officers
Are the vaft ravishing feas; and Suiters,
Springs; now full, now shallow, now drye; which, to
That which drownes them, run: These selfe reafons do
Prove the world a man, in which, officers
Are the devouring fkomacke, and Suiters
The excrements, which they voyd. All men are dust;
How much worse are Suiters, who to mens luft


Satyre V. 1633 69, A25, B, D, JC, Lee, O, F, Q, S, W: Satyre the third, P: no title, L74, N, TCD (in L74 it is third, in N, TCD fourth in order)
1 shalt | shall 1669 9 and | in 1669 12 implies 1635-69: spelled employes 1633 and some MSS. represen, 1635-69: represnt, 1633 13 Officers |
Officers, 1633 69 | 14 ravishing 1633 69: ravenous Q, ravening P, S 19 voyd. All 1669: voyd; all 1633-54 dust | W: dust. 1633 69

Are
Are made preyes? O worse then dull, or wormes meat,  
For they do eate you now, whose selves wormes shall eate.  
They are the mills which grinde you, yet you are  
The winde which drives them; and a waftfull warre  
Is fought against you, and you fight it; they  
Adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way  
Like wittals; th'illue your owne ruine is.  
Greateft and fairest Emprerse, know you this?  
Alas, no more then Thames calme head doth know  
Whole meades her amies drowne, or whose corne o'vflow:  
You Sir, whose righteousnes she loves, whom I  
By having leave to serve, am most richly  
For service paid, authoriz'd, now beginne  
To know and weed out this enormous finne.  
O Age of rufty iron! Some better wit  
Call it some worse name, if ought equall it;  
The iron Age that was, when justice was fold; now  
Injustice is fold dearer farre. Allow  
All demands, fees, and duties, gamesters, anon  
The mony which you sweat, and sware for, is gon  
Into other hands: So controverted lands  
Scape, like Angelica, the strivers hands.  
If Law be in the Judges heart, and hee  
Have no heart to refilt letter, or fee,  
Where wilt thou appeale? powre of the Courts below  
Flow from the first mane head, and these can throw

---

21 preyes? 1669: preyes. 1653-54  26 their 1633. D. L74. Lec. N,  
is.] is; 1633  33 authoriz’d. 1635–54: authorized, 1633: authoriz’d. 1669  
35-6 Some ... equall it;] in brackets 1635–54  
37-9 The iron Age that was, when justice was fold, now  
Injustice is fold dearer farre; allow  
All demands, fees, and duties; gamesters, anon 1633, D, JC (All  
claym’d fees), Lœ, N, Q (All claym’d fees), TCD, W (All  
claym’d fees):  
The iron Age that was, when justice was fold (now  
Injustice is fold dearer) did allow  
All claim’d fees and duties. Gamesters, anon 1635–54, B, O’F, P (the  
last two omit that was). Chambers (no italics):  
The iron Age was, when justice was fold, now  
Injustice is fold dearer far, allow  
All claim’d fees and duties, Gamesters, anon 1669  
46 Flow] Flows O’F. Chambers. See note
Thee, if they fuke thee in, to misery,
To fetters, halters; But if the injury
Steele thee to dare complaine, Alas, thou go'lt
Against the stream, when upwards: when thou art most
Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they,
'Gainst whom thou should'lt complaine, will in the way
Become great feas, o'r which, when thou shalt bee
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before;
All things follow their like, only who have may have more.
Judges are Gods; he who made and said them so,
Meant not that men should'lt complaine,
Alas, thou go'ft
Againft the ftream, when upwards:
When thou art moft
Heavy and moll faint;
and in these labours they,
'Gainst whom thou fhould'ft complaine,
Will in the way
Become great feas,
Thou fhalt see
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before;
All things follow their like, only who have may have more.
Judges are Gods; he who made and said them so,
Meant not that men should'ft complaine,
Alas, thou go'ft
Againft the ftream, when upwards:
When thou art moft
Heavy and moll faint;
and in these labours they,
'Gainst whom thou fhould'ft complaine,
Will in the way
Become great feas,
Thou fhalt see
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before;
All things follow their like, only who have may have more.
Judges are Gods; he who made and said them so,
Meant not that men should'ft complaine,
Alas, thou go'ft
Againft the ftream, when upwards:
Satyres.

With which the scracheth Suiters; In bodies of men, 10 in law, nailes are th'extremities,
So Officers stretch to more then Law can doe,
As our nailes reach what no else part comes to.
Why bareft thou to yon Officer? Foole, Hath hee
Got those goods, for which erft men bar'd to thee? 80
Foole,twice,thrice,thou hast bought wrong,and nowhungerly
Beg'ft right; But that dole comes not till these dye.
Thou had'ft much, and lawes Urim and Thummim trie
Thou would'ft for more; and for all hast paper
Enough to cloath all the great Carricks Pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leefe,
Then Haman, when he sold his Antiquities.
O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize
Esops fables, and make tales, prophefies.
Thou'art the swimming dog whom shadows cozened,
And div'ft, neare drowning, for what's vanished.


Vpon
Oh to what height will love of greatnesse drive
Thy leavened spirit, Sesqui-superlative?
Venice vast lake thou hadst seen, and would seek than
Some vaster thing, and found’st a Curtizan.
That inland Sea having discovered well,
A Cellar gulfe, where one might faile to hell
From Heydelberg, thou longdft to see: And thou
This Booke, greater then all, produceft now.
Infinite worke, which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
’Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor roote;
Nor poorely limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, because he can
Reafon, and laugh, thy booke doth halfe make man.
One halfe being made, thy modestie was such,
That thou on th’other half wouldft never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?
Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-borne wennne, which sometimes growes
To be farre greater then the Mother-nose?
Goe then; and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did Townes, and Gesner Authors show,
Mount now to Gallo-belgicus; appear
As deepe a States-man, as a Gazettier.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com’st back,
Talke of Will. Conquerour, and Preffer Jack.
Go bashfull man, left here thou blush to looke
Vpon the progresse of thy glorious booke,
To which both Indies sacrifices send;
The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend,

Upon Mr. Thomas Coryats Crudities.

Vpon Mr. &c. 1649, where it was placed with The Token (p. 72), at the end of the Funerall Elegies: appeared originally in Coryats Crudities (1611: see note) with heading Incipit Joannes Donne. 2 leavened
1611: learned 1649-69 and mod. eed. 7 longdft 1611: long’ft
1649-69 19 sometimes | sometime 1611 24 Gazettier. 1611:
Garretter 1649-69 28 booke, | booke. 1611

(Meaning
Satyres.

(Meaning to fee't no more) upon the preffe.
The East sends hither her deliciousness;
And thy leaves must imbrace what comes from thence,
The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoope
To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoope
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
If for vast Tons of Currans, and of Figs,
Of Medicinal and Aromatique twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces sub-divide;
If they stoope lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home-manufactures, to thick popular Faires,
If omni-praegrunt there, upon warme stalls,
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls;
Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
That they all kinde of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means which th'Ancients never took,
A Pandæon makest, and Universall Booke.
The bravest Heroes, for publike good,
Scattered in divers Lands their limbs and blood.
Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do publike good, cut in Anatomies;
So will thy booke in pieces; for a Lord
Which casts at Portefcues, and all the board,
Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
For friends to passe time, and keep company.
Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
Measures; and fill out for the half-pint wit:
Some shall wrap pils, and save a friends life so,
Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
Thou shalt not ease the Criticks of next age
So much, at once their hunger to affwage:
Nor shall wit-pirates hope to finde thee Iye
All in one bottome, in one Librarie.

37 barrels; 1649-69: barrels. 1611 56 board, 1611: board 1649-69
Some
Some Leaves may pasteftrings there in other books,  
And so one may, which on another looks,  
Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you;  
But hardly much; and yet I think this true;  
As Sibyls was, your booke is mysticall,  
For every piece is as much worth as all.  
Therefore mine impotency I confesse,  
The healths which my braine bears must be far lesse:  
Thy Gyant-wit’orethrowes me, I am gone;  
And rather then read all, I would reade none.  
I. D.

In eundem Macaronicon.

Quot, dos haec, Linguists perfetti, Difficha fairont,  
Tot cuerdos States:men, hic livre fara tuis.  
Es sat a my l’honneur estre hic inteso; Car I leave  
L’honra, de personne nestre creduto, tibi.  

Explicit Joannes Donne.

1 I mean e&c. side-note in 1611  
In eundem e&c. 1611. concluding the above
JOHN DONNE, 1613

From the engraving prefixed to his son's edition of the *Letters to Several Persons of Honour* 1651, 1654
LETTERS

TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES.

THE STORME.

To Mr. Christopher Brooke.

THou which art I, ('tis nothing to be foe)
Thou which art still thy selfe, by these shalt know
Part of our passage; And, a hand, or eye
By Hilliard drawne, is worth an history,
By a worse painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd,
My lines are such: 'Tis the preheminence
Of friendship onely to impute excellence.

England to whom we'owe, what we be, and have,
Sad that her sonnes did seeke a foreigne grave
(For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can soothfay,
Honour and misery have one face and way.)

From out her pregnant intrailes sigh'd a winde
Which at th'ayres middle marble roome did finde
Such strong resistance, that it selfe it threw
Downeward againe; and so when it did view
How in the port, our fleet deare time did leefe,
Withering like prisoners, which lye but for fees,
Mildly it kist our failes, and, fresh and sweet,
As to a stomack sterv'd, whose insides meete,

Meate comes, it came; and swole our failes, when wee
So joyd, as Sara' her swilling joy'd to see.

The Storme. To Mr. Christopher Brooke. 1633 (1635-69 add from the land voyage with the Earle of Essex): The Storme, A Storme or Storme; A25, B, C, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lcc, N, OF, P, Q, S, TCD, W: some add To Mr. C: B: or a longer note to the same effect as 1635-69: to St Basil Brooke JC, S 2 these 1633 and most MSS.; this 1635-69,
OF, S 4 an 1633: a 1635-69 7 such: Ed: such. 1633-69 11
frothfay. 1650-54: spelt Southfay 1653-39: gainfay 1669 12 and
way. 1633, 1669: one way. 1635-54 18 lye. laie Q 19
freshe W: fresh, 1633-69 20 As W: As, 1633-69

But
But 'twas but so kinde, as our countrimen,
Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them then.
Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre
Afunder, meet againft a third to warre,
The South and West winds joyn'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
Sooner then you read this line, did the gale,
Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our failes afaile;
And what at first was call'd a gust, the fame
Hath now a stormes, anon a tempefts name.
Jonas, I pitty thee, and curse thofe men,
Who when the storm rag'd moft, did wake thee then;
Sleepe is pains easiest value, and doth fullfill
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I wakt, I saw, that I saw not;
I, and the Sunne, which should teach mee'had forgot
East, Weft, Day, Night, and I could onely say,
If 'the world had lafted, now it had beene day.
Thousands our noisyes were, yet wee'mongst all
Could none by his right name, but thunder call:
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Then if the Sunne had drunke the sea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabbins lye,'equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet muft dye;
And as sin-burd'ned soules from graves will creepe,
At the laft day, some forth their cabbins peepe:
And tremblingly'aske what newes, and doe heare fo,
Like jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some sitting on the hatches, would seem there,
With hideous gazing to fear away fear.
Then note they the ships' flocksmet, the Ships
Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Waft
With a silt drop'd clog'd, and all our tacklings
Snapping, like too-high-stretched treble strings.
And from our totter'd fails, ragges drop downe to,
As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe.

Even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
Strive to breake loose, and scape away from thence.
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine?
Seas into seas throwne, we fuck in againe;
Hearing hath deaf'd our saylers; and if they
Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to say.

All things are one, and that one none can be,
Since all formes, uniforme deformity

Doth cover, so that wee, except God say
Another Fiat, shall have no more day.
So violent, yet long these furies bee,
That though thine absence stirve me, I wish not thee.

53 Then] There 1669 54 this] an 1635–69 56 too-high-stretched
1635–69 60 Strive 1633, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, S, TCD, W: Strives
1635–69, Chambers: Striv'd A25, B, Cy 66 Hell] Hell's S lightsome
light B, Cy and the' Bermudas 1633, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W: and the
Bermudas B, Cy, HN, P, S, Q: the Bermudas 1635–54 O'F: the Bermuda's
1669 67 elder A25, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W:
eldest 1635–69, B, Lec 68 Claims 1635–69 and MSS.: Claim'd 1633
this 1633, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, TCD: the 1635–69, A25, B, Cy, O'F, P, Q, S
Our storme is past, and that storms tyrannous rage,
A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage.
The fable is inverted, and farre more
A blocke afflictts, now, then a storke before.
Stormes chafe, and soone weare out themselves, or us;
In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As steaby as I can wish, that my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy mistresse glasse, or what shines there,
The sea is now. And, as the Isles which wee
Seeke, when wee can move, our ships rooted bee.
As water did in storms, now pitch runs out:
As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout.
And all our beauty, and our trimme, decayes,
Like courts removing, or like ended playes.
The fighting place now seamens ragges supple;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanthornes; and in one place lay
Feathers and duft, to day and yesterday.
Earths hollownesses, which the worlds lungs are,
Have no more winde then the upper vallt of aire.
We can nor loft friends, nor sought foes recover,
But meteorlike, sawe that wee move not, hover.
Onely the Calenture together draws
Deare friends, which meet dead in great fishes jaws:
And on the hatches as on Altars lyes
Each one, his owne Priest, and owne Sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiply


Where
Where walkers in hot Ovens, doe not dye.
If in despite of these, wee swimme, that hath
No more refreshing, then our brimstone Bath,
But from the sea, into the ship we turne,
Like parboy'd wretches, on the coales to burne.
Like Bajazet encag'd, the shepheards scoffe,
Or like flacke finew'd Sampson, his haire off,
Languish our ships. Now, as a Miriade
Of Ants, durst th'Emperours lov'd snake invade,
The crawling Gallies, Sea-gaules, finny chips,
Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-ridde ships.
Whether a rotten state, and hope of gaine,
Or to diuise mee from the queafie paine
Of being belov'd, and loving, or the thirft
Of honour, or faire death, out pufht mee first,
I lofe my end: for here as well as I
A desperate may live, and a coward die.
Stagge, dogge, and all which from, or towards flies,
Is paid with life, or pray, or doing dyes.
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
A scourge, gainst which wee all forget to pray,
He that at sea prays for more winde, as well
Under the poles may begge cold, heat in hell.
What are wee then? How little more alas
Is man now, then before he was? he was

29 thefe, | this. \(L^74, Q. TCD\)
30 our \(1633, B, D, H^49, HN, J C. L^74.\)
31 Lec. \(N, S. TCD\): a \(1635-69. A^25, P\)
32 thesheards \(1650-69: \) thesheards
33 \(1635-39\)
34 Sea-gaules, (or gayles &c.) \(1635, 1669, C Y, D, H^49, H N, L^74.\)
35 Lec. \(N. P. S. TCD\): Sea-gulls, \(1635-54. O^F. C h a m b e r s: S e a-fnayles.\)
36 B. \(J C\)
37 38 our Pinnaces. now \(1635-54. B, O^F: \) our venices. now \(1633, A^25, C Y, D, H^49, J C. L^74.\)
38 Lec, \(N, P, Q. S. TCD\): with Vimie's, our \(1669\)
39 Or[ ] Or. \(1633-69\)
40 and a coward \(1633. M S S.: \) and coward
41 \(1635-69: \) a coward \(P, S\)
42 and all] and each \(B, Q, S\)
44 \(50 \) poles \) pole \(J C, Q\)
45 he was? he was Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit; \(1633, N. P. S. T C D\) (but \(M S S.\) have no stop after Nothing): he was, he was? Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit; \(1635-54: \) he was, he was? Nothing for us, we are for nothing fit; \(1669, A^25, B, C Y, D, H^49, H N, J C. L^74. L e c, O^F, Q: \) but the \(M S S.\) have not all got a mark of interrogation or other stop after second he was. See note
46 Nothing;
Letters to Severall Personages.

Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit; Chance, or our selves still disproportion it. Wee have no power, no will, no sense; I lye, I should not then thus feele this miserie.

To Sir Henry Wotton.

Sir, more then kisfes, letters mingle Soules; For, thus friends absent speake. This eafe controules The tediousnesse of my life: But for these I could ideate nothing, which could pleafe, But I should wither in one day, and passe To a bottle of Hay, that am a locke of Graffe. Life is a voyage, and in our lifes wayes Countries, Courts, Towns are Rockes, or Remoraes; They breake or flop all ships, yet our state's such, That though then pitch they flaine worfe, wee must touch. If in the furnace of the even line, Or under th'adverfe icy poles thou pine, Thou know'ft two temperate Regions girded in, Dwell there: But Oh, what refuge thou winne Parch'd in the Court, and in the country frozen? Shall cities, built of both extremes, be chosen? Can dung and garlike be a perfume? or can A Scorpion and Torpedo cure a man?

Cities are worst of all three; of all three
(O knottie riddle) each is worst equally.
Cities are Sepulchers; they who dwell there
Are carcases, as if no such there were.
And Courts are Theaters, where some men play
Princes, some slaves, all to one end, and of one clay.
The Country is a desert, where no good,
Gain'd (as habits, not borne,) is understood.
There men become beasts, and prone to more evils;
In cities blockes, and in a lewd court, devills.
As in the first Chaos confusedly
Each elements qualities were in the other three;
So pride, lust, covetize, being severall
To these three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their issue incestuous.
Falshood is denizon'd. Virtue is barbarous.
Let no man say there, Virtues flintie wall
Shall locke vice in mee, I'll do none, but know all.
Men are spunges, which to poure out, receive,
Who know false play, rather then lose, deceive.
For in best understandings, sinne beganne,
Angels sinnd first, then Devils, and then man.

19 of all three 1633: of all three? 1635-69 22 no such 1633, A18.
A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, S, TC, W: none such 1635-69, O'F, P there were.
1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, JC, O'F, P, S, W: they were. 1633, Lee: then
were A18, N, TC 24 and of one clay. 1633 and MSS, generally: of one
clay. 1635-39: of one day. 1650-54: and at one daye. A25: Princes, some
slaves, and all end in one day. 1669
25-6 The Country is a desert, where no good.
Gain'd, as habits, not borne, is understood. 1633. 1669. A18. B. Cy,
D, H49, HN, JC, Let. N, S96, TC, W
The Country is a desert, where the good,
Gain'd inhabits not, borne, is not understood. 1635-54, O'F, P, S
The Country is a desert, where noe good
Gain'd doth inhabit, nor born's understood. A25
27 more 1633. A25, W: were Cy, D, H49, JC, Let. S96: men (a slip for
mere) A18, N, TC: all 1635-69. See note 33 issue incestuous. 1633.
A18, D, H49, JC, Let, N, TC, W: issue is incestuous. 1635-69. P, S: issue
monsteroes. A25 35 there] then Lee

Onely
Letters to Several Personages.

Onely perchance beats finne not; wretched wee
Are beasts in all, but white integritie.
I thinke if men, which in these places live
Durft looke for themselves, and themselves re trie ve,
They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing than
Utopian youth, growne old Italian.

Be thou thine owne home, and in thy selfe dwell;
Inne any where, continuance maketh hell.
And seeing the snailie, which every where doth rome,
Carrying his owne house still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easie pac’d) this snailie,
Bee thine owne Palace, or the world’s thy gaile.
And in the worlds sea, do not like corke sleepe
Upon the waters face; nor in the deepe
Sink like a lead without a line: but as
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they passe,
Nor making sound; so closely thy course goe,
Let men dispute, whether thou breathe, or no.
Onely in this one thing, be no Galenist: To make
Courts hot ambitions wholesome, do not take
A dramm of Countries dulness; do not add
Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad.
But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather doe
Say o’er those leffons, which I learn’d of you:
Whom, free from German schifmes, and lightneffe
Of France, and faire Italies faithleffneffe,
Having from thes’ fack’d all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith, which you carried forth,
I throughly love. But if my selfe, I have wonne
To know my rules, I have, and you have

Donne:

W: in themselves, 1633 69: into themselves, themselves re trie ve, Cy.O’F.P
45 than] then 1633 45–6 than . . . Italian.] that . . . Italianate. Cy. P
47 Be thou 1633. Lee: Be then 1635–69 and MSS. 50 home, Ed: home.
1633: home: 1635–69 52 gaile. 1635–69: goale. 1633 57 fo
D. W: fo, 1633–69 58–9 breathe,] breath. 1633 or no. Oney in this
one thing, be no Galenist: Ed: or no: Onely . . . Galenist. 1633, A18.B.D.
H49.JC.Lee.N.TC. W: or no: Oney in this be no Galenist. 1635–69.
Cy.O’F.S 64 you:] you. 1633 65 German 1633 and all MSS.:
Germanies 1635–69. Grosart and Chambers (without note)

To
To S' Henry Goodyere.

Who makes the Past, a patterne for next yeare,
Turnes no new leafe, but still the same things reads,
Scene things, he sees againe, heard things doth heare,
And makes his life, but like a paires of beads.

A Palace, when'tis that, which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decayes:
But hee which dwels there, is not fo; for hee
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise;

So had your body'her morning, hath her noone,
And shall not better; her next change is night:
But her faire larger guest, to whom Sun and Moone
Are sparkes, and short liv'd, claimes another right.

The noble Soule by age growes lustier,
Her appetite, and her digestion mend,
Wee must not sterve, nor hope to pamper her
With womens milke, and pappe unto the end.

Provide you manlyer dyet; you have seene
All libraries, which are Schools, Camps, and Courts;
But ask yeur Garners if you have not beene
In harvefts, too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeeme it? then your selfe transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandifh ground
Beares no more wit, then ours, but yet more leant
Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To Sir Henry Goodyere. 1633-69: so with Goodyere variously spelt
A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, Le: To S' Henry Goodyere (H: G: A18, N, TC)
moveing him to travell. A18, N, O'F, TC 1 Pafl. 1633-54. A18, A25,
B, Cy, D, H49, Le: N, O'F, TC: Last 1669. Chambers 2 read, read,
1650-54 6 decayes:] decayes, 1633 16 womens] womans 1669
17 dyet; Ed: dyet, 1633 (with a larger interval than is usually given to
a comma), 1669: dyet. 1635-54 20 harvefts, 1633-54. A18. B, D,
To be a stranger hath that benefit,
Wee can beginnings, but not habits choke.
Goe; whither? Hence; you get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe in us, are smoake.

Our foule, whose country's heaven, and God her father,
Into this world, corruptions sinke, is sent,
Yet, so much in her travaile she doth gather,
That she returns home, wiser then she went;

It payes you well, if it teach you to spare,
And make you, ashamed, to make your hawks praise,
yours,
Which when herselfe she leftens in the aire,
You then first say, that high enough she toures.

However, keepe the lively tast you hold
Of God, love him as now, but feare him more,
And in your afternoones thinke what you told
And promis'd him, at morning prayer before.

Let falsnes like a discord anger you,
Else be not froward. But why doe I touch
Things, of which none is in your praetise new,
And Tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much;

But thus I make you keepe your promis'e Sir,
Riding I had you, though you still staid there,
And in these thoughts, although you never stirre,
You came with mee to Micham, and are here.
To Mr Rowland Woodward.

Like one who's in her third widdowhood doth professe
Her selfe a Nunne, tyed to retirednesse,
So affects my muse now, a chaff fallownesse;

Since shee to few, yet to too many' hath showne
How love-song weeds, and Satyrique thornes are growne
Where seeds of better Arts, were early sown.

Though to use, and love Poëtrie, to mee,
Betroth'd to no' one Art, be no' adulterie;
Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds bee.

For though to us it seeme, and be light and thinne,
Yet in those faithfull scales, where God throwes in
Mens workes, vanity weighs as much as sinne.

If our Soules have stain'd their first white, yet wee
May cloth them with faith, and deare honestie,
Which God imputes, as native puritie.

There is no Vertue, but Religion:
Wife, valiant, sober, just, are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion.


Seeke
Seeke wee then our selves in our selves; for as
Men force the Sunne with much more force to passe,
By gathering his beames with a chrifBall glaffe;

So wee, If wee into our selves will turne,
Blowing our fparkes of vertue, may outburne
The straw, which doth about our hearts fojourne.

You know, Phyfitians, when they would infufe
Into any'oyle, the Soules of Simples, ufe
Places, where they may lie still warme, to chufe.

So workes retiredneffe in us; To rone
Giddily, and be every where, but at home,
Such freedome doth a banifhment become.

Wee are but farmers of our selves, yet may,
If we can flocke our selves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much deare treasure for the great rent day.

Manure thy felfe then, to thy felfe be'approv'd,
And with vaine outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know, that I love thee'and would be lov'd.
To S' Henry Wootton.

Here's no more newes, then vertue,'ll may as well
Tell you Cales, or S' Michaels tale for newes, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to'get stomachs, we walke up and downe,
And toyle to sweeten rest, so, may God frowne,
If, but to loth both, I haunt Court, or Towne.

For here no one is from the'extremitie
Of vice, by any other reason free,
But that the next to'him, still, is worse then hee.

In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate,
(Gods Commisfary,) doth fo throughly hate,
As in the Courts Squadron to marshall their state:

If they stand arm'd with feely honesty,
With wiishing prayers, and neat integritie,
Like Indians'gainst Spanish hofts they bee.

Suspicious boldneffe to this place belongs,
And to have as many ears as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

H.49. L.74. I. ecc. S. S96(of these Cy and S add From Court and From y' Court): From Court. P: To Mr H. W. 20 Jul. 1598 at Court. HN:
To Mr H. W. 20 July 1598 (sic) At Court. W: Jo: to Mr H: W: A18. N. TC: Another L.etter. JC 1 newes] new 1669 2 Tell you Cales, (Calis. 1633) or S' Michaels tale for newes, as tell 1633, A18, B(tales).
Cy(and S' Michaels tales). D. H.49. JC. L.74. N. O. F(tales). P. S. S96(tales),
TC. W(MSS. wavering in spelling—but Cales Cy, HN, P): Tell you Calis, or Saint Michaels tales, as tell 1635-54, Chambers (Calais): Tell Calis, or Saint Michaels Mount, as tell 1669: Tell you Calais, or Saint Michaels Mount as tell 1719: All modern editions read Calais 6 or] and 1669 9 to'him, still. 1633: to him. still. 1635-69: to him is still A18. L.74. N.
O. F. TC 12 late: 1635-69: late 1635 14 wishing prayers.
HN: wishes, prayers. 1635-54. B. Cy. O. F. P. Chambers

Believe
Beleeve mee Sir, in my youths giddiest dayes, When to be like the Court, was a playes praié, Playes were not so like Courts, as Courts' are like playes.

Then let us at these mimicke antiques jeaft, Whose deepest projects, and egregious gefts Are but dull Moralls of a game at Chefts.

But now'tis incongruity to smile, Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while, At Court; though From Court, were the better stile.


Ent you to conquer? and have so much lost Yourself, that what in you was best and moft, Respective friendship, should so quickly dye? In publique gaine my share's not such that I Would lose your love for Ireland: better cheap I pardon death (who though he do not reap Yet gleanes hee many of our frends away) Then that your waking mind should bee a prey To lethargies. Lett shott, and boggs, and skineas With bodies deale, as fate bids and refreynes; Ere sickneses attack, yong death is beft, Who payes before his death doth scape arret.

20 playes | players 1639 69 21 are like 1633, A1S, D.H.49. I.74, I.e.,N.S.896 (are now like), TC. W: are om. (metri causa) 1655-69. B. Cy. JC.07.
23.4 are egregiouse guefts.

And but dull Morals at a game of Chefts, 1669 25 now'tis] 'tis an 1669 27 At Court; though, From Court, &c. W: At Court, though from Court, &c. 1653-69


Lett
Letters to Several Personages. 189

Lett not your soule (at first with graces fill'd,
And since, and thorough crooked lymbecks, still'd
In many schools and courts, which quicken it,) 15
It self unto the Irish negligence submit.
I ask not labored letters which should weare
Long papers out: nor letters which should feare
Dishonest carriage: or a seers art:
Nor such as from the brayne come, but the hart. 20

To the Countess of Bedford.

Madame,

Raison is our Soules left hand, Faith her right,
By these wee reach divinity, that's you;
Their loves, who have the blessings of your light,
Grew from their reason, mine from faire faith grew.

But as, although a squint lefthandednesse
Be'ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand,
So would I, not to encrease, but to expresse
My faith, as I beleve, so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your Saints,
Those friends, whom your election glorifies,
Then in your deeds, accessses, and restraints,
And what you reade, and what your selfe devise.

But soone, the reasons why you're lov'd by all,
Grow infinite, and so passe reasons reach,
Then backe againe to implicit faith I fall,
And rest on what the Catholique voice doth teach;

(13 (at firfl) Bur closes bracket after firfl and again after 15 quicken it, 14 since,) since Bur 19 art:] art Bur

To the Countess of Bedford. 1633—69: do. or To the Countess of B.
B, Cy, D, H49, L74. Lec. M, N, O'F, RP31, S, S96, TCD 3 blessings
1633, D, H49. Lec: blesling 1635—69, B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD
4 faire 1633—69, L74, N, TCD: part B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, M, O'F, RP31, S.
S96 16 what | that Chambers voice 1635—69, B, Cy, D, H49, L74.
Lec, M, N, O'F, S96, TCD: faith 1633, RP31, S

That
That you are good: and not one Heretique Denies it: if he did, yet you are so.
For, rockes, which high top’d and deep rooted sticke,
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In every thing there naturally growes
A Balsamum to keepe it fresh, and new,
If twere not injur’d by extrinsique blowes;
Your birth and beauty are this Balme in you.

But you of learning and religion,
And vertue, and such ingredients, have made
A methridate, whose operation
Keepes off, or cures what can be done or said.

Yet, this is not your physicke, but your food,
A dyet fit for you; for you are here
The first good Angell, since the worlds frame stood,
That ever did in womans shape appeare.

Since you are then Gods masterpeec, and so
His Factor for our loves; do as you doe,
Make your returne home gracious; and bestow
This life on that; so make one life of two.

For so God helpe mee, I would not misse you there
For all the good which you can do me here.

19 high top’d and deep rooted 1633. N, TCD: high to lenfe deepe-rooted 1635-54, O’F, Chambers (who has overlooked 1633 reading): high to lenfe and deepe-rooted S96: high to fome and deepe-rooted L74, RP31, S: high do seem, deep-rooted 1669, C (but MS. with and): high to fome, and deepe-rooted D, H49, Lec: high to seeeme, and deepe-rooted B. See note 25
But Ed: But, 1633-69 36 This 1635-69, B, C, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O’F, RP31, S, TCD, Grosart and Chambers: Thy 1633, Grolier. See note
To the Countess of Bedford.

Madame,

You have refin'd mee, and to worthyest things
(Vertue, Art, Beauty, Fortune,) now I see
Rarenesse, or use, not nature value brings;
And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they bee.

Two ills can ne're perplexe us, sinne to excuse;
But of two good things, we may leave and chuse.

Therefore at Court, which is not vertues clime,
(Where a transcendent height, (as, lownesse mee)
Makes her not be, or not show) all my rime
Your vertues challenge, which there rarest bee;

For, as darke texts need notes: there some must bee
To usher vertue, and say, This is shee.

So in the country's beauty; to this place
You are the seafon (Madame) you the day,
'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.

Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets she'enshrines;
As China, when the Sunne at Brafill dines.

Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations so;
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We your new creatures, by new reckonings goe.

This showes that you from nature lothly stray,
That suffer not an artificiall day.

In this you have made the Court the Antipodes,
And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sunne,
To doe profane autunnall offices,
Whilst here to you, wee sacrificers runne;
   And whether Priests, or Organs, you wee'obey,
We found your influence, and your Dictates lay.

Yet to that Deity which dwels in you,
Your vertuous Soule, I now not sacrifice;
These are Petitions, and not Hymnes; they fue
But that I may furvay the edifice.
   In all Religions as much care hath bin
Of Temples frames, and beauty,'as as Rites within.

As all which goe to Rome, doe not thereby
Esteeme religions, and hold faft the best,
But serve discourse, and curiosity,
With that which doth religion but invest,
   And shunne th'entangling laborinths of Schooles,
And make it wit, to thinke the wiser foole:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you'are vertues temple, not as shee,
What walls of tender christall her enfold,
What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure Altars bee;
   And after this furvay, oppose to all
Bablers of Chappels, you th'Escuriall.

Yet not as confecrate, but merely'as faire,
On these I cast a lay and country eye.
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I finde you all record, and prophecye.
   Purge but the booke of Fate, that it admit
No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.
Letters to Severall Personages. 193

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the transcript, and originall,
The Elements, the Parent, and the Growth,
And every piece of you, is both their All:
So intire are all your deeds, and you, that you
Must do the same thinge still; you cannot two.

But these (as nice thinne Schoole divinity
Serves herefie to furder or repreff) Taft of Poeteic rage, or flattery,
And need not, where all hearts one truth professe;
Oft from new proofes, and new phrase, new doubts grow,
As strange attire aliens the men wee know.

Leaving then busie praise, and all appeale
To higher Courts, senfes decree is true,
The Mine, the Magazine, the Commonweale,
The story of beauty, in Twicknam is, and you.
Who hath seene one, would both; As, who had bin
In Paradise, would secke the Cherubin.

To S' Edward Herbert, at Iulyers.

M

An is a lumpe, where all beasts kneaded bee,
Wisdom makes him an Arke where all agree;
The foole, in whom these beasts do live at jarre,
Is sport to others, and a Theater;

57 Parent] Parents 1669 Growth, 1669: Growth 1633-54 58 both
1633 and MSS: worth 1635-69, O'F All: Ed: All, 1633-69 60
thinge B, Cy, D, H40, H49, N, O'F: things 1633-69, Lec 61 nice thinne
1633-54: niceft 1669 66 aliens 1633,1669 and MSS: alters 1635-54,
O'F 67 and ] end 1669, not lend as in Chambers' note appeale
Ed: appeale, 1633-69 68 true, 1633: true. 1633-69 71 had bin
1633-35: hath bin 1639-69. See note
'To S' Edward &c. 1633, D, H49, Lec, O'F: A Letter to S' Edward
Herbert (or Harbert). B, Cy (which adds Incerti Authoris), 896: To Sir
Herbert, now (since 1669) Lord Herbert of Cherbury, being at the siege of
Iulyers. 1635-69 4 Theater; Ed: Theater. 1633-69: Theater. D

Nor
Nor scapes hee so, but is himselfe their prey,
   All which was man in him, is eate away,
And now his beasts on one another feed,
   Yet couple’ in anger, and new monsters breed.
How happy’s hee, which hath due place assign’d
   To his beasts, and disforested his minde!
Empail’d himselfe to keepe them out, not in;
   Can low, and dares trust corne, where they have bin;
Can use his horse, goate, wolfe, and every beast,
   And is not Asse himselfe to all the rest.
Else, man not onely is the heard of swine,
   But he’s those devills too, which did incline
Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse:
For man can adde weight to heavens heaviest curfe.
As Soules (they say) by our first touch, take in
   The poysonous tincture of Original sinne,
So, to the punishments which God doth fling,
   Our apprehension contributes the fling.
To us, as to his chickins, he doth cast
   Hemlocke, and wee as men, his hemlocke taste;
We do infuse to what he meant for meat,
   Corrofiveness, or intense cold or heat.
For, God no such specifique poyson hath
   As kills we know not how; his fiercest wrath
Hath no antipathy, but may be good
   At left for phyficke, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be’ his pleasure, is his rod,
   And is his devill, that might be his God.
Since then our businesse is, to rectifie
   Nature, to what she was, wee are led awry
By them, who man to us in little show;
   Greater then due, no forme we can beftow

On him; for Man into himselfe can draw
    All; All his faith can swallow,'or reason chaw.
All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill,
    All the round world, to man is but a pill,
In all it workes not, but it is in all
    Poysonous, or purgative, or cordiall,
For, knowledge kindles Calentures in some,
    And is to others icy Opium.
As brave as true, is that profession than
    Which you doe use to make; that you know man.
This makes it credible; you have dwelt upon
    All worthy booke, and now are such an one.
Actions are authors, and of those in you
    Your friends finde every day a mart of new.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

'Thave written then, when you writ, seem'd to mee
Worst of spirituall vices, Simony,
And not t'have written then, seemes little leffe
    Then worst of civill vices, thanklesnesse.
In this, my debt I seem'd do loath to confesse,
    In that, I seem'd to shunne beholdingnesse.
But 'tis not foe; nothings, as I am, may
    Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
    By having leave to write so, then before.
Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are showne,
    May not I yeeld (not gold) but coale or stone?

38 All; All 1669: All: All 1635-54: All, All 1633 chaw. 1633:
chaw, 1635-69. Grolier 39 fill, 1633-54: fill 1669: fill; Grolier
44 icy] jey 1633 47-8 credible; . . . bookes, Ed: credible, . .
bookes; 1633-69: credible . . . bookes Grolier
To the &c. 1633-69: To the Countesse of B. N, O'F, TCD 5 debt
1669 nothings, 1635-54: nothing, 1633, N, TCD: Nothing 1669 may]
may, 1633

Temple
Temples were not demolish'd, though profane:  
Here Peter loves, there Paul hath Dian's Fane.  
So whether my hymnes you admit or chuse,  
In me you have hallowed a Pagan Mufe,  
And denizend a stranger, who mistaught  
By blamers of the times they mard, hath fought  
Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe  
Shine in the worlds best part, or all It; You.  
I have beeene told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts  
Suffers an Oftracisme, and departs.  
Profit, ease, fitnesse, plenty, bid it goe,  
But whither, only knowing you, I know;  
Your (or you) vertue two vaft ufes serves,  
It ranfomes one sex, and one Court preferves.  
There's nothing but your worth, which being true,  
Is knowne to any other, not to you:  
And you can never know it; To admit  
No knowledge of your worth, is some of it.  
But since to you, your praifes discords bee,  
Stoop, others ills to meditate with mee.  
Oh! to confesse wee know not what we should,  
Is halfe excuse; wee know not what we would:  
Lightneffe depreffeth us, emptineffe fills,  
We sweat and faint, yet still goe downe the hills.  
As new Philosophy arrefts the Sunne,  
And bids the paffive earth about it runne,  
So wee have dull'd our minde, it hath no ends;  
Onely the bodie's busie, and pretends;  
As dead low earth ecclipses and controules

14 hath] have 1633: om. N, TCD (have inserted)  
Dian's 1635-54:  
Dian's 1633: Dian's 1669 20 or all It; You. 1635-54: or  
all it, you. 1669, N, O'S, TCD: or all, in you. 1633 (you, some copies)  
25 Your (or you) vertue O'S: Your, or you vertue, 1633-54: You, or  
you vertue. 1669 26 prefers. Ed: prefers; 1633-69 28  
you: you. 1633-39 30 is some] it some 1633 32 Stoop, others  
ills] Stoop (Stop 1633) others ills, 1633-54: Stoop others ills 1669  
34 excuse; Ed: excuse, 1633-69. Grosart (who transposes should and  
would), Chambers: excuse Grolier. See note  
1633-69 36 the hills. Ed: the hills; 1633-69 37 Philosophy.  
Phylofophy 1633 some copies, 1669

The
The quick high Moone: so doth the body, Soules. In none but us, are such mixt engines found, As hands of double office: For, the ground We till with them; and them to heav'n we raise; Who prayer-less labours, or, without this, prays, Doth but one halfe, that's none; He which said, Plough And looke not back, to looke up doth allow.

Good seed degenerates, and oft obeys The soyles diseafe, and into cockle strayes; Let the minds thoughts be but transplanted so, Into the body, and bastarding they grow.

What hate could hurt our bodies like our love? Wee (but no forraine tyrants could) remove These not ingray'd, but inborne dignities,

Caskets of soules; Temples, and Palaces: For, bodies shall from death redeemed bee, Soules but preferv'd, not naturally free.

As men to our prifons, new soules to us are lent, Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.

First seeds of every creature are in us, What ere the world hath bad, or pretious, Mans body can produce, hence hath it beene That stones, wormes, frogges, and snakes in man are seene:

But who are saw, though nature can worke foe, That pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow?

We have added to the world Virginia, and sent Two new flarres lately to the firmament;

Why
Why grudge wee us (not heaven) the dignity
T'increafe with ours, those faire soules company.
But I muft end this letter, though it doe
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Vertue hath some perverseness; For she will
Neither beleev her good, nor others ill.
Even in you, vertues beft paradise,
Vertue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.
Too many vertues, or too much of one
Begets in you unjust suspicion;
And ignorance of vice, makes vertue leffe,
Quenching compassion of our wretchednesse.
But these are riddles; Some aspersion
Of vice becomes well some complexion.
Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a spider with a toad:
For so, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill
And make her do much good against her will,
But in your Commonwealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office, or good worke to doe.
Take then no vitious purge, but be content
With cordiall vertue, your knowne nourishment.

To the Countesfe of Bedford.

On New-yeares day.

This twilight of two yeares, not paft nor next,
Some embleme is of mee, or I of this,
Who Meteor-like, of stuffe and forme perplext,
Whose what, and where, in disputation is,
If I should call mee any thing, should misle.
I summe the yeares, and mee, and finde mee not
Debtor to th'old, nor Creditor to th'new,
That cannot say, My thankes I have forgot,
Nor truft I this with hopes, and yet scarce true
This bravery is, since these times shew'd mee you.

In recompence I would shew future times
What you were, and teach them to urge towards such.
Verse embalmes vertue; and Tombs, or Thrones of rimes,
Preserve fraile transitory fame, as much
As spice doth bodies from corrupt aires touch.

Mine are short-liv'd; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but dissipates as faile,
New spirits: for, strong agents with the fame
Force that doth warme and cherish, us doe waft;
Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies laft:

So, my verse built of your just praise, might want
Reason and likelihood, the firmest Base,
And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
Will vanish soone, and so possess no place,
And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confesse
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I,
One corne of one low anthills dust, and leffe,
Should name, know, or express a thing so high,
And not an inch, measure infinity.

I cannot tell them, nor my selfe, nor you,
But leave, left truth b'endanger'd by my praise,
And turne to God, who knowes I thinke this true,
And useth oft, when such a heart mis-fayes,
To make it good, for, such a praiyer prayes.

Hee will beft teach you, how you should lay out
His flock of beauty, learning, favour, blood;
He will perplex security with doubt,
And cleare those doubts; hide from you, and shew you good,
And so increase your appetite and food;

Hee will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloyfters, and in Court;
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got;
Some pitty's not good there, some vaine disport,
On this side sinne, with that place may comport.

Yet he, as hee bounds seas, will fixe your houres,
Which pleasure, and delight may not ingreffe,
And though what none else loft, be trulieft yours,
Hee will make you, what you did not, poiffe,
By using others, not vice, but weakenesse.

Hee will make you speake truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt, that others doe not so:
Hee will provide you keyes, and locks, to spie,
And scape spies, to good ends, and hee will shew
What you may not acknowledge, what not know.

For your owne conscience, he gives innocence,
But for your fame, a discreet warinesse,
And though to scape, then to revenge offence
Be better, he shewes both, and to represse
loy, when your state swells, sadnesse when'tis leffe.

35 praiyer prayes, 1635-69, O'F: prayer prayes, 1633: prayer praiie, N,
TCD 37 blood; 37 blood, 1633 39 doubts; 39 doubts, 1633 42
Court; Ed: Court, 1633-69 43 got; Ed: got, 1633-69 44 pitty'
1633-69: piety James Russell Lowell, in Grolier note. See note 45 On
this side sinne, Ed (from Chambers): On this side, sinne; 1633: On this
side, sin, 1635-69. See note 46 he, Ed: he 1633-69 47 Which]
With 1633 55 may] will 1669 58-9 (though to scape ... Be
better,) 1635-69

From
From need of teares he will defend your soule,
Or make a rebaptizing of one teare;
Hee cannot, (that's, he will not) dif-inroule
Your name; and when with active joy we heare
This private Ghospell, then'tis our New Yeare.

To the Countesse of Huntingdon.

Madame,

Man to Gods image; Eve, to mans was made,
Nor finde wee that God breath'd a soule in her,
Canons will not Church functions you invade,
Nor lawes to civill office you preferre.

Who vagrant transitory Comets fees,
Wonders, because they're rare; But a new starre
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle; for, there no new things are;

In woman so perchance milde innocence
A feldome comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reafon scapes, and fense;
For, Art and Nature this in them withstood.

As such a starre, the Magi led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below:
By vertues beames by fame deriv'd from you,
May apt soules, and the worst may, vertue know.

If the worlds age, and death be argued well
By the Sunnes fall, which now towards earth doth bend,
Then we might feare that vertue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be neare her end.

65 New Yeare. ] new yeare, 1633
To the &c. 1633-69. O'F: To the C. of H. N.TCD 1 image;
image, 1633 mans [ man 1650-69 9 woman] women 1669 13
the ] which 1633 Magi | Magis N.O'F.TCD: compare p. 243, l. 390
below : Ed: below. 1633-69 15 beames by . . . you, 1633: beames
(by . . . you) 1635-69 16 may. Ed: may 1633-69

But
Letters to Several/Personages.

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's you;
She was in all men, thinly scatter'd then,
But now amass'd, contracted in a few.

She guilded us: But you are gold, and Shee;
Us she inform'd, but transubstantiates you;
Soft dispositions which dulcile bee,
Elixirlike, she makes not cleane, but new.

Though you a wives and mothers name retain,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not foe,
But vertue having made you vertue, is faine
T'adhere in these names, her and you to show,

Else, being alike pure, wee should neither see;
As, water being into ayre rarify'd,
Neither appeare, till in one cloud they bee,
So, for our fakes you do low names abide;

Taught by great constellations, which being fram'd,
Of the moft starres, take low names, Crab, and Bull,
When single planets by the Gods are nam'd,
You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
And in the vaile of kindred others fee;
To some ye are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a vertuous Prince farre off, to mee.

To whom, because from you all vertues flow,
And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
I, which doe so, as your true subject owe
Some tribute for that, so these'lines are due.

22 you; Ed: you, 1633-69 24 amass'd, 1633. O'F: a maffe 1635-69, N.TCD 25-6 But you are gold, and Shee; ... transubstantiates you; Ed: But you are gold, and Shee, ... transubstantiates you, 1633: but you are gold; and she.

Informed us, but transubstantiates you, 1635-69, Chambers (but no comma after and the and colon or full stop after you 1650-69, Chambers) 33 fee;
Ed: see, 1633-69 37-9 (which being ... are nam'd) 1635-69 42 vaile| vale 1669 43 ye 1633: you 1635-69 47 doe so, 1635-69, O'F: doe N.TCD: to you 1633 48 due.] due, 1633
If you can thliike thefe flatteries, they are,
   For then your judgement is below my praise,
If they were so, oft, flatteries worke as farre,
   As Counfels, and as farre th'endeavour raise.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
   But I remaime a poyfon'd fountaine fllill;
But not your beauty, vertue, knowledge, blood
   Are more above all flattery, then my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you
   But my owne judgement, who did long agoe
Pronounce, that all these praifes shou'd be true,
   And vertue shou'd your beauty,'and birth outgrow.

Now that my prophesies are all ffull'd,
   Rather then God shou'd not be honour'd too,
And all these gifts confess'd, which hee instill'd,
   Your felfe were bound to fay that which I doe.

So I, but your Recorder am in this,
   Or mouth, or Speaker of the univerfe,
A minifteriall Notary, for'tis
   Not I, but you and fame, that make this verfe;
I was your Prophet in your yonger dayes,
   And now your Chaplaine, God in you to praife.

To M'r T. W.

All haile sweet Poët, more full of more strong fire,
   Then hath or shall enkindle any spirit,
I lov'd what nature gave thee, but this merit
Of wit and Art I love not but admire;

55 But 1633, N, O'F, TCD: And 1635-69, Chambers
50 that
thar 1633 66 or Speaker 1633: and Speaker 1635-69 67 Notary,
notary, 1633
To M'r T. W. P, S, W: To M. I. W. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: A
Letter. To M'r T. W. O'F: Ad amicum. S96: no title, B, Cy 1 more full]
and full 1669 2 any spirit. 1633, A18, Cy, N, P, TC, W: my dull spirit,
1635-69, B, O'F, S 3 this merit 1633, A18, Cy, N, P, S, TC, W: thy
merit 1635-69, B, O'F, Chambers

Who
Who have before or shall write after thee,
Their workes, though toughly laboured, will bee
Like infancie or age to mans firme stay,
Or earely and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be
Which be envyed then pittied: therefore I,
Because I wish thee best, doe thee envie:
O wouldst thou, by like reaon, pitty mee!
But care not for mee: I, that ever was
In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, alas,
Before thy grace got in the Muses Schoole
A monftr and a begger,) am now a foole.

Oh how I grieve, that late borne modesty
Hath got such root in ease waxen hearts,
That men may not themselves, their owne good parts
Extoll, without suspect of surquedrie,
For, but thy selfe, no subject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill refound
Thy worth but thine: how good it were to see
A Poem in thy praipe, and writ by thee.

Now if this song be too 'harsh for rime, yet, as
The Painters bad god made a good devill,

11 thee . . thee] the . . the 1669
12 mee! Ed: mee. W: mee, 1633-69
13 mee: Ed: mee, 1633-69 ever was] never was B, P, S96
14-16 In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, alas,
(Before . . and a begger,) Ed:
In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, (alas,
Before thy grace got in the Muses Schoole)
A monftr and a begger, 1633 (some copies: others read 15 Before
by thy grace &c., which is also the Grolier conjecture), A18, Cy, N, P, S, TC, W (but W and some of the other MSS. have no brackets):
In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, alas,
(But for thy grace got in the Muses Schoole)
A Monftr and a beggar, 1635-69, OF, Chambers
In fortunes, nor (or S96) in natures gifts alas,
But by thy grace, &c. B, S96. See note
16 am now a foole. Cy, OF, P, S, S96, W: am a foole. 1633-69, A18, B, N, TC
A18, N, TC

'Twill
'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evill,  
If thou forget the rime as thou dost passe.  
Then write, that I may follow, and so bee  
Thy debter, thy'eccho, thy foyle, thy zanee.  
I shall be thought, if mine like thine I shape,  
All the worlds Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

---

To M T. W.

Hast thee harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure  
Will give thee leave, to him, my pain and pleasure.  
I have given thee, and yet thou art too weake,  
Feete, and a reasoning foule and tongue to speake.  
Plead for me, and so by thine and my labour  
I am thy Creator, thou my Saviour.  
Tell him, all questions, which men have defended  
Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended;  
And 'tis decreed our hell is but privation  
Of him, at least in this earths habitation:  
And 'tis where I am, where in every street  
Infections follow, overtake, and meete:  
Live I or die, by you my love is sent,  
And you're my pawns, or else my Testament.
To M' T. W.

Preignant again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare,
Oft have I askt for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were;
As in our streets fly beggers narrowly
Watch motions of the givers hand and eye,
And evermore conceive some hope thereby.
And now thy Almes is given, thy letter'is read,
The body risen againe, the which was dead,
And thy poore starveling bountifully fed.
After this banquet my Soule doth say grace,
And praife thee for'it, and zealously imbrace
Thy love; though I thinke thy love in this cafe
To be as gluttons, which say 'midst their meat,
They love that best of which they most do eat.

To M' T. W.

At once, from hence, my lines and I depart,
I to my soft still walks, they to my Heart;
I to the Nurfe, they to the child of Art;
Yet as a firme house, though the Carpenter
Perish, doth fland: As an Embassadour
Lyes safe, how e'r his king be in danger:
So, though I languifh, preft with Melancholy,
My verfe, the strict Map of my misery,
Shall live to see that, for whose want I dye.

Therefore
Therefore I envie them, and doe repent,
That from unhappy mee, things happy are sent;
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,
Accept these lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, bestow that love on mee.

To Mr. R. W.

Z
ealously my Muse doth salute all thee,
Enquiring of that mistique trinitee
Whereof thou, and all to whom heavens do infuse
Like fyer, are made; thy body, mind, and Muse.
Doft thou recover sicknes, or prevent?
Or is thy Mind travail’d with discontent?
Or art thou parted from the world and mee,
In a good skorn of the worlds vanitee?
Or is thy devout Muse retyr’d to sing
Vpon her tender Elegiaque string?
Our Minds part not, joyne then thy Muse with myne,
For myne is barren thus devorc’d from thyne.

To Mr. R. W.

M
ve not that by thy mind thy body is led:
For by thy mind, my mind’s distempered.
So thy Care lives long, for I bearing part
It eates not only thyne, but my swolne hart.
And when it gives us intermission
We take new harts for it to feede upon.
But as a Lay Mans Genius doth controule
Body and mind; the Muse beeing the Soules Soule

John Donne, &c., 1899

1 of love,] of love 1633
To Mr. R. W. A23, W: first printed in Gosse’s Life and Letters of
To Mr. R. W. A23, W: printed here for the first time
Letters to Several Personages.

Of Poets, that methinks should ease our anguish,
Although our bodies wither and minds languish.
Wright then, that my griefes which thine got may bee
Cured by thy charming soveraigne melodee.

To Mr C. B.

Thy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchaine,
Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
Thee and the Saint of his affection
Leaving behinde, doth of both wants complaine;
And let the love I heare to both sustaine
No blott nor maime by this division,
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love pursu'd with amorous paine;
But though besides thy selfe I leave behind
Heavens liberall, and earths thrice-fairer Sunne,
Going to where sterne winter aye doth wonne,
Yet, loves hot fires, which martyr my sad minde,
Doe send forth scalding sighes, which have the Art
To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

To Mr E. G.

Even as lame things thirst their perfection, so
The slimi rimes bred in our vale below,
Bearing with them much of my love and hart,
Fly unto that Parnassius, where thou art.

To Mr C. B. A23,W: To M. C. B. 1633-69, A18,N,OF,TC. C
TCD 9 thy self] my self 1669 10 liberall.] liberall 1633 earths
1633,1669,A18,A23,N,OF,TC,W: the 1633-54, Chambers thrice fairer
A23,W: thrice-faire 1633-69, A18,N,TC 11 sterne 1633, A18,A23,
N,TC,W: flerv'd 1633-69,OF 13 forth] out A18,N,TC
To Mr E. G. W: first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John
Donne. 1699

There
There thou orfeest London: Here I have beene,
By staying in London, too much overseene.
Now pleasures dearth our City doth posse,
Our Theaters are fill'd with emptines;
As lancke and thin is every street and way
As a woman deliver'd yesterday.
Nothing whereat to laugh my spleen espies
But bearbaitings or Law excercise.
Therefore I'le leave it, and in the Country strive
Pleasure, now fled from London, to retrace.
Do thou so too: and fill not like a Bee
Thy thighs with hony, but as plenteously
As Ruffian Marchants, thy selfe whole vessell load,
And then at Winter retaile it here abroad.
Bleffe us with Suffolks sweets; and as it is
Thy garden, make thy hive and warehouse this.

To Mr. R. W.

If, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
See me, when thou read'st these lines, to dreame of me,
Never did Morpheus nor his brother weare
Shapes soe like those Shapes, whom they would appeare,
As this my letter is like me, for it
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, minde and wit;
It is my deed of gift of mee to thee,
It is my Will, my selfe the Legacie.
So thy retirings I love, yea envie,
Bred in thee by a wife melancholy,
That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,
Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,

5-6 beene, ... London,] no commas, W 6 staying] staying W
7 dearth] birth W 7-8 posse ... emptines;] posse ... emptines. W
To M' R. W. A1S, A23, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W: To M'. R. W.
1633-69: no breaks, W: two stanzas of fourteen lines and a quatrain, 1633:
twenty-eight lines continuous and a quatrain, 1635-69 3 brother 1633-69.
A1S, N, O'F, TC : brethren W 6 hand,] hands O'F, TC
917-3
As kindly as any enamored Patient
His Picture to his absent Love hath sent.

All newes I thinke sooner reach thee then mee;
Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing’d Angels be,
The which both Gospel, and Sterne threatnings bring;
Guyanaes harvest is nip’d in the spring,
I feare; And with us (me thinkes) Fate deales so
As with the Jewes guide God did; he did shew
Him the rich land, but bar’d his entry in;
Oh, flownes is our punishment and sinne.
Perchance, these Spanifh businesse being done,
Which as the Earth betweene the Moone and Sun
Eclipse the light which Guyana would give,
Our discontinued hopes we shall retrace:
But if (as all th’All must) hopes smoake away,
Is not Almightye Vertue’an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
Some thing to answere in some proportion
All the worlds riches: And in good men, this,
Vertue, our formes forme and our soules foule, is.

To M’ R. W’.

Indly I envy thy songs perfection
Built of all th’elements as our bodyes are:
That Little of earth that is in it, is a faire
Delicious garden where all sweetes are towne.

To M’ R. W, W: published here for the first time

In
In it is cherishing fyer which dryes in mee
Griefe which did drowne me; and halfe quench'd by it
Are fatirique fyres which urg'd me to have writt
In skorne of all: for now I admyre thee.
And as Ayre doth fullfill the hollownes
Of rotten walls; so it myne emptines,
Where toft and mov'd it did beget this found
Which as a lame Eccho of thyne doth rebound.
Oh, I was dead; but since thy song new Life did give,
I recreated, even by thy creature, live.

To M' S. B.

O Thou which to search out the secret parts
Of the India, or rather Paradise
Of knowledge, haft with courage and advise
Lately launch'd into the vaft Sea of Arts,
Disdaine not in thy constant travailing
To doe as other Voyagers, and make
Some turnes into leffe Creekes, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring;
I sing not, Siren like, to tempt; for I
Am harsh; nor as thofe Scifmatiques with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But feeing in you bright sparkes of Poetry,
I, though I brought no fuell, had defire
With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire.

6 which] with W, and so always 10 emptines,] emptines. W
13-14 Oh,. . . give,. . . recreated,. . . creature,] no commas. W
To M' S. B. O'F: To M. S. B. 163j-69. AI8, N, TCC, TCD, W
TCD, W: seeme TCC 13 I, though] I thought 1650-54 had]
but 1650-54
'Of that short Roll of friends writ in my heart
Which with thy name begins, since their depart,
Whether in the English Provinces they be,
Or drinke of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,
There's none that sometimes greets us not, and yet
Your Trent is Lethe; that past, us you forget.
You doe not duties of Societies,
If from the'embrace of a lov'd wife you rise,
View your fat Beasts, stretch'd Barnes, and labour'd fields,
Eate, play, ryde, take all joyes which all day yeelds,
And then againe to your embracements goe:
Some hours on us your friends, and some bestow
Upon your Muse, else both we shall repent,
I that my love, she that her gifts on you are spent.

'To M' B. B.

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
Yet satisfy'd? Is not thy braines rich hive
Fulfil'd with hony which thou dost derive
From the Arts spirits and their Quintessence?
Then weane thy selfe at last, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,
Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest
Th'immense vast volumes of our common law;
And begin soone, left my griefe grieve thee too,
Which is, that that which I should have begun

To M' I. L. W: To M. I. L. 1633-69; To M. I. L. A18, N, TCC, TCD: To M' T. L. 0'F 5 sometime Chambers
6 Lethe; W: Lethe', 1633-69 forget, 1639-69, W: forget, 1633-35
13 your| thy IV| 14 you| thee W |l pent.| l pent 1633
To M' B. B. O'F, W: To M. B. B. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD

In
Letters to Several Personages. 213

In my youthes morning, now late must be done;
And I as Giddy Travellers must doe,
Which stray or sleepe all day, and having lost
Light and strengt, darke and tir'd must then ride post.

If thou unto thy Muse be marryed,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
Be far from me that strange Adulterie
To tempt thee and procure her widowhed.
My Muse, (for I had one,) because I am cold,
Divorc'd her selfe: the cause being in me,
That I can take no new in Bigamy,
Not my will only but power doth withhold.
Hence comes it, that these Rymes which never had
Mother, want matter, and they only have
A little forme, the which their Father gave;
They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad
To be counted Children of Poetry
Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee.

To M' I. L.

Left are your North parts, for all this long time
My Sun is with you, cold and darke's our Clime;
Heavens Sun, which staid so long from us this yeare,
Staid in your North (I think) for she was there,
And hether by kinde nature drawne from thence,
Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence;

12 I... Travellers 1650-69: I, ... Travellers, 1633-39 13
[stray] stray W: compare Sat. III. 78 16 ever, ever multiply, 1633-69,
At8, N, O'F, TC: still: increafe and multiply; W 18 widowhed.
W: widowhood, 1633-39: widowhood; 1650-69 19 Mufe,
At8, N, O'F, TC, W: nurle, 1633-69 20 selle: W: selle, 1633-69
in me, 1633-69: in me; Grolier: in me. Chambers. See note
To M' I. L. Ed: To M. I. L. At8, N, TCC, TCD, W: To M' T. I.,
O'F: To M. I. P. 1633-69 6 rages. chafes, Ed: rages chafes
1633-39: rages, chafes 1650-69: rages, burnes, W

Yet
Yet I, as long as shee from hence doth stale,
Think this no South, no Sommer, nor no day.
With thee my kinde and unkinde heart is run,
There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sun:
And since thou art in Paradise and needst crave
No joyes addition, helpe thy friend to save.
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
As suddenly as Lard, fat thy leane beasts;
So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever weare
A greene, and when thee lift, a golden haire;
So may all thy sheepe bring forth Twins; and so
In chace and race may thy horse all out goe;
So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold;
Thy Sonne ne'r Ward; Thy lovd wife ne'r seem old;
But maist thou wish great things, and them attaine,
As thou tellest her, and none but her, my paine.

To Sir H. W. at his going Ambaffador to Venice.

After those reverend papers, whose soule is
Our good and great Kings lovd hand and fear'd name,
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almost the same,
A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ
From his Originall, and a faire beame
Of the same warme, and dazeling Sun, though it
Must in another Sphere his vertue streame:

11-12 these lines from W: they have not previously been printed
when thee lift, Ed: when thee lift 1633, A18, N, TC: '(when the lift)
1635 69, O'F: when thou wilt W 20' lovd wife W 22
her, . . . her, Ed: her . . . her 1633: her, . . . her 1635 69
1669, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD: printed in Walton's Life of Sir Henry
Wotton, 1670, as a 'letter, lent by him to Sir Henry Wotton, the morning
before he left England', i.e. July 13 (O. S.), 1604

After
Letters to Several Personages. 215

After those learned papers which your hand
Hath flour'd with notes of use and pleasure too,
From which rich treasury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or not:

After those loving papers, where friends tend
With glad griefe, to your Sea-ward steps, farewel,
Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
To heaven in troupe at a good man's passing bell:

Admit this honest paper, and allow
It such an audience as your selfe would ask:
What you must say at Venice this means now,
And hath for nature, what you have for taske:

To swear much love, not to be chang'd before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune, more
Then I have done your honour wanting it.

But'tis an easier load (though both oppresse)
To want, then govern greatnesse, for we are
In that, our owne and onely businesse,
In this, we muft for others vices care;
'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
In their last Furnace, in activity;
Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and Warres o'rpast)
To touch and test in any best degree.

For mee, (if there be such a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be such a thing as shee)
Spies that I beare so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for mee;

10 pleasure 1635-69, A18, N, O'F, TC, Walton: pleasures 1633 where 1633, A18, N, TC: which 1635-69, O'F, Walton 16 in troupe
on troops Walton 19 muft ... means] would ... fayes Walton
O'F: honour-wanting-wit. Walton: noble wanting it. A18, N, TCC, TCD
1669 and Walton 35 Spies] Finds Walton

But
Letters to Severall Personages.

But though she part us, to heare my oft prayers
For your increase, God is as neere mee here;
And to send you what I shall begge, his faires
In length and ease are alike every where.

To Mrs M. H.

Mad paper stay, and grudge not here to burne
With all those sones whom my braine did create,
At left lye hid with mee, till thou returne
To rags againe, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthinesse
To come unto great place as others doe,
That's much; emboldens, pulls, thurfts I confesse,
But'tis not all; Thou should'ft be wicked too.

And, that thou canst not learne, or not of mee;
Yet thou wilt goe? Goe, since thou goest to her
Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for shee,
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares preferre.

But when thou com'ft to that perplexing eye
Which equally claims love and reverence,
Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die;
And, having little now, have then no senfe.

Yet when her warme redeeming hand, which is
A miracle; and made such to worke more,
Doth touch thee (faples leafe) thou grow'ft by this
Her creature; glorify'd more then before.

To M^s M. H. O'F: To M. M. H. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no
Title, A25, B, C, P: Elegie. 896 2 sones] Sunnes B, 896 my
1633: thy 1633-69: Chambers attributes thy to 1633 3 returne]
returne, 1633 7 That's much; emboldens, A18, N, TC: That's much,
emboldens, 1633-54: That's much emboldnes, 1669: That's much, it
emboldens, B, P 8 all; Thou A18, N, TC: all, thou 1633-69
1633: reverence: 1633-69

Then
Then as a mother which delights to heare

Her early child mis-speake halfe uttered words,

Or, because majesty doth never feare
Ill or bold speeche, the Audience affords.

And then, cold speechless wretch, thou dieft againe,
And wisely; what discourse is left for thee?
For, speeche of ill, and her, thou must abstaine,
And is there any good which is not shee?

Yet maist thou praise her servants, though not her,
And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend,
And since they are but her cloathes, thou shalt not erre,
If thou her shape and beauty and grace commend.

Who knowes thy destiny? when thou hast done,
Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all noble ambitious wits doe runne,
A nest almost as full of Good as shee.

When thou art there, if any, whom wee know,
Were fav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
When she revolves his papers, marke what show
Of favour, she alone, to them doth make.

Marke, if to get them, she o'r skip the rest,
Marke, if she read them twice, or kifle the name;
Marke, if she doe the same that they protest,
Marke, if she marke whether her woman came.

Marke, if slight things be objected, and o'r blowne,
Marke, if her oathes against him be not still
Referv'd, and that shee grieues she's not her owne,
And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

22 mis-speake] mis-speake 1633
and MSS. her, Ed: her 1633-69
27 For, 1633: From 1635-69,
erre, 1669: erre 1633-54
40 she alone, 1633: she, alone, 1635-69
41 get them, she o'r skip
42 she do skip A18 (doth), N, TC: get them, she skip oare A25,
43 C, O, F (skips): get to them, shee skipp B, P
44 whether 1633:
whither 1635-69
47 grieves 1633: grieve 1635-69
I bid
I bid thee not doe this to be my spie;  
Nor to make my selfe her familiar;  
But so much I doe love her choyce, that I  
Would faine love him that shall be lov'd of her.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

Honour is so sublime perfection,  
And so refine; that when God was alone  
And creaturelesse at first, himselfe had none;  
But as of the elements, these which wee tread,  
Produce all things with which wee'are joy'd or fed,  
And, those are barren both above our head:  
So from low persons doth all honour flow;  
Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us show,  
And but direct our honour, not bellow.  
For when from herbs the pure part must be wonne  
From groffe, by Stilling, this is better done  
By deipif'd dung, then by the fire or Sunne.  
Care not then, Madame, how low your prayfers lye;  
In labourers balads oft more piety  
God findes, then in Te Deums melodie.  
And, ordinance rais'd on Towers, so many mile  
Send not their voice, nor laft so long a while  
As fires from th'earths low vaults in Sicil Isle.  
Should I say I liv'd darker then were true.  
Your radiation can all clouds subdue;  
But one,'tis best light to contemplate you.

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or tooke Soules stuffe such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the laft day.

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee,
Covering discovers your quicke Soule; that we
May in your through-shine front your hearts thoughts fee.

You teach (though wee learne not) a thing unknowne
To our late times, the use of {peculiar stone,
Through which all things within without were shown.

Of such were Temples; fo and of such you are;
Beeing and seeming is your equall care,
And vertues whole summe is but know and dare.

But as our Soules of growth and Soules of fense
Have birthright of our reafons Soule, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seeke presidence:

Natures first leffon, fo, discretion,
Muft not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keepe none,
Not banifh it felfe, nor religion.

Discretion is a wisemans Soule, and fo
Religion is a Christians, and you know
How thefe are one; her yea, is not her no.

Nor may we hope to fodder {ill and knit
These two, and dare to breake them; nor must wit
Be colleague to religion, but be it.
In those poor types of God (round circles) so
Religions tipes the peeclesse centers flow,
And are in all the lines which all wayes goe.

If either ever wrought in you alone
Or principally, then religion
Wrought your ends, and your wayes discretion.

Goe thither stil, goe the same way you went,
Who so would change, do covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

_Begun in France but never perfected._

Though I be _dead_, and buried, yet I have
(Living in you,) Court enough in my grave,
As oft as there I thinke my selfe to bee,
So many resurrections waken mee.
That thankfullnesse your favours have begot
In mee, embalmes mee, that I doe not rot.
This season as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,
Must both to growth and to confession bring
My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence; so,
These verses bud, so these confessions grow.
First I confess I have to others lent
Your stock, and over prodigally spent
Your treasure, for since I had never knowne
Vertue or beautie, but as they are growne

48 all wayes 1719: always 1633–69
50–1 _twas Religion,
Yet you neglected not Discretion. S96
53, do covet] doth covet 1669, O F, S96
To the Countesse &c. 1633–69 (following in 1635–69 That unripe side
&c., p. 417, and If her disdaine &c., p. 430), O F 5 begot] forgot 1633
some copies 6 embalmes mee, Ed: embalmes mee; 1633–69 rot. Ed:
rot; 1633–69 9 influence; Ed: influence, 1633–69 10 grow, Ed:
grow; 1633–69 14 or 1633–39: and 1650–69

In
In you, I should not thinke or say they shine,
(So as I have) in any other Mine.
Next I confesse this my confession,
For, 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
Your praisse to you, where half rights seeme too much,
And make your minds sincere complexion blush.
Next I confesse my'impinence, for I
Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'r read you,
May in lesse Lessons finde enough to doe,
By studying copies, not Originals,
Defunt cetera.

A Letter to the Lady Carey, and Mrs Effex
Riche, From Amyens.

Madame,
Here where by All All Saints invoked are,
'Twere too much schisme to be singular,
And 'gainst a practice generall to warre.
Yet turning to Saints, shou'd my'humility
To other Saints then you directed bee,
That were to make my schisme, hereof.
Nor would I be a Convertite so cold,
As not to tell it; If this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.
Where, because Faith is in too low degree,
I thought it some Apostleship in mee
To speake things which by faith alone I see.

16 Mine. Ed: Mine; 1633-69
18 upon Ed: upon, 1633-69
A Letter to C. c. 1633-69. D. H. 49. Lec: To the Lady Carey and her
Sister Mrs Effex Rich. From Amiens. O'F: To the Lady Co: of C. N,
TCD: To the Ladie Carey. or A Letter to the Ladie Carey. B, Cy, S96:
no title, P: To Mrs Effex Rich and her sister fro Amiens. M
That
That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is growne, or spent,
They’re your materials, not your ornament.

Others whom wee call vertuous, are not so
In their whole substance, but, their vertues grow
But in their humours, and at seafons shew.

For when through tastelesse flat humilitie
In dow bak’d men some harmeleslenes we see,
’Tis but his fleme that’s Vertuous, and not Hee:

Soe is the Blood sometimes; who ever ran
To danger unimportun’d, he was than
No better then a sanguine Vertuous man.

So cloysterall men, who, in pretence of feare
All contributions to this life forbeare,
Have Vertue in Melancholy, and only there.

Spirituall Cholerique Crytiques, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, through this zeale, Vertue but in their Gall.

We’re thus but parcel guilt; to Gold we’re growne
When Vertue is our Soules complexion;
Who knowes his Vertues name or place, hath none.

Vertue’s but aguifh, when ’tis severall,
By occasion wak’d, and circumstantiate.
True vertue is Soule, Alwaies in all deeds Alt.

This Vertue thinking to give dignitie
To your soule, found there no infirmitie,
For, your soule was as good Vertue, as shee;

13 who are | who is 1633 19 humidity 1633-54, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, M, N, O’F, P, S96, TCD: humidity 1669, Chambers 26 contributions | contribution B, D, N, TCD 30 this zeale, 1635-69, B, Cy, D, H49, N, O’F, P, S96, TCD: their zeale, 1633, Lec 31 Gold | Golds 1633 some copies 33 aguifh | aguifh, 1650-54

Shee
Shee therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is scarce lesse then soule, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty, Vertue too.

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts,
As Others, with prophane and sensuall Darts,
But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by the honor of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your vertues, and their might,

What must I thinke that influence must doe,
Where it findes sympathie and matter too,
Vertue, and beauty of the same stuffe, as you?

Which is, your noble worthie sister, shee
Of whom, if what in this my Extasie
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short Galleries
The Mater at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the roome twice to our eyes,

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you; there is no way
From either, but by the other, not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testifie
My true devotion, free from flattery;
He that beleevs himselfe, doth never lie.

57 our eyes,] your eyes, C, D, H,49, Lcc, P 60 by the] to the
1669 other, 1669: other 1633-54
To the Countesse of Salisbury. August 1614.

Faire, great, and good, since seeing you, wee see
What Heaven can doe, and what any Earth can be:
Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sunne
Growne stale, is to so low a value runne,
That his dishevel'd beames and scattered fires
Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres
In lovers Sonnets: you come to repaire
Gods booke of creatures, teaching what is faire.
Since now, when all is withered, thrunke, and dri'd,
All Vertues ebb'd out to a dead low tyde,
All the worlds frame being crumbled into sand,
Where every man thinks by himselfe to stand,
Integritie, friendship, and confidence,
(Ciments of greatnes) being vapor'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
Court, Citie, Church, are all shops of small-wares,
All having blowne to sparkes their noble fire,
And drawne their sound gold-ingot into wyre;
All trying by a love of littlenesse
To make abridgments, and to draw to leffe,
Even that nothing, which at first we were;
Since in these times, your greatnesse doth appeare,
And that we learne by it, that man to get
Towards him that's infinite, must first be great.
Since in an age so ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuse, much leffe mend it,
(For who can judge, or witnesse of those times
Where all alike are guiltie of the crimes?)
Where he that would be good, is thought by all
A monster, or at best fantastical;
Since now you durst be good, and that I doe
Differne, by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of faire, great, good,
Through your light, largeness, vertue understood:
If in this sacrifice of mine, be shoune
Any small sparke of thefe, call it your owne.
And if things like these, have been said by mee
Of others; call not that Idolatrie.
For had God made man first, and man had scene
The third daies fruits, and flowers, and various greene,
He might have said the best that he could say
Of those faire creatures, which were made that day;
And when next day he had admir'd the birth
Of Sun, Moone, Stars, fairer then late-prai'd earth,
Hee might have said the best that he could say,
And not be chid for praising yesterday;
So though some things are not together true,
As, that another is worthiest, and, that you:
Yet, to say so, doth not condemne a man,
If when he spoke them, they were both true than.
How faire a proofe of this, in our soule growes?
Wee first have soules of growth, and sense, and those,
When our laft soule, our soule immortall came,
Were swallowed into it, and have no name.
Nor doth he injure those soules, which doth caft
The power and praiise of both them, on the laft;
No more doe I wrong any; I adore
The same things now, which I ador'd before,
The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
In a low constable, and in the King

917-3 Q I reverence ;
I reverence; His power to work on mee:
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of faire, great, good; but more, now I am come
From having found their walks, to find their home.
And as I owe my first soules thankes, that they
For my laft soule did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whose worth,
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great lefson, thus to study you;
Which none, not reading others, first, could doe.
Nor lacke I light to read this booke, though I
In a darke Cave, yea in a Grave doe lie;
For as your fellow Angells, so you doe
Illustrate them who come to study you.
The first whom we in Histories doe finde
To have profefst all Arts, was one borne blinde:
He lackt those eyes beafts have as well as wee,
Not those, by which Angels are seene and see;
So, though I am borne without those eyes to live,
Which fortune, who hath none her selfe, doth give,
Which are, fit meanes to see bright courts and you,
Yet may I see you thus, as now I doe;
I shall by that, all goodness have discern'd,
And though I burne my librarie, be learn'd.
Letters to Several Personages. 227

To the Lady Bedford.

You that are she and you, that's double shee,
In her dead face, halfe of your selfe shall see;
Shee was the other part, for so they doe
Which build them friendships, become one of two;
So two, that but themselves no third can fit,
Which were to be so, when they were not yet;
Twinnes, though their birth Cusco, and Musco take,
As divers starrs one Constellation make;
Pair'd like two eyes, have equall motion, so
Both but one means to see, one way to goe.
Had you dy'd first, a carcase shee had beene;
And wee your rich Tombe in her face had seene;
She like the Soule is gone, and you here stay,
Not a live friend; but th'other halfe of clay.
And since you act that part, As men say, here
Lies such a Prince, when but one part is there,
And do all honour and devotion due
Unto the whole, so wee all reverence you;
For, such a friendship who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before,
Not all, as if some perished by this,
But so, as all in you contracted is.
As of this all, though many parts decay,
The pure which elemented them shall stay;
And though diffus'd, and spread in infinite,
Shall recollect, and in one All unite:

To the Elegie to the Lady Bedford. 1633, Cy, H40, L74, N, P, TCD: Elegia Sexta. S: In 1633, Cy, H40, N, TCD it follows, in P precedes, the Funerall Elegy Death (p. 284), to which it is apparently a covering letter: In L74 it follows the Elegy on the Lady Markham: O'F places it among the Letters, S among the Elegies she and you, j6j-69, Chambers. See note 4 two;] two; 1669 6 yet; Ed: yet 1650-69: yet. 1650-69 8 make; Ed: make, 1653-69 10 goe. Ed: goe; 1653-69 13 stay.] stay 1653-35 other] thother 1653 clay. Ed: clay; 1653-69 16 there, Ed: there; 1653-69 17 honour] honour: 1653 due] due; 1653 20 were] was 1653 22 as all in you] as in you all O'F: that in you all Cy, H40, L74, N, S is. Ed: is; 1653-69
So madame, as her Soule to heaven is fled,
    Her flesh refts in the earth, as in the bed;
Her vertues do, as to their proper sphare,
    Returne to dwell with you, of whom they were:
As perfect motions are all circular,
    So they to you, their sea, whence lesse streames are.
Shee was all spieces, you all metalls; so
    In you two wee did both rich Indies know.
And as no fire, nor rust can spend or waife
    One dramme of gold, but what was first shall last,
Though it bee forc'd in water, earth, salt, aire,
    Expans'd in infinite, none will impaire;
So, to your selfe you may additions take,
    But nothing can you lesse, or changed make.
Seeke not in seeking new, to seeeme to doubt,
    That you can match her, or not be without;
But let some faithfull booke in her roome be,
    Yet but of Judith no such booke as shee.
AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

Wherein,

By occasion of the untimely death of Mistris ELIZABETH DRVRY, the frailty and the decay of this whole World is represented.

The first Anniversary.

To the praise of the dead, and the ANATOMIE.

Well dy'd the World, that we might live to see This world of wit, in his Anatomie: No evill wants his good; so wilder heires Bedew their Fathers Tombes, with forced teares, Whose state requites their losse: whiles thus we gain, Well may wee walke in blacks, but not complaine. Yet how can I consent the world is dead While this Mufe lives? which in his spirits ftead

An Anatomie et c. 1611-33: Anatomie et c. 1635-69 The first Anniversary. 1612-69: om. 1611. See note To the praise of the dead et c. 1611-69 (Dead 1611) While] Whiles 1639-69

Seemes
Seemes to informe a World; and bids it bee,
In spight of losse or fraile mortalitie?
And thou the subject of this welborne thought,
Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor fought
A fitter time to yeld to thy fad Fate,
Then whiles this spirit lives, that can relate
Thy worth so well to our laft Nephews eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine:

Admired match! where strives in mutuall grace
The cunning pencill, and the comely face:
A taske which thy faire goodnesse made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch;
Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,
And lay, that but enough those prayses bee,
Which hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearfull head
From th'angry checkings of thy modest red:
Death barres reward and shame: when envy's gone,
And gaine, 'tis safe to give the dead their owne.

As then the wife Egyptians wont to lay
More on their Tombes, then houses: these of clay,
But those of braffe, or marble were: so wee
Give more unto thy Ghost, then unto thee.
Yet what wee give to thee, thou gav'ft to us,
And may'st but thanke thy felfe, for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'ft, and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profefte all due, where 'tis repayed.
So these high songs that to thee suited bin
Serve but to found thy Makers praise, in thine,
Which thy deare soule as sweetly fings to him
Amid the Quire of Saints, and Seraphim,
As any Angels tongue can sing of thee;
The subjects differ, though the skill agree:
For as by infant-yeares men judge of age,

Thy
Thy early love, thy vertues, did prefage
What an high part thou bear’st in thole beft fongs,
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on thou virgin Soule, whose lofsfull gaine
Thy lovefick parents have bewail’d in vaine;
Never may thy Name be in our fongs forgot,
Till wee fhall sing thy ditty and thy note.


The firft Anniversary.

When that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone,
Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one,
(For who is sure he hath a Soule, unleffe
It fee, and judge, and follow worthinesse,
And by Deedes praiſe it? hee who doth not this,
May lodge an In-mate Soule, but ’tis not his.)
When that Queene ended here her progresse time,
And, as t’her standing house to heaven did climbe,
Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
She’s now a part both of the Quire, and Song,
This World, in that great earthquake languished;
For in a common bath of teares it bled,
Which drew the strongeft vitall spirits out:
But succour’d then with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lofe, or gaine in this,
(Becaufe since now no other way there is,


But
But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as shee,)
This great consumption to a fever turn’d,
And to the world had fits; it joy’d, it mourn’d;
And, as men think, that Agues physick are,
And th’Ague being spent, give over care,
So thou icke World, miitak’ft thy selfe to bee
Well, when alas, thou’rt in a Lethargie.

Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than
Thou might’ft have better spar’d the Sunne, or Man.
That wound was deep, but ’tis more misery,
That thou haft loft thy sense and memory.
’Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of mone,
But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne.
Thou haft forgot thy name, thou hadst; thou waft
Nothing but shee, and her thou haft o’rpaft.
For as a child kept from the Font, untill
A prince, expected long, come to fulfill
The ceremonies, thou unnam’d had’ft laid,
Had not her comming, thee her Palace made:
Her name defin’d thee, gave thee forme, and frame,
And thou forgett’ft to celebrate thy name.
Some moneths shee hath beene dead (but being dead,
Measures of times are all determined)
But long sheath beene away, long, long, yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that’s gone.
But as in states doubfull of future heires,
When sicknesse without remedie empaires
The present Prince, they’re loth it should be said,
The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead:
So mankinde feeling now a generall thaw,
A strong example gone, equall to law,
The Cyment which did faithfully compact,
And glue all vertues, now resolv’d, and slack’d,

18 shee. 1611. shee 1612, 1609: shee. 1621-54 22 care. 1611-21:
care. 1625-33 24 Lethargie.] Largere, 1611, 1612-25 26
Man. 1611, 1621 25: man. 1633-69 31 name, 1611, 1612-25: name
1633-69 33 Font, 1611: Font, 1612-69 36 Palace 1611-12,
1621 25: palace 1633-69 40 times 1611, 1612-33: time 1635-69
48 law, 1612, 1609: law. 1611, 1621-25: law; 1633-54 50 glue]
give 1650-69

Thought
The first Anniversary.

Thought it some blasphemy to say 'twas dead,
Or that our weaknesse was discovered
In that confession; therefore spake no more
Then tongues, the Soule being gone, the losse deplore.
But though it be too late to succour thee,
Sicke World, yea, dead, yea putrified, since shee
Thy intrinquisite balme, and thy preservative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
I (since no man can make thee live) will try,
What wee may gaine by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortall in thy pure part.
Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,
'Tis labour lost to have discovered
The worlds infirmities, since there is none
Alive to study this dissection;
For there's a kinde of World remaining still,
Though shee which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
Her Ghost doth walke; that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weake love of vertue, and of good,
Reflects from her, on them which understood
Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth stay;
Which, from the carcasse of the old world, free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures bee
Produced: the matter and the stuffe of this,
Her vertue, and the forme our practice is:
And though to be thus elemented, arme
These creatures, from home-borne intrinquisite harme,
(For all affum'd unto this dignitie,
So many weedleffe Paradisef bee,
Which of themselfes produce no venomous sinne,
Except some forraigne Serpent bring it in)

What life &c. 1612-21: om. 1625-33 70 walke; 1611, 1612-25:
walke, 1633-69 71 good, 1633: good 1612-25, 1635-69 75 old
world, free, 1611-12, 1633-69: old world, free 1621-25 79 though
thought 1621-33 80 home-borne] homborne 1611, 1621-25:
homeborne 1633-69

Yet,
Yet, because outward storms the strongest breake,
And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,
This new world may be safer, being told
The dangers and diseases of the old:
For with due temper men doe then forgoe,
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
There is no health; Physitians say that wee,
At best, enjoy but a neutralitie.
And can there bee worse sicknesse, then to know
That we are never well, nor can be fo?
Wee are borne ruinous: poore mothers cry,
That children come not right, nor orderly;
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruine! how importunate
Upon mankinde! it labour'd to frustrate
Even Gods purpose; and made woman, sent
For mans reliefe, cause of his languishement.
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accesse, and principall in ill;
For that first marriage was our funerall:
One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,
And singly, one by one, they kill us now.
We doe delightfully our selves allow
To that consumption; and profusely blinde,
Wee kill our selves to propagate our kinde.
And yet we do not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankinde, which was then,
When as, the Sunne and man did seeme to strive,
(Joynt tenants of the world) who should survive;
When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with man, dy'd in minoritie;

Yet, 1612-25: Yet 1633-69
The sicknesse &c. 1612: The sicknesse &c. 1621: The sicknes &c. 1625-33
Ed: mankinde? 1611, 1612-69
113 When as, the Sunne and man
1637-39: no commas 1650-69: When as the Sunne and man, 1611,
1612-25 114 survive; 1650-69: survive. 1611, 1612-39
116 minoritie; 1650-69: minoritee. 1611, 1621-25: minoritie, 1633-39

When,
The first Anniversary. 235

When, if a flow pac'd starre had stolne away
From the observers marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred yeares to see't againe,
And then make up his observation plaine;

When, as the age was long, the life was great;
Mans growth confess'd, and recompence'd the meat;
So spacious and large, that every Soule
Did a faire Kingdom, and large Realme controule:

And when the very stature, thus ere6l,
Did that soule a good way towards heaven dired.
Where is this mankinde now? who lives to age,
Fit to be made Methusalem his page?

Alas, we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true made clocke run right, or lie.

Old Grandfires talke of yesterday with sorrow,
And for our children wee reserve to morrow.

So short is life, that every peasant strives,
In a torne house, or field, to have three lives.
And as in lafting, so in length is man
Contrasted to an inch, who was a spanne;

For had a man at firft in forrefts stray'd,
Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an Elephant, or Whale,
That met him, would not hastily affaile

A thing so equall to him: now alas,
The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may passe
As credible; mankinde decayes so soone,
We'are scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone:

Onely death addes t'our length: nor are wee growne
In stature to be men, till we are none.

But this were light, did our leffe volume hold
All the old Text; or had wee chang'd to gold
Their silver; or dispos'd into leffe glasse
Spirits of vertue, which then scatter'd was.

131 Grandfires 1611, 1612-21: Granfires 1625-69
1611-21: sorrow, 1625: sorrow: 1633-69: 133 peasant 1611, 1612-25:
peasant 1633-69 134 lives, 1611, 1633: lives 1612: lives, 1621-25
135 man 1611: man. 1612-25: man. 1633-69 145 addes 1611-21:
adds 1633-69: ads 1625, 1633 149 silver; 1611-12: silver
1621-25: silver, 1633-69 150 scatter'd] scatter'd 1612-25

But
But 'tis not so: we are not retir'd, but dampt;
And as our bodies, so our mindes are crampt:
'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,
In minde, and body both bedwarfed us.
Wee seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'undoe;
Of nothing hee made us, and we strive too,
To bring our selves to nothing backe; and wee
Doe what wee can, to do't so soone as hee.
With new diseases on our selves we warre,
And with new Physicke, a worse Engin farre.
Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home;
And if in other creatures they appeare,
They're but mans Minifters, and Legats there,
To worke on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to Civility, and to mans ufe:
This man, whom God did wooe, and loth t'attend
Till man came up, did downe to man descend,
This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is!
If man were any thing, he's nothing now:
Helpe, or at leaft some time to waft, allow
This other wants, yet when he did depart
With her whom we lament, hee loft his heart.
She, of whom th'Ancients feem'd to prophefie,
When they call'd vertues by the name of shee;
Shee in whom vertue was so much refin'd,
That for Allay unto so pure a minde
Shee tooke the weaker Sex; shee that could drive
The poysnous tincture, and the staine of Eve,
Out of her thoughts, and deeds; and purifie
All, by a true religious Alchymie;

bodies, 1611-25: bodies 1633-39
1633-69: close-weaving 1611-12: close-weaving 1621-25
161 Thrus
man, 1611, 1612-33: This man, 1655-69. Chambers
uie. 1611, 1621-33 167 t'attend] t'attend 1633
169 man, 1611:
man 1612-69 171 any thing. 1611-12: any thing; 1621-33
172 waft, 1633: waft 1611: waft, 1635-69
173 Allay 1611, 1612-25:
allay 1633-69 179 Sex; 1611: Sex, 1621-25: Sex: 1633-69
181 thoughts, 1611-12, 1635-69: thought, 1621-33

Shee,
The first Anniversary.

Shee, she is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowest this, Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is. And learn'rt thus much by our Anatomie, 185
The heart being perih'd, no part can be free.
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on The supernaturall food, Religion,
Thy better Growth growes withered, and scant;
Be more then man, or thou'r lest then an Ant. 190
Then, as mankinde, so is the worlds whole frame
Quite out of joynt, almost created lame:
For, before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best:
It feis'd the Angels, and then first of all 195
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maime,
Wronging each joynt of th'univerfall frame.
The noblest part, man, felt it first; and than
Both beafts and plants, curst in the curse of man.
So did the world from the first houre decay, 200
That evening was beginning of the day,
And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,
Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee.
And new Philosophy calls all in doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put out;
The Sun is loft, and th'earth, and no mans wit
Can well direct him where to looke for it.
And freely men confesse that this world's spent,
When in the Planets, and the Firmament 210
They seek fo many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies.
'Tis all in peeces, all cohaerence gone;
All just supply, and all Relation:

183 Shee, shee 1611, 1612-25: Shee, shee 1633-69 186 no |
Firmament 1611-12: firmament 1621-69 212 Atomies. 1611, 1612-25 213 coherence 1611, 1612-25: coherence 1633-69
Prince
Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinkes he hath got
To be a Phœnix, and that then can bee
None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee.
This is the worlds condition now, and now
She that should all parts to reunion bow,
She that had all Magnetique force alone,
To draw, and fasten hundred parts in one;
She whom wise nature had invented then
When she observ’d that every sort of men
Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea fray,
And needed a new compasse for their way;
She that was best, and first originall
Of all faire copies, and the generall
Steward to Fate; the whose rich eyes, and brief
Guilt the West Indies, and perfum’d the East;
Whose having breath’d in this world, did bewol
Spice on those Isles, and bad them still smell so,
And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,
Is but as single money, coyn’d from her:
She to whom this world muft it selfe refer,
As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,
Shee, shee is dead; shee’s dead: when thou knowest this,
Thou knowest how lame a cripple this world is.
And learn’st thus much by our Anatomy,
That this worlds generall sickenesse doth not lie
In any humour, or one certaine part;
But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,
Thou seeft a Hectique feaver hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be contrould,
And that thou haft but one way, not t’admit
The worlds infection, to be none of it.
For the worlds subtlest immateriall parts

217 then 1611, 1612-69: there Grosart, who with Chambers attributes to
1669 223 invented] innented 1621 228 copies, 1633-69: copies;
1611-12: copies 1621-25 229 Fate; 1612-69: Fate: 1611 brief
1611: breft: 1612-25: brealt, 1633 230 West Indies, 1611: West-
Indies, 1621-69 East; 1611: East. 1621-69 234 money, 1611-21:
money 1625-69 237 knowft 1611: knoweit 1612-69: and so in 238
237 this, this 1633-35 238 is. 1611, 1612-33: is, 1633-69 244
contrould.] controould. 1611, 1612-25

Feele
The first Anniversary. 239

Feele this consuming wound, and ages darts.
For the worlds beauty is decai’d, or gone,
Beauty, that’s colour, and proportion.
We thinke the heavens enjoy their Sphericall,
Their round proportion embracing all.
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ’d in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts,
Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,
As difproportion that pure forme: It teares
The Firmament in eight and forty sheires,
And in these Constellations then arise
New fтарres, and old doe vanish from our eyes:
As though heav’n suffered earthquakes, peace or war,
When new Towers rise, and old demolish’t are.
They have impal’d within a Zodiacke
The free-borne Sun, and keepe twelve Signes awake
To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab controule,
And fright him backe, who else to either Pole
(Did not these Tropiques fetter him) might runne:
For his course is not round; nor can the Sunne
Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way
One inch direct; but where he rofe to-day
He comes no more, but with a couzening line,
Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:
And feeming weary with his reeling thus,
He meanes to sleepe, being now falne nearer us.
So, of the Starres which boaft that they doe runne
In Circle still, none ends where he begun.
All their proportion’s lame, it sinkes, it swels.
For of Meridians, and Parallels,
Man hath weav’d out a net, and this net throwne
Upon the Heavens, and now they are his owne.
Loth to goe up the hill, or labour thus
To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
We spur, we reine the fтарres, and in their race

250 Disformity of parts.
They're diversely content 'tobey our pace.
But keepes the earth her round proportion still?
Doth not a Tenarif, or higher Hill
Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke
The floating Moone would shipwracke there, and sink?
Seas are so deepe, that Whales being strooke to day,
Perchance to morrow, scarce at middle way
Of their wish'd journies end, the bottome, die.
And men, to found depths, so much line untie,
As one might justly thinke, that there would rise
At end thereof, one of th'Antipodies:
If under all, a Vault infernall bee,
(Which sure is spacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there muft
Millions into a straight hot roome be thrust)
Then solidnesse, and roundnesse have no place.
Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face
Of th'earth? Thinke so: but yet confesse, in this
The worlds proportion disfigured is;
That those two legges whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishmet are bent awry.
And, Oh, it can no more be questioned,
That beauties best, proportion, is dead,
Since even griefe it selfe, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
Shee by whose lines proportion should bee
Examin'd, measure of all Symmetree,
Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought soules made
Of Harmony, he would at next have said
That Harmony was shee, and thence infer,
That soules were but Resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies goe,
As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow:
Shee, who if those great Doctors truly said
That the Arke to mans proportions was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both Elements, and Passions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Civill war to cease.
Shee, after whom, what forme so'er we see,
Is discord, and rude incongruitie;
Shee, she is dead, shee's dead; when thou knowst this
Thou knowst how ugly a monster this world is:
And learn'ft thus much by our Anatomie,
That here is nothing to enamour thee:
And that, not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our braines, or in our hearts,
Poyfoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,
Endanger us: but that if every thing
Be not done fitly'and in proportion,
To satisfie wise, and good lookers on,
(Since most men be such as most thinke they bee)
They're lothsome too, by this Deformitee.
For good, and well, muft in our actions meete;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beauties other second Element,
Colour, and luftre now, is as neere spent.
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.
As a compassionate Turcoyfe which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
As gold falls sicke being sting with Mercury,
All the worlds parts of such complexion bee.
When nature was most busie, the first weeke,
Swadling the new borne earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play,
To mingle, and vary colours every day:
And then, as though shee could not make inow,
Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow.
Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: summers robe growes
Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment showes.
Our blushing red, which us'd in cheekes to speke,
Is inward sunke, and only our soules are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If she whom we lament had not beene dead:
But shee, in whom all white, and red, and blew
(Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradise; from whom
Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all Diaphanous,
(For Ayre, and Fire but thick grosse bodies were,
And liveliest stones but drowsie, and pale to her,) Shee, shee, is dead; shee's dead: when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how wan a Ghost this our world is:
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
That it should more affright, then pleasure thee.
And that, since all faire colour then did finke,
'Tis now but wicked vanity, to thinke To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colors to illude mens sense.
Nor in ought more this worlds decay appears,
Then that her influence the heav'n forbeares,
Or that the Elements doe not feel this,
The father, or the mother barren is.
The cloudes conceive not raine, or doe not powre,
In the due birth time, downe the balmy showre;
The first Anniversary.

Th'Ayre doth not motherly fit on the earth,
To hatch her season, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;
And false-conceptions fill the general womb;
Th'Ayre showeth such Meteors, as none can see,
Not only what they meant, but what they bee;
Earth such new worms, as would have troubled much
Th'Egyptian Mages to have made more such.

What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those stars may bee
Imprison'd in an Hearbe, or Charme, or Tree,
And doe by touch, all which those stars could doe?
The art is lost, and correspondence too.
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes lese,
And man least knowes their trade and purposes.
If this commerce twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffic quite forgot,
She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully, and pow'rfully on us:
Since herbes, and roots, by dying lose not all,
But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinall,
Death could not quench her vertue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
And all the world would be one dying Swan,
To sing her funerall praise, and vanisht than.
But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,
Except it be from the live Serpent shot,
So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
That unto us; shee working more then it.
But shee, in whom to such maturity
Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die;
She, from whose influence all Impressions came,
But, by Receivers impotencies, lame,
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
So that some Princes have some temperance;
Some Counsellors some purpose to advance
The common profit; and some people have
Some stay, no more then Kings should give, to crave;
Some women have some taciturnity,
Some nunneries some grains of chastitie.
She that did thus much, and much more could doe,
But that our age was Iron, and rustie too,
Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead; when thou know八十 this,
Thou knoweft how drie a Cinder this world is.
And learn'ft thus much by our Anatomy,
That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie
It with thy teares, or sweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travaile, griefe, or perishing,
But those rich joyes, which did possesse her heart,
Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
The body will not last out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
So the worlds carcasse would not last, if I
Were punctuall in this Anatomy;
Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disea$e, who faine would think they're well.
Here therefore be the end: And, blessed maid,
Of whom is meant what ever hath been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines course lines, and makes profè fong,
Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent,
Who till his darke short tapers end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,
Will yearely celebrate thy second birth,
That is, thy death; for though the soule of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than

421 have] have, 1633 427 is dead;] is dead, 1633-69 shee's
dead; 1611-25: she's dead; 1653-69 431 nothing] nothing 1611-21
442 they're] thy're 1653 443 And, 1611,1612-25: and, 1633-69
When
The first Anniversary.

When man doth die; our body's as the wombe,
And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.
And you her creatures, whom she workes upon,
And have your last, and last concoction
From her example, and her vertue, if you
In reverence to her, do thinke it due,
That no one should her praiies thus rehearse,
As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse;
Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make
A last, and last'nt peece, a song. He spake
To Moses to deliver unto all,
That song, because hee knew they would let fall
The Law, the Prophets, and the History,
But keepe the song still in their memory:
Such an opinion (in due measure) made
Me this great Office boldly to invade:
Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre
Mee, from thus trying to emprison her,
Which when I saw that a strict grave could doe,
I saw not why verse might not do so too.
Verse hath a middle nature: heaven keepes Soules,
The Grave keepes bodies, Verfe the Fame enroules.

A Funerall E legie.

'Tis lost, to truist a Tombe with such a guest,
Or to confine her in a marble chest.
Alas, what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie,
Priz'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,
Or with those Pearles, and Rubies, which she was?
Joyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glaffe;
And so is all to her materials,
Though every inch were ten Escurials,

Yet
Yet she's demolish'd; can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can these memorials, ragges of paper, give
Life to that name, by which name they must live?
Sickly, alas, short-liv'd, aborted bee
Those carcasse verses, whose soule is not shee.
And can shee, who no longer would be shee,
Being such a Tabernacle, ftoop to be
In paper wrapt; or, when shee would not lie
In such a house, dwell in an Elegie?
But 'tis no matter; wee may well allow
Verse to live so long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for armes, and Counsellors for braines,
Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,
The Rich for stomackes, and for backes, the Poore;
The Officers for hands, Merchants for feet,
By which, remote and distant Countries meet.
But those fine spirits which do tune,
This Organ, are those pieces which beget
Wonder and love; and these were shee; and shee
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee;
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,
Except the world it felde, so great as shee.
Thus brave and confident may Nature bee,
Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because shee cannot such another shew.
But must wee say she's dead? may't not be said
That as a hundred clocke is pecememale laid,
Not to be loft, but by the makers hand
Repollish'd, without error then to stand,
Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs
It selfe into the earth, and after comes
(Having first made a naturall bridge, to passe
For many leagues) farre greater then it was,
May't not be said, that her grave shall restore
Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?
Heaven may say this, and joy in't, but can wee
Who live, and lacke her, here this vantage see?
What is't to us, alas, if there have beene
An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin?
Wee lofe by't: and as aged men are glad
Being taftleffe growne, to joy in joyes they had,
So now the sick starv'd world must feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
Rejoyce then Nature, and this World, that you,
Fearing the last fires haftning to subdue
Your force and vigour, ere it were neere gone,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one.
One, whose cleare body was so pure and thinne,
Because it need disguife no thought within.
'Twas but a through-light scarfé, her minde t'inroule;
Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule.
One, whom all men who durft no more, admir'd:
And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd;
As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate
To which of them, it shall be confecrate.
But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes,
Those new starres every Artift exercife,
What place they should affigne to them they doubt,
Argue,'and agree not, till those starres geoe out:
So the world studied whose this preece should be,
Till shee can be no bodies else, nor shee:
But like a Lampe of Balfamum, desir'd
Rather t'adorne, then laft, the soone expir'd,
Cloathe'd in her virgin white integritie,

47 in't; 1612-21: in'ts, 1625 48 her, here 1611, 1612-25: her, here, 1633: her here, 1635-69 58 one. 1612-25: one; 1633-69
64 worth) worke 1633 74 expir'd, 1633-69: expir'd; 1611, 1612-25
75 integritie, 1633-69: integritie; 1611-25

For
For marriage, though it do not stain, doth dye.
To scape th'infirmities which wait upon
Woman, she went away, before she was one;
And the worlds busie noyle to overcome,
Tooke so much death, as serv'd for opium;
For though she could not, nor could chuse to dye,
She'ath yeelded to too long an extasie:
Hee which not knowing her said History,
Should come to reade the booke of destiny,
How faire, and chast, humble, and high she'ad been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen,
And measuring future things, by things before,
Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more,
Would thinke that either destiny mistooke,
Or that some leaves were torn out of the booke.
But 'tis not so; Fate did but usher her
To yeares of reasons use, and then inferre
Her destiny to her selfe, which liberty
She tooke but for thus much, thus much to die.
Her modestie not suffering her to bee
Fellow-Commissioner with Deftinie,
She did no more but die; if after her
Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,
Every such person is her deligate,
T'accomplish that which should have beene her Fate.
They shall make up that Booke and shall have thanks
Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blankes.
For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,
Which from the gift of her example rife;
And 'tis in heav'n part of spirituall mirth,
To see how well the good play her, on earth.

76 it doe 1611, 1612-25: it doth 1633-69 dye. 1611, 1612-69 (spelt
die 1633-69): Chambers closes the sentence at 74 expir'd and prints 75-7
thus— Clothed in her virgin white integrity
—For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth dye—
To 'scape &c.
83 said 1611, 1612-33: said 1635-69 94 tooke 1611, 1612-25:
tooke, 1633-69 98 prefer, 1611, 1612-25: prefer; 1633-69
OF THE
PROGRESSE
OF THE SOULE.

Wherein,

By occasion of the Religious death of

Mistris E L I Z A B E T H D R Y R Y,
the incommodities of the Soule in
this life, and her exaltation in
the next, are contemplated.

The second Anniversary.

The Harbinger to the
PROGRESSE.

Two Soules move here, and mine (a third) must move
Paces of admiration, and of love;
Thy Soule (deare virgin) whose this tribute is,
Mov’d from this mortall Spheare to lively bliffe;
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see
The worlds last day, thy glories full degree:
Like as those starres which thou o’r-lookest farre,

Of the Progresse &c. 1612–69: The second Anniversary. 1612–69
(in 1612–21 it stands at head of page)
The Harbinger &c. In 1612–25 this poem printed in italics

Are
Are in their place, and yet still moved are:
No soul (whiles with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way;
Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe
So fast, that now the lightning moves but slow:
But now thou art as high in heaven flowne
As heaven's from us; what soul besides thine owne
Can tell thy joyes, or say he can relate
Thy glorious Journals in that blessed state?
I envie thee (Rich soul) I envy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory see:
And thou (great spirit) which hers follow'd haft
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast;
So far, as none can follow thine so farre,
(And if this flesh did not the passage barre
Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight
Which long agone hast loft the vulgar sight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
can see thee les'ned in thine ayery way;
So while thou mak'st her soul by progresse knowne
Thou mak'st a noble progresse of thine owne,
From this worlds carkasie having mounted high
To that pure life of immortalitie;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise
That more may not beseeme a creatures praise,
Yet still thou vow'st her more; and every yeare
Mak'st a new progresse, while thou wand'rest here;
Still upward mount; and let thy Makers praise
Honor thy Laura, and adorn thy laies.
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
Oh let her never stoope below the clouds:
And if those glorious fainted souls may know
Or what wee doe, or what wee sing below,
Those acts, those songs shall still content them best
Which praise those awfull Powers that make them blest.
The second Anniversary.

OF

THE PROGRESSE
OF THE SOULE.

The second Anniversary.

Nothing could make me sooner to confesse
That this world had an everlastingness,
Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,
Since both this lower world's, and the Sunnes Sunne,
The Luftre, and the vigor of this All,
Did set; 'twere blaspheemie to say, did fall.
But as a ship which hath strooke faile, doth runne
By force of that force which before, it wonne:
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red seas, which freely ranne,
One from the Trunke, another from the Head,
His soule be faill'd, to her eternall bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckned, and cal'd backe his soule,
He grasps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soule; when all these motions which we saw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:
Or as a Lute, which in moist weather, rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings:
So struggles this dead world, now shee is gone;
For there is motion in corruption.

1 The entrance. 1612-21: om. 1625-33: no notes, 1635-69 5 All,
1612: all, 1625-69 10 Though Through 1612-25 12 be fail'd,]
he fail'd, 1621-33 13 twinkle twincke 1625 20 strings: Ed:
strings. 1612-69

As
As some daies are at the Creation nam'd,
Before the Sunne, the which fram'd daies, was fram'd,
So after this Sunne's set, some shew appeares,
And orderly viciſſitude of yeares.
Yet a new Deluge, and of Lethe flood,
Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the maine reſerve of all.
Yet in this deluge, groffe and generall,
Thou feexl me thrive for life; my life ſhall bee,
To be hereafter prais'd, for praying thee;
Immortal Maid, who though thou would'ft refue
The name of Mother, be unto my Muse
A Father, since her chaft Ambition is,
Yearely to bring forth such a child as this.
These Hymnes may worke on future wits, and fo
May great Grand children of thy prayses grow.
And fo, though not revive, embalme and fpice
The world, which else would putrifhe with vice.
For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,
Untill man doe but vanifh, and not die.
These Hymnes thy iffue, may encreafe fo long,
As till Gods great Venite change the fong.
Thrift for that time, O my infatiate foule,
And ferve thy thrift, with Gods fanctifying Bowle.
Be thriftie ſhill, and drinke ſhill till thou goe
to th'onely Health, to be Hydroptique fo.
Forget this rotten world; And unto thee
Let thine owne times as an old storie bee.
Be not concern'd: ſtudie not why, nor when;
Doe not fo much as not beleeeve a man.
For though to erre, be worl, to try truths forth,
The second Anniversary.

Is far more business, then this world is worth. The world is but a carкаss; thou art fed
By it, but as a worme, that carкаss bred;
And why should it thou, poore worme, consider more,
When this world will grow better then before,
Then those thy fellow wormes doe thinke upon
That carкаsses laft resurrection.

Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so,
As of old clothes, cast off a yeare agoe.
To be thus stupid is Alacritie;
Men thus Lethargique have best Memory.
Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congratulale.
Shee, to whom all this world was but a stage,
Where all fat harkning how her youthfull age
Should be emploied, because in all shee did,
Some Figure of the Golden times was hid.

Who could not lacke, what e'r this world could give,
Because shee was the forme, that made it live;
Nor could complains, that this world was unfit
To be staid in, then when shee was in it;
Shee that first tried indifferent desires
By vertue, and vertue by religious fires,
Shee to whose person Paradise adher'd,
As Courts to Princes, shee whose eyes ensphear'd
Star-light enough, t'have made the South controule,
(Had shee beene there) the Star-full Northerne Pole,

Shee, shee is gone; she is gone; when thou knowest this,
What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honors it too much that thinkest it nought.

Thinke then, my soule, that death is but a Groome,
Which brings a Taper to the outward roome,
Whence thou spieft first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy fight:
For such approaches doth heaven make in death.
Thinke thy selfe labouring now with broken breath,

Contemplation of our state in our death-bed.

And
And thinke those broken and soft Notes to bee
Divifion, and thy happyeft Harmonie.

Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and flacke;
And thinke that, but unbinding of a packe,
To take one precious thing, thy soule from thence.

Thinke thy selfe parch'd with fevers violence,
Anger thine ague more, by calling it
Thy Phyficke; chide the slackneffe of the fit.

Thinke that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,
But that, as Bels cal'd thee to Church before,
So this, to the Triumphant Church, calls thee.

Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,
And thinke that but for Legacies they thrust;
Give one thy Pride, to another give thy Lust:
Give them those finnes which they gave thee before,
And thrust th'immaculate blood to wash thy score.

Thinke thy friends weeping round, and thinke that they
Weepe but because they goe not yet thy way.

Thinke that they close thine eyes, and thinke in this,
That they confesse much in the world, amiffe,
Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that,
Which they from God, and Angels cover not.

Thinke that they fhroud thee up, and think from thence
They reinveft thee in white innocence.

Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so low,
Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts can goo,) 115

Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create
Wormes which insensibly devour their State.

Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right
Laies thee to sleepe but a Saint Lucies night.

Thinke these things cheerefully: and if thou bee
Drowfie or flacke, remember then that shee,
Shee whose Complexion was so even made,
That which of her Ingredients should invade

\textsuperscript{96} parch'd 1612-21. 1639-69: patch'd 1625: patch'd 1633-35 99
\textsuperscript{99} knell, ] knell 1633 101 So this, 1612-33: So, this 1635-69 103
\textsuperscript{101} thruft; ] thruft; 1669 113 throud ] thourd 1621-25 116 exalted]
\textsuperscript{113}exhasted 1621 114 goe,] goe. 1612-21 123 Complexion 1612-25:
\textsuperscript{123}comlexion 1633-69 124 Ingredients 1612-25: ingredients 1633-69
\textsuperscript{124} The
The other three, no Fear, no Art could guess: So far were all remov’d from more or less. But as in Mithridate, or just perfumes, Where all good things being met, no one presumes To govern, or to triumph on the rest, Only because all were, no part was best. And as, though all do know, that quantities Are made of lines, and lines from Points arise, None can these lines or quantities unjoint, And say this is a line, or this a point, So though the Elements and Humors were In her, one could not say, this governes there. Whose even constitution might have wonne Any disease to venter on the Sunne, Rather then her: and make a spirit fear, That hee to disuniting subject were. To whose proportions if we would compare Cubes, th’are unstable; Circles, Angular; She who was such a chaine as Fate employes To bring mankinde all Fortunes it enjoyes; So fast, to even wrought, as one would thinke, No Accident could threaten any linke; Shee, shee embrac’d a ficknesse, gave it meat, The purest blood, and breath, that e’r it eate; And hath taught us, that though a good man hath Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith, And though he may pretend a conquest, since Heaven was content to suffer violence, Yea though hee plead a long possession too, (For they’re in heaven on earth who heavens workes do) Though hee had right and power and place, before, Yet Death must usher, and unlocke the doore. Thinke further on thy selfe, my Soule, and thinke How thou at first waft made but in a finke; Thinke that it argued some infirmitie,


That
Of the Progresse of the Soule.

That those two soules, which then thou foundst in me, 
Thou fedst upon, and drewst into thee, both
My second soule of sense, and first of growth.
Think but how poore thou waft, how obnoxious;
Whom a small lump of flesh could poyson thus.
This curded milke, this poore unlittered whelpe
My body, could, beyond escape or helpe,
Infected thee with Originall sinne, and thou
Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
Think that no stubborn fullen Anchorit,
Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth fit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels
So owly as our Soules in their first-built Cels.
Think in how poore a prison thou didst lie
After, enabled but to suck, and crie.
Think, when'twas growne to moft, 'twas a poore Inne,
A Province pack'd up in two yards of skinne,
And that usurp'd or threatened with the rage
Of sicknes, or their true mother, Age.
But thinke that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou haft thy expansion now, and libertie;
Think that a rustie Peece, discharg'd, is flowne
In pieces, and the bullet is his owne,
And freely flies: This to thy Soule allow,
Think thy shell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but now.
And think this flow-pac'd soule, which late did cleave
To a body, and went but by the bodies leave,
Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile a day,
Dispatches in a minute all the way
Twixt heaven, and earth; she stayes not in the ayre,
To looke what Meteors there themselves prepare;
She carries no desire to know, nor senfe,
Whether th'ayres middle region be intente;

Her liberty by death.
The second Anniversary.

For th’Element of fire, she doth not know,
Whether she paits by such a place or no;
She baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie
Whether in that new world, men live, and die.
Venuses retards her not, to’enquire, how shee
Can, (being one starre) Heles, and Vesper bee;
Hee that charm’d Argus eyes, sweet Mercury,
Workes not on her, who now is grown all eye;
Who, if she meet the body of the Sunne,
Goes through, not staying till his course be runne;
Who findes in Mars his Campe no corps of Guard;
Nor is by love, nor by his father barr’d;
But ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at, and through the Firmament.
And as these stars were but so many beads
Strung on one string, speed undistinguish’d leads
Her through those Spheres, as through the beads, a string,
Whose quick succession makes it still one thing:
As doth the pith, which, left our bodies flacke,
Strings fast the little bones of necke, and backe;
So by the Soule doth death string Heaven and Earth;
For when our Soule enjoyes this her third birth,
(creation gave her one, a second, grace,) Heaven is as neare, and present to her face,
As colours are, and objects, in a roome
Where darkness was before, when Tapers come.
This must, my Soule, thy long-shot Progresse bee;
To advance these thoughts, remember then, that she,
She, whose faire body no such prison was,
But that a Soule might well be pleas’d to passe
An age in her; the whole rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her;
Shee, in whose body (if we dare preferre

To advance these thoughts; Remember then that she,
1633–69, Chambers and Grolier. See note

This
This low world, to so high a marke as shee,
The Western treasure, Eastern spicerie,
Europe, and Afrique, and the unknowne rest
Were easily found, or what in them was best;
And when w'have made this large discoverie
Of all, in her some one part then will bee
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
Shee, whom had they knowne who did first betroth
The Tutelar Angels, and assign'd one, both
To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
To Functions, Offices, and Dignities,
And to each several man, to him, and him,
They would have given her one for every limbe;
She, of whose soule, if wee may say, 'twas Gold,
Her body was th'Electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that; wee understood
Her by her sight; her pure, and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought;
Shee, shee, thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone:
And chides us slow-pac'd snails who crawle upon
Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke us well,
Longer, then whil't wee beare our brittle shell.
But 'twere but little to have chang'd our roome,
If, as we were in this our living Tombe
Opprest with ignorance, wee still were so.
Poore soule, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
Thou know'st thy selfe so little, as thou know'st not,
How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poison of mans sinne.
Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st, that thou art so)
By what way thou art made immortall, know.
Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend

Her ignorance in this life, and knowledge in the next.\footnote{Of all 1612-25}

\footnote{Discoverie, 1612-25.} Discovere. 1612-25. \footnote{Of all,} Of all 1612-25 1632.\footnote{align'd Ed.} align'd 1612-69. \footnote{Dignities, 1612-25} Dignities, 1612-25. \footnote{dignities.} 1633-69. \footnote{Gold. 1612-25} Gold, 1612-25. \footnote{gold. 1633-69} 1633-69. \footnote{underflood} underflood 1612-25. \footnote{unflood 1621-25} 1621-25. \footnote{249 well.} 249 well. \footnote{well} 1612 25. \footnote{251 little} 251 little. \footnote{little 1633} 1633.\footnote{Ed.} Even
Even thy selfe: yea though thou wouldst but bend
To know thy body. Have not all soules thought
For many ages, that our body's is wrought
Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Elements?
And now they thinke of new ingredients,
And one Soule thinkes one, and another way
Another thinkes, and 'tis an even lay.
Knowst thou but how the stone doth enter in
The bladders cave, and never breake the skinne?
Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe?
And for the putrid stuffe, which thou dost spit,
Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no passages, so that there is
(For ought thou know'st) piercing of substancess.
And of those many opinions which men raise
Of Nailes and Haires, dost thou know which to praise?
What hope have wee to know our selves, when wee
Know not the least things, which for our use be?
Wee see in Authors, too sffe to recant,
A hundred controversies of an Ant;
And yet one watches, starves, freeses, and sweats,
To know but Catechismes and Alphabets
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
How others on our stage their parts did Act;
What Caesar did, yea, and what Cicero said.
Why grassfe is greene, or why our blood is red,
Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto.
In this low forme, poore soule, what wilt thou doe?
When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,
Of being taught by senfe, and Fantasfe?
Thou look'st through spectacles; small things feeme great
Below; But up unto the watch-towre get,
And see all things despoyl'd of fallacies:
Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eyes,

265 Ayre, and Fire, 1612-25: aire, and fire, 1633-69
266 ingredients, 1612: ingredients, 1621-69
268 'tis ty's 1612-21
270 breake 1612: brake 1621-33: break 1635-69
287 said, 1612-25: said
291 Pedantry] Pedantry 1650-69
292 taught

Nor
Of the Progresse of the Soule.

Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares, nor learne
By circuit, or collections to discerne.
In heaven thou straight know'lt all, concerning it,
And what concerns it not, shalt straight forget.
There thou (but in no other school) maist bee
Perchance, as learned, and as full, as thee,
Shee who all libraries had throughly read
At home in her owne thoughts, and practised
So much good as would make as many more:
Shee whole example they must all implore,
Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confess
That all the vertuous Actions they express,
Are but a new, and worse edition
Of her some one thought, or one action:
She who in th'art of knowing Heaven, was growne
Here upon earth, to such perfection,
That she hath, ever since to Heaven she came,
(In a far fairer print,) but read the same:
Shee, thee not satisfied with all this weight,
(For so much knowledge, as would over-fraight
Another, did but ballaft her) is gone
As well t'enjoy, as get perfection.
And call us after her, in that shee tooke,
(Taking her selfe) our best, and worthiest booke.
Returne not, my Soule, from this extasia,
And meditation of what thou shalt bee,
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare,
With whom thy conversation must be there.
With whom wilt thou converse? what station
Canst thou choose out, free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?
Shalt thou not finde a spungie flackle Divine
Drinke and sucke in th'Instruction of Great men,
And for the word of God, vent them azen?
Are there not some Courts (and then, no things bee

Of our company in this life, and in the next.
So like as Courts) which, in this let us see,
That wits and tongues of Libellers are weake,
Because they do more ill, then these can speake?
The poyfon's gone through all, poyfons affect
Chiefly the chiefest parts, but some effect
In nails, and hairs, yea excrements, will shew;
So lyes the poyfon of sinne in the moost low.
Up, up, my drowsie Soule, where thy new eare
Shall in the Angels songs no discord heare;
Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that, which men have said.
Where she is exalted more for being good,
Then for her interest of Mother-hood.
Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit
Expecting Christ, then they'have enjoy'd him yet.
Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see
Their Prophefies growne to be Historie.
Up to th'Apostles, who did bravely runne
All the Suns course, with more light then the Sunne.
Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oyle to th'Apostles Lamps, dew to their feed.
Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost
They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his Temple give.
Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live
She, who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities.
Shee, who being to her selfe a State, injoy'd
All royalties which any State employ'd;
For shee made warres, and triumph'd; reason still
Did not o'rtrow, but rectifie her will:
And she made peace, for no peace is like this,
That beauty, and chastity together kisse:
She did high justice, for shee crucified
Every first motion of rebellious pride:

And
Of the Progress of the Soule.

And she gave pardons, and was liberall,
For, only her selfe except, she pardon'd all:
Shee coy'nd, in this, that her impressions gave
To all our actions all the worth they have:
She gave protections; the thoughts of her brest
Satans rude Officers could ne'r arrest.
As these prerogatives being met in one,
Made her a soveraigne State; religion
Made her a Church; and these two made her all.
She who was all this, and could not fall
To worse, by company, (for she was still
More Antidote, then all the world was ill,)
Shee, shee doth leave it, and by Death, survive
All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not strive
The more, because shees there, he doth not know
That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow.
But paufe, my soule; And study, ere thou fall
On accidentall joyes, the effentiall.
Still before Accesories doe abide
A triall, muft the principall be tride.
And what effentiall joy can't thou expect
Here upon earth? what permanent effect
Of tranitory causes? Doth thou love
Beauty? (And beauty worthy't is to move)
Poore coufened coufener, that she, and that thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now;
You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
Next day repaires, (but ill) laft dayes decay.
Nor are, (although the river keepe the name)
Yesterdaies waters, and to daies the fame.
So flowes her face, and thine eyes, neither now
That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow
Concern'd, remains; but whil'st you thinke you bee
Constant, you'are hourly in inconstancie.

Of essentiaall joy in this life and in the next.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,  
Because that God did live so long above  
Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,  
That he at last made Creatures to bestow 
Honour on him; not that he needed it,  
But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit.  
But since all Honours from inferiours flow,  
(For they doe give it; Princes doe but shew  
Whom they would have so honor'd) and that this  
On such opinions, and capacities

Is built, as rise and fall, to more and leffe:  
Alas, 'tis but a casuall happiness.

Hath ever any man to'himselfe allign'd 
This or that happiness to'arrest his minde,  
But that another man which takes a worse,  
Thinks him a foole for having tane that course?  
They who did labour Babels tower to'erect,  
 Might have considered, that for that effect,  
All this whole solid Earth could not allow  
Nor furnifh forth materialls enow;  
And that this Center, to raise such a place,  
Was farre too little, to have beene the Bafe;  
No more affords this world, foundation  
To ereft true joy, were all the meanes in one.  
But as the Heathen made them severall gods,  
Of all Gods Benefits, and all his Rods,  
(For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are  
Gods unto them, so Agues bee, and Warre)  
And as by changing that whole precious Gold  
To such small Copper coynes, they loft the old,  
And loft their only God, who ever muft  
Be sought alone, and not in such a thruf't:

264 Of the Progresse of the Soule.

So much mankinde true happi
mance mistakes;
No Joy enjoyes that man, that many makes.
Then, Soule, to thy first pitch worke up againe;
Know that all lines which circles doe containe,
For once that they the Center touch, doe touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou such;
Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth emploid;
All will not serve; Only who have enjoy'd
The fight of God, in fulneffe, can thinke it;
For it is both the object, and the wit.
This is effentiall joy, where neither hee
Can suffer diminution, nor wee;
'Tis such a full, and such a filling good;
Had th'Angels once look'd on him, they had stood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
Shee whom wee celebrate, is gone before.
She, who had Here so much effentiall joy,
As no chance could distract, much leffe destroy;
Who with Gods prefence was acquainted so,
(Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural Stone, or Tree,
Better then when in Images they bee:
Who kept by diligent devotion,
Gods Image, in such reparation,
Within her heart, that what decay was growne,
Was her first Parents fault, and not her owne:
Who being solicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his safe precontract;
Who by a faithfull confidence, was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
Whose twilights were more cleare, then our mid-day;
Who dreamt devoutlier, then most use to pray;
Who being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to bee,
Both where more grace, and more capacitie
At once is given: the to Heaven is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion

433 much| much, 1635-39  435 up| upon 1632-25  449 Here
1612-25: here 1633-69  463 cleare,| cleane, 1635
A heaven,
The second Anniversary.

A heaven, and here, became unto us all,
Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiaall.
But could this low world joyes essentiaall touch,
Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much.
How poore and lame, muii then our casuall bee?
If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than,
By being greater, growne to bee lesse Man.
When no Physitian of redresse can speake,
A joyfull casuall violence may breake
A dangerous Apostem in thy breast;
And whil'l't thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest,
The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
What e'r was casuall, may ever bee.
What should the nature change? Or make the same
Certaine, which was but casuall, when it came?
All casuall joy doth loud and plainly say,
Only by coming, that it can away.
Only in Heaven joyes strength is never spent;
And accidentall things are permanent.
Joy of a soules arrivall ne'er decays;
For that soule ever joyes and ever itaies.
Joy that their last great Consummation
Approaches in the resurrection;
When earthly bodies more celestiall
Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall;
This kinde of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part, that shee,
Shee, in whole goodnesse, he that names degree,
Doth injure her; ('Tis losse to be call'd beft,
There where the stuffe is not such as the rest)
Shee, who left such a bodie, as even shee
Only in Heaven could learne, how it can bee
Made better; for shee rather was two soules,
Of the Progress of the Soule.

Or like to full on both sides written Rols,
Where eyes might reade upon the outward skin,
As strong Records for God, as mindes within;
Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
Peeces a Circle, and still keepes it so,
Long’d for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
Where shee receives, and gives addition.

Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames
A thousand Prayers to Saints, whose very names
The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet:
And where, what lawes of Poetry admit,
Lawes of Religion have at leaft the fame,
Immortall Maide, I might invoke thy name.
Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here should’t make me a French convertite.
But thou would’st not; nor would’st thou be content,
To take this, for my second yeares true Rent,
Did this Coine beare any other stampe, then his,
That gave thee power to doe, me, to say this.
Since his will is, that to posteritie,
Thou should’ft for life, and death, a patterne bee,
And that the world should notice have of this,
The purpose, and th’authoritie is his;
Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
The Trumpet, at whose voyce the people came.

506 within; Ed: within. 1612 39: within. 1650-69
516 invoke|inroque 1612-25
518 French 1655-69: french 1612-33
520 Rent] Rent. 1633
Elegie upon the untimely death of the incomparable
Prince Henry.

Look to mee faith, and looke to my faith, God;
For both my centers feele this period.
Of waight one center, one of greatnesse is;
And Reason is that center, Faith is this;
For into'our reason flow, and there do end
All, that this naturall world doth comprehend:
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference.
But for th'enormous greatnesse, which are
So disproportion'd, and so angulare,
As is Gods essence, place and providence,
Where, how, when, what foules do, departed hence,
These things (eccentrique else) on faith do strike;
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
For reason, put to'her best extension,
Almost meetes faith, and makes both centers one.
And nothing ever came so neare to this,
As contemplation of that Prince, wee misse.
For all that faith might credit mankinde could,
Reason still seconed, that this prince would.
If then leaft moving of the center, make
More, then if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,
What muft this do, centers distracted so,
That wee fee not what to beleev'e or know?
Was it not well beleev'ed till now, that hee,
Whofe reputation was an extafie
On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
Till hee discover'd what wayes he would take;
For whom, what Princes angled, when they tryed,
Met a Torpedo, and were ftupified;
And others ftudies, how he would be bent;
Was his great fathers greatefit instrument,
And activ'ft spirit, to convey and tie
This foule of peace, through Chrifitianity?
Was it not well beleev'ed, that hee would make
This generall peace, th'Eternall overtake,
And that his times might have stretch'd out fo farre,
As to touch thofe, of which they emblems are?
For to confirme this juft beleefe, that now
The laft dayes came, wee faw heav'n did allow,
That, but from his afpe6t and exercife,
In peacefull times, Rumors of war did rise.
But now this faith is herefie: we muft
Still ftay, and veexe our great-grand-mother, Duft.
Oh, is God prodigall? hath he spent his fotre
Of plagues, on us; and onely now, when more
Would eafe us much, doth he grudge misery;
And will not let's enjoy our curfe; to dy?
As, for the earth throwne loweft downe of all,
T'were an ambition to defire to fall,
So God, in our defire to dye, doth know
Our plot for eafe, in being wretched fo.

Therefore
Epicedes and Obsequies.

Therefore we live; though such a life wee have,
As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth, and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Sultaines in us; Earth, which griefes animate?
Nor hath our world now, other Soule then that.
And could griefe get so high as heav'n, that Quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
(With griefe to see him) hee had stayd below,
To rectifie our errours, They foreknow.
Is th'other center, Reafon, fatter then?
Where should we looke for that, now we'are not men?
For if our Reafon be our connexion
Of causes, now to us there can be none.
For, as, if all the substances were spent,
'Twere madness, to enquire of accident,
So is't to looke for reason, hee being gone,
The onely subject reason wrought upon.
If Fate have such a chaine, whose divers links
Industrious man discerneth, as hee thinks;
When miracle doth come, and so steale in
A new linke, man knowes not, where to begin:
At a much deader fault muft reason bee,
Death having broke off such a linke as hee.
But now, for us, with busie prooue to come,
That we'have no reason, would prove wee had some.
So would just lamentations: Therefore wee
May safelyer fay, that we are dead, then hee.
So, if our griefs wee do not well declare,
We'have double excuse; he'is not dead; and we are.
Yet I would not dy yet; for though I bee

57 animate? animate; 1633 66 Of 1633-69: With 1613 67
as, 1613: as 1633-69 69 So is't to | So 'is to 1669 71 Fate
come, 1633-69: joine: 1613 77 so steale in 1633-69: to steale-in 1613
77 prooue 1633-69: prooues 1613 78 some, 1633: some, 1635-69
80 hee. 1633: hee, 1635-69 82 and we are, 1633-54: we are, 1613,
1669 83 I would not 1633-54: would not 1 1669
Too
Too narrow, to thinke him, as hee is hee,
(Our Soules beft baiting, and midd-period,
In her long journey, of considering God)
Yet, (no diffhonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embrace the fires of love, with us.
Oh may I, (since I live) but see, or heare,
That the-Intelligence which mov'd this sphare,
I pardon Fate, my life: Who ere thou bee,
Which haft the noble confcience, thou art thee,
I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
By th'oathes, which onely you two never broke,
By all the soules yee sigh'd, that if you see
These lines, you with, I knew your history.
So much, as you, two mutuall heav'ns were here,
I were an Angell, finging what you were.

To the Counteffe of Bedford.

Madame,
I Have learn'd by those lawes wherein I am a little converfant,
that hee which beftowes any cost upon the dead, obliges him
which is dead, but not the heire; I do not therefore fend this
paper to your Ladyship, that you should thanke mee for it, or
thinke that I thanke you in it; your favours and benefits to mee
are so much above my merits, that they are even above my
gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which must expresse
it: But, Madame, since your noble brothers fortune being yours,
the evidences also concerning it are yours, so his vertue being
yours, the evidences concerning it, belong also to you, of which by
your acceptance this may be one peece, in which quality I humbly
present it, and as a testimony how entirely your familie possesseth
Your Ladifhips moft humble
and thankful servant

John Donne.

97 So much, as you, 1633-69: So, much as you Chambers
To the Counteffe Sir, 1633-69, and in most of the MSS. as next page 1 a
1633 54: om. 1669 2 the | his 1669 3 yours, 1633: yours: 1635-69
4 vertue 1633: vertues 1635-69 5 it, 1633: that 1635-69
Obsequies
Obsequies to the Lord Harrington, brother to the Lady Lucy, Countess of Bedford.

Aire soule, which waft, not onely, as all soules bee,  
    Then when thou waft infused, harmony,  
But did'nt continue fo; and now doft beare  
A part in Gods great organ, this whole Spheare:  
If looking up to God; or downe to us,  
Thou finde that any way is pervious,  
Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mans actions doe  
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,  
See, and with joy, mee to that good degree  
Of goodnesse growne, that I can studie thee,  
And, by these meditations refin'd,  
Can unapparell and enlarge my minde,  
And fo can make by this soft extasie,  
This place a map of heav'n, my selfe of thee.  
Thou seest mee here at midnight, now all reft;  
Times dead-low water; when all mindes deuert  
To morrows businesse, when the labourers have  
Such reft in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,  
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this,  
Now when the cyent, whose last hearing is  
To morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,  
(Who when hee opes his eyes, muft shut them than  
Againe by death,) although sad watch hee kepe,  
Doth practice dying by a little sleepe,  
Thou at this midnight seest mee, and as soone  
As that Sunne rises to mee, midnight's noone,
All the world growes transparent, and I see
Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee;
And I discern by favour of this light,
My selfe, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glasse; as thou when thou dost see
Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee,
So, yet ungloriied, I comprehend
All, in these mirrors of thy ways, and end.
Though God be our true glasse, through which we see
All, since the being of all things is hee,
Yet are the trunks which doe to us derive
Things, in proportion fit, by perspective,
Deeds of good men; for by their living here,
Vertues, indeed remote, seem to be neare.
But where can I affirm, or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
For fluid vertue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodies change, and as I do not weare
Those Spirits, humors, blood I did last yeare,
And, as if on a streame I fixe mine eye,
That drop, which I looked on, is presently
Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone.
So in this sea of vertues, can no one
Be'infist on; vertues, as rivers, pass,
Yet still remains that vertuous man there was.
And as if man feed on mans flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,

30 hardes] hardyes 1669 34 end. D: end; 1633-69 35 our
true glasse, 1633-69 (glasse, 1633): truly our glafs A25,B,D,H,J,G,Lee,
N,O,F,S,S96,TCD see] fec 1633 some copies, 1635 38 Things, in
proportion fit, by perspective, D: Things, in proportion fit by perspective,
1633: Things, in proportion, fit by perspective, 1633-54, Chambers: Things
in proportion, fit by perspective, 1669. See note 39 men; D: men,
1633: men: 1635-69 living 1633: being 1635-69, Chambers and
Grolier 40 neare. 1633-69: nere: 1633 44 contemplation. Ed:
contemplation; 1633-69 51 on; Ed: on, 1633-69 52 was. Ed:
was; 1633-69 53 feed 1635-69 and MSS.: feeds 1633

Yet
Epicedes and Obsequies.

Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
Became God knowes where every Atome lyes;
So, if one knowledge were made of all thofe,
Who knew his minutes well, hee might dispose
His vertues into names, and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Destinie,
Should I divide and discontinue so,
Vertue, which did in one intireneffe grow.
For as, hee that would fay, spirits are fram'd
Of all the pureft parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not spirits halfe fo much, as hee
Which fayes, they have no parts, but fimple bee;
So is't of vertue; for a point and one
Are much entiuer then a million.
And had Fate meant to have his vertues told,
It would have let him live to have beene old;
So, then that vertue in feafon, and then this,
We might have feene, and faid, that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
In good short lives, vertues are faine to thruft,
And to be sure betimes to get a place,
When they would exercife, lacke time, and space.
So was it in this person, forc'd to bee
For lack of time, his owne epitome:
So to exhibit in few yeares as much,
As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch.
As when an Angell down from heav'n doth flye,
Our quick thought cannot keepe him company,
Wee cannot thinke, now hee is at the Sunne,
Now through the Moon, now he through th'aire doth run,

Yet
Yet when he's come, we know he did repaire
To all twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sunne, Moon, and Aire;
And as this Angell in an instant knowes,
And yet wee know, this fudaine knowledge growes
By quick amassing severall formes of things,
Which he successively to order brings;
When they, whose low-pac'd lame thoughts cannot goe
So faft as hee, thinke that he doth not fo;
Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell,
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
Yet without doubt, hee doth distinctly see
And lay together every A, and B;
So, in short liv'd good men, is'not understood
Each severall vertue, but the compound good;
For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,
As Angells goe, and know, and as men read.
O why should then these men, these lumps of Balme
Sent hither, this worlds tempests to becalme,
Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spred,
And fo make us alive, themselves be dead?
O Soule, O circle, why so quickly bee
Thy ends, thy birth and death, clos'd up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compass still was plac'd
In heav'n, the other might securely have pac'd
In the most large extent, through every path,
Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath.
Thou knowst, that though the tropique circles have
(Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,)  
All the fame roundnesse, evennesse, and all
The endlessnesse of the equinoctiall;
Yet, when we come to measure distances,
How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,
Epicedes and Obsequies.

When he doth faintly worke, and when prevaile,
Onely great circles, than can be our scale:
So, though thy circle to thy selfe expresse
All, tending to thy endlee happinelle,
And wee, by our good use of it may trye,
Both how to live well young, and how to die,
Yet, since we must be old, and age endures
His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
Of hot ambitions, irrelegions ice,
Zeales agues, and hydroptique avarice,
Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
As well as luft, and ignorance of youth;
Why did'ft thou not for these give medicines too,
And by thy doing tell us what to doe?
Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele
Doth each mismition and distemper feel,
Whose hand gets shaking palfies, and whose fpring
(His finewes) slackens, and whose Soule, the fpring,
Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the fyre,
Either beates not, or beates unevenly,
Whose voice, the Bell, doth rattle, or grow dumbe,
Or idle, as men, which to their laft hours come,
If these clockes be not wound, or be wound still,
Or be not set, or set at every will;
So, youth is easiest to destruction,
If then wee follow all, or follow none.
Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
Plac'd to informe whole towns, to'imploy their time,
An error doth more harme, being generall,
When, small clocks faults, only'on the wearer fall;

117 When . . when 1633-69, D, H,49, Lec: Where . . where rest of MSS.
118 circles, than can D: circles, then, can 1633-69 121 it] that many MSS.
125 ambitions.] ambition, 1669 126 agues, Ed: agues;
1633-69 127-8 in brackets 1635-69 128 As well as luft, 1669:
As well, as luft, 1633-54 130 tell us 1633, 1669. A25, D, H,49. N. S.
TCD: set us 1635-54, B, O'F, S96, and Chambers 133 hand gets A25.
note 135 flete, 1633: flete, 1635-69 138 hours come, 1633-54: hour
come, 1669: hours are come, Chambers 142 none. 1635-69: none;
1633 146 fall; Ed: fall, 1633-69

T 2

So
So worke the faults of age, on which the eye
Of children, servants, or the State relie.
Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a soule,
A clock so true, as might the Sunne controule,
And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
Instructions, such as it could never be
Disordered, stay here, as a generall
And great Sun-dyall, to have set us All?
O why wouldst thou be any instrument
To this unnaturall course, or why consent
To this, not miracle, but Prodigie,
That when the ebbs, longer then flowings be,
Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
Should so much faster ebb out, then flow in?
Though her flood was blowne in, by thy first breath,
All is at once funke in the whirle-poole death.
Which word I would not name, but that I see
Death, else a desert, growne a Court by thee.
Now I grow sure, that if a man would have
Good companie, his entry is a grave.
Mee thinkes all Cities, now, but Anthills bee,
Where, when the severall labourers I see,
For children, house, Provision, taking paine,
They're all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain;
And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
The most repaire, that are in goodnesse rich.
There is the best concourse, and confluence,
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
Begins Gods City, New Jerusalem,
Which doth extend her utmoft gates to them.
At that gate then Triumphant foule, dost thou
Begin thy Triumph; But since lawes allow

154 great] grave A25, C 155 wouldst] wouldst 1639-54 any
1633-35, and MSS.: an 1639-69, Chambers 158 when 1633-69:
where C, D, H49, N, O'F, S, TCD: whereas B 161 was 1633: were
1635-69 165 grow sure, 1633; D, H49, Lee: am sure, 1635-69 170
and 1633-69: or A25, B, C, N, O'F, S, 896, TCD 176 them. D: them;
1633, 1639-69: them, 1635 178 Triumph; 1633: Triumph. 1635-69
That
Epicedes and Obsequies.

That at the Triumph day, the people may,
All that they will, 'gainst the Triumphant lay,
Let me here use that freedome, and expresse
My griefe, though not to make thy Triumph leffe.
By law, to Triumphs none admitted bee,
Till they as Magistrates get victorie;
Though then to thy force, all youthes foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
To which thy ranke in this state desir'd thee,
That there thy counsailes might get victorie,
And so in that capacitie remove
All jealousies 'twixt Prince and subjects love,
Thou couldst no title, to this triumph have,
Thou didst intrude on death, usurp'dt a grave.
Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
But with thine owne afflictions, with the heat
Of youthes desires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou shouldst successfully advance
Thine armes 'gainst forraigne enemies, which are
Both Envy, and acclamations popular,
(For, both these engines equally defeate,
Though by a divers Mine, those which are great,)
Till then thy War was but a civill War,
For which to Triumph, none admitted are.
No more are they, who though with good success,
In a defensive war, their power expresse;
Before men triumph, the dominion
Must be enlarg'd, and not preserv'd alone;
Why shouldst thou then, whose battailes were to win
Thy selfe, from those traits nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that state,
Of which he gave thee the vicariate,

184 victorie; Ed: victorie, 1633-69  186 brought | wrought 1639.
Chambers 192 usurp'dt B, D, H49, N, TCD: usurp'dt 1633, Lec, Sy6:
usurpe 1637-69, A25, JC. O'F, Chambers 193 Then 1635-69: That
1633-198 acclamations 1669, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, Sy6, TCD:
acclamation 1633-54 202 are. D: are; 1633-69 204 expresse;
Ed: expresse. 1633-69

(Which
Epicedes and Obsequies.

(Which is thy soule and body) as intire
As he, who takes endeavours, doth require,
But didst not stay, t'enlarge his kingdome too,
By making others, what thou didst, to doe;
Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more
Hath got, by getting thee, then't had before?
For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
Of one another in possessioun were.
But this from Triumph most disables thee,
That, that place which is conquered, must be
Left safe from present warre, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to breake out:
And hath he left us so? or can it bee
His territory was no more then Hee?
No, we were all his charge, the Diocis
Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is,
And he was joyned in commissioun
With Tutelar Angells, sent to every one.
But though this freedome to upbraid, and chide
Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at Pompey jeaft, but they might not
At that autoritie, by which he got
Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might;
So, though, triumphant soule, I dare to write,
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus,
That thou so carely wouldst abandon us;
Yet I am farre from daring to dispute
With that great soveraigntie, whose absolute
Prerogative hath thus dispent'd with thee,
'Gainst natures lawes, which just impugners bee

212 endeavours, 1635-54, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lee, N, O'F, S, S96,
TCD: Indentours, 1669, Chambers 216 'thad] 'had 1633-39 218
were. D: were; 1633-69 222 out: 1635-69: out. 1633 224
His 1633-54: This 1669 then 1633-69: but D, H49, N, O'F, S, S96,
Of
Of early triumphs; And I (though with paine)
Lessen our losse, to magnifie thy gaine
Of triumph, when I say, It was more fit,
That all men should lacke thee, then thou lack it.
Though then in our time, be not suffered
That testimonie of love, unto the dead,
To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives, and French foldurii did;
And though in no degree I can express
Griefe in great Alexanders great excelle,
Who at his friends death, made whole townes devese
Their walls and bullwarks which became them beft:
Doe not, faire foule, this sacrifice refuse,
That in thy grave I doe interre my Mufe,
Who, by my griefe, great as thy worth, being caft
Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her laft.

Elegie on the Lady Marckham.

M An is the World, and death th'Ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
God hath set markes, and bounds, twixt us and it,
Yet doth it rore, and gnaw, and still pretend,
And breaks our bankes, when ere it takes a friend.
Then our land waters (teares of passion) vent;
Our waters, then, above our firmament,
(Teares which our Soule doth for her sins let fall)
Take all a brackish taft, and Funerall,
And even these teares, which should waft sin, are sin.
We, after God's Noe, drowne our world againe.
Nothing but man of all invenom'd things
Doth worke upon itselfe, with inborne stings.
Teares are false Spectacles, we cannot see
Through passions mist, what wee are, or what shee.
In her this sea of death hath made no breach,
But as the tide doth waft the slimie beach,
And leaves embroder'd workes upon the sand,
So is her fleh refin'd by deaths cold hand.
As men of China, after an ages stay,
Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay;
So at this grave, her limbecke, which refines
The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles, and Mines,
Of which this fleh was, her foule shall inspire
Fleh of such stuffe, as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall,
Make and name then, th'Elixar of this All.
They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too;
If carnall Death (the younger brother) doe
Usurpe the body, our foule, which subjeæt is
To th'elder death, by sinne, is freed by this;
They perish both, when they attempt the juft;
For, graves our trophies are, and both deaths duft.
So, unobnoxious now, she' hath buried both;
For, none to death finnes, that to sinne is loth,
Nor doe they die, which are not loth to die;
So hath she this, and that virginity.
Epi
cedes and Obsequies.

Grace was in her extremely diligent,

That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent.

Of what small spots pure white complaines! Alas,

How little poison cracks a chrifall glasse!

She finn'd, but just enough to let us fee

That God's word must be true, All, sinners be.

Soe much did zeale her conscience rarefie,

That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,

Making omissions, acts; laying the touch

Of sinne, on things that sometimes may be such.

As Moses Cherubines, whose natures doe

Surpass all speed, by him are winged too:

So would her soule, already in heaven, seeme then,

To clyme by teares, the common staires of men.

How fit she was for God, I am content

To speake, that Death his vaine halfe may repent.

How fit for us, how even and how sweet,

How good in all her titles, and how meet,

To have reform'd this forward heresie,

That women can no parts of friendship bee;

How Morall, how Divine shall not be told,

Left they that heare her vertues, thinke her old:

And left we take Deaths part, and make him glad

Of such a prey, and to his tryumph adde.


Elegie
Elegie on Mris Boulfred.

Death I recant, and say, unfaid by mee
What ere hath flip'd, that might diminish thee.
Spirituall treason, atheifme 'tis, to say,
That any can thy Summons disoblige.

Th'earths face is but thy Table; there are set
Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eat.
In a rude hunger now hee millions draws
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or sterv'd jawes.
Now hee will seeme to spare, and doth more wait,
Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last.

Now wantonly he spoiles, and eates us not.
But breakes off friends, and lets us peecemeale rot.
Nor will this earth serve him; he sinks the deepe
Where harmelleffe fishe monastique silence keepe,
Who (were Death dead) by Roes of living land,
Might spunge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the aire, and breaks the hymnique notes
In birds (Heavens choristers,) organique throats,
Which (if they did not dye) might seeme to bee
A tenth ranke in the heavenly hierarchie.

O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'ft thou in?
And how without Creation didft begin?
Thou haft, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest,
All the foure Monarchies, and Antichrist.
How could I thinke thee nothing, that see now
In all this All, nothing else is, but thou.
Our births and lives, vices, and vertues, bee
Wastfull consumptions, and degrees of thee.

Lce, N.O F.P.S,TCC, TCD: in Cy. O.F. P this and the Elegie, Death, be
not proud (p. 416) are given as one poem. See note 5 there are set] and the meate A18.L74.N.TC 6 dishes 1635,1650–69: difh'd
1635–39, A18.L74.N.O F.S96.TC 10 firft.] fruite or fruities A18,
H49.L74.N.TC: firft fruit P 14 keepe, 1635–39: keepe. 1635,
1650–69 15 by Roes 1635: the Roes 1635–54: the Rows 1669:
by rows A18,N.O F.P.S96.TC 18 birds Ed: birds, 1635–69
(Heavens choristers) ] brackets from HN 27 lives, 1635–69,A25.
Cy. O.F. P.S: lifes, HN: life, 1635, A18, D.H49.L74.Lce, N.TC
For,
For, wee to live, our bellowes weare, and breath,
Nor are wee mortall, dying, dead, but death.
And though thou beeest, O mighty bird of prey,
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
All that thou kill'ft at his feet, yet doth hee
Reserve but few, and leaves the most to thee.
And of those few, now thou haft overthrown
One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own.
She was more stories high: hopefull to come
To her Soule, thou'haft offer'd at her lower roome.
Her Soule and body was a King and Court:
But thou haft both of Captaine mist and fort.
As houses fall not, though the King remove,
Bodies of Saints rest for their soules above.
Death gets 'twixt soules and bodies such a place
As sinne infinuates 'twixt just men and grace,
Both worke a separation, no divorce.
Her Soule is gone to uther up her corse,
Which shall be'almost another soule, for there
Bodies are purer, then beft Soules are here.
Because in her, her virtues did outgoe
Her yeares, would'ft thou, O emulous death, do so?
And kill her young to thy losse? must the cost
Of beauty, and wit, apt to doe harme, be lost?
What though thou found'ft her provee 'gainst sins of youth?
Oh, every age a diverse sinne pursueth.
Thou should'ft have stay'd, and taken better hold,
Shortly, ambitious; covetous, when old,
She might have prov'd: and such devotion
Might once have stray'd to superstition.
If all her vertues must have growne, yet might
Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.
Had she persever'd just, there would have bin
Some that would sinne, mis-thinking she did sinne.
Such as would call her friendship, love, and faine
To sociableness, a name profane;
Or sinne, by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wishing, though they never told her what.
Thus might't thou'have slain more foules, had't thou not
croft
Thy selfe, and to triumph, thine army loft.
Yet though these wayes be loft, thou haft left one,
Which is, immoderate griefe that she is gone.
But we may scape that sinne, yet weepe as much,
Our teares are due, because we are not such.
Some teares, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
Because the chaine is broke, though no linke loft.

E L E G I E.

Death.

L

Anguage thou art too narrow, and too weake
To clee us now; great sorrow cannot speake;
If we could figh out accents, and weepe words,
Griefe weares, and leffens, that tears breath affordes.
Sad hearts, the less they seem the more they are,
(So guilty men stand mute at the barre)
Not that they know not, feel not their estate,
But extreme sense hath made them desperate.
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we bee;
Tyrant, in the first and greatest Monarchy,

Was't, that she did possess all hearts before,

Thou hast kil'd her, to make thy Empire more?
Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
As in a deluge perish th'innocent?

Was't not enough to have that palace wonne,

But thou must raze it too, that was undone?

Had'st thou staid there, and look'd out at her eyes,

All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies,
For they let out more light, then they tooke in,

They told not when, but did the day beginne.

She was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee;

Clay, flint, and jet now thy fit dwellings be;

Alas, shee was too pure, but not too weake;

Who e'er saw Christall Ordinance but would break?

And if we bee thy conquest, by her fall

Th'haft lost thy end, for in her perish all;

Or if we live, we live but to rebell,

They know her better now, that knew her well.

If we should vapour out, and pine, and die;

Since, shee first went, that were not miserie.

Shee chang'd our world with hers; now she is gone,

Mirth and prosperity is oppression;

For of all morall vertues she was all,

The Ethicks speake of vertues Cardinall.

8 desperate. Ed: desperate; 1633–69 10 Tyrant, 1633, 1669
(no comma): Tyran. 1635–54 20 beginne. Ed: beginne; 1633–69
21 for 1635–69: to 1633 26 for in her 1633 and all the MSS.: in
her we 1633–69. Chambers 28 They... that... well; 1633, Cy, H40,
HN, L74, N.S. TC: That know her better now, who knew her well.
1635–69, B. O’F, P, S96 29 and pine, and ] or pine, or Cy, H40, HN,
1633–69 34 The Ethicks speake 1633. At8, Cy, H40, L74, N. P, TC:
That Ethickes speake 1635–69. B, O’F, S: The ethenickes speake HN
Cardinall. Ed: Cardinall; 1633–69

Her
Epicedes and Obsequies.

Her soule was Paradise; the Cherubin
Shee had no more then let in death, for wee
All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree.
God tooke her hence, left some of us should love
Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above,
And when wee teares, hee mercy shed in this,
To raise our mindes to heaven where now she is;
Who if her vertues would have let her stay
Wee'had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire,
Religion, did not confume, but'inspire
Such piety, fo chaft ufe of Gods day,
That what we turne to feast, she turn'd to pray,
And did prefigure here, in devout taft,
The reft of her high Sabaoth, which shall laft.
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
(For she was of that order whence moft fell)
Her body left with us, left some had said,
Shee could not die, except they saw her dead;
For from lefse vertue, and lefse beautiousnesse,
The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddeses.
The ravenous earth that now woos her to be
Earth too, will be a Lemnia; and the tree
That wraps that chrifhalt in a wooden Tombe,
Shall be tooke up spruce, fill'd with diamond;
And we her sad glad friends all beare a part
Of griefe, for all would waite a Stoicks heart.

Elegie
Elegie on the L. C.

Sorr"ow, who to this house scarce knew the way:
Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey.
This strange chance claimes strange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be so strange, as to weepe thus.
'Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve,
And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve:
'Tis well, hee kept teares from our eyes before,
That to fit this deepe ill, we might have store.
Oh, if a sweet briar, climbe up by'a tree,
If to a paradifie that transplanted bee,
Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,
As we for him dead: though no familie
Ere rigg'd a soule for heavens discoverie
With whom more Venturers more boldly dare
Venture their states, with him in joy to share.
Wee lose what all friends lov'd, him; he gaines now
But life by death, which worst foes would allow,
If hee could have foes, in whose practice grew
All vertues, whose names subtile Schoolmen knew.
What ease, can hope that wee shall see' him, beget,
When wee must die first, and cannot dye yet?
His children are his pictures, Oh they bee
Pictures of him dead, senfeleffe, cold as he.
Here needs no marble Tombe, since hee is gone,
He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

2 prey. 1633: prey, 1635–54: Pay, 1669 4 thus, 1669: thus; 1633–54
An hymne to the Saints, and to Marquess Hamylton.

To Sir Robert Carr.

Sir,

Presume you rather try what you can doe in me, then what I can doe in verse; you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects. In this present case there is so much truth as it defeats all Poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and, if it bee not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of mee, smother it, and bee that the sacrifice. If you had commanded mee to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity; But, I thanke you that you would command mee that which I was loath to doe, for, even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poore friend and servant in Chrift Jefus

I. D.

Whether that soule which now comes up to you
Fill any former ranke or make a new;
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it selfe, and order more
Then was in heaven till now; (for may not hee
Bee so, if every severall Angell bee
A kind alone?) What ever order grow
Greater by him in heaven, wee doe not so.
One of your orders growes by his accesse;
But, by his losse grow all our orders lesse;
The name of Father, Master, Friend, the name
Of Subject and of Prince, in one are lame;
Faire mirth is dampt, and conversation black,
The household widdow'd, and the garter flack;
The Chappell wants an eare, Councell a tongue;
Story, a theame; and Musick lacks a fong;
Blest order that hath him! the losse of him
Gangreend all Orders here; all lost a limbe.
Never made body such haft to confesse
What a foule was; All former comelinesse
Fled, in a minute, when the foule was gone,
And, having lost that beauty, would have none;
So fell our Monasteries, in one instant growne
Not to lesse houfes, but, to heapes of stone;
So sent this body that faire forme it wore,
Unto the spheare of formes, and doth (before
His foule shall fill up his sepulchrall stone,)
Anticipate a Resurrection;
For, as in his fame, now, his foule is here,
So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there.
And if, faire foule, not with first Innocents
Thy station be, but with the Penitents,
(And, who shall dare to aske then when I am
Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,)
Epicedes and Obsequies.

Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,
Were black or white before in eyes of men?
When thou rememb'rest what sins thou didst finde
Amongst those many friends now left behinde,
And seest such sinners as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, Let it bee
Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them cleane;
With him a David, her a Magdalen.

36 in eyes] in the eyes A18, O'F, TCC

EPI T A PH S.
EPITAPHS.

EPITAPH
ON HIMSELF.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

That I might make your Cabinet my tombe,
And for my fame which I love next my soule,
Next to my soule provide the happiest roome,
Admit to that place this last funerall Scrowle.

Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
Dying, of you doe beg a Legacie.

My fortune and my will this custome breake,
When we are senselesse grown to make stones speake,
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my graves inside see what thou art now:
Yet th'art not yet so good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, w'are stubborne clay,
Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie
Vs to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie;
Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pampered is,
Our soules become worme-eaten Carkasses.

Epitaph. B, D, H40, H49 On himselfe. 1635-69 To the
Countesse of Bedford. O'F, S96: no heading, and epistle only, A25, C
The introductory epistle, and the first ten lines of the epitaph, the whole with
heading Elegie, is printed 1635-54 among the Funerall Elegies. The full
epitaph without epistle and with heading On himselfe, is included among
the Divine Poems, where it follows the Lamentations of Jeremy. In
his note Chambers (II. 234) reverses these facts. In 1669 On himselfe
is transferred to the Funerall Elegies and is followed immediately by the
Elegie, i.e. the epistle and incomplete epitaph. They are here given for the
first time in a separate group.

Others by Wills 1635-69: Others by
testaments A25, C, O'F (altered to wills), S96: Men by testament B:
Then by testament H40: O then by testament D, H49 10 now:
1650-69: now, 1635-39 12 there, 1635, 1669: thee, 1639-54

Omnibus
Epitaphs.

**Omnibus.**

My Fortune and my choice this custome break,
When we are speechlesse grown, to make stones speake,
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my graves inside feeste what thou art now:
Yet thou'art not yet so good, till death us lay
To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborne Clay.
Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie
Vs to be glaffe; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilft in our soules sinne bred and pamper'd is,
Our soules become wormeaten carkases;
So we our selves miraculously destroy.
Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoy
Such priviledges, enabled here to scale
Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale.
Heare this, and mend thy selfe, and thou mendst me,
By making me being dead, doe good to thee,
And thinke me well compos'd, that I could now
A last-ficke hour to syllables allow.

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Omnibus. D, H49: To all. H40, R.P31: Another on the same. (i.e. M* Boulstred) P: On himselfe. 1635-69: no title, B,S96: in MSS. this complete epitaph follows the epistle (p. 291); but in B they are separated by various poems and in P the epistle is not given. 3 tell] tel 1635
4 feest] see D, H49: compare incomplete version. 5 Yet 1635-69:
Nay S96 thou'art Ed: thou art 1635-69 8 lie. Ed:
lie; 1635-69 14 them then 1669 16 to thee, B, D, H40, H49, 0'F, S96: for thee, 1635-69
Thers at the Porches and entries of their Buildings set their Armes; I, my picture; if any colours can deliver a minde so plaine, and flat, and through light as mine. Naturally at a new Author, I doubt, and sticke, and doe not say quickly, good. I cenfure much and taxe; And this liberty cofts mee more then others, by how much my owne things are worfe then others. Yet I would not be fo rebellious against my selfe, as not to doe it, since I love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it fine talion. As long as I give them as good hold upon mee, they must pardon mee my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that like the Trent Councell forbids not bookes, but Authors, damning what ever such a name hath or shall write. None writes so ill, that he gives not some thing exemplary, to follow, or flie. Now when I beginne this booke, I have no purpose to come into any mans debt; how my stocke will hold out I know not; perchance waffe, perchance increase in use; if I doe

Infinitati &c. 1653-69: (in 1633 it is the first poem; in 1653-69 it follows the Funerall Elegies, from which it is separated by some prose letters, and precedes Divine Poems as here), At8, G, N, TCC, TCD Metempsychosis. 1650-69: Metempsycosis. 1633-39 1 debt; Ed: debt, 1653-69 borrow
borrow any thing of Antiquitie, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much and as good: You shall still finde mee to acknowledge it, and to thanke not him onely that hath digg'd out treasure for mee, but that hath lighted mee a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no such Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pithagorian doctrine doth not onely carry one soule from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also: and therefore you must not grudge to finde the same soule in an Emperour, in a Poit-horse, and in a Mucheron,\(^1\) since no unreadynesse in the soule, but an indisposition in the organs workes this. And therefore though this soule could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and now tell mee,\(^2\) at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd. And though it could not speake, when it was a spider, yet it can remem-ber, and now tell me, who used it for poyson to attaine dignitie. How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her owne, which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making when she was that apple\(^3\) which Eve eate,\(^4\) to this time when she is hee,\(^5\) whose life you shall finde in the end of this booke.

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\(^1\) Mucheron, 1633, N, TC: Mufhrone, G: Maceron, 1635-69, O'F

\(^2\) and can now tell mee, 1635-69

\(^3\) apple| aple 1633
eate, 1633-69: ate, O'F: eat, mod. editors

\(^4\) shee is hee, 1633, A18, G, N, TC: shee is shee, 1635-69

THE
THE
PROGRESS
OF THE SOULE.

First Song.

I.
Sing the progresse of a deathlesse soule,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controule,
Plac'd in moft shapes; all times before the law
Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing.
And the great world to his aged evening;
From infant morn, through manly noone I draw.
What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian law,
Greeke braffe, or Roman iron, is in this one;
A worke t'outweare Seths pillars, bricke and stone,
And (holy writt excepted) made to yeeld to none.

II.
Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soule envies not,
By thy male force, is all wee have, begot.
In the first Eaft, thou now beginft to shine,
Suck'ft early balme, and Iland spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd careere
At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,
And fee at night thy Westerne land of Myne,
Yet haft thou not more nations scene then shee,
That before thee, one day beganne to bee,
And thy fraile light being quench'd, shall long, long out
live thee.

III.
The Progress of the Soule.

III.

Nor, holy Janus, in whose soveraigne boate
The Church, and all the Monarchies did float;
That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall
Of all mankinde, that cage and vivarie
Of fowles, and beasts, in whose wombe, Destinie
Us, and our latest nephewes did install
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All,)
Did'th thou in that great stewardship embarke
So diverse shapes into that floating parke,
As have beene moved, and inform'd by this heavenly sparke.

IV.

Great Destiny the Commissary of God,
That haft mark'd out a path and period
For every thing; who, where wee of-spring tooke,
Our wayes and ends feelt at one instant; Thou
Knot of all caufes, thou whose changeleffe brow
Ne'r smiles nor frownes, O vouch thou safe to looke
And shew my story, in thy eternall booke:
That (if my prayer be fit) I may'nderstand
So much my selfe, as to know with what hand,
How scant, or liberall this my lifes race is spand.

V.

To my fixe lustres almost now outwore,
Except thy booke owe mee so many more,
Except my legend be free from the letts
Of steep ambition, sleepee povertie,
Spirit-quenching sicknese, dull captivitie,

21 Nor, holy Janus. Ed: Nor holy Janus 1633-69 27 From thence]
For, thence G All)] All 1633-69 31 Commissary] commissary 1633
some copies 33 every thing; Ed: every thing, 1633-69 34 instalt;
1633: instalt. 1635-69 36 vouch thou safe A18, G, N, O'F, TC: vouch
safe thou 1633-69 37 booke: Ed: booke. 1633-69 45 Spirit-
quenching] Spright-quenching G

Distraeting
The Progress of the Soule. 297

Distracting businesse, and from beauties nets,
And all that calls from this, and to others whets,
O let me not launch out, but let mee save
Th' expense of braine and spirit; that my grave
   His right and due, a whole unwafted man may have. 50

VI.

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,
In vaine this sea shall enlarge, or enrough
It selfe; for I will through the wave, and some,
And shall, in sad lone wayes a lively spright,
Make my darke heavy Poem light, and light.
For though through many streights, and lands I roame,
I launch at paradife, and I faile towards home;
The course I there began, shall here be staid,
Sailes hoised there, stroke here, and anchors laid
   In Thames, which were at Tigrys, and Euphrates waide.

VII.

For the great soule which here amongst us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
Which, as the Moone the sea, moves us; to heare
Whose story, with long patience you will long;
(For 'tis the crowne, and last straine of my song)

This soule to whom Luther, and Mahomet were
Prisons of flesh; this soule which oft did teare,
And mend the wracks of th' Empire, and late Rome,
And liv'd when every great change did come,
   Had first in paradife, a low, but fatall roome.

54 shall, Ed: shall 1633: hold 1635-69 lone 1635-69: love 1633;
A18,G,N,TC wayes Ed: wayes, 1633-69 spright, Ed: spright
1633-69 59 hoised] hoisted G 61 For the] For this G,N,ICD:
For that O'F 63 Which, Ed: Which 1633-69 us; Ed: us,
1633-69 69 when] where A18,G,N,O'F,TC

VIII.
VIII.
Yet no low roome, nor then the greatest, leffe,
If (as devout and sharpe men fitly guesse)
That Croffe, our joy, and grieve, where nailes did tye
That All, which always was all, every where;
Which could not finne, and yet all finnes did beare;
Which could not die, yet could not chuse but die;
Stood in the selfe same roome in Calvarie,
Where first grew the forbidden learned tree,
For on that tree hung in security
This Soule, made by the Makers will from pulling
free.

IX.
Prince of the orchard, faire as dawning morne,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soone as borne
That apple grew, which this Soule did enlive,
Till the then climing serpent, that now creeps
For that offence, for which all mankinde weepes,
Tooke it, and t'her whom the first man did wive
(Whom and her race, only forbidings drive)
He gave it, she, t'her husband, both did eate;
So perished the eaters, and the meate:
And wee (for treason taints the blood) thence die and
sweat.

X.
Man all at once was there by woman slaine,
And one by one we're here slaine o'er againe
By them. The mother poison'd the well-head,
The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets;
No smalnesse scape, no greatnesse breaks their nets;

71 no low] nor low Chambers 74 every where; Ed: every where
some copies, and A18, N, TC 93 poyfon'd 1669: poisoned 1633-54
94 corrupt us, 1635-69: corrupts us, 1633: corrupt as G Rivolets;
Ed: Rivolets, 1635-69: om. 1633, A18, N, TC 95 breaks] breake
1633 some copies nets; Ed: nets, 1633-69
She
She thrust us out, and by them we are led
Aftray, from turning, to whence we are fled.
Were prisoners Judges, 'twould seeme rigorous,
Shee finn'd, we beare; part of our paine is, thus
To love them, whose fault to this painfull love yoak'd
us.

XI.
So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
That now wee dare aske why wee should be so.
Would God (difiutes the curious Rebell) make
A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
His creatures will, crosse his? Of every man
For one, will God (and be juft) vengeance take?
Who finn'd? 'twas not forbidden to the snake
Nor her, who was not then made; nor is't writ
That Adam cropt, or knew the apple; yet
The worme and she, and he, and wee endure for it.

XII.
But snatch mee heavenly Spirit from this vaine
Reckoning their vanities, leffe is their gaine
Then hazard all, to meditate on ill,
Though with good minde; their reasons, like those toyes
Of glaffie bubbles, which the gamefome boyes
Stretch to so nice a thinnes through a quill
That they themselves breake, doe themselves spill:
Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercise
As wraflers, perfects them; Not liberties
Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end
herefies.
The Progresse of the Soule.

XIII.

Just in that instant when the serpents gripe,
Broke the flight veines, and tender conduit-pipe,
Through which this foule from the trees root did draw
Life, and growth to this apple, fled away
This loose soule, old, one and another day.

As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he saw,
'Tis so soone gone, (and better proove the law
Of sense, then faith requires) swiftly she flew
To a darke and foggie Plot; Her, her fates threw
There through th'earths pores, and in a Plant hou'd
her anew.

XIV.

The plant thus abled, to it selfe did force
A place, where no place was; by natures course
As aire from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies, by this root thronged so
His fpungie confines gave him place to grow:
Just as in our streets, when the people stay
To see the Prince, and have so fill'd the way
That weefels scarce could passe, when he comes nere
They throng and cleeve up, and a passage cleare,
As if, for that time, their round bodies flatned were.

XV.

His right arme he thruf out towards the East,
West-ward his left; th'ends did themselves digest
Into ten lefser strings, these fingers were:
And as a slumberer stretching on his bed,
This way he this, and that way scattered.
His other legge, which feet with toes upbeare.
Grew on his middle parts, the first day, haire,
To show, that in loves businesse he should still
A dealer bee, and be uf’d well, or ill:

His apples kindle, his leaves, force of conception kill. 150

XVI.

A mouth, but dumbe, he hath; blinde eyes, deafe eares,
And to his shoulders dangle subtile hairies;
A young Colossus there hee stands upright,
And as that ground by him were conquered
A leafie garland weares he on his head
Enchas’d with little fruits, so red and bright
That for them you would call your Loves lips white;
So, of a lone unhaunted place posseft,
Did this soules seconde Inne, built by the gueft,
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, reft. 160

XVII.

No lustfull woman came this plant to grieve,
But ’twas because there was none yet but Eve:
And she (with other purpose) kill’d it quite;
Her sinne had now brought in infirmities,
And so her cradled child, the moist red eyes
Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light;
Poppie she knew, she knew the mandrakes might,
And tore up both, and so could her childs blood;
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex’d have stood;
But hee’s short liv’d, that with his death can doe most good. 170

kindle, G: kinde, 1633, A18, N, O'F, TC: kindle; 1635-69 157 white; 1633: white, 1635-69 159 gueft, Ed: guest 1633-69. See note

XVIII.
XVIII.

To an unfettered foules quick nimble haft
Are falling stars, and hearts thoughts, but flow pac’d:
Thinner then burnt aire flies this soule, and she
Whom foure new comming, and foure parting Suns
Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runnes
Thoughtleſſe of change, when her firme destiny
Confin’d, and enjayld her, that seem’d so free,
Into a small blew shell, the which a poore
Warmè bird oerespread, and fat still evermore,
Till her inclos’d child kickt, and pick’d it felfe a
dore.

XIX.

Outcrept a fparrow, this foules moving Inne,
On whose raw armes stiffe feathers now begin,
As childrens teeth through gummes, to breake with paine,
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones thredes,
All a new downy mantle overpreads,
A mouth he opes, which would as much containe
As his late houfe, and the first houre speaks plaine,
And chirps alowd for meat. Meat fit for men
His father ftewes for him, and fo feedes then
One, that within a moneth, will beate him from his
hen.

XX.

In this worlds youth wise nature did make haft,
Things ripened sooner, and did longer laft;
Already this hot cocke, in bush and tree,
In field and tent, orefutters his next hen;
He asks her not, who did fo taft, nor when,
The Progresse of the Soule.

Nor if his fitter, or his neece shee be;
Nor doth the pule for his inconstancie
If in her fight he change, nor doth refuse
The next that calls; both liberty doe use;
Where store is of both kindes, both kindes may freely chuse.

XXI.

Men, till they tooke laws which made freedome leffe,
Their daughters, and their sisters did ingreffe;
Till now unlawfull, therefore ill, 'twas not.
So jolly, that it can move, this soule is,
The body so free of his kindnesse,
That selfe-preferving it hath now forgot,
And slackneth so the soules, and bodies knot,
Which temperance freightens; freely on his the friends
He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,
Ill steward of himself, himselfe in three yeares ends.

XXII.

Elfe might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummie blood, which doth in holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
With faind calls, hid nets, or enwrapping snare,
The free inhabitants of the Plyant aire.

196 be; Ed: be, 1633-69 202 ingreffe; Ed: ingreffe. 1633-69
203-5 Till now unlawfull, therefore ill; 'twas not
So jolly, that it can move this soule; Is
The body so free of his kindnesse, 1633, and 1669 (Till now,):
Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill 'twas not
So jolly, that it can move this soule. Is
The body, so free of his kindnesse, 1635-54
Till now, unlawful, therefore ill 'twas not.
So jolly, that it can move this soul, is
The body, so free of his kindnesse, Chambers, and Grolier but
203 not; and no commas in 204. See note 206 selfe-preferving
no hyphen 1633-39 207 soules,] soules 1669 208 temperance
teperance 1633-39 212 grow,] grow 1633-39 214 hid G: his
1633-69, A18, N, TC snare,] snare 1633-69

Man
Man to beget, and woman to conceive
Askt not of rootes, nor of cock-sparrowes, leave:
Yet chufeth hee, though none of these he feares,
Pleasantly three, then freightned twenty yeares
To live, and to encrease his race, himselfe outweares. 220

XXIII.

This cole with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The Soule from her too active organs fled
T'a brooke. A female fishes sandie Roe
With the males jelly, newly lev'ned was,
For they had intertouch'd as they did passe,
And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
This soule inform'd, and abled it to rowe
It selfe with finnie oares, which she did fit:
Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it. 220

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan, so white that you may unto him
Compare all whiteneffe, but himselfe to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
And with his arched necke this poore fish catch'd.
It mov'd with fstate, as if to looke upon
Low things it scorn'd, and yet before that one
Could thinke he fought it, he had swallowed cleare
This, and much such, and unblam'd devour'd there
All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were. 220

220 encrease his race,] encrease, 1633 223 brooke. A Ed: brooke; a 1633-69 225 they had intertouch'd 1635-69, G, O'F: they intertouched 1633: they intertouched A18, N, TC 227 abled] able 1669 rowe] roe 1633 228 fit: Ed: fit, 1633-69 240 armed were.] arm'd were 1633 XXV.
XXV.

Now some a prison in a prison put,
And now this Soule in double walls was shut,
Till melted with the Swans digestive fire,
She left her house the fish, and vapour'd forth;
Fate not affording bodies of more worth 245
For her as yet, bids her againe retire
'Tanother fish, to any new desire
Made a new prey; For, he that can to none
Resistance make, nor complaint, sure is gone.
Weaknesse invites, but silence feast's oppression. 250

XXVI.

Pace with her native streame, this fish doth keepe,
And journeyes with her, towards the glasse deepe,
But oft retarded, once with a hidden net
Though with greate windowes, for when Need first taught
These tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought 255
As now, with curious greediness to let
None scape, but few, and fit for use, to get,
As, in this trap a ravenous pike was tane.

Who, though himselfe distrest, would faine have slain
This wretch; So hardly are ill habits left again. 260

XXVII.

Here by her smallnesse shee two deaths orepast,
Once innocence scap'd, and left the oppressor fast.
The net through-some, she keepes the liquid path,
And whether she leape up sometimes to breath
And suck in aire, or finde it underneath, 265

249 sure is gone. 1633-39: is sure gone. 1650-54: is sure gone. 1669
251 her. A18, N, O'F, 1C: the 1633-69 254-7 for when ... use,
to get ] in brackets 1633-69 254. Need G: need 1633-69 255 then]
the 1633 257 use, Ed: use 1633-69 262 fast. Ed: fast; 1633-69
217-3

Or
Or working parts like mills or limbecks hath
To make the water thinne, and airelike faith
Cares not; but safe the Place she's come unto
Where fresh, with falt waves meet, and what to doe
She knowes not, but betweene both makes a boord or
two.

XXVIII.

So farre from hiding her guests, water is,
That she showes them in bigger quantities
Then they are. Thus doubtfull of her way,
For game and not for hunger a sea Pie
Spied through this traiterous spectacle, from high,
The feely fishe where it disputeing lay,
And t'end her doubts and her, beares her away:
Exalted she's, but to the exalters good,
As are by great ones, men which lowly flood.
It's rais'd, to be the Raifers instrument and food.

XXIX.

Is any kinde subject to rape like fishe?
Ill unto man, they neither doe, nor wish:
Fishe they kill not, nor with noife awake,
They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
Of beasts, nor their yong fonnes to beare away;
Foules they pursue not, nor do undertake
To spoile the nefts industrious birds do make;
Yet them all these unkinde kinds feed upon,
To kill them is an occupation,
And lawes make Faits, and Lents for their destruction.
XXX.

A sudden stiffe land-winde in that selfe houre
To sea-ward forc’d this bird, that did devour
The fishe; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
Fat gluttonies best orator: at last
So long hee hath flowen, and hath flowen so fast
That many leagues at sea, now tir’d hee lyes,
And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies:
The foules no longer foes, two wayes did erre,
The fishe I follow, and keepe no calender
Of the other; he lives yet in some great officer.

XXXI.

Into an embrion fishe, our Soule is throwne,
And in due time throwne out againe, and growne
To such vastnesse as, if unmanacleed
From Greece, Morea were, and that by some
Earthquake unrooted, loofe Morea swome,
Or seas from Africks body had severed
And torne the hopefull Promontories head,
This fishe would seeme these, and, when all hopes faile,
A great shipp overfet, or without faile
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this
whale.

XXXII.

At every stroake his brazen finnes do take,
More circles in the broken sea they make
Then cannons voices, when the aire they teare:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch’d roofe
Of barke that blunts best steele, is thunder-proofe:

Swimme
Swimme in him swallow'd Dolphins, without feare,
And feel no sides, as if his vast wombe were
Some Inland sea, and ever as hee went
Hee spouted rivers up, as if he ment
To joyne our seas, with seas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

He hunts not fishe, but as an officer,
Stayes in his court, at his owne net, and there
All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall;
So on his backe lyes this whale wantoning,
And in his gulfe-like throat, sucks every thing
That passeth neare. Fishe chafeth fishe, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlepoole fall;
O might not states of more equality
Consist? and is it of necessity
That thousand guiltlesse smals, to make one great, must
die?

XXXIV.

Now drinkes he up fishe, and he eates up flocks,
He jufles llands, and he shakes firme rockes.
Now in a roomefull house this Soule doth float,
And like a Prince she sends her faculties
To all her limbes, distant as Provinces.
The Sunne hath twenty times both crab and goate
Parched, since first lanch'd forth this living boate;
'Tis greatest now, and to destru6ion
Nearest; There's no pause at perfection;
Greatnesse a period hath, but hath no station.
XXXV.

Two little fishes whom hee never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kinde, two not throughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could doe
Good to themselves by his death (they did not eate
His flesh, nor suck those oyles, which thence outstreat) 345
Conspir'd against him, and it might undoe
The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
But that they fishes were, and could not speake.
How shall a Tyran wise strong projects breake,
If wretches can on them the common anger wreake? 350

XXXVI.

The flaile-finn'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-fish
Onely attempt to doe, what all doe wish.
The Thresher backs him, and to beate begins;
The fluggard Whale yeelds to oppession,
And t'hide himselfe from shame and danger, downe 355
Begins to finke; the Swordfish upward spins,
And gores him with his beake; his staffe-like finnes,
So well the one, his sword the other plyes,
That now a scoffe, and prey, this tyrant dyes,
And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all companies.

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Thos to account, that thought, and wrought his fall?
The heires of flaine kings, wee see are often so
Transported with the joy of what they get,
That they, revenge and obsequies forget,
The Progress of the Soule.

Nor will against such men the people goe,
Because his now dead, to whom they should show
Love in that act; Some kings by vice being growne
So needy of subjects love, that of their own
They thinke they lose, if love be to the dead Prince shown.

XXXVIII.

This Soule, now free from prison, and passion,
Hath yet a little indignation
That so small hammers should so soone downe beat
So great a castle. And having for her house
Got the freights cloyster of a wretched mouse
(As basest men that have not what to eate,
Nor enjoy ought, doe farre more hate the great
Then they, who good repos'd estates possesse)
This Soule, late taught that great things might by lesse
Be slain, to gallant mischiefe doth herselfe address.

XXXIX.

Natures great master-peece, an Elephant,
The onely harmlesse great thing; the giant
Of beasts; who thought, no more had gone, to make one wife
But to be just, and thankfull, loth to offend,
(Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend)
Himselfe he up-props, on himselfe relies,
And foe to none, suspects no enemies,
Still sleeping stood; vex't not his fantasie
Blacke dreames; like an unbent bow, carelesly
His sinewy Probofcis did remisly lie:

367 his 1633; he's 1635-69 368 acr; Ed: acr. 1633-69 who thought, no more had gone, to make one wife 1633, G, A18, N, TC (the list four MSS. all drop more, N and TCD leaving a space) who thought none had, to make him wife, 1633-69 386 relies,] relies 1633 389 dreams; Ed: dreams, 1633-69 390 lie: 1635: lie. 1633, 1639-69 XL.
The Progress of the Soule.

XL.

In which as in a gallery this mouse
Walk'd, and surved the roomes of this vast house,
And to the braine, the soules bedchamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole towne
Clean underminded, the flaine beast tumbled downe;
With him the murtherer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not scape, (for, only hee that ment
To die, did ever kill a man of better roomes,)
And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe:

Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

XLI.

Next, hous'd this Soule a Wolves yet unborne whelp,
Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it helpe,
To issue. It could kill, as soone as goe.
Abel, as white, and milde as his sheepe were,
(Who, in that trade, of Church, and kingdomes, there
Was the first type) was still infested foe,
With this wolfe, that it bred his losse and woe;
And yet his bitch, his sentinell attends
The flocke so neere, so well warns and defends,

That the wolfe, (hopelesse else) to corrupt her, intends.

XLII.

Hee tooke a course, which since, succeffully,
Great men have often taken, to espie
The counsels, or to breake the plots of foes.
To Abels tent he stealeth in the darke,
On whose skirts the bitch slep't; ere she could barke,

395 downe; Ed: downe, 1633-69 396 dies,] dies 1633 397-8
brackets, Ed: scape, . . . roome, 1633: scape; . . . roome, 1635-69
405 Who,] Who 1633 trade, 1635-69: trade 1633 413 foes, Ed:
foes, 1633-69

Attach'd
The Progress of the Soule.

Attach'd her with freight gripes, yet hee call'd those, Embracements of love; to loves worke he goes, Where deeds move more then words; nor doth she show, Nor (make) resist, nor needs hee freighten so His prey, for, were shee loose, she would nor barke, nor goe.

XLIII.
Hee hath engag'd her; his, she wholy bides; Who not her owne, none others secrets hides. If to the flocke he come, and Abell there, She faines hoarse barkings, but she biteth not, Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot. At last a trap, of which some every where Abell had plac'd, ends all his losse, and feare, By the Wolves death; and now just time it was That a quicke soule should give life to that maffe Of blood in Abels bitch, and thither this did passe.

XLIV.
Some have their wives, their sisters some begot, But in the lives of Emperours you shall not Reade of a lust the which may equall this; This wolfe begot himselfe, and finished What he began alive, when hee was dead; Sonne to himselfe, and father too, hee is A ridling lust, for which Schoolemen would misse A proper name. The whelpe of both these lay In Abels tent, and with soft Moaba, His sister, being young, it us'd to sport and play.

XLV.
XLV.

Hee soone for her too harfh, and churlifh grew,
And Abell (the dam dead) would use this new
For the field. Being of two kindes thus made,
He, as his dam, from sheepe drove wolves away,
And as his Sire, he made them his owne prey.

Five yeares he liv’d, and cosen’d with his trade,
Then hopelesse that his faults were hid, betray’d
Himselfe by flight, and by all followed,
From dogges, a wolfe; from wolves, a dogge he fled;
And, like a spie to both sides false, he perifh’d.

XLVI.

It quickned next a toyfull Ape, and so
Gamecombe it was, that it might freely goe
From tent to tent, and with the children play.
His organs now so like theirs hee doth finde,
That why he cannot laugh, and speake his minde,
He wonders. Much with all, moft he doth stay
With Adams fift daughter Siphatelia,
Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, paffe,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grasse,
And wisest of that kinde, the first true lover was.

XLVII.

He was the first that more desir’d to have
One then another; first that ere did crave
Love by mute signes, and had no power to speake;
First that could make love faces, or could doe
The valters sombersalts, or us’d to wooe

443  field. Being Ed: field, being 1633–69  thus  om. 1633  453
444  play. Ed: play, 1633–69
With
With hoiting gambolls, his owne bones to breake
To make his miftrefle merry; or to wreake
Her anger on himselfe. Sinnes against kinde
They easily doe, that can let feed their minde
   With outward beauty; beauty they in boyes and beafts
do find.

XLVIII.
By this misled, too low things men have prov'd,
And too high; beafts and angels have bee en lov'd.
This Ape, though else through-vaine, in this was wife,
He reach'd at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not she would say nay;
His toyes prevaille not, likelier meanes he tries,
He gazeth on her face with teare-shot eyes,
And up lifts subtly with his ruffet pawe
   Her kidskinne apron without feare or awe
   Of nature; nature hath no gaole, though shee hath
   law.

XLIX.
Firft she was silly and knew not what he ment.
That vertue, by his touches, chaft and spent,
Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite;
She knew not firft, nowe cares not what he doth.
And willing halfe and more, more then halfe (loth),
She neither pul's nor pushes, but outright
Now cries, and now repents; when Tethlemite
Her brother, entred, and a great stone threw
After the Ape, who, thus prevented, flew.
   This house thus batter'd downe, the Soule possieth a new.

470 beauty; Ed: beauty, 1633-69
479 or] of 1669
480 shee hath] shee have A18, N, TC
472 lov'd. Ed: lov'd; 1633-69
481 ment. Ed: ment, 1633-69
483 quite; Ed: quite, 1633-69
484 noe 1633, G: nor 1633-69, Chambers: then A18, TC
485 (loth), Ed: Tooth 1633, G: A18, N, TC leave a blank space: in TC a later hand has inserted loath: wroth, 1633-69
487 Tethlemite A18, G, N, O'F, TC: Tethelemite 1633: Thelemite 1635-69
489 flew. 1635-69: flew, 1633
The Progress of the Soul.

L.
And whether by this change she lose or win,
She comes out next, where the Ape would have gone in.

Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now
Like Chimiques equall fires, her temperate wombe
Had stew'd and form'd it: and part did become
A spungie liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit, on a high hils brow,
Life-keeping moisture unto every part;
Part hardned it selfe to a thicker heart,
Whose busie furnaces lifes spirits do impart.

L.I.
Another part became the well of sense,
The tender well-arm'd feeling braine, from whence,
Those sinewy strings which do our bodies tie,
Are raveld out; and fast there by one end,
Did this Soule limbes, these limbes a soule attend;
And now they joyn'd: keeping some quality
Of every past shape, she knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow
To be a woman. Themech she is now,
Sister and wife to Caine, Caine that first did plow.

L.II.
Who ere thou beeft that read'ft this fullen Writ,
Which juft fo much courts thee, as thou doft it,
Let me arrest thy thoughts; wonder with mee,
Why plowing, building, ruling and the rest,
Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest,

492 in. 1650-69: in, 1633-39 498 Life-keeping] Life keeping
1633 part; Ed: part, 1633-69 502 well-arm'd 1669: well arm'd
1633-54 503 sinowie] sinewy 1639-54: sinew 1669 504 out; Ed:
out, 1633-69 505 this Soule] a Soule A18, N, TC
attend; Ed:
attend, 1633-69 506-7 joyn'd: . . . past shape, 1633: joyn'd, . . .
past shape; 1633-69, Chambers, Grolier. See note 513 thoughts; 1650-69:
thoughts, 1633-39

By
By cursed Cains race invented be,  
And blest Seth vexed us with Astronomie.  
Ther's nothing simly good, nor ill alone,  
Of every quality comparison,  
The onely measure is, and judge, opinion.  

The end of the Progresse of the Soule.

517 Astronomie.] Astronomie, 1633  
519 comparison, 1633,1669  
(no comma): Comparifon, 1635-54  
520 opinion. 1633: Opinion. 1635-69  
The end &c. 1635-69: om. 1633
To E. of D. with six holy Sonnets.

See Sir, how as the Suns hot Masculine flame
Begets strange creatures on Niles durty slime,
In me, your fatherly yet lufty Ryme
(For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the fame;
But though the ingendring force from whence they came
Bee strong enough, and nature doe admit
Seaven to be borne at once, I send as yet
But six; they say, the seaventh hath still some maime.

I choose your judgement, which the same degree
Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
As fire these drossie Rymes to purifie,
Or as Elixar, to change them to gold;
You are that Alchimist which alwaies had
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

To the Lady Magdalen Herbert: of St. Mary Magdalen.

Her of your name, whose fair inheritance
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo:
An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew, more than the Church did know,
I dividing Poems, the Refurredion; for much good there is Delivered of her, that some Fathers be Loth to believe one Woman could do this; But, think these Magdalens were two or three. Increase their number, Lady, and their fame: To their Devotion, add your Innocence; Take so much of th'example, as of the name; The latter half; and in some recompence That they did harbour Christ himself, a Guest, Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name addrest. J.D.

HOLY SONNETS.

La Corona.

Deigne at my hands this crown of prayer and praise, Weav'd in my low devout melancholie, Thou which of good, haft, yea art treafury, All changing unchang'd Antient of dayes; But doe not, with a vile crowne of fraile bayes, Reward my muses white sincerity, But what thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give mee, A crowne of Glory, which doth flower alwayes; The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'ft our ends, For, at our end begins our endless ref't; The first laft end, now zealoufly poifeft, With a strong fober thirft, my foule attends. 'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high, Salvation to all that will is nigh.

Holy Sonnets. 1633-69, being general title to the two groups: Holy Sonnets written 20 years since. H.49.


Annunciation.
Annunciation.

2. Salvation to all that will is nigh;
That All, which alwayes is All every where,
Which cannot finne, and yet all finnes must beare,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,
Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds himselfe to lye
In prifon, in thy wombe; and though he there
Can take no finne, nor thou give, yet he'will weare
Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may trie.
Ere by the spheres time was created, thou
Wast in his minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother;
Whom thou conceiv'ft, conceiv'd; yea thou art now
Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother;
Thou'haft light in darke; and shalt in little roome,
Immensitie cloysterd in thy deare wombe.

Nativitie.

3. Immensitie cloysterd in thy deare wombe,
Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonement,
There he hath made himselfe to his intent
Weake enough, now into our world to come;
But Oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inne no roome?
Yet lay him in this flall, and from the Orient,
Starres, and wisemen will travell to prevent
Th'effect of Herods jealous generall doome.
Seeft thou, my Soule, with thy faiths eyes, how he
Which fils all place, yet none holds him, doth lye?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pittied by thee?
Kiffe him, and with him into Egypt goe,
With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

Annunciation. 1 nigh; 1669: nigh, 1633-54 9 created,] begotten, B,S,Sg6,W; O'F corrects 10 Brother; Ed: Brother, 1633-69 11 conceiv'ft, 1633: conceiv'd, 1635-69: conceiv'd, O'F,S,W, and Grolier conceiv'd;] conceived; 1635-69 12 mother; Ed: mother, 1633-69
Nativitie. 6 this] his 1669 7 will] shall B,O'F,S,Sg6,W 8 effect 1669,A18,B,N,O'E,S,Sg6,TC,W: effects 1633-54, D,H,49 jealous] dire and B,O'F,S,Sg6,W: zealous A18,N,TC doome.]
doome; 1633 9 eyes, 1633, B,D,H,49,0'E,S,Sg6,W: eye, 1633-69, A18,N,TC

Temple.
Temple.

With his kinde mother who partakes thy woe,
Joseph turne backe; see where your child doth fit,
Blowing, yea blowing out thofe sparks of wit,
Which himselfe on the Doctors did beflow;
The Word but lately could not speake, and loe,
It fodenly speakes wonders, whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which should be writ,
A shallow seeming child, should deeply know?
His Godhead was not foule to his manhood,
Nor had time mellowed him to this ripeneffe,
But as for one which hath a long taske, 'tis good,
With the Sunne to beginne his businesse,
He in his ages morning thus began
By miracles exceeding power of man.

Crucifying.

By miracles exceeding power of man,
Hee faith in some, envie in some begat,
For, what weake spirits admire, ambitious, hate;
In both affections many to him ran,
But Oh! the worst are most, they will and can,
Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
Measuring selfe-lifes infinity to'a span,
Nay to an inch. Loe, where condemned hee
Beares his owne croffe, with paine, yet by and by
When it beares him, he must beare more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw mee to thee,
And at thy death giving such liberall dole,
Moyst, with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule.


Crucifying. 3 weake] mecke B, O'F, S, S96, W 8 to'a span, B, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W: to 'span, 1633-69, A1S, D, H49 9 inch. Loe, 1633-69: inch, loe, 1653 11 die. 1633-69: die; 1633

Resurrection.
Resurrection.

6. Moyst with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule
Shall (though she now be in extreme degree
Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly,) bee
Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard, or soule,
And life, by this death abled, shall controule
Death, whom thy death flu'e; nor shall to mee
Feare of first or last death, bring miserie,
If in thy little booke my name thou enroule,
Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas;
Nor can by other means be glorified.
May then sinnes sleep, and deaths soone from me passe,
That wak't from both, I againe risen may
Salute the last, and everlasting day.

Ascention.

7 Salute the last and everlasting day,
Joy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,
Yee whose just teares, or tribulation
Have purely waft', or burnt your drostie clay;
Behold the Highest, parting hence away,
Lightens the darke clouds, which hee treads upon,
Nor doth hee by ascending, shew alone,
But first hee, and hee first enters the way.
O strong Ramme, which haft batter'd heaven for mee,
Mild Lambe, which with thy blood, haft mark'd the path;
Bright Torch, which shin'ft, that I the way may see,
Oh, with thy owne blood quench thy owne just wrath,
And if thy holy Spirit, my Muse did raise,
Deigne at my hands this cowne of prayer and praisie.
Divine Poems.

Holy Sonnets.

I.

Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleafures are like yesterdays;
I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flefh doth waft
By sinne in it, which it t'w ards hell doth weigh;
Onely thou art above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can looke, I rife againe;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine;
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

As due by many titles I resigne
My selfe to thee, O God, first I was made
By thee, and for thee, and when I was decay'd
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
I am thy fonne, made with thy selfe to shine,
Thy fervant, whose paines thou haft still repaid,
Thy sheepe, thine Image, and, till I betray'd
My selfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine;
Why doth the devill then usurpe on mee?
Why doth he steale, nay ravish that's thy right?
Except thou rife and for thine owne worke fight,
Oh I shall soone despare, when I doe fee
That thou lov'ft mankind well, yet wilt not chufe me,
And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to lose mee.

Divine Poems.

III.

O

Might those sighes and teares returne againe
Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
That I might in this holy discontent
Mourne with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine;
In mine Idolatry what showres of raine
Mine eyes did wafte? what griefs my heart did rent?
That sufferance was my finne; now I repent;
'Caufe I did suffer I must suffer paine.

Th'hydroptique drunkard, and night-scouting thiefe,
The itch'y Lecher, and selfe ticking proud
Have the remembrance of past joyes, for reliefe
Of comming ills. To (poore) me is allow'd
No eafe; for, long, yet vehement griefe hath beene
Th'effeet and caufe, the punishment and finne.

IV.

O

H my blacke Soule! now thou art summon'd
By sicknefe, deaths herald, and champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durft not turne to whence hee is fled,
Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,
Wifheth himselfe delivered from prifon;
But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
Wifheth that still he might be imprifoned.
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
But who shall give thee that grace to beginne?
Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,
And red with blushing, as thou art with finne;
Or wa(h thee in Chrits blood, which hath this might
That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

H49: in A18, B, N, S96, TC, W 10 [leale,] [leale 1633-39 that's] what's A18, TCC 12 doe 1633 and most MSS.: shall 1635-69, G'F, S96 13 me.] me. 1633

III. 1635-69, B, O' F, S96, W: omitted 1633, A18, D, &c. 7 finne;
now I Ed: sinne, now I B, W: sinne I now 1635-69 repent; Ed: repent, 1633-69

IV. 1635-69: II. 1633, A18, D, &c.: V. B, O' F, S96, W 1 Soule!
1633: Soule 1635-69 8 imprifoned. W: imprifoned; 1633-69

V.
I
Am a little world made cunningly
Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,
But black sinne hath betraied to endless night
My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts must die.
You which beyond that heaven which was most high
Have found new sphers, and of new lands can write,
Powre new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,
Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more:
But oh it must be burnt! alas the fire
Of luft and envie have burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler; Let their flames retire,
And burne me o Lord, with a fiery zeale
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

VI.
This is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimages last mile; and my race
Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,
My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,
And glutinous death, will instantly unjoynt
My body, and foule, and I shall sleepe a space,
But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose feare already shakes my every joynt:
Then, as my foule, to heaven her first seate, takes flight,
And earth-borne body, in the earth shall dwell,
So, fall my finnes, that all may have their right,
To where they are bred, and would presse me, to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.
VII.

At the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angells, and arise, arise
From death, you numberleffe infinities
Of soules, and to your scattered bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom warre, deathr, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despaire, law, chance, hath flaine, and you whose eyes,
Shall behold God, and never taft deaths woe.
But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,
For, if above all these, my finnes abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace.
When wee are there; here on this lowly ground,
Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou'hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

VIII.

If faithfull soules be alike glorifi'd
As Angels, then my fathers soule doth fee,
And adds this even to full felicitie,
That valiantly I hels wide mouth o'rstride:
But if our mindes to these soules be descry'd
By circumstances, and by signes that be
Apparent in us, not immediately;
How shall my mindes white truth by them be try'd?
They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And vile blasphemous Conjurers to call
On Iesus name, and Pharifaicall
Diffemblers feigne devotion. Then turne
O pensive soule, to God, for he knowes beft
Thy true griefe, for he put it in my breast.
Divine Poems.

IX.

If poysounous mineralls, and if that tree,
Whose fruit threw death on else immortall us,
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why should I bee?
Why should intent or reason, borne in mee,
Make sinnen, else equall, in mee more heinous?
And mercy being easie, and glorious
To God; in his sterne wrath, why threatens hee?
But who am I, that dare dispute with thee
O God? Oh! of thine onely worthy blood,
And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
And drowne in it my sinnen blacke memorie;
That thou remember them, some claime as debt,
I thinke it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

X.

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not foe,
For, those, whom thou think'rt, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more muft flow,
And sooneft our beste men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
And better then thy strowe; why swelle'ft thou then?
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And death shal be no more; death, thou shalt die.

IX. 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W: V. 1633, A18, D, &c. 1 poysounous
poysons 1639-54 and if that] or if the B, O'F, S96 2 (else
immortal) 1635-69 5 or [and B, O'F, S96 6 mee] mee, 1633
8 God;] God, 1633 9-10 thee O God? W: thee? O God, 1633-69
12 memorie: ] memorie, 1633 14 forget.] forget, 1633
X. 1635-69: V. 1633, A18, D, &c.: X1. B, O'F, S96, W 4 mee;
mee; 1633 5 pictures 1635 and MSS.: picture 1635-69 8 deliverie.
deliverie 1633-69 9 Chance, W: chance, 1633-69 10 doth]
doth 1633 dwell, ] dwell. 1633 12 better] easier B, O'F, S96, W 13
wake] live B, S96, W 14 more ; death, Ed: more, death 1633-69

XI.
Divine Poems.

XI.

SPit in my face you Jewes, and pierce my side, Buffet, and scathe, scourge, and crucifie mee, For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and onely hee, Who could do no iniquitie, hath dyed: But by my death can not be satisfied My finnes, which passe the Jewes impiety: They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I Crucifie him daily, being now glorified. Oh let mee then, his strange love still admire: Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment. And Iacob came cloth'd in vile harfh attire But to supplant, and with gainfull intent: God cloth'd himfelfe in vile mans flesh, that so Hee might be weake enough to suffer woe.

XII.

Why are wee by all creatures waited on? Why doe the prodigall elements supply Life and food to mee, being more pure then I, Simple, and further from corruption? Why brook'ft thou, ignorant horfe, subjection? Why doft thou bull, and bore so feelily Difsemble weaknesse, and by'one mans stroke die, Whose whole kinde, you might swallow and feed upon? Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worfe then you, You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous. But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us Created nature doth these things subdue, But their Creator, whom fin, nor nature tyed, For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

XIII.
What if this present were the worlds last night?

Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether that countenance can thee affright,
Teares in his eyes quench the amazing light,
Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgivenesse for his foes fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my idolatrie
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty, of pitty, foulneffe onely is
A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous forme assures a pitious minde.

Butter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
That I may rise, and fland, o'erthrow mee,'and bend
Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
I, like an usurpt towne, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
Yet dearely'I love you,'and would be loved faine,
But am betroth'd unto your enemie:
Divorce mee,'untie, or breake that knot againe.
Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
Except you'enthral mee, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaft, except you ravish mee.

8 fierce) ranck W: 14 affumes A18, D, H49, N, O'F, TC, W: assumes 1633-69
7 mee should) wee should 1669: 8 untrue. W: untrue, 1633-69
9 loved MSS.: lovd 1633-69: 10 enemie: W: enemie, 1633-69

XV.
William: "Wilt thou love God, as he thee! then digest, My Soule, this wholesome meditation, How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy breast. The Father having begot a Sonne most blest, And still begetting, (for he ne'er begonne) Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption, Coheire to his glory, and Sabbaths endless rest. And as a robb'd man, which by search doth finde His stolen stuffe fold, muft lose or buy't againe: The Sonne of glory came downe, and was slaine. Us whom he had made, and Satan stolne, to unbinde. 'Twas much, that man was made like God before. But, that God should be made like man, much more.

Father, part of his double interest Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to mee, His joyniture in the knottie Trinitie Hee keepes, and gives to me his deaths conquest. This Lambe, whose death, with life the world hath blest, Was from the worlds beginning slaine, and he Hath made two Wills, which with the Legacie Of his and thy kingdome, doe thy Sonnes invest. Yet such are thy laws, that men argue yet Whether a man those statutes can fulfill; None doth; but all-healing grace and spirit Revive againe what law and letter kill. Thy lawes abridgement, and thy laft command Is all but love; Oh let this laft Will stand!

Divine Poems.
XVII.
Since she whom I lov'd hath payd her last debt
To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
And her Soule early into heaven ravished,
Wholly on heavenly things my mind is set.
Here the admiring her my mind did whet
To seeke thee God; so streames do shew their head;
But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,
A holy thirsty dropsey melts mee yet.
But why should I begg more Love, when as thou
Dost wonte my soule for hers; offering all thine:
And dost not only feare lest I allow
My Love to Saints and Angels things divine,
But in thy tender jealose dost doubt
Leaft the World, Fleshe, yea Devill putt thee out.

XVIII.
Show me deare Chrift, thy spouse, so bright and clear.
What! is it She, which on the other shore
Goes richly painted? or which rob'd and tore
Laments and mournes in Germany and here?
Sleepes she a thousand, then peepes up one yeare?
Is she selfe truth and errs? now new, now outwore?
Doth she, and did she, and shall she evermore
On one, on heaven, or on no hill appeare?
Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights
First travaile we to seeke and then make Love?
Betray kind husband thy spouse to our fights,
And let myne amorous soule court thy mild Dove,
Who is most trew, and pleasing to thee, then
When she's embrac'd and open to moft men.

XVIII. W: first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne, 1899
2 dead, [ dead W  6 their y W head; ] head, W
10 woe | spell woe W 12 divine, ] divine W
3 tore | so I read W: lore Gosse

XIX.
XIX.

Oh, to vex me, contraryes meet in one:
Inconstancy unnaturally hath begott
A constant habit; that when I would not
I change in vowes, and in devotione.
As humorous is my contritione
As my prophane Love, and as soone forgot:
As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hot,
As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
I durst not view heaven yesteray; and to day
In prayers, and flattering speaches I court God:
To morrow I quake with true feare of his rod.
So my devout fitts come and go away
Like a fantastique Ague: save that here
Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare.

The Croffe.

Since Christ embrac'd the Croffe it selfe, dare I
His image, th' image of his Croffe deny?
Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
And dare the choosen Altar to despife?
It bore all other sinnes, but is it fit
That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he flye his paines, who there did dye?
From mee, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
Nor scandall taken, shall this Croffe withdraw,
It shall not, for it cannot; for, the losse
Of this Croffe, were to mee another Croffe;
Better were worfe, for, no affliction,
No Croffe is so extreme, as to have none.

XIX. W: first printed in Gosse's Life &c. 3 that] y W, so always 4 and ] & W, so always
Who
Who can blot out the Croffe, which th'instrument
Of God, dew'd on mee in the Sacrament?
Who can deny mee power, and liberty
To stretch mine armes, and mine owne Croffe to be?
Swimme, and at every stroake, thou art thy Croffe;
Looke downe, thou seeest out Crosses in small things;
Looke up, thou seeest birds rais'd on crost'd wings;
All the Globes frame, and spheraes, is nothing else
But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
Materiall Crosses then, good physicke bee,
But yet spirituall have chiefe dignity.
These for extracted chimique medicine serve,
And cure much better, and as well preserve;
Then are you your owne physicke, or need none,
When Still'd, or purg'd by tribulation.
For when that Croffe ungrudg'd, unto you stickes,
Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifix.
As perchance, Carvers do not faces make,
But that away, which hid them there, do take;
Let Crosses, foe, take what hid Christ in thee,
And be his image, or not his, but hee.
But, as oft Alchimists doe coyners prove,
So may a selfe-dispiying, get selfe-love,
And then as worst surfets, of best meates bee,
Soc is pride, issued from humility,
For, 'tis no child, but monfter; therefore Croffe
Your joy in Crosses, else, 'tis double loss.
And croffe thy senses, else, both they, and thou
Must perish soone, and to destruction bowe.
For if the eye seeke good objects, and will take

19 Croffe; Ed: Croffe, 1633: Croffe. 1635-69 20 make] makes
B, D, H.19, Lec, S  where] when 0'F  tosse; 1635-69: toffe. 1633
21 out] our 1669 23 is] are A25, B 26 But yet] And yet
A18, D, JC, N.1C 27 medicine] medicines A25, B, JC 33 make,
1635-69: make: 1633 34 take; Ed: take. 1633: take: 1635-69
37 oft Ed: oft, 1633-69 38 selfe-love, D: selfe-love. 1633-69 42
loss. Ed: loss. 1633-69 44 destruction] corruption 0'F 45
seeker] see 1650-69

No
Divine Poems.

No crofsle from bad, wee cannot scape a snake.
So with harsh, hard, sowre, stinking, crofsle the reft,
Make them indifferent all; call nothing beft.
But moft the eye needs crofslng, that can rone,
And move; To th’other th’objects must come home.
And crofsle thy heart: for that in man alone
Points downewards, and hath palpitation.
Crofsle thofe dejections, when it downward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
And as the braine through bony walls doth vent
By futures, which a Crofses forme present,
So when thy braine works, ere thou utter it,
Croffe and correct concupifcence of wit.
Be covetous of Crofles, let none fall.
Croffe no man elfe, but crofse thy felfe in all.
Then doth the Crofse of Christ worke fruitfully
Within our hearts, when wee love harmlesly
That Crofles pictures much, and with more care
That Crofles children, which our Crofles are.

Resurrection, imperfect.

Sleep sleep old Sun, thou canft not have repaft
As yet, the wound thou took’ft on friday laft;
Sleepe then, and reft; The world may beare thy fstay,
A better Sun rose before thee to day,
Who, not content to’enlighten all that dwell
On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,
And made the darke fires languifh in that vale,

48 all; call nothing beft. Ed: indifferent; call nothing beft. 1633
and MSS: indifferent; all, nothing beft. 1635-69 50 To th’other
th’objects 1633: To th’others objects 1635-69 52 Points A18,
A25, N, P, S, TC: Pans 1633-69, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, O’F 53 dejections
1633: dejections 1635-69, O’F 55 the | thy A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O’F.
P, TC 61 fruitfully A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O’F, P, S, TC :
faithfully 1633-69 63 That A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O’F, P,
S, TC: The 1653-69

Resurrection, imperfect. 1633-69 (following By Euphrates &c. p. 424).
A18, N, O’F, TCC, TCD

As,
Divine Poems.

As, at thy presence here, our fires grow pale.  
Whose body having walk’d on earth, and now  
Hafting to Heaven, would, that he might allow  
Himself unto all stations, and fill all,  
For these three daies become a minerall;  
Hee was all gold when he lay downe, but rose  
All tincture, and doth not alone dispose  
Lead and iron wills to good, but is  
Of power to make even finfull flesh like his.  
Had one of those, whose credulous pietie  
Thought, that a Soule one might discern and see  
Goe from a body, at this sepulcher been,  
And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen,  
He would have justly thought this body a soule,  
If not of any man, yet of the whole.  
Defunt cetera.

The Annuntiation and Passion.

Tamely, fraile body, ‘abintaine to day; to day  
My soule eates twice, Christ hither and away.  
She sees him man, so like God made in this,  
That of them both a circle embleme is;  
Whose first and last concurre; this doubtfull day  
Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away.  
Shee sees him nothing twice at once, who’is all;  
Shee sees a Cedar plant it selfe, and fall,  
Her Maker put to making, and the head  
Of life, at once, not yet alive, yet dead.

15 good. 1633-69 and MSS.: Chambers queries gold

She sees at once the virgin mother stay
Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha;
Sad and rejoyn'd shee's seen at once, and seen
At almost fiftie, and at scarce fiftene.
At once a Sonne is promis'd her, and gone,
Gabriell gives Christ to her, He her to John;
Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie,
At once receiver and the legacie.
All this, and all betwixt, this day hath showne,
Th'Abridgement of Christ's story, which makes one
(As in plaine Maps, the furthest West is East)
Of the'Angels Ave,'and Consummatum eff.
How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties
Deales, in some times, and seldome joyning these!
As by the selfe-fix'd Pole wee never doe
Direct our course, but the next starre thereto,
Which showes where the'other is, and which we say
(Because it strayes not farre) doth never stray;
So God by his Church, neereft to him, wee know,
And stand firme, if wee by her motion goe;
His Spirit, as his fiery Pillar doth
Leade, and his Church, as cloud; to one end both.
This Church, by letting these daies joyne, hath shewn
Death and conception in mankinde is one;
Or'twas in him the same humility,
That he would be a man, and leave to be:
Or as creation he hath made, as God,
With the last judgement, but one period,
His imitating Spoufe would joyne in one
Manhoods extremes: He shall come, he is gone:
Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;

12 at Golgotha; Ed: at Golgotha. 1633-69 13 Sad and rejoyn'd|
24 thefe! Ed: thefe? D,TCD: thefe; 1633: thefe. 1635-69 31
as 1633: and 1635-69 32 both. 1635-69: both: 1633 33 thefe
Lea,N,TCD: fealls 1635-69. O,F,P,S,Sp6 34 one; Ed: one. 1633:
are one. 1635-69 (one 1669) 37 hath] had B,N,O'F,P,S,Sp6. TCD
So
So though the least of his pains, deeds, or words,
Would buifie a life, she all this day affords;
This treasure then, in groffe, my Soule uplay,
And in my life retaile it every day.

Goodfriday, 1613. Riding Westward.

Let mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
And as the other Spheres, by being growne
Subject to forraigne motions, lose their owne,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:
Pleasure or businesse, fo, our Soules admit
For their first mover, and are whirld by it.
Hence is't, that I am carried towards the West
This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the East.
There I should see a Sunne, by rising set,
And by that setting endlesse day beget;
But that Chrift on this Croffe, did rife and fall,
Sinne had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I'almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for mee.
Who sees Gods face, that is selfe life, must dye;
What a death were it then to see God dye?
It made his owne Lieutenant Nature shrinke,
It made his footstoole crack, and the Sunne winke.
Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,
And tune all spheraes at once, peirc'd with those holes?

Goodfriday, e.e. 1633-69: Good Friday (with or without date and
Riding e.e.) A18, B, Cy, N, S, S96, TCC, TCD: Good Friday. 1613.
Riding towards Wales. D, Lee, O'F: Good Friday. 1613. Riding to
S' Edward Harbert in Wales. H49: M J. Duu going from Sir H. G. on
good friday sent him back this meditation on the way. A25 4 motions
A18, B, Cy, D, H49, Lee, N, O'F, S, S96, TC: motion, 1633-69 8 and |
bis 1650-54 10 toward 1633: do. or towards MSS.: to 1635-69, O'F
12 b-get: 1633: beget, 1635-69, Chambers 13 this Croffe, 1633.
A18, D, H49, Lee, O'F, S, S96, TCC: his Croffe, 1635-69, B, Cy, N, TCD
16 too | two 1639-69 22 turne A18, B, Cy, N, S, TC: tune 1633-69,
D, H49, Lee, O'F, S96 once. | once 1633

Could
Divine Poems.

Could I behold that endless height which is
Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood which is
The seat of all our Souls, if not of his,
Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was wore
By God, for his apparell, rag'd, and tore?
If on these things I durst not looke, durst I
Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye,
Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus
Halfe of that Sacrifice, which ransom'd us?
Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They are present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and thou look'st towards mee,
O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;
I turne my backe to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,
Burne off my ruffs, and my deformity,
Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
That thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my face.

30 Upon his miserable 1633, Ats, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC:
On his distressed 1635-69 40 ruffs. 1633, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F,
S96, TCD: ruff, 1635-69, Ats, S, TCC
THE LITANIE.

I.

The Father.

Father of Heaven, and him, by whom
It, and us for it, and all else, for us
Thou madest, and govern'st ever, come
And re-create mee, now growne ruinous:
   My heart is by dejection, clay,
   And by selfe-murder, red.
From this red earth, O Father, purge away
All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
I may rise up from death, before I'am dead.

II.

The Sonne.

O Sonne of God, who seeing two things,
Sinne, and death crept in, which were never made,
   By bearing one, tryed'ft with what stings
The other could thine heritage invade;
   O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
   And crucified againe,
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be, by applying so thy paine,
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slaine.

III.

The Holy Ghost.

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
Am, but of mudde walls, and condensed dust,
   And being sacrilegiouly
Halfe wafted with youths fires, of pride and lust,

The Litanie. 1633–69: A Letanie. A18, B, D, H49, JC, Let, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD 17 be, D: be 1633–69

Mupt
Divine Poems.

Muft with new ftormes be weatherbeat;
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devout sad teares intend; and let
(Though this glaffe lanthorne, flefh, do suffer maime)
Fire, Sacrifice, Priet, Altar be the fame.

IV.
The Trinity.

O Bleffed glorious Trinity,
Bones to Philosophy, but milke to faith,
Which, as wife ferpents, diversly
Most ftipperineffe, yet moft entanglings hath,
As you diftinguifh'd undifinct
By power, love, knowledge bee,
Give mee a fuch felfe different instinct
Of thefe; let all mee elemented bee,
Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbred three.

V.
The Virgin Mary.

For that faire bleffed Mother-maid,
Whofe flefh redeem'd us; That fhe-Cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
One claime for innocence, and diffeiz'd finne,
Whofe wombe was a strange heav'n, for there
God cloath'd himfelfe, and grew,
Our zealous thankes wee poure. As her deeds were
Our helpes, fo are her prayers; nor can fhe fue
In vaine, who hath fuch titles unto you.

30 ferpents, Ed: ferpents 1633-69
34 a fuch 1633: fuch 1635-69,
35 thefe; Ed: thefe, D, H49, Lec: thefe 1633-69: thee A18, N, TC

VI.
VI.

The Angels.

And since this life our nonage is,
And wee in Wardship to thine Angels be,
Native in heavens faire Palaces,
Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,
As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne,
Yeelds faire diversitie,
Yet never knowes which course that light doth run,
So let mee study, that mine actions bee
Worthy their fight, though blinde in how they see.

VII.

The Patriarches.

And let thy Patriarches Desire
(Thofe great Grandfathers of thy Church, which saw
More in the cloud, then wee in fire,
Whom Nature clear'd more, then us Grace and Law,
And now in Heaven still pray, that wee
May use our new helpes right,)
Be satisfy'd, and fructifie in mee;
Let not my minde be blinder by more light
Nor Faith, by Reafon added, lose her sight.

VIII.

The Prophets.

Thy Eagle-fighted Prophets too,
Which were thy Churches Organs, and did found
That harmony, which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;

what 1635-69 56 Grandfathers] Grandfathers, 1633 58 then] that
1635-39 58 Grace and Law, D: grace and law, 1633-69 61
satisfy'd, 1635-69,A18,D,H49,JC,N,S96,TC: sanctified, 1633 fructifie
fructified A18,JC 63 Faith, D: Faith 1633-69

Thofe
Divine Poems.

Those heavenly Poëts which did see
Thy will, and it expressè
In rythmique feet, in common pray for mee,
That I by them excuse not my excèffe
In seeking secrets, or Poëtiquenessè.

IX.

The Apostles.

And thy illustrious Zodiacke
Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,
(From whom whosoever do not take
Their light, to darke deep pits, throw downe, and fall,)
As through their prayers, thou'haft let mee know
That their bookes are divine;
May they pray still, and be heard, that I goe
Th'old broad way in applying; O decline
Mee, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X.

The Martyrs.

And since thou so desirously
Didst long to die, that long before thou could'st,
And long since thou no more could'st dye,
Thou in thy scatter'd mystique body would'st
In Abel dye, and ever since
In thine; let their blood come
To begge for us, a discreet patience
Of death, or of worfe life: for Oh, to some
Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdom.

75-6 no brackets 1633 75 whosoever]whoever most MSS. 76 throw downe, and fall. 1633[A18,D,H49,Lec,N,TC: thrown down do fall] 1635-69 78 bookes] works B,O,F, S96 87 thine; ] thine, 1633 XI.
XI.

The Confessors.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,
Whose bloods betroth'd, not marryed were,
Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers:
They know, and pray, that wee may know,
In every Christian
Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow;
Tentations martyr us alive; A man
Is to himselfe a Dioclesian.

XII.

The Virgins.

The cold white snowie Nunnery,
Which, as thy mother, their high Abbesse, sent
Their bodies backe againe to thee,
As thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent,
Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
That or thy Church, or I,
Should keep, as they, our first integrity;
Divorce thou finne in us, or bid it die,
And call chaft widowhead Virginitie.

XIII.

The Doctors.

Thy sacred Academie above
Of Doctors, whose paines have unclas'd, and taught
Both booke's of life to us (for love
To know thy Scriptures tells us, we are wrote

93 were, Ed: were; 1633-69
97 grow; Ed: grow, 1633-69
100 The] Thy B.D, H49, O'T, S. S96
109 Thy] The 1635-69
Academie 1633, D, H49, Lee: Academ 1635-69: Academe N, O'T, S96
TC 112 thy] the 1650-69 Scriptures] Scripture 1669 wrote]
spelt wrought 1633 and MSS.
Divine Poems.

In thy other booke) pray for us there
That what they have misdone
Or mis-said, wee to that may not adhere;
Their zeale may be our sinne. Lord let us runne
Meane waies, and call them stars, but not the Sunne.

XIV.

And whil'st this univerfall Quire,
That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be loft, which cost thee deare,
Prayes ceaslesly,'and thou hearken too,
(Since to be gratious
Our taske is treble, to pray, beare, and doe)
Heare this prayer Lord: O Lord deliver us
From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out thus.

XV.

From being anxious, or secure,
Dead clods of sadnesse, or light squibs of mirth,
From thinking, that great courts immure
All, or no happinesse, or that this earth
Is only for our prison fram'd,
Or that thou art covetous
To them whom thou loveft, or that they are maim'd
From reaching this worlds sweet, who seek thee thus,
With all their might, Good Lord deliver us.

115 adhere; Ed: adhere, 1633-69
122 too, D: too 1633-69
125 Lord: Ed: Lord, 1633-69
128 clods 1633: clouds 1633-69,
B, O'F (which corrects), S96
133 whom] om. D, H49, L, lec them]
om. A18, N, TC
134 sweet. 1633, D, H49, J, L, lec, S96: sweets, 1635-69, A18, N, O'F, S, TC

XVI.
XVI.

From needing danger, to bee good,
From owing thee yesterdaies teares to day,
From trufling fo much to thy blood,
That in that hope, wee wound our foule away,
From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse
Some finne more burdensome,
From light affecting, in religion, newes,
From thinking us all foule, neglecting thus
Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivence, or slack companie,
From measuring ill by vitious,
Neglecting to choake fins fpawne, Vanitie,
From indiscreet humilitie,
Which might be scandalous,
And caft reproach on Christianitie,
From being spies, or to spies pervious,
From thirst, or scorne of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us for thy descent
Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place
Of middle kind; and thou being fent
To'ungratious us, ftaid'ft at her full of grace;
And through thy poore birth, where first thou
Glorifiedft Povertie,
And yet foone after riches didft allow,
By accepting Kings gifts in the Epiphanie,
Deliver, and make us, to both waies free.
XIX.

And through that bitter agonie,
Which is still the agonie of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted thee,
And interrupted evenesse, with fits;
And through thy free confession
Though thereby they were then
Made blind, so that thou mightst from them have gone,
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when
Wee may not, and we may blinde unjust men.

XX.

Through thy submitting all, to blowes
Thy face, thy clothes to spoil; thy fame to scorne,
All waies, which rage, or Justice knowes,
And by which thou coulst shew, that thou wast born;
And through thy gallant humbleness
Which thou in death didst shew,
Dying before thy soule they could expresse,
Deliver us from death, by dying so,
To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe.

XXI.

When senses, which thy souldiers are,
Wee arme against thee, and they fight for sinne,
When want, sent but to tame, doth warre
And worke despaire a breach to enter in,
When plenty, Gods image, and seal
Makes us Idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it shoult reveal,
When wee are mov'd to seeme religious
Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.
XXII.

In Churches, when the’infirmitie
Of him which speakes, diminishes the Word,
When Magistrates doe mis-apply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghoftly sword,
When plague, which is thine Angell, rainges,
Or wars, thy Champions, swaie,
When Herefie, thy second deluge, gains;
In th’houre of death, the’Eve of laft judgement day,
Deliver us from the finifter way.

XXIII.

Heare us, O heare us Lord; to thee
A finner is more musique, when he prayes,
Then spheares, or Angels praiBes bee,
In Panegyrique Allelujaes;
Heare us, for till thou heare us, Lord
We know not what to say;
Thine eare to’our sighes, teares, thoughts gives voice and word.
O Thou who Satan heard’ft in Jobs sicke day,
Heare thy felfe now, for thou in us doft pray.

XXIV.

That wee may change to evennesse
This intermitting aguish Piete;
That snatching cramps of wickednesse
And Apoplexies of faft fin, may die;
That musique of thy promifes,
Not threats in Thunder may
Awaken us to our juft offices;
What in thy booke, thou doft, or creatures say,
That we may heare, Lord heare us, when wee pray.

196 When] Where many MSS. 197 laft judgement] the laft JC, S:
198 Gods judgement B 202 Allelujaes: 1635—69: Allelujaes, 1633
199 fay; D: say. 1633—69 209 Pietie; Ed: Pietie, 1633—69
200 offices:) offices, 1633

XXV.
Divine Poems.

XXV.

That our eares sickneffe wee may cure,
And rectifie thosse Labyrinths aright,
That wee, by harkning, not procure
Our praife, nor others dispraife so invite,
That wee get not a flipperineffe
And fenselfully decline,
From hearing bold wits jeaft at Kings exceffe,
To'admit the like of majestie divine,
That we may locke our eares, Lord open thine.

XXVI.

That living law, the Magistrat,  
Which to give us, and make us phyficke, doth
Our vices often aggravate,
That Preachers taxing finne, before her growth,
That Satan, and invenom'd men
Which well, if we starve, dine,
When they doe most accuse us, may fee then
Us, to amendment, heare them; thee decline:
That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine.

XXVII.

That learning, thine Ambassador,
From thine allegeance wee never tempt,
That beauty, paradises flower
For phyficke made, from poyson be exempt,
That wit, borne apt high good to doe,
By dwelling lazily.
On Natures nothing, be not nothing too,
That our affections kill us not, nor dye,
Heare us, weake echecoes, O thou eare, and cry.
Divine Poems.

XXVIII.

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou
By taking our blood, oweft it us againe,
Gaine to thy self, or us allow;
And let not both us and thy selfe be flaine;
O Lambe of God, which took'ft our finne
Which could not flick to thee,
O let it not returne to us againe,
But Patient and Phyfition being free,
As finne is nothing, let it no where be.

Upon the translation of the Psalmes by Sir Philip Sydney, and the Countesse of Pembroke his Sifter.

Etternal God, (for whom who ever dare
Seeke new expressions, doe the Circle square,
And thurft into strait corners of poore wit
Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)
I would but bleffe thy Name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:) Fixe we our prayses therefore on this one,
That, as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
These Psalmes firft Author in a cloven tongue;
(For 'twas a double power by which he fung
The highest matter in the noblest forme;) So thou haft cleft that spirit, to performe
That worke againe, and shed it, here, upon
Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one;
A Brother and a Sifter, made by thee
The Organ, where thou art the Harmony.

Vpon the & c. 1635-69: no extant MSS.
Divine Poems.

Two that make one John Baptist's holy voyage,
And who that Psalm, Now let the Iles rejoice,
Have both translated, and apply'd it too,
Both told us what, and taught us how to doe.

They shew us Ilanders our joy, our King,
They tell us why, and teach us how to sing;
Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and spheres;
The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man heares,
The spheres have Musicke, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;
But our third Quire, to which the first gives care,
(For, Angels learne by what the Church doeth here)
This Quire hath all. The Organist is hee
Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we:
The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse
Whisper'd to David, David to the Iewes:
And David's Successors, in holy zeal,
In forms of joy and art doe re-reveale
To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
That I must not rejoice as I would doe
When I behold that these Psalms are become
So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,
So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,
As I can scarce call that reform'd untill
This be reform'd; Would a whole State present
A leffer gift than some one man hath sent?
And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King
More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing?
For that we pray, we praise thy name for this,
Which, by this Moses and this Miriam, is
Already done; and as those Psalms we call
(Though some have other Authors) David's all:
So though some have, some may some Psalms translate,
We thy Sydnean Psalms shall celebrate,

17 voyce, 1635-39: voyce; 1650-69 22 sing; 1635-69
23 three Quires, 1669: 3 Quires, 1635-54 28 here 1669: heare 1635-54 (the same word, not hear as in Chambers' note)
46 this Moses Grosart: thy Moses 1635-69

And,
Divine Poems.

And, till we come th'Extemporall song to sing,
(Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King;
Who hath translated those translators) may
These their sweet learned labours, all the way
Be as our tuning; that, when hence we part,
We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

Ode: Of our Sense of Sinne.

1. Vengeance will fit above our faults; but till
She there doth fit,
We see her not, nor them. Thus, blinde, yet still
We leade her way; and thus, whil'st we doe ill,
We suffer it.

2. Unhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill.
Enough we labour under age, and care;
In number, th'errors of the last place, are
The greatest still.

3. Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
As soone repent,
(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not seen,
But past us; neither felt, but onely in
The punishment.

4. But we know our selves least; Mere outward shews
Our mindes so store,
That our soules, no more than our eyes disclose
But forme and colour. Onely he who knowes
Himselfe, knowes more.

I. D.
To Mr Tilman after he had taken orders.

Thou, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,
Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected since the vintage? Doft thou finde
New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steele
Toucht with a Loadstone, doft new motions fees?
Or, as a Ship after much paine and care,
For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware,
Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine
Of noble goods, and with lesse time and paine?
Thou art the same materials, as before,
Onely the stampe is changed; but no more.
And as new crowned Kings alter the face,
But not the monies substance; so hath grace
Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation,
To Chrifts new stampe, at this thy Coronation;
Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because
They beare Gods message, and proclaime his lawes,
Since thou muft doe the like, and so muft move,
Art thou new feather'd with celestiall love?
Deare, tell me where thy purchafe lies, and shew
What thy advantage is above, below.
But if thy gainings doe surmount expression,
Why doth the foolish world scorne that profession,
Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit
That Gentry should joyne families with it?
As if their day were onely to be spent
In dressing, Mistrefsing and complement;
Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust
Seemes richly placed in sublimed dust;
(For, fuch are cloathes and beauty, which though gay,
Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay.)

To Mr Tilman &c. 1635-69: no extant MSS. 18 Chrifts] Chills
1635 34 clay.) Ed: clay) 1635-69 Let
Divine Poems.

Let then the world thy calling disrespect,
But goe thou on, and pity their neglect.
What function is so noble, as to bee
Embafladour to God and destinie?
To open life, to give kingdomes to more
Than Kings give dignities; to keepe heavens doore?
Maries prerogative was to beare Chrift, so
'Tis preachers to convey him, for they doe
As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speake;
And blesse the poore beneath, the lame, the weake.
If then th'Aftronomers, whereas they spie
A new-found Starre, their Opticks magnifie,
How brave are thofe, who with their Engine, can
Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man?
These are thy titles and preheminences,
In whom muft meet Gods graces, mens offences,
And fo the heavens which beget all things here,
And the earth our mother, which these things doth beare,
Both these in thee, are in thy Calling knit,
And make thee now a bleft Hermaphrodite.

A Hymne to Chrift, at the Authors last
going into Germany.

IN what torne ship foever I embarke,
That ship shall be my embleme of thy Arke;
What sea foever swallow mee, that flood
Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood;
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguife
Thy face; yet through that maske I know those eyes,
Which, though they turne away sometimes,
They never will despife.

beare, 1650-69: beare 1635-39
A Hymne &c. 1633-69: A Hymne to Chrift. A18,N,TCC,TCD: At his going with my Lord of Doncafter 1619. B, and similarly, O'F,P,
S96: in MSS. last two lines of each stanza given as one 2 my .
thy] an . . . the P 3 foever swallow mee, that] foere swallows me up,
that O'F

I sacrifice
I sacrifice this hand unto thee,
And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee;
When I have put our seas twixt them and mee,
Put thou thy sea betwixt my finnes and thee.
(As the trees sap doth secke the root below
In winter, in my winter now I goe,
Where none but thee, th'Eternall root
Of true Love I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion doft controule,
The amorousneffe of an harmonious Soule,
But thou wouldst have that love thy selfe: As thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free
My soule: Who ever gives, takes libertie:
O, if thou car'st not whom I love
Alas, thou lov'st not mee.

Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All,
On whom those fainter beames of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered bee
On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for Prayer, that have leaft light:
To see God only, I goe out of sight:
And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse
An Everlafting night.

The Lamentations of Jeremy, for the most part according to Tremelius.

CHAP. I.

1 How fits this citie, late most populous,
   Thus solitary, and like a widdow thus!
Ampleft of Nations, Queene of Provinces
   She was, who now thus tributary is!

2 Still in the night shee weepes, and her teares fall
   Downe by her cheekes along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her; Perfidioufly
   Her friends have dealt, and now are enemie.

3 Unto great bondage, and afflictions
   Juda is captive led; Those nations
With whom shee dwells, no place of rest afford,
   In streights shee meets her Persecutors sword.

4 Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her waies
   Mourne, because none come to her solemne dayes.
Her Priests doe groane, her maides are comfortleffe,
   And shee's unto her selfe a bitternesse.

5 Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,
   Because when her transgrefions did increase,
The Lord frote her with sadnesse: Th'enemie
   Doth drive her children to captivitie.

6 From Sions daughter is all beauty gone,
   Like Harts, which seeke for Pasture, and find none,
Her Princes are, and now before the foe
   Which still pursues them, without strength they go.

The Lamentations &c. 1633–69 (Tremellius 1639–69), B;N,0'F;TCD:
Tr in the notes stands for Tremellius, Vulg for Vulgate. See note: full-stops after verse-numbers 1635–69 2–4 thus!...is!] thus?...is?
1635–69 22 Harts] hearts 1669

7 Now
Divine Poems.

7 Now in her daies of Teares, Jerusalem
   (Her men slaine by the foe, none succouring them)
Remembers what of old, shee esteemed moft,
   Whilest her foes laugh at her, for what she hath loft.

8 Jerusalem hath sinn’d, therefore is shee
   Remov’d, as women in uncleanesse bee;
Who honor’d, scorne her, for her foulnesse they
   Have seene; her selfe doth groane, and turne away.

9 Her foulnesse in her skirts was seene, yet she
   Remembred not her end; Miraculously
Therefore shee fell, none comforting: Behold
   O Lord my affliction, for the Foe growes bold.

10 Upon all things where her delight hath beene,
   The foe hath stretch’d his hand, for shee hath seene
Heathen, whom thou command’st, should not doe so,
   Into her holy Sanctuary goe.

11 And all her people groane, and seeke for bread;
   And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay:
   How cheape I’am growne, O Lord, behold, and weigh.

12 All this concerns not you, who passe by mee,
   O see, and marke if any sorrow bee
Like to my sorrow, which Jehova hath
   Done to mee in the day of his fierce wrath?

13 That fire, which by himselfe is governed
   He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spred
A net before my feet, and mee o’rthrowne,
   And made me languish all the day alone.

25 her O’F: their 1633–69. N. TCD: the B: diebus afflictionis sua
et ploratum suorum Tr  28 Whilest B, O’F: Whiles 1633–69
32 seene: I seene. 1633  43 pleasure] pleasures N
A & 2  14 His
14. His hand hath of my finnes framed a yoake
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My ftrength. The Lord unto those enemies
Hath given mee, from whom I cannot rife.

15. He under foot hath troden in my fight
My strong men; He did company invite
To breake my young men; he the winepreffe hath
Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.

16. For these things doe I weep, mine eye, mine eye
Cafts water out; For he which should be nigh
To comfort mee, is now departed farre;
The foe prevales, forlone my children are.

17. There's none, though, Sion do stretch out her hand,
To comfort her, it is the Lords command
That Jacobs foes girt him. Jerusalem
Is as an uncleane woman amongst them.

18. But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
I have rebell'd against his holy will;
O heare all people, and my sorrow see,
My maides, my young men in captivitie.

19. I called for my lovers then, but they
Deceiv'd mee, and my Priests, and Elders lay
Dead in the citie; for they sought for meat
Which should refresh their soules, they could not get.

20. Because I am in straites, lehova see
My heart o'turn'd, my bowells muddy bee,
Because I have rebell'd so much, as faft
The sword without, as death within, doth waft.
21 Of all which heare I mourne, none comforts mee,
   My foes have heard my griefe, and glad they be,
That thou haft done it; But thy promis'd day
   Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

22 Let all their wickednesse appeare to thee,
   Doe unto them, as thou haft done to mee,
For all my finnes: The sighs which I have had
   Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. II.

1 How over Sions daughter hath God hung
   His wraths thicke cloud! and from heaven hath
   Flung
To earth the beauty of Israel, and hath
   Forgot his foot-toole in the day of wrath!

2 The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
   All Jacobs dwellings, and demolished
To ground the strengths of Juda, and prophan'd
   The Princes of the Kingdome, and the land.

3 In heat of wrath, the horne of Israel hee
   Hath cleane cut off, and left the enemie
   Be hindered, his right hand he doth retire,
   But is towards Jacob, All-devouring fire.

4 Like to an enemie he bent his bow,
   His right hand was in posture of a foe,
To kill what Sions daughter did desire,
   'Gainst whom his wrath, he poured forth, like fire.

5 For like an enemie Jehova is,
   Devouring Israel, and his Palaces,
Destroying holds, giving additions
   To Juda's daughters lamentations.

  81 heare I mourne, 1633-35. B, O' F, TCD: heare me mourn, N: here
  I mourn, 1639-69, and mod. edd.: Audientium me in gemitu esse nemo
  consolatur me. Tr 87 sighs | sighs 1669 90 cloud! Ed: cloud?
  strengths 1633, N, TCD: strength 1635-69, B, O' F: munitiones°Tr and Vulg
  6 Like
Like to a garden hedge he hath cast downe
The place where was his congregation,
And Sions feasts and sabbaths are forgot;
Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not.

The Lord forfares his Altar, and detests
His Sanctuary, and in the foes hand rests
His Palace, and the walls, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
And levell Sions walls unto the ground;
He draws not back his hand, which doth oreturme
The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne.

Their gates are sunke into the ground, and hee
Hath broke the barres; their King and Princes bee
Amongst the heathen, without law, nor there
Unto their Prophets doth the Lord appeare.

There Sions Elders on the ground are plac'd,
And silence keepe; Duft on their heads they caft,
In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw.

My bowells are growne muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for miserie
That fucking children in the streets doe die.

When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where
Shall we have bread, and drinke? they fainted there,
And in the streets like wounded persons lay
Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.
Daughter Jerusalem, Oh what may bee
A witnesse, or comparison for thee?
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the sea, what help can bee?

For thee vaine foolish things thy Prophets fought,
Thee, thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might disturne thy bondage: but for thee
False burthens, and false causes they would see.

The passengers doe clap their hands, and hisse,
And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this
That citie, which so many men did call
Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?

Thy foes doe gape upon thee, and they hisse,
And gnash their teeth, and say, Devoure wee this,
For this is certainly the day which wee
Expected, and which now we finde, and fee.

The Lord hath done that which he purposed,
Fulfill'd his word of old determined;
He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

But now, their hearts against the Lord do call,
Therefore, O walls of Sion, let teares fall
Downe like a river, day and night; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

Arisse, cry in the night, pource, for thy sinnes,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children dye;
Which, faint for hunger, in the streeets doe lye.

Behold
Behold O Lord, consider unto whom Thou hast done this; what, shall the women come To eate their children of a spanne? shall thy Prophet and Priest be slaine in Sanctuary?

On ground in streets, the yong and old do lye, My virgins and yong men by sword do dye; Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slaine, Nothing did thee from killing them containe.

As to a solemn feast, all whom I fear’d Thou call’d about mee; when his wrath appear’d, None did remaine or scape, for those which I Brought up, did perish by mine enemie.

C H A P. I I I.

I Am the man which have affliction seene, Under the rod of Gods wrath having beene, 2 He hath led mee to darknesse, not to light, 3 And against mee all day, his hand doth fight.

Hee hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh and skinne, 5 Built up against mee; and hath girt mee in With hemlocke, and with labour; 6 and set mee In darke, as they who dead for ever bee.

Hee hath hedg’d me left I scape, and added more To my steele fetters, heavier then before.

When I crye out, he out shuts my prayer: 9 And hath Stop’d with hewn stone my way, and turn’d my path.

And like a Lion hid in secrecie, Or Beare which lyes in wait, he was to mee.

He stops my way, teares me, made desolate, 12 And hee makes mee the marke he shooteth at.

360 Divine Poems.

20 21 22 165

160 170 175

170 180 185

180 185 190

190 195

13 Hee
Divine Poems.

13 Hee made the children of his quiver passe
   Into my reines, 14 I with my people was
All the day long, a song and mockery.
15 Hee hath fill'd mee with bitterness, and he
Hath made me drunke with wormewood. 16 He hath bursts
   My teeth with stones, and covered mee with dust;
17 And thus my Soule farre off from peace was set,
   And my prosperity I did forget.
18 My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said)
   Which from the Lord should come, is perished.
19 But when my mournings I do thinke upon,
   My wormwood, hemlocke, and affliction,
20 My Soule is humbled in remembリング this;
21 My heart considers, therefore, hope there is.
22 'Tis Gods great mercy we'are not utterly
   Consum'd, for his compassions do not die;
23 For every morning they renewed bee,
   For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity.
24 The Lord is, faith my Soule, my portion,
   And therefore in him will I hope alone.
25 The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,
   And to the Soule that seeks him earnestly.
26 It is both good to trust, and to attend
   (The Lords salvation) unto the end:
27 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare;
28 He fits alone, and doth all speech forbeare,
   Because he hath borne it. 29 And his mouth he layes
   Deepe in the dust, yet then in hope he stayes.
30 He gives his cheekes to whosoever will
   Strike him, and so he is reproached still.
31 For, not for ever doth the Lord forfake,
32 But when he'ath strucke with sadnes, hee doth take

Compassion,
Compassion, as his mercy is infinite;
Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite;
That underfoot the prisoners stamped bee,
That a mans right the Judge himselfe doth see
To be wrung from him, That he subverted is
In his just cause; the Lord allowes not this.
Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,
But that which by the Lord commanded was?
Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds;
Why then grieues any man for his misdeeds?
Turne wee to God, by trying out our wayes;
In his just cause; the Lord allowes not this.
Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,
But that which by the Lord commanded was?
Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds;
Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
Turne wee to God, by trying out our wayes;
To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraife.
Wee have rebell'd, and falne away from thee,
Thou pardon'st not; Useft no clemencie;
Pursu'eft us, kill'ft us, covereft us with wrath,
Cover'ft thy selfe with clouds, that our prayer hath
No power to passe. And thou haft made us fall
As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.
All our foes gape at us. Feare and a snare
With ruine, and with wafte, upon us are.
With watry rivers doth mine eye oreflow
For ruine of my peoples daughter so;
Mine eye doth drop downe teares incessantly,
Untill the Lord looke downe from heaven to see.
And for my citys daughters sake, mine eye
Doth breake mine heart. Causles mine enemy,
Like a bird chac'd me. In a dungeon
They have flut my life, and caft on me a stone.
Divine Poems.

54 Waters flow'd o'Er my head, then thought I, I am Destroy'd; 55 I called Lord, upon thy name Out of the pit. 56 And thou my voice didst heare; Oh from my sigh, and crye, stop not thine eare.

57 Then when I cali'd upon thee, thou drew'lt nere Unto mee, and said'st unto mee, do not feare. 58 Thou Lord my Soules cause handled haft, and thou Rescud'lt my life. 59 O Lord do thou judge now,

Thou heards't my wrong. 60 Their vengeance all they have wrought;

61 How they reproach'd, thou haft heard, and what they thought,

62 What their lips uttered, which against me rose, And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

63 I am their song, whether they rise or fit,

64 Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,

65 Sorrow of heart, thy curse. 66 And with thy might Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

CHAP. IV.

1 How is the gold become so dimme? How is Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this? The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary, Scattered in corners of each street do lye.

2 The pretious sonnes of Sion, which should bee Valued at purest gold, how do wee see Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand, Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand.

3 Even the Sea-calfes draw their breests, and give Sucke to their young; my peoples daughters live, By reason of the foes great cruellnesse, As do the Owles in the vaft Wildernesse.


4 And
4 And when the fucking child doth strive to draw,
   His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw.
And when for bread the little children crye,
   There is no man that doth them satisfie.

5 They which before were delicately fed,
   Now in the streets forlorn have perished,
And they which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,
   Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.

6 The daughters of my people have sinn'd more,
   Then did the town of Sodome sinne before;
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine
   No hands amongst them, to vexe them againe.

7 But heretofore purer her Nazarite
   Was then the snow, and milke was not so white;
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine,
   And all their polish'd nesse was Saphirine.

8 They are darker now then blacknes, none can know
   Them by the face, as through the streets they goe,
For now their skin doth cleave unto the bone,
   And withered, is like to dry wood growne.

9 Better by sword then famine 'tis to dye;
   And better through pierc'd, then through penury.

10 Women by nature pitifull, have eate
   Their children drest: with their owne hands for meat.

11 lehova here fully accomplisht hath
   His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,
Kindled a fire in Sion, which hath power
   To eate, and her foundations to devour.
12 Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live
   In the inhabitable world beleeve,
   That any adversary, any foe
   Into Jerusalem should enter so.

13 For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have shed
   Blood in the streets, and the just murthred:
14 Which when those men, whom they made blinde, did
   stray
   Thorough the streets, defiled by the way
With blood, the which impossible it was
   Their garments should scape touching, as they passe,
15 Would cry aloud, depart defiled men,
   Depart, depart, and touch us not; and then
   They fled, and strayed, and with the Gentiles were,
   Yet told their friends, they shold not long dwell there;
16 For this they are scattered by Jehovahs face
   Who never will regard them more; No grace
   Unto their old men shall the foe afford,
   Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the sword.
17 And wee as yet, for all these miseries
   Desiring our vaine helpe, consume our eyes:
   And such a nation as cannot save,
   We in desire and speculation have.
18 They hunt our steps, that in the streets wee feare
   To goe: our end is now approached neere,
   Our dayes accomplishd are, this the laft day.
19 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they
   Which follow us, o'r mountaine tops they flye
   At us, and for us in the desart lye.

Divine Poems. 365

12 through 335

20 The annointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, hee
Of whom we said, under his shadow, wee
Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
Into the pit which these men digged, fell.

21 Rejoyce O Edoms daughter, joyfull bee
Thou which inhabitst Huz, for unto thee
This cup shall passe, and thou with drunkenness
Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakedness.

22 And then thy finnes O Sion, shall be spent,
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment.
Thy finnes O Edoms daughter, hee will see,
And for them, pay thee with captivitie.

CHAP. V.

Remember, O Lord, what is fallen on us;
See, and marke how we are reproached thus,
For unto strangers our possession
Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,
Our mothers are become as widowes, wee
As Orphans all, and without father be;
Waters which are our owne, wee drunke, and pay,
And upon our owne wood a price they lay.
Our persecutors on our necks do sit,
They make us travaile, and not intermit,
We stretch our hands unto th'Egyptians
To get us bread; and to the Assyrians.
Our Fathers did these finnes, and are no more,
But wee do beare the finnes they did before.
They are but servants, which do rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.
With danger of our life our bread wee gat;
For in the wildernefe, the sword did wait.
The tempefts of this famine wee liv'd in,
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinne:
In Iudaes cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in Sion us'd.
The Princes with their hands they hung;
Nor honour gave they to the Elders face.
Unto the mill our yong men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare.
Elders, the gates; youth did their fongs forbeare,
Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were.
Now is the crowne falne from our head;
And woe be unto us, because we have sinned so.
For this our hearts do languifh, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimneffe is.
Because mount Sion defolate doth lye,
And foxes there do goe at libertie:
But thou O Lord art ever, and thy throne
From generation, to generation.
Why should'ft thou forget us eternally?
Or leave us thus long in this misery?
Restore us Lord to thee, that so we may
Returne, and as of old, renew our day.
For oughteft thou, O Lord, despife us thus,
And to be utterly enrag'd at us?

Gone &c.] Old edd. transfer 15 to next line, wrongly. In consequence, the remaining verses are all a number short, but the complete number of 22 is made up by breaking the last verse, 'For oughteft thou &c.,' into two. I have corrected throughout.

Hymne
Hymn to God my God, in my sickness.

Since I am coming to that Holy roome,
Where, with thy Quire of Saints for evermore,
I shall be made thy Musique; As I come
I tune the Instrument here at the dore,
And what I must do then, think here before.

Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne
Cofmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne
That this is my South-west discoverie
Per fretum sebris, by these straights to die,

I joy, that in these straights, I see my West;
For, though there's currants yeeld returne to none,
What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
In all flatt Maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the Resurrection.

Is the Pacifique Sea my home? Or are
The Eastern riches? Is Ierusalem?
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibralter,
All straights, and none but straights, are wayes to them,
Whether where Iaphet dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.

We thinke that Paradise and Calvarie,
Christ's Crosse, and Adams tree, stood in one place;
Looke Lord, and finde both Adams met in me;
As the first Adams sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adams blood my soule embrace.

Hymn to God &c. 1635-69,896, and in part Walton (Life of D. John Donne. 1670), who adds March 23, 1630 2 thy 1635
and Walton (1670): the 1639-69 4 the Instrument 1635-69: my
instrument Walton 6 Whilst ... love] Since ... loves Walton 10
to die, 1635: to die. 1639-54: to dy' 1669 12 theire 896: thes 1635-69 18 Gibralter, 1635-54: Gabrltare, 1669: Gibralter? 1719,
Chambers: Gibralter are Grosart. See note 19 but straights, Ed; but
straights 1635-69 24 first] fil 1669

So,
JOHN DONNE

From the frontispiece to Death's Duel, 1632
So, in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,
By these his thornes give me his other Crowne;
And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,
Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine owne,
Therfore that he may raise the Lord throws down.

_A Hymne to God the Father:_

I.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sinne; through which I runne,
And do run still: though still I do deplore?
When thou haft done, thou haft not done,
For, I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have wonne
Others to sinne? and, made my sinne their doore?
Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne
A yeare, or two: but wallowed in, a score?
When thou haft done, thou haft not done,
For I have more.

III.

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne
My laft thred, I shall perish on the shore;
But sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, Thou hast done,
I feare no more.

---

28 others souls] other souls Walton and S96 30 That, he may raise; therefore, Walton
which 1633 8 my sin] my sins 1639-69 10 two: 1633: two. 1635-69 70
To Christ.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, where I begann,
Wch is my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive those sins through wch I runn
And doe them still, though still I doe deplore?
    When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
    for I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, by wch I have wonne
Others to sin, & made my sin their dore?
Wilt thou forgive that sin wch I did srunne
A yeare or twoe, but wallowed in a score?
    When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
    for I have more.

I have a sin of feare y' when I have spunn
My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;
Sware by thy self that at my Death, thy Sunn
    Shall shine as it shines nowe, & heretofore;
    And having done that, thou hast done,
    I have noe more.

To Christ, A18,N,TCC,TCD: Christo Salvatori. O'F,S96: text from
TCD 1 begann, E1: begunn TCD 2 were A18,N,T: was O'F,S
before? E1: before TCD 4 them A18,N,T: runne O'F,S96
5 done, E1: done TCD: and so 11 and 17 14 shore; E1: shore
TCD 15 thy Sunne O'F,S: this Sunn A18,N,T 16 heretofore;
E1: heretofore TCD

ELEGIES
TO THE MEMORIE OF
MY EVER DESIRED FRIEND

D'. Donne.

To have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty'ft flights, that is, like Thee,
Or t'have had too much merit, is not safe;
For, such excesses finde no Epitaph.
At common graves we have Poetique eyes
Can melt themselves in casie Elegies,
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, like the Hatchments, to the Hearfe:
But at Thine, Poeme, or Inscription
(Rich foule of wit, and language) we have none.
Indeed a silence does that tombe beft,
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd invention juftly doth forbeare
To come abroad, knowing Thou art not here.
Late her great Patron; Whoфе Prerogative
Maintain'd, and cloth'd her so, as none alive
Must now prefume, to keepe her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dowre eftate.
Or else that awfull fire, which once did burne
In thy cleare Braine, now falne into thy Urne
Lives there, to fright rude Empiricks from thence,
Which might prophanee thee by their Ignorance.
Who ever writes of Thee, and in a ftille
Unworthy SUCH a Theme, does but revile
Thy precious Duft, and wake a learned Spirit
Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit.
For, all a low pitch't phanfic can devise,
Will prove, at beft, but Hallow'd Injuries.
Thou, like the dying Swanne, didst lately sing
Thy Mournfull Dirge, in audience of the King;
When pale lookes, and faint accents of thy breath,
Prefented so, to life, that piecee of death,
That it was fear'd, and prophesi'd by all,
Thou thither cam'ft to preach thy Funerall.

To the &c. Also in Deaths Duell. 1632, Walton's Lives 1670, King's
Poems. 1657, 1664, 1700 14 here] there 1632 31 faint)
weak 1632

B B 2

O! had'ft
Elegies upon the Author.

O! had'ft Thou in an Elegiacke Knell
Rung out unto the world thine owne farewell,
And in thy High Victorious Numbers beate
The solemne mesure of thy griev'd Retreat;
Thou might'ft the Poets service now have mift
As well, as then thou did'ft prevent the Priest;
And never to the world beholding bee
So much, as for an Epitaph for thee.

I doe not like the office. Nor is 't fit
Thou, who did'ft lend our Age such summes of wit,
Should'ft now re-borrow from her bankrupt Mine,
That Ore to Bury Thee, which once was Thine,
Rather still leave us in thy debt; And know
(Exalted Soule) more glory 't is to owe
Unto thy Hearfe, what we can never pay,
Then, with embased Coine those Rites desray.
Commit we then Thee to Thy selfe: Nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy owne Fame
Leave Thee Executour. Since, but thine owne,
No pen could doe Thee Justice, nor Bayes Crowne
Thy vast desert; Save that, wee nothing can
Depute, to be thy Athes Guardian.
So Jewellers no Art, or Metall trust
To forme the Diamond, but the Diamonds dust.

H. K.

To the deceased Author,

Upon the Promiscuous printing of his Poems, the
Looser fort, with the Religious.

When thy Loose raptures, Donne, shall meet with Those
That doe confine
Tuning, unto the Duller line,
And sing not, but in Sanctified Prose;
How will they, with sharper eyes,
The Fore-skinne of thy phanie circumcise?
And fear, thy wantonneffe should now, begin
Example, that hath ceased to be Sin?

57 or] nor 1632

And
Elegies upon the Author. 373

And that Fear sannes their Heat; whilst knowing eyes
Will not admire
At this Strange Fire,
That here is mingled with thy Sacrifice:
But dare reade even thy Wanton Story,
As thy Confession, not thy Glory.
And will so envie Both to future times,
That they would buy thy Goodnesse, with thy Crimes.

Tho: Browne.

On the death of Dr Donne.

I Cannot blame those men, that knew thee well,
Yet dare not helpe the world, to ring thy knell
In tunefull Elegies; there's not language knowne
Fit for thy mention, but 'twas first thy owne;
The Epitaphs thou writst, have so bereft
Our tongue of wit, there is not phanfic left
Enough to beepe thee; what henceforth we see
Of Art or Nature, must refult from thee.
There may perchance some busie gathering friend
Steale from thy owne workes, and that, varied, lend,
Which thou beftow'ft on others, to thy Hearfe,
And fo thou shalt live full in thine owne verse;
Hee that shall venture farther, may commit
A pitied error, liue his zeale, not wit.
Fate hath done mankinde wrong; vertue may aime
Reward of confcience, never can, of fame,
Since her great trumpet's broke, could onely give
Faith to the world, command it to beleve;
Hee then muft write, that would define thy parts:
Here lyes the beft Divinitie. All the Arts.

Edw. Hyde.

On the &c. Also in Deaths Duell. 1632 4 thy] thine 1632
6 tongue] pens 1632
On
Elegies upon the Author.

On Doctor Donne,
By D' C. B. of O.

Hee that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And do it well, must first beginne to be
Such as thou wert: for, none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so;
He must have wit to spare and to hurle downe:
Enough, to keepe the gallants of the towne.
He must have learning plenty: both the Lawes,
Civill, and Common, to judge any cause:
Divinity great store, above the rest;
Not of the last Edition, but the best.
Hee must have language, travaile, all the Arts;
Judgement to use; or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do;
Such as Mecenas, and Augustus too.
He must have such a sickness, such a death;
Or else his vaine descriptions come beneath;
Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,
He must be dead first: let it alone for mee.

An Elegie upon the incomparable
D' Donne.

All is not well when such a one as I
Dare peep abroad, and write an Elegie;
When smaller Starres appeare, and give their light,
Phobus is gone to bed: Were it not night,
And the world witlesse now that DONNE is dead,
You sooner should have broke, then scene my head.
Dead did I say? Forgive this Injury
I doe him, and his worthes Infinity,
To say he is but dead; I dare averre
It better may be term'd a Maffacre,
Then Sleep or Death; See how the Muses mourne
Upon their oaten Reeds, and from his Yrne
Threaten the World with this Calamity,
They shall have Ballads, but no Poetry.

On &c. Also in Corbet's Poems 1647

Language
Elegies upon the Author.

Language lies speechless; and Divinity,
Loft such a Trump as even to Extasie
Could charm the Soule, and had an Influence
To teach best judgements, and please dullest Sense.
The Court, the Church, the Universitie,
Loft Chaplaine, Deane, and Doctor, All these, Three.
   It was his Merit, that his Funeral
Could cause a losse so great and generall.

If there be any Spirit can answer give
Of such as hence depart, to such as live:
Speake, Doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to dust, and feele the lawes of Fate?
Me thinkes, Corruption, Wormes, what else is soule
Should spare the Temple of so faire a Soule.
I could beleev they doe; but that I know
What inconvenience might hereafter grow:
   Succeeding ages would Idolatrize,
   And as his Numbers, so his Reliques prize.

If that Philosopher, which did avow
The world to be but Motes, was living now:
He would affirm that th'Atomes of his mould
Were they in severall bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of Travellers, Divines,
Of Linguists, Poets: Sith these severall lines
In him concentred were, and flowing thence
Might fill againe the worlds Circumference.
I could beleev this too; and yet my faith
Not want a President: The Phanix hath
   (And such was He) a power to animate
Her ashes, and herselfe perpetuate.
But, busie Soule, thou dost not well to pry
Into these Secrets; Griefe, and Jealousie,
The more they know, the further still advance,
And finde no way so safe as Ignorance.
Let this suffice thee, that his Soule which flew
A pitch of all admir'd, known but of few,
(Save those of purer mould) is now translated
From Earth to Heav'n, and there Constellated.
   For, if each Priest of God shine as a Starre,
   His Glory is as his Gifts, bove others farre.

Hen. Valentine.

An
An Elegie upon Dr Donne.

Is Donne, great Donne deceas’d? then England say
Thou’haft lost a man where language chose to stay
And shew it’s gracefull power. I would not praiie
That and his vaft wit (which in these vaine dayes
Make many proud) but as they serv’d to unlock
That Cabinet, his minde: where such a stock
Of knowledge was repos’d, as all lament
(Or should) this generall cause of discontent.

And I rejoice I am not fo sever,
But (as I write a line) to weep a teare
For his decease; Such sad extremities
May make fuch men as I write Elegies.

And wonder not; for, when a generall losse
Falls on a nation, and they flight the croffe,
God hath rais’d Prophets to awaken them
From fupiafaction; witneffe my milde pen,
Not us’d to upbraid the world, though now it muft
Freely and boldly, for, the cause is just.

Dull age, Oh I would spare thee, but th’art worfe,
Thou art not onely dull, but haft a curfe
Of black ingratitude; if not, couldft thou
Part with miraculous Donne, and make no vow
For thee and thine, succcfsively to pay
A sad remembrance to his dying day?

Did his youth fcaffer Poetrie, wherein
Was all Philofophie? Was every finne,
Charafter’d in his Satyres? made fo foule
That fome have fear’d their shapes, and kept their foule
Freer by reading verfe? Did he give dayes
Paft marble monuments, to thofe, whose praife
He would perpetuate? Did hee (I feare
The dull will doubt :) thefe at his twentieth yeare?

But, more matur’d: Did his full foule conceive,
And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave
A Crowne of sacred fonets, fit to adorne
A dying Martyrs brow: or, to be borne
On that bleft head of Mary Magdalen:
After she wip’d Chrifts feet, but not till then?

An Elegie &c. See note

Our Donne is dead; England should mourne, may say
We had a man where language chose to stay
And shew her gracefull power 1655–69

Crowne] Crowme 1633

Did
Did he (fit for such penitents as hee
And hee to use) leave us a Litany?
Which all devout men love, and fure, it shall,
As times grow better, grow more classickall.
Did he write Hymnes, for piety and wit
Equall to those great grave Prudentius writ?
Spake he all Languages? knew he all Lawes?
The grounds and use of Physick; but because
'Twas mercenary wav'd it? Went to see
That blessed place of Christ's nativity?
Did he returne and preach him? preach him so
As none but hee did, or could do? They know
(Such as were blest to heare him know) 'tis truth.
Did he conforme thy age? convert thy youth?
Did he these wonders? And is this deare losse
Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a crosse.)
But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be Close Mourners at his Funerall;
If not; In common pitty they forbare
By repetitions to renew our care;
Or, knowing, griefe conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poyn'd fumes
Do waste the braine) make silence a safe way
To inlarge the Soule from these walls, mud and clay.
(Materialls of this body) to remaine
With Donne in heaven, where no promiscuous paine
Lessens the joy wee have, for, with him, all
Are satisfied with joyes essentiall.
My thoughts, Dwell on this joy, and do not call
Griefe backe, by thinking of his Funerall;
Forget he lov'd mee; Waste not my sad yeares;
(Which haste to David's seventy, fill'd with færes
And sorrow for his death;) Forget his parts,
Which finde a living grave in good mens hearts;
And, (for, my first is daily paid for sinne)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him:
Forget his powerfull preaching; and forget
I am his Convert. Oh my frailtie! let
My flesh be no more heard, it will obtrude
This lethargie: so should my gratitude,
My vows of gratitude should so be broke;
Which can no more be, then Donnes vertues spoke
By any but himselfe; for which cause, I
Write no Encomium, but an Elegie.
An Elegie upon the death of the
Deane of Pauls, D'. John Donne:
By Mr. Tho: Careie.

Can we not force from widdowed Poetry,
Now thou art dead (Great DONNE) one Elegie
To crowne thy Hearfe? Why yet dare we not trust
Though with un kneaded dowe-bak't profe thy dust,
Such as the uncifor'd Churchman from the flower
Of fading Rhetorique, short liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay
Upon thy Ashes, on the funerall day?
Have we no voice, no tune? Did'ft thou dispence
Through all our language, both the words and senfe?
'Tis a sad truth; The Pulpit may her plaine,
And sober Christian precepts still retaine,
Doctrines it may, and wholesome Uses frame,
Grave Homilies, and Lectures, But the flame
Of thy brave Soule, that shot such heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darknesse bright.
Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,
Did through the eye the melting heart distill;
And the deepe knowledge of darke truths so teach,
As senfe might judge, what phantie could not reach;
Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire,
That fills with spirit and heat the Delphique quire,
Which kindled firft by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quench't now in thy death;
The Muses garden with Pedantique weedes
O'rfpred, was purg'd by thee; The lazie seeds
Of fervile imitation throwne away;
And fresh invention planted, Thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age;
Licentious thefts, that make poétique rage
A Mimique fury; when our soules must bee
Poiffeft, or with Anacreons Extasie,
Or Pindars, not their owne; The subtle cheat
Of flie Exchanges, and the jugling feat
Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greeke, or Latine tongue.
Thou haft redeem'd, and open'd Us a Mine
Of rich and pregnant phantie, drawne a line

An Elegie &c. Also in Carew's Poems 1640. See note
Elegies upon the Author.

Of masculine expression, which had good
Old Orpheus seen, or all the ancient Brood
Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
Their lead more precious, then thy burn'd Gold,
Thou hadst beene their Exchequer, and no more
They each in others duft, had rak'd for Ore.
Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,
And the blinde fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charmes the outward sense; Yet thou maist claime
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our stubborn language bends, made only fit
With her tough-thick-rib'd hoopes to gird about
Thy Giant phanfie, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft melting Phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare,
And left the rifled fields, besides the seare
To touch their Harvest, yet from those bare lands
Of what is purely thine, thy only hands
(And that thy smallest worke) have gleaned more
Then all those times, and tongues could reap before:
But thou art gone, and thy strict lawes will be
Too hard for Libertines in Poetrie.
They will repeale the goodly exil'd traine
Of gods and goddeses, which in thy just raigne
Were banisht nobler Poems, now, with these
The silenc'd tales o'th' Metamorphoses
Shall stuffe their lines, and swell the windy Page.
Till Verfe refin'd by thee, in this laft Age,
Turne ballad rime, Or those old Idolls bee
Ador'd againe, with new apostasie;
Oh, pardon mee, that breake with untun'd verse
The reverend silence that attends thy herc,
Whose awfull solemn murmures were to thee
More then these faint lines, A loud Elegie,
That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence
The death of all the Arts, whose influence
Grownse feeble, in these panting numbers lies
Gaping short winded Accents, and so dies:
So doth the swiftly turning wheel not stand
In th'instant we withdraw the moving hand,
But some small time maintaine a faint weake course
By vertue of the first impulsive force:

And
And so whil'st I cast on thy funerall pile
Thy crowne of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,
And spit disdain, till the devouring flashes
Suck all the moysture up, then turne to ashes.
I will not draw the envy to engrosse
All thy perfections, or weep all our losse;
Those are too numerous for an Elegie,
And this too great, to be express'd by mee.
Though every pen should share a distinct part,
Yet art thou Theme enough to tyre all Art;
Let others carve the rest, it shall suffice
I on thy Tombe this Epitaph incise.

_Here lies a King, that rul'd as hee thought fit_
_The universal Monarchy of wit;_
_Here lie two Flamens, and both those, the best._
_Apollo's first, at last, the true Gods Priest._

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Poets attend, the Elegie I sing
Both of a doubly-named Priest, and King:
In stead of Coates, and Pennons, bring your Verfe,
For you must bee chief mourners at his Hearfe,
A Tombe your Mufe must to his Fame supply,
No other Monuments can never die;
And as he was a two-fold Priest; in youth,
Apollo's; afterwards, the voice of Truth,
Gods Conduit-pipe for grace, who chose him for
His extraordinary Embassador,
So let his Liegers with the Poets joyne,
Both having shares, both muf't in griefe combine:
Whil'st Johnson forceth with his Elegie
Teares from a griefe-unknowing Scythians eye,
(Like Moses at whose stroke the waters gust,
From forth the Rock, and like a Torrent rufht.)
Let Lawd his funerall Sermon preach, and shew
Those vertues, dull eyes were not apt to know,
Nor leave that Piercing Theme, till it appeares
To be goodfriday, by the Churches Teares;
Elegies upon the Author.

Yet make not griefe too long oppresse our Powers,
Leave that his funerall Sermon should prove ours.
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,
With which he did the bread of life dispense,
Preacher and Orator discharged both parts
With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts,
And the first such (Though a long studied Art
Tell us our soule is all in every part,)
None was so marble, but whil'st him he heares,
His Soule so long dwelt only in his eares.
And from thence (with the fierceness of a flood
Bearing downe vice) victual'd with that blest food
Their hearts; His feed in none could faile to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them so:
No Druggift of the Soule beftow'd on all
So Catholiquely a curing Cordiall.
Nor only in the Pulpit dwelt his store,
His words work'd much, but his example more,
That preach't on worke dayes, His Poetrie
It selfe was oftentimes divinity,
Those Anthemes (almost second Psalms) he writ
To make us know the Croffe, and value it,
(Although we owe that reverence to that name
Wee should not need warmth from an under flame.)
Creates a fire in us, so neare extreme
That we would die, for, and upon this theme.
Next, his so pious Litany, which none can
But count Divine, except a Puritan,
And that but for the name, nor this, nor those
Want any thing of Sermons, but the profe.
Experience makes us fee, that many a one
Owes to his Countrey his Religion;
And in another, would as strongly grow,
Had but his Nurse and Mother taught him so,
Not hee the ballaft on his Judgement hung;
Nor did his preconceit doe either wrong;
He labour'd to exclude what ever sinne
By time or careleffeneffe had entred in;
Winnow'd the chaffe from wheat, but yet was loath
A too hot zeale should force him, burne them both;
Nor would allow of that so ignorant gall,
Which to save blotting often would blot all;
Nor did those barbarous opinions owne,
To thinke the Organs sinne, and faction, none;
Nor
Nor was there expectation to gaine grace
From forth his Sermons only, but his face;
So Primitive a locke, such gravitie
With humbleness, and both with Pietie;
So milde was Moses countenance, when he prai'd
For them whose Satanism his power gainfai'd;
And such his gravitie, when all Gods band
Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand,
Which joy'n'd, did flames of more devotion move
Then ever Argive Hellens could of love.
Now to conclude, I muft my reafon bring,
Wherefore I call'd him in his title King,
That Kingdome the Philosophers beleev'd
to excell Alexanders, nor were griev'd
By feare of losse (that being such a Prey
No stronger then ones felfe can force away)
The Kingdome of ones felfe, this he enjoy'd,
And his authoritie fo well employ'd,
That never any could before become
So Great a Monarch, in fo small a room;
He conquer'd rebell passions, ru'd them fo,
As under-spheres by the firft Mover goe,
Banifht fo farre their working, that we can
But know he had fome, for we knew him man.
Then let his laft excuse his firft extremes,
His age faw viifions, though his youth dream'd dreams.

On Dr. Donn'es death:
By Mr. Mayne of Christ-Church in Oxford.

Who shall presume to mourn thee, Donne, unlesse
He could his teares in thy expressions dreffe,
And teach his grieve that reverence of thy Hearfe,
To weepe lines, learned, as thy Anniverfe,
A Poeme of that worth, whose every teare
Deserves the title of a feverall yeare.
Indeed fo farre above its Reader, good,
That wee are thought wits, when 'tis underllood,
There that blest maid to die, who now should grieve?
After thy forrow, 'twere her losse to live;

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72 Receiv'd] Receiv' 1653

And
And her faire vertues in another's line,
Would faintly dawn, which are made Saints in thine.
Hadst thou beene shallower, and not writ so high,
Or left some new way for our pennes, or eye,
To shed a funerall teare, perchance thy Tombe
Had not beene speechlesse, or our Muses dume;
But now wee dare not write, but must conceale
Thy Epitaph, left we be thought to steale,
For, who hath read thee, and discernes thy worth,
That will not say, thy carelesse hours brought forth
Fancies over our studies, and thy play
Was happier, then our serious time of day?
So learned was thy chance; thy haffe had wit,
And matter from thy pen flow'd rashly fit,
What was thy recreation turns our braine,
Our rack and paleness, is thy weakeft straine.
And when we most come neere thee, 'tis our bliffe
To imitate thee, where thou dost amisse.
Here light your muse, you that do onely thinke,
And write, and are just Poets, as you drinke,
In whose weake fancies wit doth ebe and flow,
Just as your recknings rize, that wee may know
In your whole carriage of your worke, that here
This flashe you wrote in Wine, and this in Beere,
This is to tap your Muse, which running long
Writes flat, and takes our care not halfe so strong;
Poore Suburbe wits, who, if you want your cup,
Or if a Lord recover, are blowne up.
Could you but reach this height, you should not need
To make, each meale, a project ere you feed,
Nor walke in reliques, clothes so old and bare,
As if left off to you from Ennus were,
Nor should your love, in verse, call Mistresse, thole,
Who are mine hostesse, or your whores in prose;
From this Muse learne to Court, whose power could move
A Clou'dred coldnelfe, or a Vestall love,
And would convey such errands to their care,
That Ladies knew no oddes to grant and heare;
But I do wrong thee, Donne, and this low praise
Is written onely for thy young dayes.
I am not growne up, for thy riper parts,
Then shou'd I praise thee, through the Tongues, and Arts,
And have that deepe Divinity, to know,
What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,
Who
Who with thy words could charme thy audience,  
That at thy sermons, ear was all our sense;  
Yet have I seen thee in the pulpit stand,  
Where we might take notes, from thy looke, and hand;  
And from thy speaking action bear away  
More Sermon, then some teachers use to say.  
Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,  
As could divide the heart, and conscience touch.  
Thy motion did confute, and we might see  
An error vanquish'd by delivery.  
Not like our Sons of Zeale, who to reforme  
Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit storme,  
And beat the cushion into worfe estate,  
Then if they did conclude it reprobate,  
Who can out pray the glasse, then lay about  
Till all Predestination be runne out.  
And from the point such tedious uses draw,  
Their repetitions would make Gospel, Law.  
No, In such temper would thy Sermons flow,  
So well did Doctrine, and thy language flow,  
And had that holy feare, as, hearing thee,  
The Court would mend, and a good Christian bee.  
And Ladies though unhansome, out of grace,  
Would heare thee, in their unbought lookes, and face.  
More I could write, but let this crowne thine Urne.  
Wee cannot hope the like, till thou returne.

Upon Mr J. Donne, and his Poems.

Who dares say thou art dead, when he doth see  
(Unburied yet) this living part of thee?  
This part that to thy beeing gives fresh flame,  
And though th'art Donne, yet will preferve thy name.  
Thy flesh (whose channels left their crim'en hew,  
And whey-like ranne at last in a pale blew)  
May thou mortall, a dead pallie may  
Seife on't, and quickly turne it into clay;  
Which like the Indian earth, shall rife refin'd:  
But this great Spirit thou haft left behinde,  
This Soule of Verse (in it's first pure estate)  
Shall live, for all the World to imitate,
Elegies upon the Author.

But not come neer, for in thy Fancies flight
  Thou dost not stoope unto the vulgar light,
But, hovering highly in the aire of Wit,
  Hold'st such a pitch, that few can follow it;
Admire they may. Each object that the Spring
  (Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
T'adorne Earths face, thou sweetly did'st contrive
  To beauties elements, and thence derive
Unspotted Lillies white; which thou did'st set
  Hand in hand, with the veine-like Violet,
Making them soft, and warme, and by thy power,
  Could'st give both life, and sense, unto a flower.
The Cherries thou hast made to speake, will bee
  Sweeter unto the taste, then from the tree.
And (spight of winter storms) amidst the snow
  Thou oft hast made the blushing Rose to grow.
The Sea-nymphs, that the watry caverns keepe,
  Have sent their Pearles and Rubies from the deepe
To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they drew
  More luffre to them, then where first they grew.
All minerals (that Earths full wombe doth hold
  Promiscuously) thou could'st convert to gold,
And with thy flaming raptures so refine,
  That it was much more pure then in the Mine.
The lights that guild the night, if thou did'st say,
  They looke like eyes, those did out-shine the day;
For there would be more vertue in such spells,
  Then in Meridians, or crosse Parallels:
What ever was of worth in this great Frame,
  That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,
It was thy theme for Beauty; thou didst fee,
  Woman, was this faire Worlds Epitomie.
Thy nimble Satyres too, and every straine
  (With nervy strength) that issu'd from thy brain,
Will lose the glory of their owne cleare bayes,
  If they admit of any others praise.
But thy diviner Poems (whose cleare fire
  Purges all dross away) shall by a Quire
Of Cherubims, with heavenly Notes be set
  (Where flesh and blood could ne'r attaine to yet)
There purest Spirits sing such sacred Layes,
  In Panegyrique Alleluiaes.

Arth. Wilfon.
In memory of Doctor Donne:
By Mr R. B.

Donne dead? 'Tis here reported true, though I
Ne'er yet so much desir'd to heare a lye,
'Tis too too true, for so wee finde it still,
Good newes are often false, but seldome, ill:
But must poore fame tell us his fatall day,
And shall we know his death, the common way,
Mee thinkes some Comet bright should have foretold
The death of such a man, for though of old
'Tis held, that Comets Princes death foretell,
Why should not his. have needed one as well?
Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongst whom he reign'd,
High as a Prince, and as great State maintain'd?
Yet wants he not his signe, for wee have seen
A dearth, the like to which hath never beene,
Treading on harvests heele's which doth prefage
The death of wit and learning, which this age
Shall finde, now he is gone; for though there bee
Much graine in shew, none brought it forth as he,
Or men are misers; or if true want raiseth
The dearth, then more that dearth Donnes plenty praiseth.
Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
And Poësie, (past rauilhing of fenfe,)
He had a magazine, wherein such store
Was laid up, as might hundreds serve of poore.

But he is gone, O how will his desire
Torture all thofe that warm'd them by his fire?
Mee thinkes I see him in the pulpit standing,
Not cares, or eyes, but all mens hearts commanding,
Where wee that heard him, to our selves did faine
Golden Chryfoftome was alive againe;
And never were we weari'd, till we saw
His houre (and but an houre) to end did draw.
How did he shame the doctrine-men, and ufe,
With helps to boot, for men to beare th'abufe
Of their tir'd patience, and endure th'expence
Of time, O spent in hearkning to non-fenfe,
With markes alfo, enough whereby to know,
The speaker is a zealous dunce, or fo.
'Tis true, they quitted him, to their poore power,
They humm'd against him; And with face moft fowre
Call'd
Call'd him a strong lin'd man, a Macaroon,
And no way fit to speake to clouted shoone,
As fine words [truly] as you would desire,
But [verily,] but a bad edifier.  
Thus did these beetles flight in him that good,
They could not see, and much leffe understood.
But we may say, when we compare the stuffe
Both brought; He was a candle, they the snuffe.
Well, Wifedome's of her children justified,
Let therefore these poore fellowes stand aside;
Nor, though of learning he deserv'd so highly,
Would I his booke should save him; Rather I'll
I should advise his Clergie not to pray,
Though of the learn'd fort; Me thinkes that they
Of the fame trade, are Judges not so fit,
There's no such emulation as of wit.
Of such, the Envy might as much perchance
Wrong him, and more, then th'others ignorance.
It was his Fate (I know't) to be envy'd
As much by Clerkes, as lay men magnifi'd;
And why? but 'caufe he came late in the day,
And yet his Penny earn'd, and had as they.
No more of this, least some should say, that I
Am stra'i'd to Satyre, meaning Elegie.
No, no, had DONNE need to be judg'd or try'd,
A Jury I would summon on his side,
That had no sides, nor factions, past the touch
Of all exceptions, freed from Passion, such
As nor to feare nor flatter, e'r were bred,
Thefe would I bring, though called from the dead:
Southampton, Hambleton, Pembrooke, Dorfets Earles,
Huntingdon, Bedfords Counteffes (the Pearles
Once of each sexe.) If these suffice not, I
Ten decem tales have of Standers by:
All which, for DONNE, would such a verdict give,
As can belong to none, that now doth live.
But what doe I? A diminution 'tis
To speake of him in verfe, so short of his,
Whereof he was the matter; All indeed
Compar'd with him, pip'd on an Oaten reed.
O that you had but one 'mongst all your brothers
Could write for him, as he hath done for others:
(Poets I speake to) When I see't, I'll say,
My eye-fight betters, as my yeares decay,
Elegies upon the Author.

Meane time a quarrell I shall ever have
Against these doughty keepers from the grave,
Who use, it seemes their old Authoritie,
When (Verles men immortal; make) they cry:
Which had it been a Recipe true tri’d,
Probatum effet, Donne had never dy’d.

For mee, if e’r I had least sparke at all
Of that which they Poetique fire doe call,
Here I confesse it fetched from his hearth,
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
This only a poore flash, a lightning is
Before my Muses death, as after his.
Farewell (faire foule) and deigne receive from mee
This Type of that devotion I owe thee,
From whom (while living) as by voice and penne
I learned more, then from a thousand men:
So by thy death, am of one doubt releas’d,
And now beleeve that miracles are ceas’d.

Epitaph.

H Eere lies Deane Donne; Enough; Those words alone
Shew him as fully, as if all the stone
His Church of Pauls contains, were through inscrib’d
Or all the walkers there, to speake him, brib’d.
None can mistake him, for one such as Hee
Donne, Deane, or Man, more none shall ever see.
Not man? No, though unto a Sunne each eye
Were turn’d, the whole earth so to overspie.
A bold brave word; Yet such brave Spirits as knew
His Spirit, will say, it is lesse bold then true.

Epitaph
Elegies upon the Author.

Epitaph upon Dr. Donne,

By Endy: Porter.

This decent Urne a sad inscription weares,
Of Donnes departure from us, to the spharees;
And the dumbe stone with silence seemes to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Express, A caufe to make all joy to cease,
And never let our sorrowes more take case;
For now it is impossible to finde
One fraught with vertues, to inrich a minde;
But why should death, with a promiscuous hand
At one rude stroke impoverish a land?
Thou strict Attorney, unto stricter Fate,
Didst thou conficate his life out of hate
To his rare Parts? Or didst thou throw thy dart,
With envious hand, at some Plebeyan heart;
And he with pious vertue slept betwene
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unsee
By thee? O 'twas his goodness so to doe,
Which humane kindness never reacht unto.
Thus the hard lawes of death were satisfi'd,
And he left us like Orphan friends, and di'de.
Now from the Pulpit to the peoples eares,
Whose speech shall send repentant sighes, and teares?
Or tell mee, if a purer Virgin die,
Who shall hereafter write her Elegie?
Poets be silent, let your numbers sleepe,
For he is gone that did all phantie keepe;
Time hath no Soule, but his exalted verse;
Which with amazements, we may now reherfe.
Elegies upon the Author.

In obitum venerabilis viri Iohannis Donne, sacrae

Theologiae Doctoris, Ecclesiae Cathedralis Divi Pauli, nuper Decani; Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi colende Vir) obseruanda: ergo Haec ego.


Sed feciis est taceisse; cadant in meas liturae Verba. Tuis (doctr. umbra) tuis haec accipe juissis Ceptra, nec officiis contemnens digna nobiles

Venerare tua non dignum laude Poetanum.

O si Pythagoras non vanae dogma fruisset:
Ineum cum a vestro migraret pedere pedus Mula, repentinus tua nesceret urna furores.

Sed frustra, heu frustra haec votis pacilibus opto: Tecum abii, faveoque, sedens jam monte Thalia Rident anhelantes, Parnasse & culmina vates Desperare jubet. Verum haec volente coarles

Scribimus etules numeros, & flebile carmen

Scribimus (ad soli qui te dilexit) habendum.

Sicene perpetuum ludentia lumina somnis
Claust? & inmerito merguntur funere virtus:
Et pictas? & quae poterant fecisse beatum.

Cetera, sed nec te poterant servare beatum.

Quo mihi doctrinam? quorsum impallescere chartis
Nocturnis jucat? & lolidim offuscit lucernas?

Decolor & longos studiis desperdere Solis
Vt prius aggregior, longamine arcéfcre famam.

Omnia sed frustra; mihi dum cunctisque minatur

Exitium crudеле & inexorabile fatum.

Nam posl teesperare nihil decet: hoc mihi reflat
Vt mortare, tenues fugiatque obscurus in auris

Spiritus: o doctis saltem si cognitis umbiris.

Hic te (venerando) iterum, (venerande) videbo.

Et dulees audire sonos, & verba dizerent

Oris, & exteras dabitur mihi carere voces.

Quæis formis infernus taceisset Janitor auxi

Auditis: Nilusque minus fleruisset: Arion

In obitum &c. 1635-69, taking the place of the lines by Tho. Browne.

10 pedore [pediere, 1635] beatum; beatum 1635 21 olsifici

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Olsifici 1635 25 prius aggregior, 1635-69: prius. aggregior, 1719

Arcéfcre Ed: arcéfcre 1635-69 26-7 mihi dum . . . Exitium 1719:


Cederet,
Elegies upon the Author.

Cedret, & sylvas qui post se traxerat Orpheus.
Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
Voces feros potuit: quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infelius non mutus ut illo
Horante, & blando vietus sertone filiceret?

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat,
Singula sic decure fenem, sic omnia. Vidi,
Audivi & flupui quoties orator in Aede
Paulina setit, & mira gravitate levantes
Corda, oculos, viros tenuit: dum Nefloris ille
Fudit verba (omni quanto mago dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
Non concessa prius nondum intelleclia: revolvunt
Mirantes, tacitique arctelis auribus aflat.
Mutatis mox ille modo, formaq' loquendi

TriJia pertraclat: fatumq^ flebile mortis
Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos.
Tunc gemitu cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres,
Forlitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum flillat rorem; xtheris illo
Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
Affectu^ciere fuos, & ponere notx
Vocis ad arbitrium, divinxe oracula mentis
Dum narrat, rostrisque potens dominatur in altis.

Quo feror? audaci & forfan pietate nocenti
In nymia ignosas vati, qui catibus olim
Egregium decus, et tanto excellentior unus
Omnibus; inferior quanto est, et peslimus, impar
Laudibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit isla Poöta.
Et quo nos canimus? cur hae tibi sacra? Poëtx
Dejinite: en fata certus, fibi voco canorä
Inferias proxinit olor, cum Carolus Albä
(Vtima volventem et Cycnæa voce loquentem)

Nuper eum, turba & magnatum audiret in Aulä.

Tunc Rex, turba Proceres, Clerus, tunc aflatit illi
Aula frequentis. Solâ nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus esca, pio malint nisi parcer: quidnui
Incipient & amare famem? Metuere Leones
Sic olim, facrofque artus violare Prophete
Bellua non ausa est quamquam jejuna, sitimq^'
Optaret nimis humano faiiure cruore.

At non hae de te speraminus; omnia carpit
Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forsan metrico pede sperat ab inde:

Voce feros] Voceferos 1635, 1669
Vesceere,
Elegies upon the Author.

Vesecere, & exuabio fatia te suanguine. Iam nos
Adsumus; et posf te cupiet quis vivere? Posf te
Quis volet, ant poterit? nam posf te vivere mors est.

Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras:
Sufficit & tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce
Non festinantes exterum requiescere turbæ.

Ipfa satis procerat quæ nescit Parca morari,
Nunc urgere column, trahere atq occare videmus.
Quin rarus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te
Quo Deus, & quo dura volet natura sequemur.

Deposatum interea lapides fervate fidèles.

Faciles illâ qu ædis Ædis parte locarì
Qua jacet Æis datur. Forfan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturiet viro plenus testantium luctus
Verba: & carminibus quæ Donni jugeret illi
Spiritus, insolitos teflari voce calores

Incipiet: (non sic Pyrrha jactante calebat.)
Mole jub hac tegitur quicquid mortale reliçum eft
De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Ædi huie,
Formosë pecoris paflor, formosior ipse.
Ita fitur, dignis illum celebaret loquelis,
Et quæ demuntur viâ date tempora fanse.

Indignus tantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum
tuarum cultor religiosisimus,

Daniel Darnelly.

Elegie on D. D.

Now, by one yeare, time and our frailtie have
Lessened our first confusion, since the Grave
Clos'd thy deare Alice, and the teares which flow
In thefe, have no fprings, but of folid woe:
Or they are drops, which cold amazement froze
At thy deceafe, and will not thaw in Profe:
All streames of Verfe which shall lament that day,
Doe truly to the Ocean tribute pay:
But they have left their faltneffe, which the eye
In recompence of wit, firves to supply:

86 Parca] parca 1635–69 morari,) morari 1635 88 rufus 1719: rufus
1635: nufus 1639–69 96 Incipiet: . calebat. 1719: no stops, 1635–69
Elegie on D. D. 1635–69: it follows Walton's elegy.

Passions
Elegies upon the Author.

Passions exceed for thee wee need not feare,
Since first by thee our passions hallowed were;
Thou mad'st our sorrowes, which before had bin
Onely for the Successe, sorrowes for sinne,
We owe thee all those teares, now thou art dead,
Which we shed not, which for our selves we shed.
Nor didst thou onely consecrate our teares,
Give a religious tincture to our feares;
But even our joyes had learn'd an innocence,
Thou didst from gladness separate offence:
All mindes at once suckt grace from thee, as where
(The curse revok'd) the Nations had one eare.
Pious disfector: thy one hour did treate
The thousand mazes of the hearts deceit;
Thou didst pursue our love'd and subtil sinne,
Through all the foldings wee had wrapt it in,
And in thine owne large minde finding the way
By which our selves we from our selves convey,
Didst in us, narrow models, know the same
Angles, though darker, in our meaner frame.
How short of praife is this? My Mufe, alas,
Climbs weakly to that truth which none can passe,
Hee that writes best, may onely hope to leave
A Character of all he could conceive
But none of thee, and with mee must confesse,
That fansie findes some checke, from an exceed
Of merit most, of nothing, it hath spun,
And truth, as reasons task and theame, doth shunne.
She makes a fairer flight in emptiness,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppresse.
Reason againe denies her scales, because
Hers are but scales, she judges by the lawes
Of weake comparison, thy vertue sleights
Her feeble Beame, and her unequallWeights.
What prodigious wit and pietie
Hath she else knowne, by which to measure thee?
Great soule: we can no more the worthinesse
Of what you were, then what you are, express'd.

Sidney Godolphin.
Elegies upon the Author.

On Dr John Donne, late Deane of S. Paules, London.

Long since this task of teares from you was due,
Long since, ó Poëts, he did die to you,
Or left you dead, when wit and he tooke flight
On divine wings, and soared out of your sight.
Preachers, 'tis you must weep; The wit he taught
You doe enjoy; the Rebels which he brought
From ancient discord, Giants faculties,
And now no more religions enemies;
Honest to knowing, unto vertuous sweet,
Witty to good, and learned to discreet,
He reconcile'd, and bid the Vfurper goe;
Dulnesse to vice, religion ought to flow;
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
Hee did not banish, but transplanted it,
Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
To Pietie, which it doth best become;
He shew'd us how for finnes we ought to sigh,
And how to sing Christ's Epithalamy:
The Altars had his fires, and there hee spoke
Incense of loves, and fansies holy smoake:
Religion thus enrich'd, the people train'd,
And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd.
The first effects sprung in the giddy minde
Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kinde,
By colours lead, and drawne to a pursuit,
Now once againe by beautie of the fruit,
As if their longings too much set us free,
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dresse,
Have you knowne crimes so shap'd? or lovelinesse
Such as his lips did cloth religion in?
Had not reprofe a beauty passing sinne?
Corrupted nature forrow'd when the flood
So neare the danger of becomming good,
And wish'd our so inconstant cares exempt
From piety that had such power to tempt:
Did not his sacred flattery beguile
Man to amendment? The law, taught to smile,

On Dr John Donne &c. 1635-69, where it follows Godolphin's Elegie
Pension'd
Pension'd our vanitie, and man grew well
Through the same frailtie by which he fell.
O the sick state of man, health does not please
Our tafts, but in the shape of the disease.
Thriftlesse is charitie, coward patience,
Justice is cruel, mercy want of sense.
What means our nature to barre vertue place,
If shee doe come in her owne cloathes and face?
Is good a pill, we dare not chaw to know?
Sense the foules servant, doth it keep us fio
As we might starve for good, unless it first
Doe leave a pawne of relish in the ghost?
Or have we to salvation no tie
At all, but that of our infirmitie?
Who treats with us must our affections move
To th' good we flie by those sweets which we love,
Must seeke our palats, and with their delight
To gaine our deeds, must bribe our appetite.
These traines he knew, and laying nets to save,
Temptingly fugred all the health hee gave.
But, where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the world, now the loud organ may
Appeare, the better voyce is fled to have
A thousand times the sweetnesse which it gave.
I cannot say how many thousand spirits
The single hapinesse this foulke inherits,
Damnes in the other world, foules whom no crosse
O' th sense afflicted, but onely of the losse,
Whom ignorance would halfe save, all whose paine
Is not in what they feele, but others gaine,
Selfe executing wretched spirits, who
Carrying their guilt, transport their envy too:
But those high joyes which his wits youggest flame
Would hurt to chufe, shall not we hurt to name?
Verse statues are all robbers, all we make
Of monument, thus doth not give but take
As Sails which Seamen to a forewinde fit,
By a refistance, goe along with it,
So pens grow while they lefien fame so left;
A weake assistance is a kinde of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his teares upon,
Must weep here if he have ambition.

I. Chudleigh.

FINIS.
APPENDIX A.
LATIN POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

DE LIBRO CV M MV TV-
aretur Impresso; Domi à pueris fru-
statim lacerato; et post reddito
Manuscripto.
Doctifímino Amicifíminoque v.
D. D. Andrews.

Parurunt madido quae nixu praela, recepta,
Sed quae scripta manu, sunt ceneranda magis.
Qui liber in pluteos, blattis cinerique reliétos,
Si modo sit præli fanguine sinétus, abit;
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involutat et veterum ferioria summa Patrum.
Dicat Apollo modum; Pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.
Nil mirum, médico pueros de fémine natos,
Haec nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.
Si veteran faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon
Ipse Pater Juvenem me dabít arte fénem?
Hei miseris fenibus! nos vertit dura feneátus
Omnès in pueros, némínum at in Juvenem.
Hoc ubi fervaí praæstandum, Antique Dierum,
Quo viso, et visít, et juvenescit Adam.
Interea, infirmae fallamus taedia vitae,
Libris, et Coelorum amulà amicitia.
Hos inter, qui a te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit.

(Epigramma)

Tranxít in Sequanam Moenus; Victóris in aedès;
Et Francofurírum, te recehente, meat.

DE LIBRO &c. 1635–69 among certain prose letters in Latin and
English Title:—mutaeáretur Impresso;] mutaeáretur. Impresso, 1635–69
fruítam] fruítatim 1635–69 lacerato;] lacerato, 1635–69 2 manu,
] manu] manu/unt. 1635–69 4 abit;] abit, 1635–69
(Epigramma) Ed: in old edd. these lines are 3 and 4 of above poem. See
note 1 aedès;] aedès, 1635–69

Amicifímino
Appendix A.

Amicissimo, & meritissimo Ben. Jonson.
In Vulponem.

Q Vad arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si audentem hominum Deique juris
Consulti, veteres sequi annularierque,
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.
His sed futerum araneosi;
Tam nemo veterum est sequitor, ut tu
Illos quod sequeris novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis; tuaque primâ
Libri cantitie induantur horâ:
Nam chartis puereita est neganda,
Nascanturque fenes, oportet, illi
Libri, quies dare vis perennitatem.
Prisciç, ingenium facit, laborque
Te parem; hos Superes, ut et futuros,
Ex nostrâ vitiositate fiunas,
Qui pricios superamus, et futuros.

To Mr George Herbert, with one of my
Seals', of the Anchor and Christ.

Q Vi prius affuetus Serpentum fasce Tabellas
Signare, (haec nostrae symbola parva Domus)
Adscrutus donui Domini, patrioie reliëto
Stemmata, nançieré stemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi Crux primo quae fronti impressa lavoaco,
Finibus extensis, anchora faâta patet.

Amicissimo &c. in sheets added 1650: prefixed originally to Quarto
edition of Jonson's Vulpone. 1607. later to Folio edition of The Workes of
Benjamin Jonlon. 1616., when In Vulponem was added: in both signed I. D.
To Nascanturque 1607: Nascanturque 1616. 1650-69
To Mr George Herbert &c. 1650-69, in sheets added 1650; two and
a half lines in Walton's Life of Donne (1658): for Herbert's reply see note
Title.—fent him with one Walton (1670) Seal, 1650-69: Seals Walton
1 fasce | fasce Walton 5 fronti | fronti 1650-69

Anchorae
Latini Poemata et Translatio.

Anchorae in effigiem Crux tandem desinit ipsam,
Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipsa
Crux, et ab Affixo, est Anchora sacra, Iesu.
Nec Natalitius penitus serpentibus orbor,
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Qua sapientis, Dos est; Qua terram lambit et ambit,
Pestis; At in nostra fit Medicina Crucis,
Serpens; fixa Crucis fit Natura; Crucique
A fixo, nobis, Gratia tota fluat.
Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora sacra, sigillum
Non tam dicendum hoc quam Catechismus erit.
Mitto nec exigua, exigua sub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiae, et munera; Vota, preces.
Plura tibi accumules, sanctus cognominis, Ille
Regia qui flavo Dona sigillat Equo.

A Sheafe of Snakes used heretofore to be
My Seal, The Crest of our poore Family.
Adopted in Gods Family, and so
Our old Coat lost, unto new armes I go.
The Cross (my seal at Baptism) sprod below,
Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow.
Crofles grow Anchors; Bear, as thou shouldst do
Thy Cross, and that Crofe grows an Anchor too.
But he that makes our Crosses Anchors thus,
Is Christ, who there is crucif'ed for us.
Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold,
God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old;
The Serpent, may, as wife, my pattern be;
My poiion, as he feeds on dust, that's me.

17 facta, fixa, 1650-69 19 Mitto] Mitto, 1650-69
A sheafe &c.] 1650-69 and in Walton's Life of Donne (1658), in all of which and in all subsequent editions except Grolier the first two lines are printed as a title, Walton bracketing them:—
A sheafe of Snakes used heretofore to be
my Seal, The Crest of our poore Family.
4 Our ... unto] My ... into Walton 5 at] in Walton 11 with this I may Walton
And as he rounds the Earth to murder sure,
My death he is, but on the Croffe, my cure.
Crucifie nature then, and then implore
All Grace from him, crucified there before;
When all is Croffe, and that Croffe Anchor grown,
This Seal's a Catechism, not a Seal alone.
Under that little Seal great gifts I send,
(Wishes,) and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
And may that Saint which rides in our great Seal,
To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal.

Translated out of Gazeus, Vota Amico

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,
Thou, who dost, best friend, in best things outshine;
May thy soul, ever chearfull, nere know cares,
Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray haires.
Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds,
Nor thy purse, ever plump, know pleits, or folds.
Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a falsè thing,
Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling.
Nor thy works, ever equall, know disguise,
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies.
Nor thy prayers, know low objects, still Divine;
God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine.

15 to murder sure.] to murder, sure Walton
16 He is my death;
vota 23-4 Oh may that Saint that rides on our great Seal,
To you that bear his name large bounty deal. Walton.
Translated &c.] 1650-69, in sheets added 1650: for original see note

APPENDIX
APPENDIX B.

POEMS WHICH HAVE BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN DONNE IN THE OLD EDITIONS AND THE PRINCIPAL MS. COLLECTIONS, ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THEIR PROBABLE AUTHORS.

I.

POEMS PROBABLY BY SIR JOHN ROE, KNT.

To S' Nicholas Smyth.

Sleep, next Society and true friendship,
Mans best contentment, doth securely flip
His passions and the worlds troubles. Rock me
O sleep, wean'd from my dear friends company,
In a cradle free from dreams or thoughts, there
Where poor men ly, for Kings asleep do fear.
Here sleeps House by famous Ariosto,
By silver-tongu'd Ovid, and many moe,
Perhaps by golden-mouth'd Spencer too pardie,
(Which builded was some dozen Stories high)
I had repair'd, but that it was so rotten,
As sleep awak'd by Ratts from thence was gotten:
And I will build no new, for by my Will,
Thy fathers house shall be the fairest still

Appendix B.

In Excefter, Yet, methinks, for all their Wit, Thofe wits that fay nothing, bett defcribe it. Without it there is no Sense, only in this Sleep is unlike a long Parenthesis. Not to fave charges, but would I had flept The time I spent in London, when I kept Fighting and untrusty gallants Company, In which Natta, the new Knight, feized on me, And offered me the experience he had bought With great Expence. I found him throughly taught In curing Burnes. His thing hath had more fears Then Things himfelfe; like Epps it often wars, And still is hurt. For his Body and State The Phyfick and Counfel which came too late, 'Gainft Whores and Dice, hee nowe on mee beftowes Moft superficially: hee fpeaks of thofe (I found by him) leaft foundly who moft knows: He fweares well, fpeakes ill, but beft of Clothes, What fits Summer, what Winter, what the Spring. He had Living, but now thefè waies come in His whole Revenues. Where each Whore now dwells, And hath dwelt, fince his fathers death, he tells. Yea he tells moft cunningly each hid caufe Why Whores forfake their Bawds. To thefè fome Laws He knows of the Duello, and touch his Skill The leaft lot in that or thofe he quarrell will, Though fober; but fo never fought. I know

25 hath had L.74,N.0'F.S,TCD: had had 1669: had B
N.0'F.S,TCD, which bracket which ... late: see note:
   The Phyfick and Counfel (which came too late)
   'Gainft Whores and Dice) he now on me beftowes
Moft superficially he fpeaks of thofe.
I found, by him, leaft found him who moft knows. 1669
31 what Winter] what What Winter 1669 35 each B,L.74,N.0'F.S,
TCD: his 1669 37 cunningly 1669,L.74,N.TCD: perfectly B,
0'F.S 39 Duello, B,N.0'F.S,TCD: Duel. 1669 touch B,L.74,
0'F.S: on 1669: only N.TCD 40 thofe B,L.74,0'F: thefe 1669
41 but fo never fought. B.L.74,0'F.S (foe as), TCD (here): but nere

What
What made his Valour, undubb'd, Windmill go, 42
Within a Pint at most: yet for all this 45
(Which is most strange) Natta thinks no man is
More honest than himself. Thus men may want
Conscience, whilst being brought up ignorant,
They use themselves to vice. And besides those
Illiberal Arts forenam'd, no Vicar knows,
Nor other Captain left then he; His Schools
Are Ordinaries, where civil men seem fools,
Or are for being there; His best bookes, Plaies,
Where, meeting godly Scenes, perhaps he praieth.
His first set prayer was for his father, ill
And sick, that he might dye: That had, until
The Lands were gone, he troubled God no more:
And then ask'd him but his Right, That the whore
Whom he had kept, might now keep him: She spent,
They left each other on even terms; she went
To Bridewel, he unto the Wars, where want
Hath made him valiant, and a Lieutenant
He is become: Where, as they pass apace,
He steps aside, and for his Captains place
He praieth again: Tells God, he will confess
His fins, sweare, drink, dice and whore thenceforth left,
On this Condition, that his Captain dye
And he succeed; But his Prayer did not; They
Both caphir'd came home, and he is braver now
Than his captain: all men wonder, few know how.
Can he rob? No. Cheat? No. Or doth he spend
His own? No. Fidus, he is thy dear friend,
That keeps him up. I would thou wert thine own,
Or thou hadst as good a friend as thou art one.

Poems attributed to John Donne. 403
No present Want nor future hope made me,
Desire (as once I did) thy friend to be:
But he had cruelly possèst thee then,
And as our Neighbours the Low-Country men,
Being (whilst they were Loyal, with Tyranny
Opprest) broke loose, have since refus'd to be
Subject to good Kings, I found even to,
War's thou well rid of him, thou't have no moe.
Could'st thou but chuse as well as love, to none
Thou should'st be second: Turtle and Damon
Should give thee place in songs, and Lovers sick
Should make thee only Loves Hieroglyphick:
Thy Impress should be the loving Elm and Vine,
Where now an ancient Oak, with Ivy twine
Destroy'd, thy Symbol is. O dire Mischance!
And, O vile verse! And yet your Abraham France
Writes thus, and jefts not. Good Fidus for this
Must pardon me, Satyres bite when they kiss.
But as for Natta, we have since faln out:
Here on his knees he pray'd, else we had fought.
And because God would not he should be winner,
Nor yet would have the Death of such a sinner,
At his seeking, our Quarrel is deferr'd,
I'll leave him at his Prayers, and (as I heard)
His last; Fidus, and you, and I do know,
I was his friend, and durst have been his foe,
And would be either yet; But he dares be
Neither; Sleep blots him out and takes in thee.

"The mind, you know is like a Table-book,
"Which, th'old unwipt, new writing never took.

81 love, Ed: love 1669 82 Damon] damon 1669 83 thee
the 1669 86-7 Oak, with Ivy twine Destroy'd, thy Symbol is.
L.74.N.TCD: Oak with Ivy twine, Destroy'd thy Symbole is. 1669: Oak
with ivy twine, Destroy'd thy symbol is! Chambers 87 Mischance!
Mischance? 1669 88 your B. L.74.N.S.TCD: our 1669 92
knees] knees, 1669 97 Fidus, and you, and I N.TCD: and Fidus,
you and I 1669; Fidus, and you, and he B. L.74.O.F.S 100 Neither;
L.74.N.O.F.S.TCD: Neither yet. 1669 Sleep] sleep 1669 102
Which, th'old unwipt, B.O.F.S.TCD: " The old unwipt 1669

Hear
Hear how the Huisfers Cheques, Cupbord and Fire
I paff'd; by which Degrees young men aspire
In Court; And how that idle and fh-e-state,
Whenas my judgment cleer'd, my foul did hate;
How I found there (if that my trifling Pen
Durft take fo hard a Task) Kings were but men,
And by their Place more noted, if they erre;
How they and their Lords unworthy men prefer;
And, as unthrifts had rather give away
Great Summs to flatterers, than small debts pay,
So they their weaknesses hide, and greatness show,
By giving them that which to worth they owe:
What Treafon is, and what did Esfex kill,
Not true Treafon, but Treafon handled ill;
And which of them stood for their Countries good,
Or what might be the Cause of fo much Blood,
He faid she flunk, and men might not have said
That she was old before that she was dead.
His Cafe was hard, to do or suffer; loth
To do, he made it harder, and did both.
Too much preparing loft them all their Lives,
Like some in Plagues kill'd with prefervatives.
Friends, like land-fouldiers in a storm at Sea,
Not knowing what to do, for him did pray.
They told it all the world; where was their wit?
Cuffs putting on a fword, might have told it.
And Princes muft fear Favorites more then Foes,
For ftill beyond Revenge Ambition goes.
How fince Her death, with Sumpter-horde that Scot
Hath rid, who, at his coming up, had not
A Sumpter-dog. But till that I can write
Things worth thy Tenth reading (dear Nick) goodnight.
Men write that love and reason disagree,
But I ne’r saw’nt express as ’tis in thee.
Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see,
But, thine eyes blinde too, there’s no hope for thee.
Thou say’st shee’s wife and witty, faire and free,
All these are reasons why she should scorne thee.
Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it shew
By matching her as she would match her foe:
And wouldst perswade her to a worfe offence,
Then that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
Reason there’s none for thee, but thou may’st vexe
Her with example. Say, for seare her sexe
Shunne her, she needs must change; I doe not see
How reason e’r can bring that must to thee.
Thou art a match a justice to rejoice,
Fit to be his, and not his daughters choyce.
Urg’d with his threats shee’d scarcely stay with thee,
And wouldst th’have this to chuse thee, being free?
Goe then and punish some soone-gotten stuffe,
For her dead husband this hath mourn’d enough,
In hating thee. Thou maist one like this meet;
For spight take her, prove kinde, make thy breath sweet,
Let her see she hath cause, and to bring to thee
Honest children, let her dishonest bee.
If shee be a widow, I’ll warrant her
Shee’ll thee before her first husband preferre,
And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead;
Shee’ll love thee so, for then thou hadst bin dead.

Satyre. B. O’F: A Satire: upon one who was his Rivall in a widdowes Love. A10: Satyre VI. 1635-54: Satyre. VII. 1669 (where Satyre VI. is Sleep, next Society &c.) 4 thine eyes 1635-69: thy eye’s A10 11 thee,] the, 1669 13 she needs must change; I 1635-69: she must change, yet I A10 16 and 1635-69: but B 17 Urg’d A10. B. O’F: Dry’d 1635-69 19 some] 1635 duplicates 22 sweet, 1639-69: sweet. 1635 27 maidenhead; Ed: maidenhead, 1635-69 28 (Shee’ll love thee so) for. 1635-69

But
Poems attributed to John Donne.

But thou such strong love, and weake reasons haft,
Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd.
Yet paue a while; and thou maist live to see
A time to come, wherein she may beg thee;
If thou'lt not paue nor change, she'll beg thee now.
Doe what she can, love for nothing she'll allow.
Befides, hers were too much gaine and merchandise,
And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
Now thou haft odds of him she loves, he may doubt
Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
Againe, be thy love true, she'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on't will be thine:
For thou muft never think on other love,
And so wilt advance her as high above
Vertue as cause above effect can bee:
'Tis vertue to be chaft. which she'll make thee.

AN ELEGIE.

Reflecting on his passion for his mistresse.

Come, Fates; I feare you not. All whom I owe
Are paid, but you. Then rest me ere I goe.
But, Chance from you all soveraignty hath got,
Love woundeth none but thofe whom death dares not;

29 strong] firm \textit{A10} 32 thee; Grosart: thee. 1635-69 33 now. Grosart: now. 1635-69 34 love for nothing she'll 1635-69: she'll love for nought \textit{A10} 35 Befides, hers Ed: Befides, here 1635-69: But hers \textit{A10}: Befides her O’F 38-9 out. Againe, 1635-69: out Againe; \textit{A10} 40 And in 1635-69: And yet in \textit{A10} thine: Ed: thine. 1635-69 41 For thou muft never think on H-K (Grosart): And thou muft never think on, \textit{A10}: For though thou muft ne’r thinke of 1635-69 42 And so wilt advance her 1635-69: For that will her advance \textit{A10}
43 bee: Ed: bee, 1635-69


Elfe,
Else, if you were, and just, in equitie
I should have vanquish’d her, as you did me.
Else Lovers should not brave death’s pains, and live,
But ’tis a rule, *Death comes not to relieve.*
Or, pale and wan deaths terrours, are they lay’d
So deepe in Lovers, they make death afraid?
Or (the least comfort) have I company?
Orecame she Fates, Love, Death, as well as mee?

Yes, Fates doe silke unto her distaffe lay.
For their ranfome, which taxe on us they laye.
Love gives her youth, which is the reason why
Youths, for her fake, some wither and some die.
Poore Death can nothing give; yet, for her fake,
Still in her turne, he doth a Lover take:
And if Death should prove false, she feares him not;
Our Mufes, to redeeme her hath got.

That fatall night wee laft kifs’d, I thus pray’d,
Or rather, thus defpair’d; I should have said:
Kiffs, and yet defpaire? The forbid tree
Did promise (and deceive) no more then shee.
Like Lambs that see their teats, and must eat Hay,
A food, whose taft hath made me pine away.

*Dives*, when thou saw’st bliffe, and crav’dst to touch
A drop of water, thy great paines were such.
Here griefe wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
And my sighes weary, groanes are all my rent;

---


Vnable
Unable longer to endure the paine,
They breake like thunder, and doe bring down rain.
Thus, till dry teares foulders mine eyes, I weepe;
And then, I dreame, how you securely sleepe,
And in your dreames doe laugh at me. I hate,
And pray Love, All may: He pitties my state,
But fayes, I therein no revenge should finde;
The Sunne would shine, though all the world were blind.
Yet, to trie my hate, Love shew'd me your teare;
And I had dy'd, had not your smile beeene there.
Your frowne undoes me; your smile is my wealth;
And as you please to looke, I have my health.
Me thought, Love pittying me, when he saw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palme to kiffe,
That cur'd me not, but to beare paine gave strength,
And what it loft in force, it tooke in length.
I call'd on Love againe, who fear'd you so,
That his compation still prov'd greater woe;
For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
But durst not feele, for feare't should not prove true.
This merits not your anger, had it beeene,
The Queene of Chaftitie was naked seene;
And in bed, not to feele, the paine I tooke,
Was more then for Aethen not to looke.
And that breft which lay ope, I did not know,
But for the clearnesse, from a lump of snewe,
Nor that sweet teat which on the top it bore
From the rose-bud, which for my fake you wore.
These griefs to issue forth, by verse, I prove,
Or turne their course, by travaile, or new love:

Poems attributed to John Donne. 409
All would not doe. The best at last I tryde: 
Vnable longer to hould out I dyed. 
And then I found I loft life, death by flying: 
Who hundreds live are but fee long a dying. 
Charon did let me passe: I'le him requite. 
To marke the groves or shades wrongs my delight. 
I'le speake but of those ghosts I found alone, 
Those thousand ghosts, whereof myself made one, 
All images of thee. I ask'd them, why? 
The Judge told me, all they for thee did dye, 
And therefore had for their Elifian bliffe, 
In one another their owne Loves to kiss. 
O here I miff'd not bliffe, but being dead; 
For loe, I dream'd, I dream'd; and waking said, 
Heaven, if who are in thee there muft dwell, 
How is't, I now was there, and now I fell.

An Elegie to M''s Boulffred: 1602.

SHall I goe force an Elegie? abuse
My Witt? and breake the Hymen of my mufe
For one poore hours love? Deferves it fuch
Which serves not me, to doe on her as much?
Or if it could, I would that fortune shunn:
Who would be rich, to be foe soone undone?
The beggars best is, wealth he doth not know;
And but to shew it him, encreases woe.
But we two may enjoye an hour? when never

66 marke] walke Grosart or ] and Ato 67 but ] out Grosart, from
H39 68 Thofe thousand ] Thoufand Ato 72 In one ] omit. Grosart
74 (For loe I dreampt) H39 and Grosart 75 Heaven ] O Heaven Ato
7 text from HN: The beggers best is, that wealth he doth <not> know, A10: The beggar's best, his &c. L74, RP31, N, TCD. Sim: The beggar's best that Grosart 9 two Sim: om. HN, L74, N, RP31, TCD: But we an hour may now enjoy when never A10 hour? } hour: L74

It
It returnes, who would have a losse for ever?
Nor can fo short a love, if true, but bring
A halfe howres feare, with the thought of losing:
Before it, all howres were hope; and all are
(That fhall come after it,) yeares of dispaire.
This joye brings this doubt, whether it were more
To have enjoy’d it, or have died before?
T’is a loft paradise, a fall from grace,
Which I thinke, Adam felt more then his race.
Nor need thofe angells any other Hell;
It is enough for them, from Heaven they fell.
Besides, Conquest in love is all in all;
That when I lifte, shee under me may fall:
And for this turne, both for delight and view,
I’le have a Succuba, as good as you.
But when these toyes are paft, and hott blood ends,
The beft enjoying is, we still are frends.
Love can but be frendshippes outfide; their two
 Beauties differ, as myndes and bodies do.
Thus, I this great Good still would be to take,
Vnles one howre, another happy make:
Or, that I might forgett it inquantlie;
Or in that blest eflate, that I might die.
But why doe I thus travaile in the skill
Of defpis’d poetrie, and perchance spill
My fortune? or undoe myfelf in fport
By having but that dangerous name in Court?
I’le leave, and since I doe your poet prove,
Keep you my lines as secret as my Love.
Appendix B.

An Elegie.

True Love findes witt, but he whose witt doth move
Him to love, confesses he doth not love:
And from his witt, passions and true desire
Are forc'd as hard, as from the flint is fire.
My love's all fire whose flames my soule do nurse,
Whose smokes are sighes; whose every sparke's a verse.
Doth measure women win? Then I know why
Most of our Ladies with the Scotts doe lie.
A Scott is measure'd in each syllable, terse
And smooth as a verse: and like that smooth verse
Is shallow, and wants matter, but in his handes,
And they are rugged; Her state better standes
Whom dauncing measures tempted, not the Scott:
In brief she's out of measure, loft, soe gott.
Greene-sicknesw wenches, (not needes must but) may
Looke pale, breathe short; at Court none so long stay.
Good witt ne're despair'd there, or Ay me said:
For never Wench at Court was ravished.
And shee but cheates on Heaven, whom you so winne
Thinking to share the sport, but not the sinne.

Song.

Dear Love, continue nice and chaste,
For, if you yeeld you doe me wrong.
Let duller wits to loves end hate,
I have enough to wooe thee long.


Song. 1635–69: no title, A10, B, HN (signed J. R.), L74 (Finis. ), O'F, P, S96 C. Love,] Love 1635–69

All
All paine and joy is in their way;
The things we feare bring leffe annoy
Then feare; and hope brings greater joy;
But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favours will my prayers increafe;
Granting my suit you give me all,
And then my prayers must needs furceafe,
For, I have made your Godhead fall.

Beafts cannot witt nor beauty fee,
They mans affections onely move;
Beafts other fports of love doe prove,
With better feeling farre than we.

Then Love prolong my fuite, for thus
By losing fport, I fport doe win;
And that may vertue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath beene a finne.

My comming neare may fpie some ill,
And now the world is given to fcoffe;
To keepe my Love, (then) keepe me off,
And fo I shall admire thee still.

Say I have made a perfect choyce,
Satietie our Love may kill;
Then give me but thy face and voyce,
Mine eye and eare thou canft not fill.

To make me rich (oh) be not poore,
Give me not all, yet something lend,
So I shall ftill my fuite commend,
And you at will doe leffe or more.

But, if to all you condefcend,
My love, our fport, your Godhead end.
Appendix B.

To Ben. Johnson, 6 Jan. 1603.

The State and mens affaires are the best playes
Next yours; 'Tis nor more nor lesse than due praine.
Write, but touch not the much descending race
Of Lords houses, so settled in worths place,
As but themselves none thinke them usurpers.
It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.
If the Queene Masque, or King a hunting goe,
Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know
Like them in goodnesse that Court ne'r will be,
For that were vertue, and not flatterie.
Forget we were thrust out; It is but thus,
God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords doe us.
Judge of strangers, Trust and believe your friend,
And so me; And when I true friendship end,
With guilty conscience let me be worse fonge,
Then with Pophams sentence theevs, or Cookes tongue
Traitors are. Friends are our selves. This I thee tell
As to my friend, and to my selfe as Counsell;
Let for a while the times unthrifty rout
Contemne learning, and all your studies flout.
Let them scorne Hell, they will a Sergeant feare,
More then wee that; ere long God may forbeare,
But Creditors will not. Let them increase
In riot and excess as their meanes cease;
Let them scorne him that made them, and still shun
His Grace, but love the whore who hath undone
Them and their soules. But; that they that allow

To Ben. Johnson, 6 Jan. 1603. 1635 69.0'F: To Ben Johnson 6 Jan:
1603 L.74: To Mr. Ben Johnson. S: 2 yours; Ed: yours, 1635-69
not more | noe more L.74 5 none thinke | none can thinke 1669 11
out; Ed: out. 1635-69 15 fonge, L.74: spell flug, 1635 18
as Counsell | is Counsell: 1635-54 22 More then wee that; Ed:
More then wee that H.40, L.74: More then wee them; that, 1635-69 (them
in ital. 1635-54) 24 ceafe; Ed: ceafe. 1635-69

But
But one God, should have religions enow
For the Queens Masque, and their husbands, far more
Then all the Gentiles knew, or Atlas bore!
Well, let all paife, and trust him who nor cracks
The bruised Reed, nor quencheth smoaking flaxe.


If great men wrong me, I will spare my selfe;
If meane, I will spare them. I know that pelf
Which is ill got the Owner doth upbraid.
It may corrupt a Judge, make me afraid
And a lury; But 'twill revenge in this,
That, though himfelfe be judge, hee guilty is.
What care I though of weaknesse men taxe me,
I had rather sufferer than doer be.
That I did truft, it was my Natures praise,
For breach of word I knew but as a phraze.
That judgement is, that surely can comprife
The world in precepts, most happy and most wife.
What though? Though leffe, yet some of both have we,
Who have learn'd it by ufe and misery.
Poore I, whom every pety croffe doth trouble,
Who apprehend each hurt thats done me, double,
Am of this (though it should finke me) carelesse,
It would but force me to a stric ter goodnesse.
They have great odds of me, who gaine doe winne,
(If such gaine be not loffe) from every finne.
The standing of great mens lives would afford

To Ben Johnfon, 9 Novembris, 1603: 1635-69, B (subscribed doubtfull author), O,F,S: Another Epifle to Mr Ben: Johnfon. No. 9. 1603. L74:
Another to Ben Johnfon. H40 2 them.] them. 1635-69 that
B, H40, L74, S: the 1635-69 3 upbraide. Ed: upbraide; 1635-69
5 lury; Ed: lury. 1635-69 18 goodnesse. ] goodnesse 1635-39
19 odds B, H40, L74, S: gaine 1635-69. O,F

A pretty
A pretty summe, if God would fell his Word.
He cannot; they can theirs, and breake them too.
How unlike they are that they are likened to?
Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,
If good, like Gods, the naught are so like devils.

To S' Tho. Roe 1603.

Deare Thom:

Tell her if she to hired servants shew
Dislike, before they take their leave they goe;
When nobler spirits start at no disgrace,
For who hath but one minde, hath but one face:
If then why I tooke not my leave the aske,
Aske her againe why she did not unmaske?
Was she or proud or cruell, or knew shee
'Twould make my losse more felt, and pittyed me?
Or did shee feare one kiffe might stay for moe?
Or else was she unwilling I should goe?
I thinke the best, and love so faithfully
I cannot chuse but thinke that she loves mee.
If this prove not my faith, then let her trie
How in her service I would fructifie.
Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true.
Then he whose wit and verse goes now so lame,
With songs to her will the wild Irifh tame.
Howe'r, I'll weare the black and white ribband,
White for her fortunes, blacke for mine shall stand.
Poems attributed to John Donne. 417

I do esteem her favours, not their stuffe;
If what I have was given, I have enough:
And all's well; for had she lov'd, I had had
All my friends hate; for now, departing sad
I feel not that; Yet as the Rack the Gout
cures, so hath this worse griefe that quite put out:
My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
Which (which I dare foresee) nought cures but death.
Tell her all this before I am forgot,
That not too late shee grieve shee lov'd me not.
Burden'd with this, I was to depart lesse
Willing, then those which die, and not confess'd.

II.

To the Countesse of Huntington.

That unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
That gives us man up now, like Adams time
Before he ate; mans shape, that would yet bee
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts companie)
So naked at this day, as though man there
From Paradise so great a distance were,
As yet the newes could not arrived bee
Of Adams tasting the forbidden tree;
Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet beare the sinne.

21 favours, not their B, L74, S: favour, not the 1635-69
22 enough: Ed: enough, 1635-69
23 had had ] had not had 1635-69,
24 hate; hate 1635: hate, 1639-69 now, Ed: now
25 1635-69: not A10, B, L74, S
26 out:] out. 1635: Which (which
28 Which (which
I dare foresee) nought A10, B, L74, S: Which (I dare forefay) nothing
To the Countesse of Huntingdon. 1635-69: S’Wal: Ashton to y’s Countesse
Of Huntingtowne P, TCD (II) 2 man ] men P 3 ate; 1635-39:
eat; 1650-69

But,
But, as from extreme hights who downward looks,
Sees men at childrens shapes, Rivers at brookes,
And lofeth younger formas; fo, to your eye,
These (Madame) that without your distance lie,
Muf't either mift, or nothing seeme to be,
Who are at home but wits mere Atomis.

But, I who can behold them move, and fta'y,
Have found my selfe to you, juft their midway;
And now muf't pitty them; for, as they doe
Seeme sick to me, juft fo muf't I to you.
Yet neither will I vexe your eyes to fee
A sighing Ode, nor croffe-arm'd Elegie.
I come not to call pitty from your heart,
Like fome white-liver'd dotard that would part
Elfe from his flipperie soule with a faint groane,
And faithfully, (without you smil'd) were gone.
I cannot feele the tempeft of a frowne,
I may be rais'd by love, but not throwne down.
Though I can pittie thofe figh twice a day,
I hate that thing whifpers it felfe away.
Yet fince all love is fever, who to trees
Doth talke, doth yet in loves cold ague freeze.
'Tis love, but, with fuch fatall weakneffe made,
That it deftroyes it felfe with its owne shade.
Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and fhew'd his paine,
Was he that first taught women, to difdaine.

As all things were one nothing, dull and weake,
Vntill this raw difordered heape did breake,
And feverall defires led parts away,
Water declin'd with earth, the ayre did fta'y,
Fire rofe, and each from other but unty'd,
Themselves unprifon'd were and purify'd:

1  But, as from extreme hights who downward looks,
15  Sees men at childrens shapes, Rivers at brookes,
20  And lofeth younger formas; fo, to your eye,
25  These (Madame) that without your distance lie,
30  Muf't either mift, or nothing seeme to be,
35  Who are at home but wits mere Atomis.
40  But, I who can behold them move, and fta'y,
45  Have found my selfe to you, juft their midway;
50  And now muf't pitty them; for, as they doe
55  Seeme sick to me, juft fo muf't I to you.

Poems attributed to John Donne. 419

So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
An unripe willingnesse which nothing did,
A thirst, an Appetite which had no ease,
That found a want, but knew not what would please.
What pretty innocence in those dayes mov'd?
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd;
Both sigh'd and enterchang'd a speaking eye,
Both trembled and were sick, both knew not why.
That naturall fearefulnesse that struck man dumbe,
Might well (those times consider'd) man become.
As all discoverers whose first assay
Findes but the place, after, the nearest way:
So passion is to womans love, about,
Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.
It is not love that sueth, or doth contend;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
Man's better part consists of purer fire,
And findes it selfe allow'd, ere it desire.
Love is wise here, keepes home, gives reason sway,
And journeys not till it finde summer-way.
A weather-beaten Lover but once knowne,
Is sport for every girl to practife on.
Who strives through womans scornes, women to know,
Is loft, and seekes his shadow to outgoe;
It must bee sicknesse, after one disdaine,
Though he be call'd aloud, to looke againe.
Let others sigh, and grieve; one cunning sleight
Shall freeze my Love to Chrystall in a night.
I can love first, and (if I winne) love still;
And cannot be remov'd, unlesse she will.
It is her fault if I unsure remaine,
Shee onely can untie, and binde againe.
The honesties of love with ease I doe,
But am no porter for a tedious woo.
But (madame) I now thinke on you; and here
Where we are at our hights, you but appeare,
We are but clouds you rife from, our noone-ray
But a foule shadow, not your breake of day.
You are at first hand all that's faire and right,
And others good reflects but backe your light.
You are a perfectnesse, so curious hit,
That youngest flatteries doe scandall it.
For, what is more doth what you are restraine,
And though beyond, is downe the hill againe.
We have no next way to you, we crosse to it:
You are the ftraight line, thing prais'd, attribute;
Each good in you's a light; so many a shade
You make, and in them are your motions made.
These are your pictures to the life. From farre
We see you move, and here your Zants are:
So that no fountaine good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dimme actions faintly shew.
Then finde I, if mans nobleft part be love,
Your purest lufter must that shadow move.
The soule with body, is a heaven combin'd
With earth, and for mans ease, but nearer joyn'd.
Where thoughts the starres of soule we understand,
We gueffe not their large natures, but command.
And love in you, that bountie is of light,
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite.
Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
But soule we finde too earthly to ascend,

76 woo. TCD: woe. P: woe. 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier
77 I now ] now I TCD 78 hights] height TCD 79 clouds you rise
from, our noone-ray Grolier: clouds, you rife from our noone-ray, 1635-69,
TCD, and Chambers 81 right] bright P 83 a perfectnesse] all
perfections P 84 youngest] quaintest TCD flatteries] flatterers
P, TCD 86 though] what's P 87 We have Ed: We have 1635-69
88 fstraight line,] freight-lace P Ed: ed: attribute. 1635:
TCD but ] om. 1650-69 99 thoughts] through P
'Till
'Till flow acces'e hath made it wholy pure, 105
Able immortall clearnes'e to endure.
Who dare aspire this journey with a stain',
Hath waight will force him headlong backe againe.
No more can impure man retaine and move
In that pure region of a worthy love:
Then earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,
And leave his nature to converse with fire:
Such may have eye, and hand; may sigh, may speak;
But like swoln bubes, when they are high't they break.

Though far removed Northerne fleets scarce finde
The Sunnes comfort; others thinke him too kinde.
There is an equall distance from her eye,
Men perifli too farre off, and burne too nigh.
But as ayre takes the Sunne-beames equall bright
From the first Rayes, to his last opposite:
So able men, blest with a vertuous Love,
Remote or neare, or howsoever they move;
Their vertue breaks all clouds that might annoy,
There is no Emptines, but all is Ioy.
He much profanes whom violent heats do move
To file his wandring rage of passion, Love:
Love that imparts in every thing delight,
Is fain'd, which only tempts mans appetite.
Why love among the vertues is not knowne
Is, that love is them all contract in one.

105 wholy] holy TCD 106 endure. ] endorse 1635 108 weight]
weights P,TCD 109 impure ] vapore P 114 when they're highest
115 In edd. new par. begins wrongly at 113, and so Chambers and Grolier
fleets] Isles 1669 116 comfort; 1635-54: sweet comfort, 1669
others] yet some 1669 119 But as the aire takes all sunbeams equall
bright P 120 the first Rayes, 1635-54: the Raies first, 1669, TCD:
the rife first P 121 able men P: able man, 1635-54: happy man, 1669:
happy[']s man Grosart and Chambers 123 Their 1669, P,TCD:
There 1635-54, Chambers and Grolier 125 violent P,TCD: valiant
impars] imports 1669, TCD 128 Is fain'd, which ... appetite. P:
Is thought the manfion of sweet appetite. TCD: Is fancied 1635-39 (rest
of line left blank): Is fancied in the Soul, not in the sight. 1650-54: Is fancied
by the Soul, not appetite. 1669 130 Is, that ] Is, 'caufe TCD
contract in 1650-69, P: contracted 1635-39, TCD

III.
Eath be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow,
Sinne was her captive, whence thy power doth flow;
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to destroy the just is not thy part.
Thy coming, terror, anguish, grievance denounces;
Her happy state, courage, ease, joy pronounces.
From out the Christall palace of her breast,
The clearer soul was call'd to endless rest,
Not by the thundering voice, wherewith God threatens,
But, as with crowned Saints in heaven he treats,) And, waited on by Angels, home was brought,
To joy that it through many dangers fought;
The key of mercy gently did unlocke
The doores 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock.
Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey,
Because to mortall eyes it did decay;
A better witness than thou art, affaires,
That though dissolved, it yet a space endures;
No dramme thereof shall want or loss sustaine,
When her best soul inhabits it again.
Goe then to people curst before they were,
Their spoyle in Triumph of thy conquest weare.
Glory not thou thy selfe in these hot teares
Which our face, not for hers, but our harme weares,
Poems attributed to John Donne.

The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee,
Which wils our soules in theie streams waifsht should be,
And on our hearts, her memories beft tombe,
In this her Epitaph doth write thy doome.
Blinde were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine
Through flethes misty vaile the beames divine.
Deafe were the cares, not charm'd with that sweet sound
Which did i'th spirit instructed voice abound.
Of flint the conscience, did not yeeld and melt,
At what in her laft Act it saw, heard, felt.

Weep not, nor grudge then, to have loft her sight,
Taught thus, our after stay's but a short night:
But by all soules not by corruption choaked
Let in high rais'd notes that power be invoked.
Calme the rough seas, by which the sayles to refl,
From sorrowes here, to a kingdome ever blest;
And teach this hymne of her with joy, and fing,

The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.
IV.

Psalme 137.

Probably by Francis Davison.

I.

By Euphrates flowry side
We did bide,
From deare Juda farre absented,
Tearing the aire with our cryes,
And our eyes,
With their streames his streame augmented.

II.

When, poore Syons dolefull state,
Desolate;
Sacked, burned, and inthrall’d,
And the Temple spoil’d, which wee
Ne’r should see,
To our mirthlefe mindes wee call’d:

III.

Our mute harpes, untun’d, unfrung,
Up wee hung
On greene willowes neere beside us,
Where, we sitting all forlorne;
Thus, in scorne,
Our proud spoylers ’gan deride us.

Psalme 137. 1653. 69, A25. C. RP6 in Certaine selected Psalmes of David (in Verfe) different from Thofe usually sung in the Church Composed by Francis Davifon esq’. deceafed and other Gentlemen. Manuscribd by R. Crane. Addl. MS. 27407, Harl. MSS. 3357 and 16950 4 with our cryes] with mournful crics Crane 6 his] the Crane 16 all forlorne] foe forlorne Crane
IV.
Come, sad Captives, leave your moanes,
   And your groanes
Under Syons ruines bury;
Tune your harps, and sing us layes
   In the praise
Of your God, and let's be merry.

V.
Can, ah, can we leave our moanes?
   And our groanes
Under Syons ruines bury?
Can we in this Land sing Layes
   In the praise
Of our God, and here be merry?

VI.
No; deare Syon, if I yet
   Do forget
Thine affliction miserable,
Let my nimble joynts become
   Stiffe and numme,
To touch warbling harpe unable.

VII.
Let my tongue lose singing skill,
   Let it still
To my parched roofe be glanced,
If in either harpe or voice
   I rejoice,
Till thy joyes shall be renewed.

22-3 To your Harpes sing us some layes
   To the praise
Crane
24 merry. merry. 1653–59 25-6 moanes ... groanes] interchanged
Crane
31-2 if I faile
   To bewayle Crane
42 renewed. ] renewed 1653

VIII.
VIII.
Lord, curse Edom's traiterous kinde,
Beare in minde
In our ruines how they revell'd.

Sack, kill, burne, they cry'd out still,
Sack, burne, kill,
Downe with all, let all be levell'd.

IX.
And, thou Babel, when the tide
Of thy pride
Now a flowing, growes to turning;
Victor now, shall then be thrall,
And shall fall
To as low an ebbe of mourning.

X.
Happy he who shall thee waste,
As thou haft
Us, without all mercy, wasted,
And shall make thee taste and see
What poore wee
By thy means have seen and tasted.

XI.
Happy, who, thy tender barnes
From the armes
Of their wailing mothers tearing,
'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,
Ruthlesse stones
With their braines and blood besmearing.
V.

On the blessed Virgin Mary.

Probably by Henry Constable.

In that, ô Queene of Queenes, thy birth was free
From that which others doth of grace bereave,
When in their mothers wombe they life receive,
God, as his sole-borne daughter loved thee.

To match thee like thy births nobilitie,
He thee his Spirit for thy spouse did leave,
By whom thou didnst his onely sonne conceive,
And so waft link'd to all the Trinitie.

Cease then, ô Queens, that earthly Crownes doe weare,
To glory in the Pompe of earthly things;
If men such high respects unto you beare,
Which daughters, wives, and mothers are to Kings,
What honour can unto that Queene be done
Who had your God for Father, Spoufe and Sonne?

VI.

On the Sacrament.

He was the Word that spake it,
Hee tooke the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I doe beleeve and take it.

On the &c. 1635–69, A10, B, O'F,S, S96: also among Spiritual Sonnets by H. C. in Harl. MS. 753
6 thy spouse A10, B: his spouse 1635–69 12 to B: of 1635–69 Kings,] kings, 1635
VII.

Absence.

That time and absence proves
Rather helps than hurts to loves.

Probably by John Hoskins.

Absence heare my protestation
Against thy strengthe
Distance and lengthe,

Doe what thou canst for alteration:
For harts of truest mettall
Absence doth joyne, and time doth settle.

Who loves a Mistris of right quality,
His mind hath founde
Affections grounde

Beyond time, place, and all mortality:
To harts that cannot vary
Absence is present, time doth tary:

My Sences want their outward motion
Which now within
Reason doth win,

Redoubled by her secret notion:
Like rich men that take pleasure
In hidinge more then handlinge treasure.

Absence. The Grove (1721) do. or no title, B, Cy, HN (signed J. H.), L 174, O F P, S, S96 (the text here printed): also in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody (PR) 1602 and (a maimed and altered version) in Wit Restored (WR) 1658

1 heare B, S96, Grove: heare thou Cy, HN, L 174, PR, S, WR

Distance | Disdayne HN 4 you can PR: yee dare HN 5 For hearts where love's refined WR 6 Are absent joyned, by tyme combined. WR 7 right S96: such Grove, HN, L 174, PR 8 He soon hath found PR 10 all om. WR 11 To | That WR 12 present]
presence B tary | carry WR 13 motion | motions PR 16 by .. notion | in .. notions: PR: in .. notion HN 18 hidinge]

finding Grove
Poems attributed to John Donne. 429

By absence this good means I gaine
That I can catch her
Where none can watch her
In some close corner of my braine:
There I embrace and there kifs her,
And so enjoye her, and so misse her.

VIII.

Song.

Probably by the Earl of Pembroke.

S'oules joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I must leave my selfe with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each others sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light;
O give no way to griefe,
But let belief
Of mutuall love,
This wonder to the vulgar prove
Our Bodyes, not wee move.

19 means \( WR \) 23 There I embrace and there kifs her, \( S96 \):
There I embrace her, and \&c. \( L74 \): There I embrace and there I kif$ her$, \( B,O^F,WR \): There I embrace and kifs her, \( Grove,HN,PR \) 24 and so misse her \( B,Cy,HN,L74,O^F,S96,WR \): while none misse her. \( Grove: I \) both enjoy and misse her. \( PR \)
Song. 1635–69,\( O^F \): also in the Poems \&c. (1660) of the Earle of Pembroke and St' Benjamin Ruddier, and the Lansdowne MS. 777, where it is signed E. of Pembroke. 1 now \( \) when 1660, \( L77 \)

Let
Appendix B.

Let not thy wit beweepe
Wounds but sense-deepe,
For when we mistle
By distance our lipp-joying blisse,
Even then our soules shall kisse,
Fooles have no meanes to meet,
But by their feet.
Why should our clay,
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way?
O give no way to grieue, &c.

A Dialogue.

Earle of Pembroke.

IF her distaine leaft change in you can move,
you doe not love,
For whilst your hopes give fuell to the fire,
you fell desire.

Love is not love, but given free,
And so is mine, so should yours bee.

A Dialogue, Ed: A Dialogue betweene S't Henry Wotton and M'Donne,
1635-69 among Letters to Severall Personages: no heading but divided
between Earle of Pembroke and Ben: Ruddier H39, H40, P: and so between
P and R in the Poems &c. (1660) of Pembroke and Ruddier. See note:
only 18 lines and no dialogue, Cy: in TCD (II) the first part is given to Earl
of Pembroke and S't Henry Wotton, the second to S't Ben. Ruddier and
D't John Donne ; whilst your hopes give H39 (the), H40, P: when
the hope gives 1635-54: when that hope gives 1669.
Her heart that melts at others moane,  
to mine is stone.

Her eyes that weep a stranger's hurt to see,   
joy to wound me:

Yet I so much affect each part,     
As (caus'd by them) I love my smart.

Say her disdaynings justly must be grac't     
with name of chaste.

And that shee frownes least longing should exceed,  
and raging breed;

Soe can her rigor ne'er offend     
Unlesse selfe-love seeke private end.

Ben: Ruddier

'Tis love breeds love in mee, and cold disdaine      
kills that againe,      
As water caufeth fire to fret and fume,      
till all consume.

Who can of love more free gift make,      
Then to loves self, for loves own fake.

7 melts at H39, H40, P, TCD: melts to hear of 1635-69  
a strangers] another P  
mod. ebd. 11 much C9, H39, H40, P, TCD: eyes 1635-69 and

Say 1635-69: I think H39: Think H40: But thinke P  
her disdaynings 1635-69: her unkindnes H40: that her disdaine P  
must be] may well be P

17-18 text H40, P, P and R:      
So her disdaines can ne'er offend;      
Vnlesse selfe-love take private end. 1635-69

21 caufeth] maketh H40, P

23-4 Who can of love more free gift make      
Then to loves self, for loves owne fake       
H39, H40, P (but

H39 has to love in 23)

Who can of love more gift make,      
Then to love selfe for loves sake. 1635-39      
Who can of love more rich gift make,      
Then to love selfe-love for loves sake? 1650-54      
Who can of love more rich gift make,      
Then to Loves self for loves own fake. 1669

I'll
Appendix B.

I'll never dig in Quarry of an heart to have no part,
Nor roaft in fiery eyes, which alwayes are Canicular.
Who this way would a Lover prove,
May shew his patience, not his love.

A frowne may be sometimes for physick good,
    But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is sure
    A gentler Cure.
Why barre you love of private end,
Which never shou'd to publique tend?

IX.

Break of Daye.

Stanza prefixed to Donne's Poem (p. 23) in Stowe MS. 961 and in Edition of 1669.

Probably by John Dowlands.

Stay, O sweet, and do not rise,
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
   Because that you and I muft part.
   Stay, or else my joys will die,
   And perifh in their infancie.

Stanza &c.] given as a separate poem in A25 (where it is written in at the side), C, O'F, P: printed in John Dowland's A Pilgrim's Solace (1612) 1
Stay, O sweet] Lie still my dear A25, C 3 The day breakes not] There breakes not day S96 4 Because that] To think that S96 5
Stay] Oh stay S96

APPENDIX
APPENDIX C.

A SELECTION OF POEMS WHICH FREQUENTLY ACCOMPANY POEMS BY JOHN DONNE IN MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS OR HAVE BEEN ASCRIBED TO DONNE BY MODERN EDITORS.

I.

POEMS FROM ADDITIONAL MS. 25707.


Since ev'ry Tree begins to blossome now
Perfuminge and enamelinge each bow,
Hartes should as well as they, some fruits allow.
For since one old poore sunn serves all the rest,
You sev'rall sunns that warme, and light each brest
Doe by that influence all your thoughts digest.
And that you two may soe your vertues move,
On better matter then beames from above,
Thus our twin'd souls send forth these buds of love.
As in devotions men Joyne both there hands,
Wee make ours doe one Act to seale the bands,
By which we enthrall ourselfes to your commands,
And each for others faith and zeale stand bound:
As safe as spirits are from any wound,
Soe free from impure thoughts they shal be found.

A Letter written &c. A25: published by Chambers, who completes the names
bound, A25 111.3

Admit
Admit our magique then by which wee doe
Make you appeere to us, and us to you,
Supplying all the Mufes in you twoe.

Wee doe confider noe flower that is sweet,
But wee your breath in that exhaling meet,
And as true types of you, them humbly greet.

Heere in our Nightingales we heere you finge
Who foe doe make the whole yeare through a springe,
And save us from the feare of Autumnns finge.

In Anchors calme face wee your smoothnes see,
Your mindes unmimgled, and as cleare as shee
That keepes untoucht her first virginitie.

Did all St. Edith nunns descend againe
To honor Polefworth with their cloystred traine,
Compar'd with you each would confesse some stayne.

Or should wee more bleed out our thoughts in inke,
Noe paper (though it woulde be glad to drinke
Those drops) could comprehend what wee doe thinke.

For t'were in us ambition to write
Soc, that because wee two, you two unite,
Our letter shoule as you, bee infinite.

O Frutefull Garden.

O Frutefull garden, and yet never tilde,
Box full of Treasure yet by noe man fille.
O thou which haft, made him that first made thee;
O neare of kinne to all the Trinetie;
O Pallace where the kinge of all, and more;
Went in, and out, yet never opened doore;

31 inke, Ed: inke A25
0 Frutefull Garden. A25: [TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN
MARY.] Chambers 6 out, Ed: out A25

Whose
Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 435

Whose flesh is purer, than an others sperrit
Reache him our Prayers, and reach us down his merrit;
O bread of lyfe which swel’dße up without Leaven;
O bridge which joynst togethers earth and heaven;
Whoseeyes see me through thesewalles, and throughge glasse,
And through this flethe as thorowe Cipres paffe.
Behould a little harte made greate by thee
Swellinge, yet thrinkeing at thy majestie.
O dwell in it, for where soe ere thou go’ste
There is the Temple of the Holy Ghoste.

To my Lord of Pembroke.

F Ye, Fye you sones of Pallas what madd rage
Makes you contend that Love’s, or God, or page?
Hee that admires, his weaknes doth confess;
For as Love greater growes; soe hee growes les.
Hee that disdaines, what honor wynns thereby,
That he feeles note, or triumphes on a fly?
If love with queafie paine thy stomack move,
Soe will a flutt whome none dare touch; or love.
If it with sacred straines doe thee inspire
Of Poetrie; soe wee maye want admire.
If it thee valiant make, his ryvall hate
Can out doe that and make men desperate.
Yealdinge to us, all woemen conquer us,
By gentlenes we are betrayed thus.
We will not strive with Love that’s a shee beaite;
But playinge wee are bounde, and yeald in Jet;
As in a Cobwebb toyle, a flye hath beene
Undone; so have I some fainte lover seene.
Love cannot take away our strength, but tame,
And wee les feele the thinge then feare the name;

8 merrit; Ed: merrit, A25 9 Leaven, Ed: Leaven A25
To my Lord of Pembroke, A25, Chambers 3 confes; Ed: confes
19 tame, Ed: tame A25
Love is a temperate bath; hee that feeles more heat
Heate or could there, was hott, or could before.
But as Sun beames which would but norishe, burne,
Drawne into hollow Chriftall, soe we turne
To fire her beuyties Luftre willingly,
By gatheringe it in our false treacherous eye.
Love is nor you, nor you; but I a balme,
Sword to the stiff, unto the wounded balme.
Prayes noe thinge adds, if it be infinite,
If it be nothing, who can leffen it?

Of a Lady in the Black Masque.

W hy chose shee black; was it that in whitenes
Shee did Leda equal? whose brightnes
Mugh suffer loss to put a bewtie on
Which hath no grace but from proportion.
It is but Coullor, which to loofe is gayne,
For shee in black doth th'Æthiopian flaine,
Beinge the forme that beautifies the creature
Her rareness not in Coullor is; but feature.
Black on her receaves soe strong a grace
It seemes the fitteft beautie for the face.
Coullor is not, but in æstimation
Faire, or foule, as it is stild by fashion.
Kinges wearringe sackcloath it doth royall make;
Soe black(ne)s from her face doth beautie take.
It not in Coullor but in her, inheres,
For what she is, is faire, not what she weares;
The Moore shalle envye her, as much, or more,
As did the Ladies of our Court before.
The Sunn shall mourne that hee had weftwarde beene,
To seeke his Love; whilstt shee i'th North was seene.

27 I a balme, A25 : Aye a calm, Chambers conjectures
13 make; Ed: make A25 14 black(ne)s Chambers: blacks A25
16 weares; Ed: weares, A25

Her
Her blacknes lends like luftre to her eyes,
As in the night pale Phoebe glorifies.
Hell, fynne, and vice their attributes shall loose
Of black, for it wan, and pale whitenes choose,
As like themselves, Common, and most in use:
Sad of that Coulor is the late abuse.

II.

POEMS FROM THE BURLEY MS.

<Lif.>

This lyfe it is not life, it is a fight
That wee haue of ye earth, ye earth of vs;
It is a feild, where fence & reason fight,
The soules & bodies quarrells to discus;
   It is a iorney where wee do not goe,
      but fly with speedy wings t'our bliss or woe.
It is a chaine yt hath but two female links
Where<with> ye graue is to ye bodie ioyned;
It is a poysned feast wherein who thinks
To taft ioyes cup, ye cup of death doth find.
   It is a play, presented in heauens eye
      Wherein ye parts are to do naught but dye.

<My Love.>

My love doth fly with wings of feare
And doth a flame of fire resemble,
With mounting high & burning cleere
yet ever more doth wane & tremble.


My
Appendix C.

My loue doth see & still admire,
Admiring breedeth humbleness;
blind loue is bold, but my desire
the more it loues presumes ye lesse.
My loue seekes no reward or glory
but wth it self it self contenteth,
is never sullaine, never sory,
ever repyneth or repenteth.
O'who the sunne beames can behold
but hath some passion, seeles some heat,
for though the sunn himself be cold
his beames reflecting fire begett.
O y't myne eyes, ó that myne hart
Were both enlarged to containe
the beames & ioyes shee doth impart,
whilst shee this bowre doth not disdayne;
this bowre vnfit for such a guefte,
but since she makes it now her Inn,
Would god twere like her sacred breast
most fayre without, most rich within.

< O Eyes!>

O Eyes, what do you see?
o eares what do you heare?
that makes y'o wish to bee
All eyes or else all eare?
I see a face as fayre
As mans eye ever saw,
I here as sweet an ayre
as y't with rocks did draw,
Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 439

I wish, when in such wife
I see or heare ye fame,
I had all Argus eyes
or else ye eare(s) of fame.

(Silence Best Praise.)

Cōmend her? no. I dare not terme her fayre,
nor sugred sweet, nor tall, nor louely browne;
suffice it ye she is without compare;
but how, I dare not tell left she should frowne.
but thole parts leaft wth others make theyre pryde,
and feed there fancies wth devised lyes;
give me but leaue to pull my fainted eare,
and tell her in her earde that she is wife.
to write of beauties rare ther is noe art,
for why tis common to there sex & kind,
but making choice of natures better part
my Muse doth most desire to prayse her mind.
But as her vertue(s) clayme a crowne of bayes,
So manners makes me sylent in her prayse.

12 eare(s) Ed: eare Bur:
Cui, quot sunt corpore plumae.
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit auris.

(Silence Best Praise.) Ed: no title, Bur 1 fayre, Ed: fayre Bur
2 sweet, ... tall, ... browne; Ed: no stops, Bur 3 compare; Ed:
compare Bur 4 frowne, Ed: frowne Bur 5 leaft Ed:
left Bur pryde, Ed: pryde Bur 6 lyes; Ed: lyes Bur 7
alyde, Ed: alyde Bur 8 wife, Ed: wife Bur 9-10 art, ... kind,
Bur 13 vertue(s) Ed: vertue Bur bayes, Ed: bayes Bur

<Beauty
Appendix C.

(Beauty in Little Room.)

Thohfe droffy heads & irreppurged braynes
wth sacred fyre of loue hath not refined
may groffly think my loue female worth contaynes
because shee is of body female combined.
Not diving to y depth of natures reach,
Wch on female things doth greatest guifts beftow:
small gems & pearls do witt more truly teach
Wch little are yet great in vertue grow,
of flowers moft part y leaff wee sweettst fee,
of creatures having life & fence y annt
is smallst, yet great her guifts & vertues bee,
frugall & provident for feare of want.
Wherfore who sees not natures full intent?
she made her female to make her excellent.

(Loves Zodiake.)

That y higher half of loues
Round Zodiake haue rune,
And in the line of crabbed chaunce
My Tropick haue begun,
Am taught to teach y man is bleft
Whose loues lott lights so badd,
as his solstium soonest makes
And so growes Retrograde.

(Fortune, Love, and Time.)

When fortune, loue, and Tyme bad me be happie,
Happy I was by fortune, loue, and tyme.
These powres at higheft then began to vary,
and caft him downe whome they had caus'd to clyme;
They prun'd theire wings, and tooke theire flight in rage;
fortune to fooles, loue to gold, and tyme to age.

(Beauty in Little Room.) Ed: no title, Bur
reach, Ed: reach Bur
depth Ed: deph Bur
8 grow. Ed: grow Bur
11 bee, Ed: bee Bur
13 intent? Ed: intent Bur
(Loves Zodiake) Ed: no title, Bur
(Fortune, Love, and Time.) Ed: no title and no punctuation, Bur

Fooles
Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 441

Fool's, gold, and age, (o foolish golden age!)
Witt, sāyth, and loue must beeg, must brybe, must dy;
These are the actors and the world's the stage,
Desert and hope are as but stands by:
True lovers fit and tune this reftlesse song;
Fortune, loue, and tyme have done me wrong.

〈Life a Play.〉

Wh'at is o' life? a play of passion.
o' mirth? the musick of diuision.
O' mothers wombs the tyring houises bee
Where we are dreeft for lues short comedy.
The earth the stage, heauen y' spectator is,
Who still doth note who ere do act amisse.
O' graues that hyde vs, frō the all-seeing sun,
Are but drawne curtaynes whē the play is done.

A Kiffè.

What a blisse
is this?
heaven is effected
and loues eternity contracted
In one short kiffè.
For not tymes measure
makes pleazure
more full.
tedious and dull
all ioyes are thought
y't are not in an instant wrought.

〈Life a Play.〉 Ed: no title, and no punctuation except the two marks of interrogation, Bur

Cupi(d)s
Cupi(d)s blest and highef sphære
  is heare.
  heere on his throne
  in his bright imperial crowne
      hee fitts.
  Thoſe witts
That thinke to proue
  that mortals know
  in any place below
      a bliffe fо great
      fо sweet
Are heretiques in loue.
These pleafures high
  now dye,
but itill beginning
new & greater glory wining
  gett frefh supply.
No short breath’d panting
  nor faynting
      is heere,
fuller and freer
more pleafinge is
this pleafure itill, & none but this.
Heer’es no blush nor labor great,
  no sweat;
Heres no payne
  nor repentance when againe
      Loue cooles.
  O fooles
That fondly glory
  in baſe condition
    of fensual fruocation,
you do miſtake
  & make
  yr’ heaven purgatory.
Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 443

Epi: B: Jo:

Tell me who can when a player dies
In wch of his shapes againe hee shall rise?
What need hee stand at the iudgment throne
Who hath a heaven and a hell of his owne.
Then feare not Burbage heavens angry rodd,
When thy fellows are angells & old Hemmings is God.


Oe now hee shineth yonder
A fixed starr in heaven,
Whose motion is vnder
None of the planetts seaven;
    And if the son shoule tender
The moone his loue and marry,
They never could engender
So fayre a starr as Harry.

III

POEMS FROM VARIOUS MSS.

(The Annuntiation.
Additional Lines.)

Nature amaz'd fawe man without mans ayde
Borne of a mother nurfed by her a mayd,
The child the Parent was, the worke the word,
No word till then did such a worke affoord.

Epi: B: Jo: (i.e. Epitaph: Ben Jonson) Bur: no punctuation
(The Annuntiation. Additional Lines.) Ed: these lines run straight
on as part of The Annuntiation and Passion in O'F 2 a mayd]
Norton supplies a mayd. Ed: mayd O'F 3 was, . . . word, Ed: no
comas, O'F

Twas
Twas leffe from nothing the world's all to growe
Then all-Creato's height to floope so lowe.
A virgin mother to a child bredd wonder,
T'was more a child should bee the God of thunder.
Th'omnipotent was strangely potent heere
To make the powerfull God pearelesse appeare.
Hee in our body cladd, for our soules love
Came downe to us, yet stay'd vnchanged above.
Yet God through man fhind ftil in this cleere brooke,
Through meane fhewes into maiesty wee looke.
Sinnes price feemd payd with braffe, fewe fawe the gold,
Yet true ftones fet in lead their luftre hold.
His birth though poore, Prophets foretold his story,
Hee breathd with beasts, but Angels fung his glory.
Hee, fo farr of, fo weake, yet Herod quakes,
The citty dreads, babes, murderd, feare mistakes.
His Circumcifion bore finne, payne, and shame,
Young bloud new budd, hence bloomd a fauiours name.
His paynes and passion bredd compafion, wonder;
Earth trembling, heavens darke, rocks rent afunder.
His birth, life, death, his words, his workes, his face
Shewd a rich Jewell fhining through the cafe,
Caft thus, fince man at gods high presence trembles.
Heere man mans troth loves whome his fheepe resembles.
The bright Sunne beame a fickly eye may dieme,
A little babe in shalowe heart may fwiem.
Hee heavens wealth to a poore ftable brings,
Th'oxeftall the Court unto the king of kings.
No Shadowes now nor lightning flames give terro.
This light tells with our tongue, and beares of erro.
Pure infant teares, moift pearle adornd his cheeke,
Asignnd, ere borne, our erring soules to seeke.
Hee firft wept teares, then bloud, a deare redemption;
This bought what Adam fould, that feemd preemption.
Cleare droppe, deare seede, the corne had bloudy eares,
Rich harvest reaped in bloud and fowne in teares. 10
Who this Corne in theyr hart nor threfh, nor lay,
Breake for sinnes debt, unthrifty never pay.
Ufe wealth, it waftes, a staid hand heapes the store,
But this the more wee ufe wee have the more;
Ufe, not like usury whose growth is lending,
Rich thoughts this treasure keepe and thrive by spending;
Th'expence runnes circular, turning returning,
Such love no hart consumes, yet ever burning.

Elegy. To Chast Love.

Chast Love, let mee embrace thee in mine armes
Without the thought of lust. From thence no harms
Enfue, no discontent attende those deeds
So innocently good with thy love breeds.
Th'approche of day brings to thy fence no feares,
Nor is the black nights worke wafhd in thy teares;
Thou takft no care to keepe thy lover true,
Nor yet by flighte, nor fond inventions new
To hold him in, who with like flame of love
Must move his spirt too, as thine doth move;
With ever mounts aloft with golden wings
And not declines to lowe despifed things.
Thy soule is bodyd within thy quiet breft
In safety, free from trouble and unrest.
Thou feart no ill because thou doft no ill,
Like mistref of thy selfe, thy thought, and will,

Obey
Obey thy mind, a mind for ever such
As all may praise, but none admire too much.
Then come, Chaft Love, choyse part of womankind
Infuse chaft thoughts into my loving mind.

Upon his scornfull Mistresse. Elegy.

Cruell since that thou doft not feare the curse
Wch thy disdayne, and my despayre procure,
My prayer for thee shall torment thee worse
Then all the Payne thou couldst thereby endure.
May, then, that beauty wch I did conceive
In thee above the height of heavens course,
When first my Liberty thou didst bereave,
Bee doubled on thee and with doubled force.
Chayne thousand vassalls in like thrall with mee,
Wch in thy glory myght thou still despise,
As the poore Trophies of that victory
Which thou haft onely purchasd by thine eyes;
And when thy Triumphs so extended are
That there is nought left to bee conquered,
Mayft thou with the great Monarchs mournfull care
Weepe that thine Hono's are so limited;
So thy disdayne may melt it selfe to love
By an unlookd for and a wondrous change,
Wch to thy selfe above the rest must prove
In all th'effects of love paynefully strange,
While wee thy scorned subjects live to see
Thee love the whole world, none of it love thee.

Upon his scornfull Mistresse. O'F: no title, B, which adds note, This hath relation to 'When by thy scorne'. See The Apparition, p. 191.
Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 447

(Wonder of Beautie, Goddesse of my sense,
You that have taught my soule to love aright,
You in whose limbes are natures chief expense
Fitt instrumment to serve your matchlefs spight,
If ever you have felt the miserie
Of being banish'd from your best desier,
By Absence, Time, or Fortunes tyranny,
Sterving for cold, and yet denied for hire:
Deare mistresse pittie then the like effects
The which in mee your abfence makes to flowe,
And haft their ebb by your divine aspect
In which the pleasure of my life doth growe:
Stay not fo long for though it seem a wonder
You keepe my bodie and my soule afunder.
FINIS.

(Faire eies do not think scorne to read of Love
That to your eies durft never it presume,
Since abfence those sweet wonders do(th) remove
That nourifh thoughts, yet fence and wordes consume;
This makes my pen more hardy then my tongue,
Free from my feare yet feeling my desire,
To utter that I have conceal'd fo long
By doing what you did yourself require.
Believe not him whom Love hath left so wise
As to have power his owne tale for to tell,
For childrens greefes do yield the loudest cries,
And cold desires may be expressed well:\nIn well told Love moft often falsehood lies,
But pittie him that only fihtes and dies.
FINIS.

(Absence.)(Tongue-tied Love.) Ed: whole sonnets without titles in L.74: the last six lines of the second appear among Donne's poems in B.O'F, S96 (Tongue-tied Love.) 12 cold desires] coldefl Ayres O'F

(Love,
Love if a God thou art

Then evermore thou must
Bee mercifull and just;
If thou bee just, ó wherefore doth thy dart
Wound mine alone and not my mistresse hart?
If mercifull, then why
Am I to payne refervd
Who have thee truely serv'd,
When shee that by thy powre sets not a fly
Laughs thee to scorne and lives at liberty?
Then if a God thou woulds accounted bee,
Heale mee like her, or else wound her like mee.

Great Lord of Love.

Greate Lord of love, how busy still thou art
To give new wounds and fetters to my hart!
Is't not enough that thou didst twice before
It so mangle
And intangle
By fly arts
Of false harts.
Forbeare mee, Ile make love no more.

Fy busy Lord, will it not thee suffice
To use the Rhetorique of her tongue and eyes
When I am waking, but that absent so
They invade mee
To perfwade mee,
When that sleepe
Oft should keepe
And lock out every fence of woe.

Love if a God thou art. Great Lord of Love. Loves Exchange.
all without titles in O'F: punctuation mainly the Editor's
If thou perfwade mee thus to speake, I dye
And shee the murdrefc, for she will deny;
And if for silence I bee preft, Her good
Yet I cherish
Though I perifh,
For that shee
Shall bee free
From that foule guilt of spilling bloud.

<Love Exchange.>

1. To sue for all thy Love, and thy whole hart
   were madneffe.
   I doe not sue, nor can admitt,
   (Fayref) from yo" to have all yet;
   Who giveth all, hath nothing to impart
   But sadneffe.

2. Hee who receaveth all can have no more,
   Then seeing.
   My love by length of every howre
   Gathers new strength, new growth, new power:
   You must have dayly new rewards in store
   Still beeing.

3. You cannot every day give mee yo' hart
   For merit;
   Yet if you will, when yours doth goe
   You shall have still one to bestow,
   For you shall mine, when yours doth part,
   Inherit.

4. Yet if you please weele find a better way
   Then change them,
   For so alone (dearest) wee shall
   Bee one and one another all;
   Let us so joyne our harts, that nothing may
   Estrange them.
Song.

Now y'have killd mee with yo' scorne
Who shall live to call yo' fayre?
What new foole muft now bee borne
To prepare
Dayly sacrifice of service new,
Teares too good for woemen true?
Who shall forrow when yo' crye
And to please yo' dayly dye?
Men succeeding shall beware
And woemen cruell, no more fayre.

2.

Now y'have killd mee, never looke
Any left to call yo' trewe;
Who more madd muft now bee tooke
To renewe
My oblations dayly, loft?
Vowes too good for woemen chaft!
Who shall call yo' sweete, and sweare
T'is yo' face renewes the yeare?
Men by my Death shall beleeve,
And woemen cruell yet shall greeve.

Love, bred of glances.

Love bred of Glances twixt amorous eyes
Like Childrens fancies, fone borne, fone dyes.
Guilte, Bitternes, and smilinge woe
Doth ofte deceaue poore lovers foe,
As the fonde Sence th'unwary soule deceives
With deadly poison wrapt in Lily leaves.

Song. O'F: punctuation mainly Editor's
O'F, P, S96 (from which present text is taken) 2 borne B, P, O'F, S96:
bred Chambers 4 Doth S96: does B, O'F: doe P 5 As] And
Chambers

But
Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 451

But harts so chain’d as Goodnes stands
With truthe unstain’d to couple hands,
    Love beinge to all beauty blinde
Save the cleere beauties of the minde,
There heaven is pleafd, continual bleslings sheddinge,
Angells are guests and dance at this blest weddinge.

To a Watch restored to its Mystres.

Goe and Count her better howers.
For they are happier than oures.
The day that gives her any blifs,
Make it as long againe as ’tis.
The hower shee smyles in, lett it bee
By thy acte multiplye to three.
But if shee frowne on thee or mee,
Know night is made by her, not thee;
Be swifte in such an hower & soone,
See thou make night, ere it be noone.
Obey her tymes, whoe is the free
Faire Sunne that governes thee & mee.

<Ad Solem.>

W herefore peepft thou, envious daye?
We can kiffe without thee.
Lovers hate the golden raye,
Which thou bearst about thee.

7 as Goodnes] ’tis goodnes Chambers 8 hands, Ed: hands S96
10 minde, B: minde S96 11 There heav’n is O’F, P, S96: Where
Reason is Chambers sheddingge, Ed: sheddinge S96 12 this] his
Chambers
To a Watch &c. B, where note below title says none of J. D. and poem
is signed W. L.
<Ad Solem.> Ed: no title, Add. MSS. 22603, 33998, Egerton MS. 2013,
Harleian MS. 791, S. TCD(II): printed J. Wilson: Cheerful Ayres (1659),
Grosart and Chambers: text from Eg. MS. 2013: punctuation partly Editor’s
2 kiffe] live E20

Goe
Goe and give them light that forowe
   Or the saylor flyinge:
Our imbraces need noe morowe
   Nor our blisses eying.

We shall curse thy curvous eye
   For thy soone betrayinge,
And condemn thee for a spye
   Yf thou catch us playinge.
Gett thee gone and lend thy flashe
Where there's need of lendinge,
Our affections are not ahes
   Nor our pleasures endinge.

Weare we cold or withered heare
   We would stay thee by us,
Or but one anothers feare
   Then thou shouldst not flye us.
Wee are yongue, thou spoilt our pleasure;
   Goe to sea and slumber,
Darknes only gives us leasure
   Our stolne joyes to number.

<If She Deride.>

GReate and goode if she deryde mee
Let me walke Ile not despaye,
Ere to morrowe Ile provide mee
   One as greate, leffe proud, more faire.
They that seeke Love to constringe
Have their labour for their paine.

9 curvous A22, A33, H79, S, TCD: envious E20
19 one anothers feare TCD: one another fear E20: one anothers sphere A22, A33, S
23 gives] lends A22, A33
<If She Deryde,> Chambers: no title, S: also, Chambers reports, in C.C.C.
Oxon. MS. 327, f. 26: printed by Grosart and Chambers

They
They that strongly can importune
   And will never yeild nor tyre,
Gaine the paye in spight of Fortune
   But such gaine Ile not defyre.
Where the prize is shame or lynn,
Wynners loose and loosers wynn.

Looke upon the faythfull lover,
   Griefe stands paynted in his face,
Groanes, and Teares and sighs discover
That they are his onely grace:
Hee must weeppe as children doe
That will in the fashion wooe.

I whoe fli these idle fancies
   Which my deareft rent betraye,
Warnd by others harmfull chances,
   Vie my freedome as I may.
When all the worlde says what it cann
'Tis but—Fie, vnconstant mann!

\(<Fortune\ Never\ Fails.>\)

\(W\hat\)at if I come to my mitris bedd
The candles all ecclipt from shyninge,
Shall I then attempt for her mayden-head
   Or showe my selfe a coward by declyninge?
      Oh noe
         Fie doe not foe,
      For thus much I knowe by devyninge,
         Blynd is Love
      The dark it doth approve,
To pray on pleasures pantinge;
   What needeth light
   For Cupid in the night,
If jealous eyes be wantinge.

Fortune never failes, if she badd take place,
   To shroude all the faire proceedings:
Love and she though blynd, yet each other embrace,
   To favor all their servants meetings:
   Venture I say
   To sport and to play,
If in place all be fitting;
   Though she fay fie
   Yet doth she not denie:
For fie is but a word of tryall:
   Jealofie doth sleepe,
   Then doe not weepe
At force of a faynt denyall.

Glorious is my love, with tryumphs in her face,
   Then to to bould were I to venter:
Who loves deferves to live in a princes grace,
   Why stand you then affraid to enter?
   Lights are all out
   Then make noe doubt
A lover bouldly maye take chusinge.
   Bewtie is a baite
   For a princely mate.
Fy, why stand you then a musinge?
   You'll repent too late
If she doe you hate,
For loves delight refusinge.

10 pantinge;] hauntinge: RP31 14 she badd S: she bidd Grosart: she bids Chambers: the bould RP31 19 and to play RP31, S: and play Grosart and Chambers 26 faynt] fair Chambers 28 were] was RP31 29 princes] Princess Chambers 33 lover] woer Chambers chusinge] a choosing Chambers
To His Mistrefs.

1. Behave your Glass, and if it tell you (Deare) Your Eyes inshrine A brighter shine Then faire Apollo, looke if there appeare The milkie skye The Crimfon dye Mixt in your cheeks, and then bid Phoebus set, More Glory then hee owes appears. But yet

2. Be not deceived with fond Alteration As Cynthias Globe, A snow white robe Is soonest spotled, a Carnation dye Fades, and discolors open'd but to Eie.

3. Make use of youth, and beuty whilst they flourish: Tyme never sleepe, Though it but creeps It still gets forward. Do not vainly nourish Them to selfe-use, It is Abuse; The richest Grownds lying wast turne Boggs and rott, And soe beinge useles, were as good were not.

4. Walke in a meddowe by a Rivers side, Upon whose Bancks Grow milk-white Ranks Of full blown Lyllies in their height of Pryde,
Appendix C.

Which downward bend  
And nothing tend  
Save their owne Bewties in the Glaffie streame:  
Looke to yo' selfe: Compare yo'selfe to them.

5. In how, in bëtie, marke what followes then:  
Sommer must end,  
The funn must bend  
His Longe Absented beames to others: then  
Their spring being croft  
By wynters frost  
And snëap'd by byter storms against w'th nought boots,  
They bend their proud topps lower then their roots.

6. Then none regard them; but w'th heedles feet  
In durt each treads  
Their declyned heads.  
So when youthe wafted, Age, and yo'n shall meet,  
Then I alone  
Shall sadly moane  
That Interviewe; others it will not move,  
So light regard we, what we little Love.  
FINIS.

A Paradoxe of a Painted Face.

Not kisfe? By love I must, and make impression  
As longe as Cupid dares to holde his Session  
Upon my flesh and blood: our kësfe shall  
Outminute Time and without number fall.

31 the Glaffie S: a Glaffie LePD'A: their Glaffie Chambers  
to them, S: with them, Chambers  
32 36 then Chambers  
39
sneap'd Ed: snëap'd S: swept LePD'A: snipped Chambers  
A Paradoxe of a Painted Face. H39, S, 896, TCD (II) Pembroke and Ruddier (1660), Le Prince D'Amour (1660), Simeon (1856-7), Grosart (from S), Chambers (from Simeon, and Pembroke and Ruddier): text from 896: punctuation partly Editor's
Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 457

Doe I not know these Balls of blushing Red
That on thy Cheekes thus amorouslie are spred?
Thy snowy necke, those veynes upon thy Browe
Which with their azure crincklinge sweetly bowe
Are artificial? Borrowed? and no more thine owne
Then Chaines which on St. George's Day are showne,
Are proper to the wearers? Yet for this
I idole thee, and beg a luscious kisse.
The fucus, and Cerufe, which on thy face
Thy Cunninge hand layes on to add new Grace,
Detaine me with such pleasing fraude, that I
Finde in thy art, what can in nature Lie.
Much like a painter that upon some Wall
On which the radiant Sun-beames use to fall
Paints with such art a Gilded butterfyle
That silly maides with lowe-moving fingers trye
To Catch it, and then blufh at theire mistake,
Yet of this painted flye most reckonynge make:
Such is our state; since what we looke upon
Is nought but Coullor and Proportion.
Take me a face, as full of fraud and Lies
As Gypfies in your cunninge Lotteries,
That is more falshe, and more Sophisticate
Than are Saints reliques, or a man of state.
Yet such being Glazed by the sleight of arte,
Gaines admiration, winninge many a Harte.
Put case there be a difference in the molde,
Yet may thy Venus be more Chaste, and holde
A dearer treasure: oftentimes we see
Rich Candian wines in woodden Boules to bee.
The odoriferous Civet doth not lie
Within the muskat's nose, or eare, or eye,
But in a bafer place; for prudent nature
In drawinge us of various formes and fature
Gives from the curious shop of hir rich treasure
To faire parts comelinefs, to bafer, pleasure.
The faireft flowers, which in the Springe doe growe
Are not fo much for use, as for the showe,
As Lillies, Hyacinths, and the georgious birthe
Of all pide flowers that diaper the earthe,
Please more with their discoloured purple traine
Then wholefome potheards which for use remaine.
Shall I a Gaudy Speckled Serpent kis
For that the colours which he weares are his?
A perfumed Cordevant who will not wear
Because the fente is borrowed elsewhere?
The roabes and veftiments, which grace us all
Are not our owne, but adventitiall.
Time rifles Natures beauty, but flye Arte
Repaires by cunninge this decayinge parte.
Fills here a wrinkle, and there purles a veyne,
And with a nimble hand runs o're againe
The breaches dented in by th'arme of time,
And makes Deformity to be no crime.
As when great men be grip't by ficknes hand,
Induftrious Phyficke pregnantly doth fland
To patch up foule difeales, and doth thrive
To keepe theire totteringe Carcafles alive.
Beautie is a candlelight which every puffe
Blowes out, and leaves nought but a flinking fnuffe
To fill our noftrills with; this boldelie thinke,
The cleareft Candle makes the greatest fnincke,
As your pure fode and cleareft nutryment
Gets the moft hott, and nofe fnronge excrement.
Why hange we then on thinges fo apt to varie,
So fleetinge, brittle, and fo temporarie?

That
That agues, Coughes, the toothache, or Catarr
(Slight hasthells of disease) spoile and marr.
But when olde age theire beauties hath in Chace,
And plowes up furrowes in theire once-smoothe face,
Then they become forfaken, and doe shewne
Like stately abbeyes ruin'd longe agoe.
Nature but gives the modell, and first draught
Of faire perfection, which by art is taught
To speake it selfe, a compleat form and birth,
Soo stands a Copie to these shapes on earthe.
Jove grante me then a reparable face
Which, whiles that Colours are, can want no grace.
Pigmalions painted statue I coulde love,
Soo it were warme and softe, and coulde but move.

Sonnett.

Adam that flea that Crept between your brefts
I envied, that there he should make his rest:
The little Creatures fortune was soe good
That Angells feed not on so pretious foode.
How it did fucce how eager tickle you
(Madam shall fleas before me tickle you?)
Oh I can not holde; pardon if I kild it.
Sweet Blood, to you I aske this, that which fild it
Ran from my Ladies Breft. Come happie flea
That dide for fuckinge of that milkie Sea.

72 hasthells H39: houses S, S96, Chambers: touches P and R: causes Le PDA 73 beauties | bra'ries H39 79 To speake it selfe TCD, P and R: Speake to it selfe S, S96: Speake for it selfe H39: To make it selfe Simeon, Grosart, and Chambers
Sonnett. O'F, S96: no title, S: On A Flea on His Mistrefs's Bofom
Simeon, Grosart, Chambers (from Simeon): text from S96 7 I can not holde] I not hold can Chambers kild Ed: killed Chambers: kill S96 Oh
Oh now againe I well could wishe thee there,  
About hir Hart, about hir anywhere;  
I would vowe (Dearest fle) thou shouldest not dye,  
If thou couldst sucke from hir hir crueltye.

On Black Hayre and Eyes.

If shaddowes be the pictures excellence;  
And make it seeme more lively to the fence;  
If starrs in the bright day are hid from sight  
And shine most glorious in the masque of night;  
Why should you thinke (rare creature) that you lack  
Perfection cause your haire and eyes are blacke,  
Or that your heavenly beauty which exceedes  
The new sprung lillies in their mayden weeds,  
The damafke coulour of your cheekes and lipps  
Should suffer by their darknesse an eclipps?  
Rich diamonds shine brightest, being sett  
And compassed within a foyle of Jett.  
Nor was it fitt that Nature should have maybe  
So bright a sunne to shine without a shade.  
It seemes that Nature when she first did fancy  
Your rare compofure studied Necromancie,  
That when to you this guift she did impart  
She used altogether the black art.  
By which infused power from Magique tooke  
You doe command all spiritts with a looke:

13 vowe | now Chambers  
Dearest S96: deare S. O' F, Chambers  


Shee
Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 461

Shee drew those Magique circles in your eyes,
And maybe your hayre the chains wherewith shee ties
Rebelling hearts: those blew veines which appeare,
Winding Meander about either spheare,
Misterious figures are, and when you lift
Your voice commandeth like the Exorcist,
And every word which from your Pallett falleth
In a deep charme your hearer's heart inthralleth.
Oh! If in Magique you have skil so farre,
Vouchsafe me to be your familiar.
Nor hath kind Nature her black art reveal'd
To outward partes alone, some lie conceal'd,
And as by heads of springs men often knowe
The nature of the streames that run belowe,
So your black haire and eyes do give direction
To make me thinke the rest of like complexion:
That rest where all rest lies that bleiseth Man,
That Indian mine, that straight of Magellan,
That worlde dividing gulfe where he that venters,
With swelling sayles and ravish't senses enters
To a new world of blisse. Pardon, I pray,
If my rude muse presumeth to display
Secretts unknowne, or hath her bounds orepast
In praying sweetnesse which I ne're did taft;
Sterved men doe know there's meate, and blind men may
Though hid from light presumè there is a day.
The rover in the marke his arrowe sticks
Sometimes as well as he that shoots atte prickes,
And if I might direct my shaft aright,
The black mark would I hitt and not the white.

25 figures AII 26 commandeth AII 29
29 you have skil L77,TCD, &c.: your power AII: you have power Grosart
33 For (And) as by the springhead a man may (men
and Chambers 34 streame . runs L77, &c.
44 did] shall TCD and other MSS. 47 sticks] strikes Grosart and
49 direct L77,TCD, &c.: ayme AII, Grosart, and Chambers
And though thy glasse a burning one become
And turne us both to ashes on her urne,
Yet to our glory till the later day
Our duft shall daunce like attomes in her ray.
And when the world shall in confusion burne,
And Kinges and peasantes scramble at an urne,
Like tapers new blowne out wee happy then
Will at her bames catch fire and live againe.
But this is fence, and some one may-be glad
That I so good a cause of sorrow had,
Will wish all those whome I affect may dye
So I might please him with an elegie.
O let there never line of witt be read
To please the living that doth speake thee dead;
Some tender-harted mother good and mild,
Who on the deare grave of her tender child
So many sad teares hath beene knowne to rayne
As out of duft would mould him up againe,
And with hir plaintes enforce the wormes to place
Themselves like veynes so neatly on his face,
And every lymne, as if that they wer striving
To flatter hir with hope of his reviving:
Shee shoule read this, and hir true teares alone
Should coppy forth these sad lines on the stone
Which hides thee dead, and every gentle hart
That paffeth by shoule of his teares impart
So great a portion, that if after times
Ruine more churches for the Clergyes crimes,
When any shall remove thy marble hence,
Which is leffe stone then hee that takes it thence,
Thou shalt appeare within thy tearefull cell
Much like a faire nymph bathing in a well.

Fragment of an Elegy. From P, where it appears as portion of an 'heroical epistle' from Lady Penelope Rich to Sir Philip Sidney: punctuation Ed.
But when they find thee dead so lovely fair,
Pitty and sorrow then shall straight repaire
And weep beside thy grave with cipresse round,
To see the second world of beauty round,
And add sufficient tears as they condole
'Twould make thy body swimme up to thy soule.
Such eyes should read the lines are writ of thee;
But such a losse should have no elegie
To palliate the wound wee tooke in hir,
Who rightly greeves admits no comforter.
He that had tane to heart thy parting hence
Should have beene chain'd to Bedlam two hours thence,
And not a frind of his ere shed a teare
To see him for thy fake distracted there,
But hugge himselfe for loving such as hee
That could runne mad with greefe for loosing thee.
I, haplesse soule, that never knew a frend
But to bewayle his too untimely end,
Whose hopes (cropt in the bud) have never come
But to sitt weeping on a fencelesse tombe,
That hides not dust enough to count the teares
Which I have fruitlesse spent in so few yeares,
I that have trusted those that would have given
For our deare Saviour and the Sonne of heaven
Ten times the valew Judas had of yore,
Onely to sell him for three pieces more;
I that have lov'd and trusted thus in vaine
Yet weep for thee, and till the clowdes shall daigne
To throw on Egipt more then Nile ere sweld,
These teares of mine shalbe unparell'd.
He that hath lov'd, enjoy'd, and then beene croft,
Hath teares at will to mourn for what he loft;
He that hath trusted and his hope appeares
Wrong'd but by death may soone dissolve in teares;
But hee unhappy man whose love and truift
Nere met fruition nor a promise just,
For him (unlesse like thee hee deadly slepe)
'Tis easier to runn mad then 'tis to weep;
And yet I can. Fall then yee mournefull flowers,  
And as old time leades on the winged howers,  
Bee you their minutes, and let men forgett  
To count their ages from the plague of fweet,  
From eighty eight, the Poulder-plot, or when  
Men were affrayd to talke of it againe;  
And in their numerations be it sayd  
Thus old was I when such a teare was shed,  
And when that other fell a comett rofe  
And all the world tooke notice of my woes.  
Yet finding them paft cure, as doctores fly  
Their patientes paft all hope of remedy,  
No charitable soule will once impart  
One word of comfort to so ficke a heart;  
But as a hurt deare beaten from the heard,  
Men of my shadow allmost now affeard  
Fly from my woes, that whilome wont to greet mee,  
And well nigh thinke it ominous to meete mee.  
Sad lines go yee abroad; go saddeft muse,  
And as some nations formerly did use  
To lay their ficke men in the street, that those,  
Who of the fame diseafe had scapt the throwes,  
Might minister releefe as they went by  
To such as felt the selfsame malady,  
So haplesse lynes fly through the fairest land,  
And if ye light into some blessed hand,  
That hath a heart as merry as the shine  
Of golden dayes, yet wrong'd as much as mine,  
Pitty may lead that happy man to mee,  
And his experience worke a remedy  
To those sad fittes which (pight of nature's lawes)  
Torture a poore hart that out-lives the cause.  
But this must never bee, nor is it fitt  
An ague or some fickenes leffe then itt  
Should glory in the death of such as hee,  
That had a heart of flesh and valued thee.  
Brave Roman, I admire thee that would'ft dy  
At no leffe rate then for an empery.
Some nasty diamond from the center drawne,
For which all Europ wer an equall pawne,
Should (beaten into duft) bee drunke by him
That wanted courage good enough to swimme
Through seas of woes for thee, and much despise
To meet with death at any lower prize,
Whilst greefe alone workes that effect in mee,
And yet no greefe but for the losse of thee.
Fortune now doe thy worst, for I have gott
By this her death so strong an antidote,
That all thy future crosses shall not have
More then an angry smile, nor shall the grave
Glory in my laft day: these lines shall give
To us a second life, and we will live
To pull the distaffe from the hand of fate;
And spinn our own thrides for fo long a date,
That death shall never seize uppon our fame
Till this shall perish in the whole world’s frame.

(Farewel, ye guilied follies.)

Farewel ye guilied follies, pleasing troubles,
Farewel ye honour’d rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame’s but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
Honour the darling but of one short day.
Beauty (th’eyes idol) but a damasked skin,
State but a golden prison, to keepe in
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains
Meerly but Pageants, proudly swelling vains,

(Farewell, Ye Guilded Follies.) Ed: variously titled, Add. MS. 18220,
C.C.C. Oxon. MS. 324, Egerton MS. 2603, Harleian MS. 6057: printed
in Walton’s Compleat Angler (1653), Wits Interpreter (1655) Hannah’s
Courtly Poets: Grosart prints from MS. Dd. 645 in Cambridge University
Library, and Chambers follows—a very inferior version: text from Walton
2 ye glorious] ye chriulfal A18, E26, H60: the chriulfall WJ 6 keepe
A18, E26, H60: live Walton 8 proudly] proud Walton
And blood ally’d to greatness, is a loane
Inherited, not purchased, not our own.
Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the Sun doth still
Level his rayes against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest Oak
Moit subject to the rending Thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men too unkind
Dig in the bowels of the richest mine;
I would be wife, but that I often see
The Fox suspected whilst the Afs goes free;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
Like the bright fun, oft setting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble grafs
Still trampled on by each unworthy Afs:
Rich, hated; wife, suspected; scorn’d, if poor;
Great, fear’d; fair, tempted; high, stil envied more:
I have wish’d all, but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wife, nor fair, poor I’ll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauties Queen entitle me the Fair,
Fame speak me fortune’s Minion, could I vie
Angels with India, with a speaking eye

19-20 I would be wife but that the fox I see
Suspected guilty when the Afs goes free
A182, E26, H60, Grosart, and Chambers
21-2 I would be fair, but see that Champion proud
The bright fun often setting in a cloud
WI and MSS., but with The worlds bright eye or fair eye
31-2 could I vie
Angels with India, Walton, A182, E26, H60
could I joy
The blisse of angells, CCC
could I vie (vey Grosart)
The blisse of angells, Grosart and Chambers

Command
Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 467

Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice dumb
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones, by Epitaphs, be called great Master
In the loose rhymes of every Poetalter;
Could I be more then any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wife in all Superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign
Then ever fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leafure,
Beyond the riches of this empty pleazure.

Welcom pure thoughts, welcom ye silent groves,
These guests, these Courts, my soul most dearly loves,
Now the wing'd people of the Skie shall sing
My cheerful Anthems to the gladsome Spring;
A Pray'r book now shall be my looking-glasse,
Wherein I will adore sweet vertues face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no Pallace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears,
Then here I'll sit and sigh my hot loves folly,
And learn t'affect an holy melancholy.
And if contentment be a stranger, then
I'll here look for it, but in heaven again.

44 These are the courts my foul entire loves, A182: These are my guests, this is the court I love. CCC: These are my guests, this is that courtage tones. Grosart and Chambers: the court age loves, Ash58
45 My Anthem; be my Selah gentle Spring. A182: Mine anthems; be my cellar. gentle spring. Grosart and Chambers
46 My
49-50 Here dwells no hartlefe Love, no palsey fears, No short joys purchased with eternal tears. A182, H60
51 hot loves Walton: hot youths H60: past years A182 prove A182
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The poems marked * are contained in Appendixes B and C of doubtful or unauthentic poems. Those marked † are poems to or on Donne.

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<tr>
<td>My name engravi'd herein,</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Nature amaz'd sawe man without mans ayde</td>
<td>443</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Natures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Line</td>
<td>Page</td>
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<tr>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Lover faith, I love, nor any other</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Not Kiffe? By Jove I must, and make impression</td>
<td>456</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not that in colour it was like thy hair,</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nothing could make me sooner to confesse</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>†Now by one yeare, time and our frailtie have</td>
<td>392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now thou hast lov'd me one whole day</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Now y'have kill'd mee with yo' scorne</td>
<td>450</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*O eyes, what do you see?</td>
<td>438</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*O fruitful full garden, and yet never tilde,</td>
<td>434</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O might those fishes and teares returne again</td>
<td>323</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Thou which to search out the secret parts</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*O what a blifie</td>
<td>441</td>
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<tr>
<td>Of that short Roll of friends writ in my heart</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh do not die, for I shall hate</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, let mee not serve so, as those men serve</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned</td>
<td>323</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oh, to vex me, contraryes meet in one</td>
<td>331</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh to what height will love of greatnes drive</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once, and but once found in thy company</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our forme is past, and that forms tyrannous rage</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out of a fired ship, which, by no way</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parturiant madido quae nixu praela, recepta</td>
<td>397</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phile, with twelve yeares study, hath beene griev'd</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>†Poets attend, the Elegie I sing</td>
<td>380</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pregnant again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qui prius afluxet Serpentum fiasce Tabellas</td>
<td>398</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quod arte auxus es bic tue, Poeta,</td>
<td>398</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quot, dos lacce, Linguists perfetti, Difficela fairont</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reaon is our Soules left hand, Faith her right</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salute the last and everlasting day</td>
<td>321</td>
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<tr>
<td>Salvation to all that will is nigh</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See Sir, how as the Suns hot Masculine flame</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Send home my long flrayd eyes to mee</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Send me some token, that my hope may live</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Shall I goe force an Elegie? abufe</td>
<td>410</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She's dead; And all which die</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Show me deare Christ, thy spouse, fo bright and clear</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Since Christ embrac'd the Croffie it selfe, dare I</td>
<td>331</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Since ev'ry Tree begins to blossome now</td>
<td>432</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Since I am comming to that Holy roome</td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Since she must go, and I must mourn, come Night</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Since she whom I lov'd hath payd her laft debt</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sir, more then kisses, letters mingle Souies;</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sir: though (I thanke God for it) I do hate</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Sleep, next Society and true friendhip</td>
<td>401</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleep sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repast</td>
<td>333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So, fo breake off this laft lamenting kisse,</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Some man unworthy to be possessed
Some that have deeper digg'd loves Mine then I,
Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way:
Soules joy, now I am gone,
Spit in my face you Jews, and pierce my side,
Stand still, and I will read to thee
Stay, O sweet, and do not rise,
Sweetest love, I do not goe,
Take heed of loving mee,
Tamely, fraile body, abstaine to day; to day
Tell her if she to hired servants shew
Tell me who can when a player dies
That I might make your Cabinet my tombe,
That unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
The heavens rejoice in motion, why shoud I
The State and mens affaires are the best playes
That I might make your Cabinet my tombe,
That unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
The heavens rejoice in motion, why shoud I
This decent Urne a fad inscription weares,
This is my playes laft scene,
This lyfe it is not life, it is a light
This twilight of two yeares, not past nor next,
These drost heads & irrepurged braynes
Thou art not so black, as my heart.
Thou art repir'd old yeare, thou halt not die.
Thou haft made me, And shall thy worke decay?
Thou in the fields walkst out thy supping howers,
Thou halt not laugh in this leave, Mufe, nor they
Thou which art I, (tis nothing to be foe)
Thou, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now
Though I be dead, and buried, yet I have
Thy father all from thee, by his laft Will,
Thy flattering picture, Phryne, is like thee,
Thy friend, whom thy deferts to thee enchaine.
Thy finnes and haires may no man equall call
Till I have peace with thee, warr other men.
Tis loft, to truft a Tombe with such a queall,
Tis the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes,
Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?
To sue for all thy Love, and thy whole hart
To have liv'd eminent, in a degree
'Thave written then, when you writ, seem'd to mee
To make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,
To what a cumberfome unwieldinesse
Transit in Sequanam Moenus; Victoris in aedes:
True Love findes witt, but he whose witt doth move
Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Two, by themselves, each other, love and feare
Two Soules move here, and mine (a third) must move
Under an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall
Unseasonable man, statue of ice,
Upon this Primrose hill,
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vengeance will fit above our faults; but till</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well dy'd the World, that we might live to see</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well; I may now receive, and die; My finne</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Went you to conquer? and have so much lost</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*What if I come to my misfres bed?</td>
<td>455</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What if this present were the worlds last night?</td>
<td>328</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*What is o' life? a play of passion</td>
<td>441</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When by thy scorne, O murdresse, I am dead</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*When fortune, love, and Tyme bad me be happie</td>
<td>449</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I am dead, and Doctors know not why</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I dyed last, and, Deare, I dye</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When my grave is broke up again</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*When thy Loose raptures, Donne, shall meet with Thofe</td>
<td>572</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where is that holy fire, which Verse is fald</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where, like a pillow on a bed,</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Wherefore peepst thou, envious daie?</td>
<td>451</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whether that soule which now comes up to you</td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whilft yet to prove</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Who dares say thou art dead, when he doth fce</td>
<td>584</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who ever comes to shroud me, do not harme</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who ever guesses, thinks, or dreames he knowes</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who ever loves, if he do not prophe</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who makes the Paft, a patterne for next yeare</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Who shall doubt, Donne, where I a Poet bee,</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Who shall presume to mourn thee, Donne, unless</td>
<td>382</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why are wee by all creatures waited on?</td>
<td>327</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Why chose shee black: was it that in whitenes</td>
<td>436</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why this man gelled Martyall I mufe</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilt thou forgive that finne where I begunne,</td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilt thou forgive that finn, where I begunn,</td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilt thou love God, as he thec! then digest</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With his kinde mother who partakes thy woe</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Wonder of Beautiful, Goddesse of my Senfe,</td>
<td>447</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You have refin'd mee, and to worthyef things</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You that are shee and you, that's double shee,</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your misfres, that you follow whores, still taxeth you</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zealously my Mufe doth salute all thee</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Hexastichon Bibliopolae.

I
See in his last preach'd, and printed Booke,
His Picture in a sheet; in Pauls I looke,
And see his Statue in a sheete of stone,
And sure his body in the grave hath one:
Those sheetes present him dead, these if you buy,
You have him living to Eternity.

Jo. Mar.

Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam.

Incerti.

IN thy Impression of Donnes Poems rare,
For his Eternitie thou haft ta'ne care:
'Twas well, and pious; And for ever may
He live: Yet shew I thee a better way;
Print but his Sermons, and if those we buy,
He, We, and Thou shall live t' Eternity.

Hexastichon Bibliopolae. 1633–69
Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam. 1635–69

B 2  Dedication
Dedication to the Edition of 1650.

To the Right Honourable

William Lord Craven Baron of

Hamsted-Marsham.

My Lord,

Any of these Poems have, for severall impressions, wandred up and down trusting (as well they might) upon the Authors reputation; neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindnesse of the Printer, or the curtesie of the Reader; the one by adding something too much, left any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned, the other by putting such an estimation upon the wit & fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own: as if a man should dig out the stones of a royall Amphitheatre to build a stage for a countrey shouw. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I finde none so prodigious, as the Poets of these later times, wherein men as if they would level understandings too as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and Judgements, pretend as indifferently to the chaire of wit as to the Pulpit, & conceive themselves no lesse inspired with the spirit of Poetry then with that of Religion: so it is not onely the noise of Drums and Trumpets which have drowned the Muses harmony, or the feare that the Churches ruine wil destroy their Priests likewise, that now frights them from this Countrey, where they have been so ingenuously received, but these rude pretenders to excellencies they unjustly own who profanely rushing into Minervaes Temple, with noysome Ayres blast the lawrell

To the &c. 1650-69
with thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition these learned sitters are fled over to beg your L'^. protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and armes, and who in this generall confusion have so intirely preserved your Honour, that in your Lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what England was in all her pompe and greatnesse, so that although these poems were formerly written upon severall occasions, and to severall persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your Lordships statue upon, where you may stand like Armed Apollo the defendor of the Mufes, encouraging the Poets now alive to celebrate your great Acts by affording your countenance to his poems that wanted onely so noble a subject.

My Lord,

Your most humble servant

John Donne.

To John Donne.

Donne, the delight of Phoebus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other braines refuse;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remains so, yet:
Longer a knowing, than most wits doe live;
And which no'n affection praise enough can give!
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with halfe mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and, yet, I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

B. Jons.

To John Donne. 1650-69. following the Hexaetichon ad Bibliopolam.
To Lucy, Countesse of Bedford,
with M. Donnes Satyres.

Lvy, you brightnesse of our Spheare, who are
Life of the Muses day, their morning Starre!
If works (not th'Authors) their own grace should look
Whose poems would not wish to be your book?
But these, desir'd by you, the makers ends
Crown with their own. Rare Poems ask rare friends.
Yet, Satyres, since the most of mankind bee
Their unavoided subject, fewest see:
For none ere took that pleasure in fins sense,
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.
They, then, that living where the matter is bred,
Dare for these Poems, yet, both ask, and read,
And like them too; must needfully, though few,
Be of the best: and 'mongst those best are you;
Lucy, you brightnesse of our Spheare, who are
The Muses evening, as their morning-Starre.

B. Jon.

To John Donne.

Who shall doubt, Donne, where I a Poet bee,
When I dare send my Epigrammes to thee?
That so alone canst judge, so'alone do'lt make:
And, in thy censures, evenly, dost take
As free simplicity, to dis-avow,
As thou hast best authority, 'allow.
Read all I send: and, if I finde but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,
My title's seal'd. Those that for claps doe write,
Let punees, porters, players praise delight,
And, till they burst, their backs, like asses load:
A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

B. Jon.

To Lucy &c. To John Donne &c. 1650–69, in sheets added 1650.
See Text and Canon &c.

SONGS
This was for youth, Strength, Wit, and wit that time
Most count their golden age; but tis was not thine.
Time was too latter years, so much refined
From youth Dross, Wit, and wit, as the pure mind
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise
Of the Creator in those last, best Days.
Writ in this Book, (the Emblem) which begins
With Love, but ends, with Sighs, & Tears for him.
Will Marshall sculpt.

JOHN DONNE

From the engraving prefixed to the Poems in the Editions of 1635, 1639, 1649, 1650, 1654
Donne, John
The poems of John Donne.
v. 1