Ellis R. Waterhouse
Class vi. English Poetry Prize
Summer 1922.
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

OXFORD AT THE CLARENDON PRESS 1912
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LONDON, EDINBURGH, NEW YORK
TORONTO AND MELBOURNE
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, for the Cambridge History of English Literature. The result was that though I had long been interested in Donne, and 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 session I went to Oxford and began in the Bodleian a rapid collation of the text of that edition with the older copies, especially of 1633. The conclusion to which
I came was that, excellent in many ways as that edition is, the editor had too often abandoned the reading of 1633 for the sometimes more obvious but generally weaker and often erroneous emendations of the later editions. As he records the variants this had become clear in some cases already, but an examination of the older editions brought out another fact,—that by modernizing the punctuation, 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 fountainhead.

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, 1639, 1649-50-54 (the text in these three is identical), and 1669. 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 light afforded by the manuscripts, I have endeavoured to
Preface

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 generally that all the positive evidence before me was in favour 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 had 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,

Yea, and the Sunne

for the usual

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 Post Office, Aberdeen, who transcribed the greater portion of my manuscript; Professor John Purves, of University College, Pretoria, who during a visit to this country read a large section of my proofs, comparing them with the editions in the British Museum; and especially to my assistant, Mr. Frederick Rose, M.A., now Douglas Jerrold Scholar, Christ Church, Oxford, who has revised my proofs throughout with minute care.

I am indebted to many sources for the loan of necessary
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 Anatomy of the World and Funerall Elegie. While I was doing so, Mr. Strachan Holme, the Librarian, drew my attention to a manuscript collection of Donne’s poems (B), and with his kind assistance I was enabled to collate this at Walkden, Manchester, and again at Bridge-water House. Mr. Holme has also furnished a photograph of the title-page of the edition of 1611. To the authorities 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 to examine the manuscript M, to which a note of Sir John Simon’s had called my attention; and to Lord Leconfield for a like permission to collate a manuscript in his possession, of which a short description is given in the Hist. 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. Another
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 checked my proofs, the patience with which they have accepted my changes and additions, and the trouble they have taken to secure photographs, music, and other details. Whatever faults may be found—and I doubt not they will be many—in my part of the work, I think the part for which the Press is responsible is wellnigh faultless.

H. J. C. GRIERSON.

LANGCROFT,
DINNET, 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. & finke; 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. frâge; P. 169, l. 31. whô; P. 257, l. 210. successiô; P. 266, l. 513. anciêt; P. 305, l. 255. thê; P. 336, l. 10. whê; P. 343, l. 126. 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 Basse’s An Epitaph upon Shakespeare (1633. p. 149, i.e. 165) has been here reprinted.
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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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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.
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<tr>
<td>S96</td>
<td>Stowe MS. 961, British Museum.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TCC</td>
<td>Trinity College, Cambridge, MS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TCD</td>
<td>Trinity College, Dublin, MS. G. 2. 21.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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 foory that I muft
deceive you; but you will not lay it to my charge, when you shall consider that this is not ordinary, for if I should
say it were the best in this kinde, that ever this Kingdome hath yet feene; he that would doubt of it muft goe out
of the Kingdome to enforme himfelfe, for the best judg-
ments, within it, take it for granted.

You may imagine (if it pleafe you) that I could endeare it unto you, by faying, that importunity drew it on; that
had it not beene prefented 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 such. I could adde hereto, a promise of more correctneffe, 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 foever, he is unworthy of it, fith a scattered limbe of this Author, hath more amiable-nesse in it, in the eye of a discerner, then a whole body of some other; Or, (to expresse him best by himselfe)

—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 Impression) be of another opinion, I shall as willingly spare his money as his judgement. I cannot lose fo much by him as hee will by himselfe. For I shall satisifie my selt with the conscience of well doing, in making fo much good common.

Howsoever it may appeare to you, it shall suffice mee to enforce you, that it hath the best warrant that can bee, publique authority, and private friends.

There is one thing more wherein I will make you of my counsell, and that is, That whereas it hath pleased some, who had studyed and did admire him, to offer to the memory of the Author, not long after his decease, I have thought I should do you service in presenting them unto you now; onely whereas, had I placed them in the beginning, they might have serv'd for so many Encomiums of the Author (as is usuall in other workes, where perhaps there is need of it, to prepare men to digest such stuffe as follows after,) you shall here finde them in the end, for whosoever reades the rest fo farre, shall perceive that there is no occasion to use them to that purpose; yet there they are, as an attestation for their sakes that knew not fo much before, to let them see how much honour was attributed to this worthy man, by those that are capable to give it. Farewell.

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

Hexastichon
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 Imprejsion 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

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 stomes of a royall Amphitheatre to build a stage for a countrey show. 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 eftates, 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 noife 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
wch thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition these learned sisters are fled over to beg your Lps. protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and armes, and who in this generall confusion have so entirely 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 defender of the Muses, 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 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 Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam.
To Lucy, Countess of Bedford, with M. Donnes Satyres.

Lucy, 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 unavoidable subject, fewest see: For none ere took that pleasure in sins 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'ft make: And, in thy censures, evenly, doft take As free simplicity, to dis-avow, As thou hast best authority, t'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. Tho' those that for claps doe write, Let punees, porters, players praise delight, And, till they burst, their backs, like ass's 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, Mirth, and wit that Time
Most count their golden Age; but t'was not thine.
Thine was thy later years, so much refined
From youth the Drole, Mirth, or wit; as thy pure mind
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise
Of thy Creator, in those last, best Days.
Witnes this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins
With Love; but endeth, with Sighes, & Tears for sinns.

Will. Marshall, Sculptor.
SONGS
AND
SONETS.

The good-morrow.

Wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
But fuck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the heav'n 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 fights 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 possesse 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?

SONGS AND SONETS. 1635-69: no division into sections, 1633
5 this,] as 1669  10 For 1633-69, D, H40, H49, Lec: But rest of MSS. 13 to other, worlds on 1633-54: to other worlds our 1669: to others, worlds on D, H49, Lec, and other MSS. 14 one world 1633-69, D, H49, Lec: our world rest of MSS. 17 better 1633, D, H40, H49, Lec: lighter 1635-69, and rest of MSS.
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.
If thou findst 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 hast lov'd me one whole day,
To morrow when thou leav'ft, 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 reverentiall feare
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths, true maryages untie,
So lovers contracts, images of those,
Binde but till sleepe, 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 ablaine 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 madnes 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 shou'd 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 oldest 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 prophane 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.
Songs and Sonets.

The Sunne Rising.

Busie old foole, unruly Sunne,
Why doft thou thus,
Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us?
Muft to thy motions lovers seafons run?
Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide
Late schooleboyes, and fowre prentices,
Goe tell Court-huntsmen, 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 leftt them, or lie here with mee.
Aske for those Kings whom thou saw'ft yesterday,
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.

(as a second title): no title, B 3 call] look 1669 6 and] or 1669 fowre] fowe B, Cy, P 8 offices;] offices, 1633
11-14 Thy beames, . . . . . fo long: 1633 and all MSS.:
Thy beames so reverend, and strong
Dost thou not thinke
I could eclipse and cloude them with a winke,
But that I would not lose her sight fo long? 1635-69
17 spice] space 1650-54 18 lefritt 1633: left 1635-69 23 us;]

Thou
Thou funne art halfe as happy'as wee,  
In that the world's contracted thus;  
Thine age asks 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 sphære.

The Indifferent.

I can love both faire and browne,  
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betraies,  
Her who loves loneness best, 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?  
Wil 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 fift subiect, because you are true?

26 thus; Ed: thus. 1633-69  
3 loneness] lovers 1669  
1650-54  
12 spent] worn 1669  
15 mee, 1633: me; 1635-69  
17 travaile] spell travell, travel 1635-69  

Venus
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 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 stablishe 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 rivalls letter mine,
And at next nine
Keepe midnights promife; mistakke 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 sweetest Part, sweetest sweet, 1669, P, S
21 and that it 1633, B, D, H49, Lec, S: it 1635-69, H40, P: and it A18, JC, N, O’F, S96, TC

This
This bargain'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 she bee
One that loves mee.

The Canonization.

Or 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 saies 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 plaguie 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, we are made such by love;  
   Call her one, mee another flye,          20
We're 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 neutral thing both sexes fit,  
   Wee dye and rife the fame, and prove 
Mysteries 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 peece of Chronicle wee prove, 
   We'll build in sonnets pretty roomes; 
   As well a well wrought urne becomes 
The greatest ashes, 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 glassies 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
I

Am two fooles, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining Poetry;
But where’s that wifeman, that would not be I,
If he would not deny?
Then as th’earths inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea waters fretfull salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my paines,
Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay,
Griefe brought to numbers cannot be fo fierce,
For, he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done fo,
Some man, his art and voice to shew,
Doth Set and ring my paine,
And, by delighting many, frees againe
Griefe, which verse did restraine.
To Love, and Griefe tribute of Verfe belongs,
But not of such as pleases when’tis read,
Both are increased by such songs:
For both their triumphs fo are published,
And I, which was two fooles, do fo grow three;
Who are a little wife, the beft fooles bee.


Lovers
Songs and Sonets.

Lovers infiniteness.

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 bargaine 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 shall,
New love created bee, by other men,
Which have their flocks 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 shouldst have new rewards in store;


Thou
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 best,  
To use my selfe in jest  
Thus by fain'd deaths to dye;

29-30 Except mine come when thine doth part  
And in such giving it, thou gavest it: A25, C  
Perchance mine comes, when thine doth part,  
And by such losing it, C

31 have] love 1669: find A25, C  32 then] us 1669

Song. 1633-69: Song, or no title, A18, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC,  
Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD: in A18, N, TCC, TCD, 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, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC:  
At the last must part 'tis best,  
Thus to use my selfe in jest  
By fained deaths to dye; 1635-54, O'F:  
Must dye at laft, 'tis best,  
Thus to use my self in jest  
By fained death to dye; 1669

Yesternight
Yefternight the Sunne went hence,
   And yet is here to day,
He hath no defire nor fenfe,
   Nor halfe fo short a way:
   Then feare not mee,
But beleeve that I shall make
Speedier journeyes, since I take
   More wings and spurre 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 ftrength,
And wee teach it art and length,
   It felfe o’r us to’advance.

When thou figh’ft, thou figh’ft not winde,
   But figh’ft my foule 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 waste,
   Thou art the beft of mee.

Let not thy divining heart
   Forethinke me any ill,
Deftiny 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 houre agoe,
And Lovers houres 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 own 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 I alas could there finde none,
When I had ripp'd mee, 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.

OH 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 behinde, is death,
But when thou from this world wilt goe,
The whole world vapors with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the worlds foule, goeft,
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 fever might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long beare this tormenting wrong,
For much corruption needfull is
To fuel such a fever 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, seeing thee,
Though it in thee cannot peresse.
For I had rather owner bee
Of thee one houre, then all else ever.


Songs and Sonets.

Aire and Angels.

T

Wice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame,
Angells affect us oft, and worship'd bee;
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing I did fee.
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 selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
And so more steddily to have gone,
With wares which would sinke admiration,
I saw, I had loves pinnace over fraught,
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 sphere;
Juft such disparitie
As is twixt Aire and Angells puritie,
'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever bee.


Breake
Breake of day.

'T is true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?
Love which in spight 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.

Must businesse thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love,
The poore, the foule, the false, 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.
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 yesterdaye,  
Running it never runs from us away,  
But truly keepes his first, last, everlafting 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 deathe, 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 increas’d there above,  
When bodies to their graves, soules from their graves remove.

The Anniversarie. 1633-69, Ar8, N, TCC, TCD: no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec. O’F, P, S: Ad Liviam. S96 3 times, as they passe, 1633, 1669 (which brackets which ... pafs), MSS.: times, as these pafs, 1633-54: 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 1633-39

And
And then wee shall be throughly blest,
But wee no more, then all the rest;
Here upon earth, we're 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 feares let us refraine,
Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe
Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attaine
To write threescore: this is the second of our raigne.

A Valediction: of my name, in the window.

My name engrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmnesse to this glasse,
Which, ever since that charme, 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, H40: A Valediction of &c. 1633-69, H40, Lec: Valediction of &c. A18, N, TCC, TCD: A Valediction of my name in the Glasse Window Cy: A Valediction to &c. B: Valediction 4: of Glasse O'F: Valediction in Glasse P: The Diamond and Glasse S: Upon the engravinge 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.
II.

'Tis much that Glaffe should 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 daff,
Which are but accessoryes to this name,
The showers and tempefts can outwash,
So shall all times finde mee the fame;
You this intirenesse better may fulfill,
Who have the pattenre with you stil.

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 soules bee,
Emparadis’d in you, (in whom alone
I understand, and grow and see,)  
The rafters of my body, bone
Being stil with you, the Muscle, Sinew, and Veine,
Which tile this house, will come againe.
VI.

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

VII.

So, since this name was cut
When love and griece their exaltation had,
No doore 'gainst this names influence shut;
As much more loving, as more fad,
'Twill make thee; and thou shouldft, 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 offendft 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 step in, and hide his.

32 fo. 1633-35: so, 1639-69, Chambers. See note 34 flow Ed:
flow, 1633-69 36 thefe 1633: thole 1635-69 have] had 1669
1633-69 39 shut; Ed: shut, 1633-69 44 ope 1633-69, O’F,
896: out A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S, TC 48 offendsft]
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.
And if this treason goe
To an overt act, and that thou write againe;
In superscribing, this name flow
Into thy fancy, from the pane.
So, in forgetting thou remembrest right,
And unaware to mee shalt write.

But glasse, 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 eares,
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 Paradise, I have the serpents brought.

55 goe] growe JC,O’F,S 56 againe; 1633: againe: 1635-69 57
this] my 1669 58 pane. 1633: Pen, 1635-69,0’F,S 60 unaware
unawares B,N,O’F,P,S,896,TC 64 this] thus 1635-69,0’F,P,S,896
Twicknam garden. 1633-69: do. or Twitnarm Garden. A18,L74 (in
margin), N,O’F,P,S,896,TC,TCD: In a Garden. B: no title, A25,
Cy,D,H40,H49,JC,Lea,P 3 eares] years 1669 4 balms ...
cure 1633,A25,D,H49: balm . . . cures 1635-69,A18,B,Cy,L74,N,
0’F,P,S,896,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 fenflesse piece of this place bee;
Make me a mandrake, so I may groane here,
Or a stone fountaine weeping out my yeare.

Hither with chriifall vyals, lovers come,
And take my teares, which are loves wine,
And try your mistrefle Teares at home,
For all are false, that taft not juft like mine;
Alas, hearts do not in eyes shine,
Nor can you more judge womens thoughts by teares,
Then by her shadow, what she weares.
O perverse fexe, 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 deftiny, as she doth us,
How I shall flay, though she Efloygne me thus
And how posterity shall know it too;

12 did] would A18,A25,N,TC 13 laugh,] laugh 1633 14 that
I may not] since I cannot 1669 15 nor yet leave loving, 1633: om.D,
H40,H49,Lec: nor leave this garden, 1635-69, A18, A25, Cy,JC,L74,N,
O'F, P, S, S96, TC 17 groane A18, D, H40, H49, N, TC: grow
1633-69, B, L74, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 18 my yeare, 1633, 1669, D, H40,
H49, Lec: the yeare. 1635-54, A18, A25, L74, N, O'F, P, TC 20 loves]
lovers 1639 24 womens A18, D, H40, H49, L74, N, TC: womens
1633-69, Lec, P, S96

A Valediction: of &c. Ed: A Valediction of the Booke A18, N, TCC,
TCD: Valediction of the booke. D, H40, Lec: Valediction 3: Of the
Booke O'F: The Booke Cy, P: Valediction to his booke. 1633-69, S:
A Valediction of a booke left in a windowe. JC

How
How thine may out-endure
Sybills glory, and obscure
Her who from Pindar could allure,
And her, through whose helpe Lucan 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 schifmatique will dare to wound,
That sees, how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to ufe, 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 fafe; in this our Univerfe
Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Musick, Angels Verfe.

Here Loves Divines, (since all Divinity
Is love or wonder) may finde all they feeke,
Whether abstraét spirituall love they like,
Their Soules exhal'd with what they do not see,
Or, loth so to amuse
Faiths infirmitie, they chuse
Something which they may fee and ufe;
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 bookes may Lawyers finde,
Both by what titles Mistrefses are ours,
And how prerogative thofe rites devours,
Transferr'd from Love himselfe, to womankinde, 40
Who though from heart, and eyes,
They exact great subsidies,
Forfake him who on them relies,
And for the caufe, honour, or conscience give,
Chimeraes, vaine as they, or their prerogative.

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can reade,)
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 50
Who the present govern well,
Whose weaknesse none doth, or dares tell;
In this thy book, 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, 55
But abfence tryes how long this love will bee;

32 Or, ... amuze Ed: Or ... amuze, 1633-69 33 infirmitie,]
infirmites, 1669, D, H49, Lec 38 titles] titles, 1633 39 these flates]
thofe 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 Statefmen] Tradefmen Cy, P 47 grounds:
Ed: grounds, 1633-69 49 'tis, one] 'tis on, 1669 53 their nothing
1635-54, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC (nothing), 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 0'F

To
To take a latitude
Sun, or flarres, are fitliest 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 muft love, and muft 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 wife Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then some wee might hate, and some chufe,
But fince fhee did them fo create,
That we may neither love, nor hate,
Onely this refts, All, all may ufe.

If they were good it would be feene,
Good is as visible as greene,
And to all eyes it felfe betrayes:
If they were bad, they could not laft,
Bad doth it felfe, and others waft,
So, they deserve nor blame, nor praiſe.

63 1669 omits darke

But
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 sorts of meat,
And when hee hath the kernell eate,
Who doth not fling away the shell?

Loves growth.

Scarce believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude, and season, as the graft;
Me thinkes I lyed all winter, when I swore,
My love was infinite, if spring make’t more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow
With more, not onely bee no quincesence,
But mixt of all stuffes, paining soule, or sense,
And of the Sunne his working vigour borrow,
Love’s not so pure, and abstract, as they use
To say, which have no Mistresse 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 showne.
Gentle love deeds, as blossomes on a bough,
From loves awakened root do bud out now.
If, as in water stir'd more circles bee
Produc'd by one, love such additions take,
Those like so many spheares, 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 shall abate the springs encrease.

**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 dispension 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 . . . showne. Gentle love *Ed:* Starres . . . showne,
Gentle love 1633—69:
Stars are not by the sunne enlarg'd; but showne
Greater; Loves deeds *P.*  See note
24 thee. *Ed:* thee, 1633—69 28 the 1633, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,
N, S96, TC: this 1635—69, C3, 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 weaknesse, 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 just,
Because I would not thy first motions trust;
Small townes which stand stiffe, till great shot
Enforce them, by warres law condition not.
Such in loves warfare is my case,
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at last to shew this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change the Idolatrie of any land,
This face, which wherefoe'rv 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 must example bee
To future Rebells; If th'unborne
Must learne, by my being cut up, and torne:
Kill, and diisect me, Love; for this
Torture against thine owne end is,
Rack't carcasses make ill Anatomies.
Some man unworthy to be possessor
Of old or new love, himselfe being false or weake,
   Thought his paine and shame would be lesse,
If on womankind he might his anger wakke,
   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 joyntures lose
   Though they new lovers choose,
But we are made worse then those.

Who e'r rigg'd faire ship to lie in harbors,
And not to seek 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, unlefe
A thousand it possesse,
   But doth waft with greedinesse.

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 mistrieff. P 3 his[ this 1669 lesse]
the lesse 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: meat, 1669 a night (i.e. a-night) 1633–54: all night 1669
12 Beasts] Beast 1635 15 ship] ships 1669, Chambers 16 seek\new lands 1633–35 and MSS.: seek\ new 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 lesse 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'ft not, but continued'ft it,
Thou art so truth, that thoughts of thee suffice,
To make dreames truths; and fables histories;
Enter these armes, for since thou thought'ft it best,
Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a Tapers light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noife wak'd mee;
   Yet I thought thee
(For thou love'st truth) an Angell, at first sight,
But when I saw thou sawest my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when
Excesse of joy would wake me, and cam't then,
I must confesse, 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 feare's as strong as hee;

The Dreame. 1633-69: do. or similarly, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, L74,
Lec, N, O'F, P, RP3, S, S96, TCC, TCD 6 brok'ft ... continued'ft
breakst ... continueft 1669, A25, C, P, S 7 fo truth, 1633, A18, D,
H49, L74, Lec, N, TC: fo true, 1635-69, A25, B, C, Cy, O'F, P, S. See note
10 aët] doe A25, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 14 an
Angell,] but an Angell, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC 16 thoughts,]
om. comma Grolier and Chambers. See note 17 then thou knew'st when
1669 19 muft] doe A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC 20
Prophane,] Profanefs A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S96, TC 24 feare's
as strong 1633-54, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, TCC: feares are strong 1669,
B, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96: feare is strong N, TCD
'Tis
'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave,  
If mixture it of Feare, Shame, Honor, have.  
Perchance as torches which must ready bee,  
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with mee,  
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest 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 coines them, and thy stampe they beare,  
And by this Mintage they are something worth,  
For thus they bee  
Pregnant of thee;  
Fruits of much griefe 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 disslove so.

---

26 have. 1669: have; 1633-54 29 cam'ft] com'ft 1669 Then 1] Thus I A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC (RP31 agrees with this group throughout)  
O more
O more then Moone,
Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy sfheare,
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 sifh one anothers breath,
Who e’r sifhes moft, is cruellef, 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 impofture 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 eafe, 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

\textit{Songs and Sonets.}
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 hoarfe minstralfey, the spheares.
Hope not for minde in women; at their best
Sweetnesse and wit, they're but Mummy, possieth.

The Flea.

Marke but this flea, and marke in this,
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
It suckt me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled bee;
Thou knowst that this cannot be said
A sinne, nor shame, nor losse of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoyes before it wooe,
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 mariage bed, and mariage temple is;

23-4 punctuation from MSS: at their best,
Sweetnesse, and wit they're, but, Mummy, possieth. 1633-54:
1669 omits all punctuation in these lines

The Flea is placed here in the 1633 edition: 1635-69 place it at beginning of Songs and Sonets: The Flea. or no title, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD


Though
Songs and Sonets.

Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
And cloyster'd in these living walls of Jet.

Though use make you apt to kill mee,
Let not to that, selfe murder added bee,
And facrilege, three finnes 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 suckt from thee?
Yet thou triumph'ft, and saift that thou
Find'ft not thy selfe, nor mee the weaker now;
'Tis true, then learne how false, feares bee;
Just so much honor, when thou yeeld'ft to mee,
Will waft, as this fleas death tooke life from thee.

The Curfe.

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

[notes and page numbers]

Madneffe
Madneffe his forrow, gout his cramp, may hee
Make, by but thinking, who hath made him such:
   And may hee feel no touch
Of conscience, but of fame, and bee
Anguifh’d, not that’twas finne, but that’twas shee:
   In early and long scarceenefs may he rot,
For land which had been his, if he had not
   Himfelfe inceftuously an heire begot:

"May hee dreame Treafon, and beleeve, that hee"
"Meant to performe it, and confeffe, and die,
   And no record tell why:
His fonnes, which none of his may bee,

Inherite nothing but his infamie:
Or may hee fo long Parasites have fed,
   That hee would faine be theirs, whom hee hath bred,
And at the laft be circumcif’d for bread:

The venom of all stepdames, gamfters gall,
What Tyrans, and their fubjefts interwifh,
   What Plants, Mynes, Beaufs, Foule, Fift,
Can contribute, all ill which all
Prophets, or Poets fpake; And all which fhall
   Be annex’d in fchedules 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,] fhame; A18,A25,N,P,TC
14-16 In early and long scarceenefs . . . an heire begot: 1633,B,D,H40,
H49,Lec,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 fhe and his fenfe.
18 Meant] Went A18,N,TC 26 Tyrants, 1633-35: Tyrants, 1639:
tyrants, 1650-69 27 Mynes, A18,A25,B,H40,JC,L74,N,0’F,
P,Q,S,TC: Myne, 1633-69,D,H49,Lec 28 ill 1669: ill, 1633-54

The
End home my long strayd 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;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And crosse 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 doft languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou art now.
Is the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes, 
Lucies, who scarce feaven houres herself unmaskes, 
The Sunne is spent, and now his flasks 
Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes; 
The worlds whole sap is sunke:
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 Alchimie. 
For his art did expresse 
A quintessence even from nothingnesse, 
From dull privations, and leane emptiness: 
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 Chaoffes, when we did show 
Care to ought else; and often absences 
Withdrew our soules, and made us carcasess.
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 invest;
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As shade, 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 lust, 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 Vigil, 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 tear,
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 34 love;
All, all Ed: love, all, all 1633-69 invest; Ed: invest, 1633: invest
1635-69 37 renew. 1633: renew, 1635-69 41 all; Ed: all, 1633-69 and Chambers, who places a full stop after festival 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 sweete salt teares,  
And though thou poure more I'll depart;  
My picture vanished, vanished feares,  
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 Baite.

Come live with mee, and bee my love,  
And wee will some new pleafures prove  
Of golden sands, 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 fish will stay,  
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,  
Each fish, which every channell hath,  
Will amorously to thee swimme,  
Gladder to catch thee, then thou him.
If thou, to be so seen, beft loath,
By Sunne, or Moone, thou darkneft 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 be fet,
With strangling snare, or windowie net:

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, sleavesilke flies
Bewitch poore fishes wandring eyes.

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

---

The Apparition.

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

15 my selfe] mine eyes Walton: my heart A18, N, TC
caught P 28 Is wiser far, alas Walton


Then
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,
Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke
Thou call'ft 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 lye
A very 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 stark 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 leffe space devour;
Who will beleewe mee, if I sweare
That I have had the plague a yeare?
Who would not laugh at mee, if I should say,
I saw a flaske of powder 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!

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 glasse.

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 glusses show
A hundred leffer faces, so
My ragges of heart can like, with, 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 soules, to goe,
Whilft some of their sad friends doe say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no:


So
So let us melt, and make no noife,
No teare-floods, nor sigh-tempefts move,
T\'were 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 spheraes,
Though greater farre, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers love
(Whose foule is fens) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

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

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

If they be two, they are two so
As stiffo twin compasses are two,
Thy foule the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the\'other doe.

6 No wind-sighs or tear-floods us move, Walton
8 layetie our love.
1633–69 (love 1633), A25, D, C, H49, Lec, S: layetie of our love. A18, B, Cy, JC, L74, N, O\'F, P, S96, TC 9 Moving brings Movings...
cause Walton, O\'F 10 it] they Walton 15 Absence, because
1633–54 and MSS.: Of absence, cause 1669 16 Those things
1633–54 and all MSS.: The thing 1669, Chambers. See note
1633–54 and all MSS.: our souls Walton 18 our selves] our souls Walton
1633–35, 1669: Careleffe, 1639–54 20 Care leffe, 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 leanes, 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 just,
    And makes me end, where I begunne.

The Extasie.

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
    A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest
The violets reclining head,
    Sat we two, one anothers beft.
Our hands were firmly cimented
    With a fast balme, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beames twifted, and did thred
    Our eyes, upon one double string;
So to'entergraft our hands, as yet
    Was all the meanes to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
    Was all our propagation.
As ’twixt two equall Armies, Fate
    Suspends uncertaine victorie,
Our foules, (which to advance their fstate,
    Were gone out,) hung ’twixt her, and mee.

Songs and Sonets.

And whil'ft our foules negotiate there,
   Wee like sepulchral statues lay;
All day, the same our postures were,
   And wee said nothing, all the day.
If any, so by love refin'd,
   That he foules language understanded,
And by good love were growen all minde,
   Within convenient distance stood,
He (though he knew not which foule spake,
   Because both meant, both spake the same)
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 stille, and multiplies.
When love, with one another so
   Interinanimates two foules,
That abler foule, which thence doth flow,
   Defects of lonelineffe 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.

But O alas, so long, so farre
    Our bodies why do we forbeare?
They are ours, though they are not wee, Wee are
    The intelligences, they the sphære.
We owe them thankes, because they thus,
    Did we, to us, at first convoy,
Yeelded their forces, sense, to us,
    Nor are drossie 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 subtle knot, which makes us man:
So must pure lovers soules descend
    T'afeccions, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
    Else a great Prince in prison 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 talke with some old lovers ghost,
Who dyed before the god of Love was borne:
I cannot thinke that hee, who then lov’d moft,
Sunke fo low, as to love one which did fcorne.
But since this god produc’d a deffinie,
And that vice-nature, cuftome, lets it be;
I must love her, that loves not mee.
Sure, they which made him god, meant not fo much,
Nor he, in his young godhead practis’d it;
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to paflives. Correspondencie
Only his subjeft was; It cannot bee
Love, till I love her, that loves mee.
But every moderne god will now extend
His vaft prerogative, as far as Jove.
To rage, to luft, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlewe 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 Atheift too, why murmure 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, fince she loves before, I’am loth to fee;
Falshood is worfe then hate; and that must bee,
If shee whom I love, should love mee.

Loves diet.

To what a combersome unwieldiness
And burdenous corpulence my love had growne,
   But that I did, to make it lesse,
   And keepe it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon
That which love wont endures, discretion.

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 so
With scorn or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
   If he suck'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, weep 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?
Thus I reclaim’d my buzard 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 mistrefse, sweare, write, sigh and weep:
And the game kill’d, or loft, goe talke, and sleepe.

The Will.

Before I sigh 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 such, as had too much
before.

My constancie I to the planets give;
My truth to them, who at the Court doe live;
Mine ingenuity and openneffe,
To Jefuites; to Buffones my pensivenesse;
My silence to’any, who abroad hath beene;
My mony to a Capuchin.
Thou Love taught’ft me, by appointing mee
To love there, where no love receiv’d can be,
Onely to give to such as have an incapacitie.
My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;
All my good works unto the Schifmatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And Courtship, to an Univerfitie;
My modefty I give to fouldiers bare;
My patience let gamefters share.
Thou Love taughtft mee, by making mee
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Onely to give to thofe that count my gifts indignity.
I give my reputation to thofe
Which were my friends; Mine induftrie to foes;
To Schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfullnesse;
My ficknesse to Physitians, 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,
Taughtft me to make, as though I gave, when I did but
restore.
To him for whom the paffing bell next tolls,
I give my phyfick bookes; my writen rowles
Of Morall counfels, I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; To them which passe among
All forraniners, mine English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making mee love one
Who thinkes her friendship a fit portion
For yonger lovers, doft my gifts thus disproportionate.
Therefore I'll give no more; But I'll undoe
The world by dying; because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will bee no more worth
Then gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth;

19-27 omitted, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74 (added later),
Lec, M(added later), N, P, TCC: given in O’F, S, and all editions
1633 and MSS: do 1635-69, O’F  45 gifts 1633-35, 1669: gift 1639-54
46 more; But 1633: more, but 1635-69  49-51 forth; ... grave.
1669: forth. ... grave, 1633-39 by interchange: forth ... grave. 1650-54
And
And all your graces no more use shall have
Then a Sun dyall in a grave.
Thou Love taughtst mee, by making mee
Love her, who doth neglect both mee and thee,
To'invent, and practise 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 arme;
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 limbs, her Provinces, from dissolution.
For if the finewie thread my braine lets fall
   Through every part,
Can tye those parts, and make mee one of all;
These haires which upward grew, and strength and art
   Have from a better braine,
Can better do'it; Except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemn'd to die.
What ere she meant by 'it, 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 Blosome.

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 nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffeness 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.

The Blosome. 1633–69, A18, B, D, H49, L74, N, P, TC: have 1633–69, Lec, O’F, S96: om. S
17 with me, 1635–69 and MSS.: by me, 1633
24 save A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, N, P, TC: have 1633–69, Lec, O’F, S96: om. S
10 labour'st A18, N, TC: laboureft 1635–69: labours 1633

But
But thou which lov'ft 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 meanes 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 frether, and more fat, by being with men,
Then if I had staid still with her and thee.
For Gods sake, 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.


The
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 terrestriall 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 muft, 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 muft 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 fixe;
And women, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content;
Ten is the farthest number; if halfe ten

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  
Firft 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 mis-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 something else thereby;
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 weee harmellefe lovers wrought.

First, we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what weee lov'd, nor why,
Difference of sex no more weee knew,
Then our Guardian Angells doe;
Comming and going, wee
Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales;
Our hands ne'r toucht the feales,
Which nature, injur'd by late law, sets free:
These miracles weee 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 curiofitie
Will have me cut up to furvay each part,
When they shall finde your Picture in my heart,
You thinke a sodaine dampe of love
Will through all their fenfes move,
And worke on them as mee, and fo preferre
Your murder, to the name of Maffacre.

20 time] times JC,O'F 21 have that age] that age were A18, N,TC 25-26 Difference ... doe, 1633,A18,N,TC:
Difference of Sex we never knew,
No more then Guardian Angells do, 1635–69:
Difference of Sex we never knew,
More then our Guardian Angells do. A25,B,D,H49,JC,
Lec,S,S96 (No more then our &c. B,S96)
26 doe; Ed: doe, 1633–69 27 wee Ed: wee, 1633–69 28 not]
The Dampe. 1633–69,Ar8,B,D,H49,JC,Lec,N,O'F,P,S,S96:
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 Disdaine,
And let th'enchantresse 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 professe;
    Kill mee as Woman, let mee die
As a meere man; doe you but try
Your passyve 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 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 materialls bee,
But neere worne out by loves securitie,
Shee, to my losse, doth by her death repare,
And I might live long wretched so
But that my fire doth with my fuell grow.
Now as those Active Kings
Whose foraign 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 outstrip hers; As bullets flowen before
A latter bullet may o’rtake, the pouder being more.

A Leat Ring sent.

Thou art not so black, as my heart,
Nor halfe so brittle, as her heart, thou art;
What would’st thou say? shall both our properties by thee
bee spoke,
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke?

Marriage rings are not of this stuffe;
Oh, why should ought less precious, or less tough
Figure our loves? Except in thy name thou have bid it say,
I’am cheap, and nought but fashion, fling me’away.

10 earthly 1633, Ar8, N, TC: earthly 1635–69 12 neere 1635–69 (But ... securitie bracketed 1669): ne’er 1633 24, latter] later 1669
A Leat Ring sent. 1633–69, Ar8, N, O’F, TCC, TCD: To a Leat Ring sent to me. W (among the Epigrams) 7 loves] love O’F fay, Ed:
Yet
Yet stay with mee since thou art come,
Circle this fingers top, which did’st 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.

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 suell to their fire:
My love, though filly, is more brave,
For may I misfe, when ere I crave,
If I know yet, what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest
Which can by no way be expreff
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 misfe.

16 nothing; 1633: nothing. 1635–69

The
The Prohibition.

Take heed of loving mee,
At least remember, I forbade it thee;
Not that I shall repaire my unthrifty waft
Of Breath and Blood, upon thy sighes, and teares,
By being to thee then what to me thou waft;
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, perisht by thy hate.
Then, least my being nothing lessthen thee,
If thou hate mee, take heed of hating mee.

Yet, love and hate mee too,
So, these extremest shall neithers 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;
Left thou thy love and hate and mee undoe,
To let mee live, O love and hate mee too.

The Expiration.

SO, fo, breake off this last lamenting kiffe,
Which sucks two soules, 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 mee so,
Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe.
Songs and Sonets.

The Computation.

For the first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce beleev'd, thou could'st be gone away,
For forty more, I fed on favours past,
And forty'on hopes, that thou would'st, they might last.
Teares drown'd one hundred, and sighes blew out two, 5
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 thinkes 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 exceffe 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
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-flaine, 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 leffer, fall, as they sife, grow.

But, from late faire
His hignesse sitting in a golden Chaire,
Is not lesse cared for after three dayes
By children, then the thing which lovers so
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 kind of sorrowing dulness to the minde.
Ah cannot wee,
As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,
    After such pleasures? Unlesse 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 pursue 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 Tail.

A Lecture upon the Shadow.

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

23 pleasures? Ed: pleasures, 1635-69
1635-69: 27 sport; Ed: sport, 1635-69
29 to be, Ed: to be 1635-69
30 (Eagers desire) Ed: Eager, desires 1635-69. See
note
36 summers 1635-39: summer 1650-69

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 see.

Except our loves at this noone stay,

We shall new shadowes make the other way.

As the first were made to blinde

Others; these which come behind

Will worke upon our selves, and blind our eyes.

If our loves faint, and westwardly decline;

To me thou, falsly, thine,

And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.

The morning shadowes weare 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 easelike thoughts may sleep and rest;

Send me some honey to make sweet my hive,

That in my passion I may hope the best.

For if our loves faint 1635-69, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S

and highest least B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96

If once love faint 1635-69, A25, O'F (love), P, S96 (love),

Sonnet. The Token. 1649-69 (following Upon Mr. Thomas Coryats


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 fantaffick 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 simpliciety;  
No, nor the Coralls which thy writ 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 defir'd, because best like the best;  
Nor witty Lines, which are most copious,  
Within the Writings which thou hast addreft.

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

**HE** that cannot chufe but love,  
And strives against it still,  
Never shall my fancy move;  
For he loves 'gaynft his will;  
Nor he which is all his own,  
And can att pleasur chufe,  
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:
Songs and Sonets.

Nor he that hath wit, for he
Will make me his jefr or slave;
Nor a fool, for when others . . . ,
He can neither . . . .
Nor he that till his Mistrefse payes,
For she is thrall'd therefore:
Nor he that payes not, for he payes
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 selfe love.

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 drownd.

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 fad 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 drownd'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
Niobe. 1633–69, A18, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

A burnt ship. 1633–69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Nave arfa. W: De Nave arfa. O'F. See note

Fall
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 toome, his bones to hide.

A lame beggar.

I Am unable, yonder beggar 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 kindlest valors bend,
What brave examples then do prove it trew
   That one things end doth still beginne a new.

Sir John Wingesfield.

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 Island; for he well did know
Farther then Wingesfield no man dares to goe.

A selfe accuser.

Your mistris, that you follow whores, still taxeth you:
   'Tis strange that she should thus confess it, though it be true.
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 haft 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 yeares study, hath beene grieved
To be understood; when will hee be beleev'd?

Klockius.

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

A licentious person. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Whore. HN: no title, O'F, RP31, W
   i Thy] His and so throughout, RP31
   i 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
   i Will, Ed: Will 1633–69
Phryne. 1633–69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, O'F
   i like thee,]
lke to thee, 1650–69
An obscure writer. 1633–69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, O'F
   i griev'd Ed: griev'd, 1633–69
2 To be Ed: To'be 1633–69 understood; Ed: understood, 1633–69 beleev'd? beleev'd. 1633
Klockius. HN: no title, 1633–69, Bur, O'F
   i Klockius] Rawlings Bur
2 In bawdie] In a bawdie HN

Raderus.
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 Esops fellow-slaves, O Mercury,
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like Esops 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 beleeeve all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but lyest like a Greeke.

Ralphius.

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

The Lier.

Thou in the fields walkst out thy supper's howers,
And yet thou swear'st thou haft supp'd like a king:
Like Nebuchadnezar perchance with grafts and flowers,
A fallet worse then Spanish dieting.

Martial I mule, 1633–54: Martial, I amuse, 1669
Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus. 1633–69, A18, B, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD, W
8 but lyest 1633–69: and lyest B, W
Ralphius. HN: no title, 1633–69, O'F
The Lier. HN: no title, B, Bur, Cy, O'F, P, W 2 swear'dt HN, W;
say'dt B, Cy, O'F 3 grafts] hearbes Bur  supp'd like] supp'd and like HN

ELEGIES.
ELEGIES.

ELEGIE I.

Jealousie.

Fond woman, which would'nt have thy husband die,
And yet complain'nt of his great jealousy;
If swolne with poyson, hee lay in'his last bed,
His body with a faire-barke covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and short, as can
The nimblest crocheting Musitian,
Ready with loathsome 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,
Thou would'nt not weeppe, but jolly, and frolicke bee,
As a slave, which to morrow should be free;
Yet weep'nt thou, when thou seest him hungerly
Swallow his owne death, hearts-bane jealousy.
O give him many thanks, he'is courteous,
That in suspecting kindly warneth us.
Wee must not, as wee us'd, flout openly,
In scoffing ridles, his deformitie;
Nor at his boord together being fatt,
With words, nor touch, scarce lookes adulterate.
Nor when he swolne, and pamper'd with great fare,
Sits downe, and snorts, cag'd in his basket chaire,
Muft wee usuurpe his owne bed any more,
Nor kisse and play in his house, as before.


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

ELEGIE II.

The Anagram.

Marry, and love thy Flavia, for, dhe
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 hair fall, her skine is rough;
What though her cheeks be yellow, her hair'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.

25 Now . . . dangers;] Now do I see my danger; 1669 that all
MSS.: it 1633-69 26 diocysse] Diocys D: Diocys W 27-29
(as envious . . . do it there,) 1669 30 another] anothers 1669
We into some third place retired were B, O'F, P, S96 34 Major;
1650-54: Major, 1633-39: Mayor; 1669
(numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P,
S, S96, TCC, TCD, W 4 they] theirs 1669, S96 teeth be 1633-69, D,
H49, JC, Lec: teeth are A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, M, N, O'F, S, TC, W 6
hair fall] hair's foul 1669 is rough 1633, 1669, A18, A25, B, D, H49,
JC, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, TC, W: is tough 1635-54, O'F, Chambers
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'hath yet an Anagram of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In the leane dearth of words, what could wee say?
When by the Gamut some Musitions make
A perfect song, others will undertake,
By the same 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, thennow 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,
Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like Angels; the faire be
Like those which fell to worfe; but such as shee,
Like to good Angels, nothing can impaire:
'Tis lesse griefe to be foule, then to'have beene faire.
For one nights revels, filke and gold we chuse,
But, in long journeys, cloth, and leather use.
Beauty is barren oft; beft husbands say,
There is best land, where there is foulest way.
Oh what a soveraigne Plaister will shee bee,
If thy past finnes have taught thee jealoufie!
Here needs no spies, nor eunuches; her commit
Safe to thy foes; yea, to a Marmosit.
When Belgiaes citties, the round countries drowne,
That dutry foulenesse guards, and armes the towne:

16 an Anagram] the Anagrams 1669
18 the 1633: that 1635-69
words 1633-69, A25, B, L74, M, N, O'F, P, S, TC: letters D, Cy, H49, W
22 unfit. D: unfit; 1633-69
28 deformities. deformities; 1633
29 faire] fairer 8, 896
35 say,] say 1633
37 bee,] bee 1633
41-2 When Belgiaes ... towne: 1633-54: Like Belgia's cities when the
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, turns the day to night,
Who, mightier then the sea, makes Moores seem white,
Who, though heaven yeares, she in the Stews had laid,
A Nunnery durft receive, and thinke a maid,
And though in childbeds labour she did lie,
Midwives would sweare, twere but a tymanpie,
Whom, if shee accuse her selfe, I credit leffe
Then witches, which impossibles confeffe,
Whom Dildoes, Bedftaves, and her Velvet Glafe
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.

Although thy hand and faith, and good workes too,
Have seal’d thy love which nothing shou’d undoe,
Yea though thou fall backe, that apoftaffe
Confirme 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, Lec,
M, N, P, T C, W), lowe (B), foul (O’F, S, 896, which read country drowns . . .
towns) 49 childbeds 1633–54, Lec, W: childbirths 1669, A18, A25, B,
1633–69 53–4 Whom . . . Joseph was: 1669 and all MSS [or a
Velvet 1669]: om. 1633–54
Eleg. III. Change. 1633–54: Elegie III. 1633, 1669: no title or Elegye (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O’F, P, S,
896, TCC, TCD, W 1 works] word 1669 4 Confirme]
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 meanes, 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’s free;
Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed corne there,
And yet allows his ground more corne should beare;

Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po.

By nature, which gave it, this liberty
Thou lov’st, but Oh! canst thou love it and mee?

Likenesse 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 stickke soone, if in one place they bide,
And in the vast sea are more putrifi’d:

But when they kiss one banke, and leaving this
Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kisse,
Then are they purest; Change’is the nursery
Of musicke, joy, life, and eternity.

ELEGIE
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 armelets she can finde,
And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
And fearing leaft thou’art swolne, doth thee embrace;
To trie if thou long, doth name strange meates,
And notes thy palenesse, blushing, sighs, and sweats;
And politiquely will to thee confesse
The sinnes of her owne youths ranke lustineffe;
Yet love these Sorceries did remove, and move

(numbered variously) A18, A25, C, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O’F, P, S, S96,
TCC, TCD, W: Discovered by a Perfume. B: no title, Cy, HN
2 suppos’d escapes] supposed escapes 1669, P 4 By] For P 7–8 1635–69
and MSS. generally: om. 1633, D, H49, Lec 9 hath] have A18, A25,
L74, N, P, TC, W 15 Takes] Take A18, A25, N, P, TC, W 21
To trie &c. 1633, D, H49, S (dost long): And to trie &c. 1635–69, A18,
A25, L74, N, O’F, S96 (longest), TC meates, 1635–69: meates. 1633
22 blushing 1633–54, A18, A25, JC, N, TC: blushing 1669: blushing B, D,
H49, HN, L74, Lec, O’F, P, W

Thee
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 kist, 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 Coloffus 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 witnesse 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 beene some bad smell, he would have thought
That his owne feet, or breath, that smell had wrought.
But as wee in our Ile emprisoned,
Where cattell onely, and diverse dogs are bred,
The pretious Unicorns, strange monsters call,
So thought he good, strange, that had none at all.
I taught my filkes, their whistling to forbeare,
Even my opprest 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.
Base excrement of earth, which doft confound

29 ingled] dandled 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 kisse.] kisse; 1633 40 my 1633:
mine 1635-69 44 Smelt] Smells 1669 thivered. A18, D, H49, L74,
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, 1633-39: bitter-sweet, 1650-69
 Senfe,
Elegies.

Senfe, from distinquishing the sicke from found;
By thee the seely Amorous sucks his death
By drawing in a lepros 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 feeme, exceed substantiale;
Gods, when yee fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Because you'were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell;
You'are loathfome all, being taken simly alone,
Shall wee love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth soone 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 breft of haircloth, and my head
With cares rash sodaine stormes, being o'rspread,

Breath; 1650-69: breath, 1633-39
Substantiall; Ed: substantiall. 1633-69 you're 1669
Smell; 1635-39: smell, 1633, 1669: smell 1650-54
All And Chambers
(Numbered variously) A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC,
TCD, W: The Picture. P: Travelling he leaves his Picture with his
Mystris. B 1 Picture; ... farewell, Ed: Picture, ... farewell;
1633: rest semicolon or colon after each 8 With cares rash sodaine
Stormes, being o'rspread, 1633, A18, N, TC: With cares rash, cruel, sudden
Stormes o'erprest P: With cares rash-sudden cruel-storms o'erprest B: My
My body’s a lack of bones, broken within,
And powders blew_staines scatter’d on my skinne;
If rivall fools taxe thee to have lov’d a man,
So foule, and coarse, as, Oh, I may feeme 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 leffe, what hee did love to see?
That which in him was faire and delicate,
Was but the milke, which in loves childish state
Did nurfe it: who now is growne strong enough
To feed on that, which to diffus’d tafts feemes tough.

ELEGIE VI.

Oh, let mee not serve fo, as those men serve
Whom honours fmoakes at once fatten and serve;
Poorly enrich’t with great mens words or lookes;
Nor fo write my name in thy loving bookes
As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still
Their Princes fliles, with many Realmes fulfill

With cares rafh sudden storms o’erpressed S, S96: With cares rafh sudden
storms o’erspread Cy, D, H49, Lec: With cares rafh sodaine horines o’er-
spread A25, JC, W: With cares harfh sodaine horinesse o’erspread, 1635-
69, O’F 16 now love leffe, 1633--69, A18, N, TC: like and love
A18, N, P, S, TC [strong] tough P 20 diffus’d Ed: diffus’d
1650--69 tough.] rough. P

Eleg. VI. 1635--69: Elegie VII. 1633 (Elegie VI. being Sorrow who
to this houfe &c. See Epicedes &c., p. 287): Elegie. (numbered vari-
ously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O’F, P, S, S96, TCC,
TC, W 2 fatten] flatter 1669, A18, B, Cy, L74, N, TC 3 or] and
A18, Cy, L74, N, P, TC 6 fileis, 1633--69, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, JC,
L74, Lec, N, P, S96, TC, W: fyle A25, O’F, S, Chambers and Grosart with
all MSS., Chambers and Grosart: which (probably by confusion of wth and
wth) 1633--69 Realmes] names 1669

Whence
Elegies.

Whence they no tribute have, and where no fway.
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 kissey breath’d
Into my Purgatory, faithlesse thee,
Thy heart seem’d waxe, and sseele thy constancie:
So, carelesse flowers strow’d on the waters face,
The curled whirlepooles fuck, 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,
Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,
Or in a speechlesse slumber, calmly ride
Her wedded channels bosome, and then chide
And bend her browes, and swell if any bough
Do but stoop downe, or kisse her upmoft brow;
Yet, if her often gnawing kissey winne
The traiterous banke to gape, and let her in,
She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native, and her long-kept course,
And rores, and braves it, and in gallant scorne,
In flattering eddies promising retorne,
She flouts the channell, who thenceforth is drie;
Then say I; that is shee, and this am I.
Yet let not thy depe bitternesse beget
Carelesse despaire in mee, for that will whet
My minde to scorne; and Oh, love dull’d with paine

7 where] bear 1669 14 constancie: 1635–69: constancie. 1633
28 banke A18, D, H49, JC, N, S, TC, W: banks 1633–69, Lec, O’F 33
the 1633, D, H49, Lec: her 1635–69, A18, N, TC who 1633, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, JC, H49, L74, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC: which 1635–69, O’F 37
Oh,] Ah, 1669

Was
Was ne'rze wife, nor well arm'd as disdain.
Then with new eyes I shall surve thee, and spie
Death in thy cheekes, 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 Recusant, in that resolute state,
What hurts it mee to be'excuminate?

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 fighes, and say, this lies, this founds despaire:
Nor by the'eyes water call a maladie
Desperately hot, or changing feaverously.
I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
Of flowers, how they devisefully being fet
And bound up, might with speechleffe secrecie
Deliver arrands mutely, and mutually.

39 thee,'] om. 1669
40 eye. Ed: eye; 1633-54: eye: 1669:
eye, Chambers
41 Though . . . love; 1633: Though: breed .
love: 1635-39: Though: breed . . love 1650-69 (Through . 1669) 42
fall. 1633-35: fall 1639-69 43 outgrow ] o'ergrow Cy, P
Elegie VII. 1635-69: Elegye VIII. 1633: Elegye. (numbered variously)
A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD, W 2
1633 7 call 1633, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O'F (cor-
corrected from know), P, TC, W: known 1635-69: caft S, Chambers and Grosart
10 they devisefully being fet] their devile in being fet Cy, P 12 arrands
1633: errands 1635-69: meet errands B

Remember
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 answer in thee, and that ill arraign
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 seene, nor see,
As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
Refin'd thee into a blis-full Paradize.
Thy graces and good words my creatures bee;
I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee,
Which Oh, shall strangers taste? Must I alas
Frame and enamell Plate, and drinke in Glasse?
Chafe waxe for others seales? breake a colts force
And leave him then, being made a ready horse?

ELEGIE VIII.
The Comparison.

As the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still,
As that which from chaf'd muskets pores doth trill,
Such are the sweat drops of my Mistris breast,
And on her (brow) her skin such luftere sets,
They seeme no sweat drops, but pearle coronets.
Ranke sweaty froth thy Miftrefs brow defiles,
Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boiles,
Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawleffe 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 ftones in faffront tinne,
Or warts, or wheales, they hang upon her skinne.
Round as the world's her head, on every side,
Like to the fastall Ball which fell on Ide,
Or that whereof God had such jealoufie,
As, for the ravishing thereof we die.
Thy head is like a rough-hewne statue of jeat,
Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set;
Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
Of Cynthia, when th'earths shadowes her embrace.
Like Proserpines white beauty-keeping chest,
Or Joues best fortunes urne, is her faire brest.
Thine's like worme eaten trunkes, cloth'd in seals skin,
Or grave, that's dust without, and stinke within.
And like that slender ftalke, at whose end 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 sinne,
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 masculine equal fire,
Into th'earths worthlesse durt a foule of gold,


Such
Elegies.

Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gunne,
Or like hot liquid mettals newly runne
Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna
Where round about the grasse is burnt away.
Are not your kis'ses then as filthy, and more,
As a worme fucking an invenom'd fore?
Doth not thy fearefull 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 kisse good Turtles, so 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 such 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 scape.

[46 feares] fear'd A18, L74, N, O'F, TC, W
[48 when 1635–69 and
MSS.: where 1633
50 Are Priests... sacrifice,] A Priest is in his
handling Sacrifice, 1669
51 such A18, A25, B, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S,
S96, TC, W: nice 1633–69

Eleg. IX. The Autumnall. 1633–54: Elegie. The Autumnall. 1633:
Elegie IX. 1669: Elegie. A18, N, TCC, TCD: Elegie Autumnall. D,
H40, H49, JC, Lec: An autumnall face: On the Ladie St Edward Herbert
mothers Ladie Danvers. B: On the Lady Herbert afterwards Danvers. O'F:
Widdow. M, P: A Paradox of an old Woman. S: Elegie Autumnall on
the Lady Shandoys. S96: no title, L74
1 Summer 1633: Summers
1635–69 2 face. Ed: face, 1633–69
3 our love, 1633, D, H49,
Lec, S: our Loves, 1669: your love, 1635–54, A18, A25, B, H40, L74, M,
N, O'F, P, S96, TC

If
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 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 sojourns ev’ry where,
In Progreffe, 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, fit.
This is loves timber, youth his under-wood;
There he, as wine in Iune, enrages blood,
Which then comes seasonablist, when our taft
And appetite to other things, is past.
Xerxes strange Lydian love, the Platane tree,
Was lov’d for age, none being so large as shee,
Or else because, 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.

6 Affection . takes A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, 
S96, TC; Affections . take 1633-69, JC, O’F  8 shee’s 1635-69, A18, A25, 
B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O’F, P, S, S96, TC: they are 1633 
tolerable 1633, D, H40, H49, Lec, S: habitable 1635-69, A18, A25, 
L74, M, N, O’F, P, TC  14 for 1633: or 1635-69  15 Love] 
love 1633  22 Where] Where’s O’F, S  23 unto all] to all her P 
24 Counfaile, Ed: counfaile, 1633-54: counfailes 1669  26 enranges] 
bringes D, H49: breeds Lec  27 seasonablist, 1633: seasonablest, 
1635-69  28 part.] part; 1633  30 large 1633: old 1635-69
Elegies.

If tranitory things, which soone decay,
Age must be lovelieft at the latest day.

But name not Winter-faces, whose skin’s flacke;
Lanke, as an unthrits purse; but a foules facke;
Whose Eyes seeke light within, for all here’s shade;
Whose mouthes are holes, rather worn out, then made;

Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone,
To vexe their foules at Resurrection;

Name not these living Deaths-heads unto mee,
For these, not Ancient, but Antique be.

I hate extreames; yet I had rather ftay

With Tombs, then Cradles, to weare out a day.

Since such loves naturall lation is, may ftill

My love descend, and journey downe the hill,
Not panting after growing beauties, so,

I shall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe.

E L E G I E 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 sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the leffe wee see.

When you are gone, and Reason gone with you,
Then Fantasie is Queene and Soule, and all;
She can present 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 sense, doth lock out all.
After a such fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to love more thankfull 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 ideott with none.


ELEGIE
Elegie XI.

The Bracelet.

Vpon the losse of his Mistresses Chaine, for which he made satisfaction.

Not that in colour it was like thy haire,
For Armelets of that thou maist let me weare:
Nor that thy hand it oft embrac’d and kist,
For so it had that good, which oft I mist:
Nor for that filly old moralitie,
That as these linkes were knit, our love shou’d bee:
Mourne I that I thy feavenfold chaine have loft;
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 straied 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 punifht for offences not their owne?
They fave not me, they doe not eafe my paines,
When in that hell they’are burnt and tyed in chains.
Were they but Crownes of France, I cared not,
For, most of these, their naturall Countreys rot
I think possesseth, they come here to us,
So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous;
And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,
Their Crownes are circumcis'd most Jewifhly.
Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling,
That are become as Catholique as their King,
Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistolets
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
Nature, as these doe justice, from her course;
Which, as the soule quickens head, feet and heart,
As streames, like veins, run through the'earth's every part,
Visit all Countries, and have slily 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 dirtely and desperately gull'd:
I would not spit to quench the fire they'are in,
For, they are guilty of much hainous Sin.
But, shall my harmleffe angels perish? Shall
I lose my guard, my eafe, my food, my all?

24 these 1635-54: them 1669 their naturall Countreys Cy, Q,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 course; Ed: course.
1635-69 38 streames, Ed: streames 1635-69 40 ruin'd, ragged
and decay'd; 1669, and MSS., but end stop varies: rug'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 lesse 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 roare through every streeet;
And gall the finders conscience, if they meet.
Or let mee creepe to some dread Conjur’er,
That with phantastique scheonmes fil’s 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 sinne,
He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in.
But if, when all his art and time is spent,
Hee say’twill ne’r be found; yet be content;
Receive from him that doome ungrudgingly,
Becaufe he is the mouth of destiny.
Thou say’ft (alas) the gold doth still remaine,
Though it be chang’d, and put into a chaine;
So in the first falne angels, resteth still
Wisdome and knowledge; but,tis turn’d to ill:
As these should doe good works; and shou’d provide
Necessities; 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.

51 dead, Ed: dead. 1635-69 52 luftyhead Ed: lufty head 1635-69
53 vanish; Ed: vanish, 1635-69 if thou love let them alone, 1635-39:
if thou Love let them alone, 1650-69: if thou, Love, let them alone;
Grolier (conjecturing atone) 54-5 gone; And Ed: gone, And
1635-69, Cy, P: gone. Oh, rest of MSS. 58 conscience, if they meet. 1669 and MSS.: conscience, if hee meet. 1635-54,JC,L74, P
60 schemes D,H49,JC,Lec,O’F,596,W: scenes 1635-69, Cy,L74,P,
TCD 63 passe|place 1669 65 new par. 1635-69 But 1635-69,
Cy,P: And rest of MSS. 66 yet 1635-69,Cy, P: Oh rest of MSS.
67 that 1635-54, Cy, P: the 1669 and rest of MSS. 70 chaine; Ed:
chaine, 1635-69 74 pride. Ed: pride, 1635-69 76 being, Ed:
being: 1635-69 77 Angels; yet Cy, D,H49,N,P,S,TCD: Angels
yet; 1635-69,W
But, thou art resolute; Thy will be done!
Yet with such anguish, as her onely 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 meffages 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, nakedneffe,
Yea death, ere he would make your number lesse.
But, I am guilty of your fad decay;
May your few fellowes longer with me stay.

But o thou wretched finder whom I hate
So, that I almost pity thy estae:
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
May my moft heavy curse upon thee fall:
Here fetter’d, manacled, and hang’d in chains,

First mayft 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 moift braine;

Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring.
Luft-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itching desire, and no abilitie.

May all the evils that gold ever wrought;
All mishiefes that all devils ever thought;
Want after plenty; poore and gouty age;
The plagues of travellers; love; marriage
Afflict thee, and at thy lives laft moment,
May thy swolne sinnes themselves to thee present.

But, I forgive; repent thee honest man:
Gold is Restorative, restore 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 speird strangest torments fixt?
Is't because thou thy self art blind, that wee
Thy Martyrs must no more each other see?

110 thee] thou 1669 113 But if from it ... depart, 1635-54, Cy, P: But if that from it ... part, 1669: Or if with it ... depart rest of MSS.


Or
Elegies.

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 despiet?
No, no. The guilt was mine, impute it to me,
Or rather to conspiring destinie,
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 vaft 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 own sad 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 didft dart thy fires
Into our blouds, inflaming our desires,
And made'ft us figh and glow, and pant, and burn,
And then thy felf into our flame did'ft turn?
Was't not enough, that thou didft hazard us
To paths in love so dark, so dangerous:
And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
And over all, thy husbands towring eyes

17 the \(H_{40}, O', F, P, S96, TCD\): thy 1669
20 Through holy fear,
that merits (caufes \(S96\)) thy despiet (meritetth thy fpiett \(P\)) \(H_{40}, O', F, P, S96, TCD\): That thus with parting thou seek'ft us to fpiet 1669
21 was \(H_{40}, S96\): is 1669, \(P, TCD\)
23 Which ... decreed, \(H_{40}, O', F, S96\): Which, since I lov'd) for me before decreed, 1669, \(P, TCD\):
Which, since I lov'd in jest before, decreed \(H-K\), which Chambers follows
25 now, sooner all the MSS.: sooner now 1669 rapt] wrapt 1669
27 a vaft \(H_{40}, O', F, P, S96, TCD\): the vaft 1669
29 thy felf [ myself Chambers
31 my own \(H_{40}, O', F, P, S96\): one 1669 fad 1669: glad
\(H_{40}, O', F, P, S96, TCD\)
32 fate: Ed: fate. 1669
33 blinded]
blinded \(H_{40}\)
34 followers \(H_{40}, P, TCD\): favourites 1669, \(S96\)
37 glow \(H_{40}, S96, P, TCD\): blow 1669
38 flame \(H_{40}, S96, P, TCD\): flames 1669
40 fo dangerous \(H_{40}, P, S96, TCD\): and dangerous
1669
42 all, Ed: all 1669 towring 1669, \(TCD\): towred \(O', F, P, S96\):
lowering Grolier the towred husbands eyes \(H_{40}\): the Loured,
husbandes eyes \(RP31\)

That
That flam’d with oylie sweat of jealoufie:
Yet went we not still on with Constancie?
Have we not kept our guards, like spie on spie?
Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?
Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blifes
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
Shadow’d with negligence our most respects?
Varied our language through all dialects,
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards
Spoak 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 parted Purgatory,
Muft sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
First let our eyes be riveted quite through
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
Let our armes clasp like Ivy, and our fear
Freefe us together, that we may stick here,
Till Fortune, that would ruine us, with the deed
Strain her eyes open, and it make them bleed:
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accus’d, shound such a mischief doe.
Oh Fortune, thou’rt not worth my leaft exclave,
And plague enough thou haft in thy own shame.
Do thy great worft, my friend and I have armes,

43 That flam’d with oylie H₄₀, O’F, P, S₉₆, TCD: Inflam’d with th’oulgie 1669 jealoufie: Ed: jealoufie, 1669
44 with H₄₀, O’F, P, S₉₆, TCD: in 1669
45 Have we not kept our guards, H₄₀, O’F, P, S₉₆, TCD: Have we for this kept guards, 1669 on 1669: o’r
1655-54
49 moft 1635—69, H₄₀, O’F, P, S₉₆, TCD: beft 1669
50 our] thy RP₃₁ 52 from our words? 1669: from words? 1635—54
53 thefe secrets MSS.: the secrets 1635—69 our] thy RP₃₁ 54
om. 1635—54, A₂₅, B 58 brains] beams P: brain Chambers 61
Fortune, Ed: fortune, 1669 would ruive us, with H₄₀, O’F, S₉₆, TCD: would ruine us with 1669 62 her H₄₀: his 1669 it] yet 1669
Do thy great worft &c. 1669: Fortune, doe thy worft &c. 1635—54 (after 56 the vulgar story?) armes, 1635—69, H₄₀, O’F, P, S, TCD: charmes H-K (Grosart and Chambers)
Elegies.

Though not against thy strokes, against thy harms.
Rend us in sundry, thou canst not divide
Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd,
And we can love by letters still and gifts,
And thoughts and dreams; Love never wanteth shifts.
I will not look upon the quickning Sun,
But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
The ayre shall note her soft, the fire most pure;
Water suggeth 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 lost season, so small mee.
And dearest Friend, since we must part,
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 enjoyes 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 less by your contempt then constancy:
That I may grow enamoured on your mind,
When my own thoughts I there reflected find.

69 Rend us in sundry, 1669 and MSS.: Bend us, in sundry 1635-54

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 persuade;
Take therefore all in this: I love so true,
As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGIE XIII.

Iulia.

Harke newes, ò envy, thou shalt heare defcry'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 beft,
To teare opinion even out of the brest
Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)
Sticks jealousie in wedlock; her owne childe
Scapes not the showres of envie, 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, 1633-54: oft 1669 would 1635-54, A25, B, H40, O'F, S96: moft 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 vile) Ed: vile) 1635-69: vile 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
Elegies.

My milde reproofe. Liv’d Mantuan now againe,
That fœmall Maftix, to limme with his penne
This she 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 Tenarus
That blasts 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 unfashion’d, thoughts corrupt,
Mishapen Cavils, palpable untruths,
Inevitable errors, 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 poyson’s halfe so bad as Iulia.

ELEGIE XIV.

A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.

Sing no harme good sooth 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 fœmall Maftix, 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: mischiefe, 1635-69 28

oaths: B, H-K (Grosart): loathes: 1635-69, O’F 31 give but halfe B:
give halfe 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, Jugler, or Justice of peace;
I luror or Judge; I touch no fat fowes grease,
I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
But (like a true man) say there are many.
I feare not ore tenus; for my tale,
Nor Count nor Counsellour will redd or pale.
A Citizen and his wife the other day
Both riding on one horse, 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 kiss 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 Cuftome Farmers held out till,
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffique of the Inland 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 croffes,
Of fore of Bankerouts, and poore Merchants lofies
I urged him to speake; But he (as mute
As an old Courtier worene to his laft suite)
Replies with onely yeas and nayes; At laft
(To fit his element) my theame I cast
On Tradesmens gaines; that set 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

Officer, Jugler, 1635-39: Judge, 1650-69
I luror or Judge, 1669, B. O'F. (hall): will looke redd or pale. 1635-54
I touch no fat fowes grease. 1669, B. O'F. (hall): will looke redd or pale. 1635-54
I am no Libeller, nor will be any.
But (like a true man) say there are many.
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On Tradesmens gaines; that set 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 Jugler, 1635-39: Judge, 1650-69
9 tenus; Ed: tenus, 1633-69
10 will redd or pale. 1669, B. O'F. (hall): will looke redd or pale. 1635-54
14 feate. Ed: feate, 1635-69
16 steale] seale O'F 21 Plaguy 1669,
B. O'F: Plaguing 1635-54
22 Cuftome] cuftome 1635
24 I(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 hit] To hit O'F
33 agoing:
Ed: agoing, 1635-69
35 In ... now; Ed: roman 1635-69
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 Privileg’d kingfmen, and the store
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-mafter. Thus ranne he on
In a continued rage: so void of reason
Seem’d his harsh talk, I sweat for fear of treason.
And (troth) how could I leave? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wise 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 hear,
(In happy time) an Angel did appear,
The bright Signe of a lov’d and wel-try’d Inne,
Where many Citizens with their wives have been
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 miff, struck hands, and praid him tell
(To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
He barely nam’d the street, promis’d the Wine,
But his kinde 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 breathed 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 those 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 fears)


Elegie XV. Ed: Eleg. XVII. The Expostulation. 1635-54: Elegie XVII. 1669: Elegie. 1633, B, Cy, H40, HN, M, N, O’F, P, RP31, S, S96, TCD, Jonson’s Underwoods 2 strong] full Und 3 purest] the purer Und 6 Or your 1633-69: Of or of your H40 8 it hath,] she hath B, H40, M, N, P, S96 12 (Both hot and cold at once) RP31: Both ... at once, Und: (Both ... cold) at once 1633-69, S96: 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 sweetend &c. 1635, which does not complete the bracket: (all sweetend by our fears) &c. 1639-69, L74 (sweeter), P (sweeter), S96 (sweetned)

And
And the divine impression of stolne kisses,
    That seal’d the rest) should now prove empty blisstes?
Did you draw bonds to forfet? signe to breake?
    Or must we reade you quite from what you speake, 20
And finde the truth out the wrong way? or must
    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 jealousie,
    With circumstance might urge thy’inconstancie, 25
Sooner I’ll thinke the Sunne will cease 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 streames, 30
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.
Curst may hee be, that so our love hath slaine,
    And wander on the earth, wretched as Cain,
Wretched as hee, and not deserve least pity;
    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 remorfe deny God thrice,
    And not be trusted more on his Soules price;

22 with] have P 24 This kinde of beasts,] The common Monster,
Und my thought 1633: my thoughts 1635-69, HN, S96 25
though froward] how ever RP31, Und 26 thy’inconstancie,] the
contrarie. Und 28 bear, 1633: bear: 1635-69 30 would 1633,
Und: will 1635-69 streames. Ed: streames; 1633-69 32 yours.]
yours; 1633 34 truft 1633-69: drift Chambers 37 wretch
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 after all selfe torment, when hee dyes,
  May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
Swine eate his bowels, and his falfer tongue
  That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung,
And let his carrion coarfe 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 pleasure lengthen the short dayes
Of my lifes leafe; 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 same Actors, the same wayes;
Aske how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent;
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
  Love was as subtilly catch'd, as a diseafe;
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
ELEGIE XVI.

On his Misfris.

BY our first strange and fatall interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long starving hopes, by that remorfe
Which my words masculine perswasive 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 oathes which I
And thou have sworne to seale joynt constancy,
Here I unsweare, and overswear them thus,
Thou shalt not love by wayes so dangerous.
Temper, ô faire Love, loves impetuous rage,
Be my true Misfris still, not my faign'd Page;
I'll goe, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behinde
Thee, onely worthy to nurse in my minde,
Thirst to come backe; ô if thou die before,
My soule from other lands to thee shall soare.
Thy (else Almighty) beautie cannot move
Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wilde Boreas harfhnesse; Thou haft reade
How roughly hee in picees shivered
Faire Oritha, whom he swore he lov'd.

Elegie XVI. &c. Ed: Elegie on his Misfris. 1635-54 where, and in 1669, it appears among Funerall Elegies: Elegie. 1669: among Elegies with or without heading or number, A18,A25,B,D,H49,JC,Lec,M,N,O'F,P,S,TG,C,TCD,W: B heads His wife would have gone as his page.


Fall
Fall ill or good, 'tis madneffe to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd; Feed on this flattery,
That absent Lovers one in th'other be.
Diffemble 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
Ecclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone.
Men of France, changeable Camelions,
Spittles of diseas'es, shops of fashions,
Loves fuellers, and the rightest company
Of Players, which upon the world's stage be,
Will quickly know thee, and no leffe, alas!
Th'indifferent Italian, as we passe
His warme land, well content to think thee Page,
Will hunt thee with such luft, and hideous rage,
As Lots faire guests were vext. 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 confess,
Nor praye, nor dispraye 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 slaine, I saw him goe
Elegies. 

O'rt the white Alpes alone; I saw him I,
Affaid’dfight, taken, &tabd’bleed, fall, and die.
Augure me better chance, except dreed love
Thinke it enough for me to’have had thy love.

ELEGIE XVII.

Variety.

The heavens rejoynce 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 sun that fitting 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 MistrefTe, and imploy’d her art
To make her loveable, and I aver
Him not humane that would turn back from her:

Elegie XVII. Variety. Ed: printed for first time without title in appendix
1650 and so in 1669 and 1719: An Elegie. A10: Elegie 17th. JC
1 motion, why Ed: motion why, 1650-69 3 love divide? MSS.: lov’d
divide? 1650-69 4 diversifi’d: Ed: diversifi’d 1650-69 6 what
elle so ever doth seem 1650-69: what elle is not so A10 12 fair-
spreading 1650-69, JC: broad silver A10 and farr; A10, JC: and cleare;
1650-69 14 it self and 1650-69: it self, kills A10 16 And
only worthy to be past compare; A10 19 aver] ever 1650-69 20
would turn back from 1650-69: could not fancy A10

I love
I love her well, and would, if need were, dye
To doe her service. But followes it that I
Muft 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 laft 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 descended 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;
Kindreds were not exempted from the bands:
Which with the Perfian 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 repeald,
Which our first Fathers in such reverence held;
Our liberty's revers'd, our Charter's gone,
And we're made servants to opinion,

24 Of other beauties, and in change rejoice? A10: om. 1650-69 25-36
omitted in A10 30 brown, Ed: brown 1650-69 32 are JC: were
1650-69 39 crime! Ed: crime? 1650-69 43 Perfian 1650-54,
JC: Persians 1669, A10 46 title A10, JC: little 1650-69 50
liberty's Ed: liberty 1650-69, JC revers'd, our A10: revers'd and
1650-69, JC 51 we're A10: we 1650-69, JC
Elegies.

A monster in no certain shape attir'd,
And whose originall is much desir'd,
Formleffe at first, but going on it 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 loft those awfull wings with which he flies;
His finewy bow, and those immortall darts
Wherewith he"is wont to bruife resisting hearts.
Onely some few strong in themselves and free
Retain the feeds of antient liberty,
Following that part of Love although deprest,
And make a throne for him within their brest,
In fpight of modern cenfures him avowing
Their Soveraigne, all service him allowing.
Amongft which troop although I am the leaft,
Yet equall in perfection with the best,
I glory in subjeclion of his hand,
Nor ever did decline his leaft command:
For in whatever forme the message came
My heart did open and receive the same.
But time will in his course a point discry
When I this loved service muft deny,
For our allegiance temporary is,
With firmer age returns our liberties.
What time in years and judgement we repos'd,
Shall not so easily be to change dispos'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.

Who ever 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 ductilnes, 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 (Ufe) the soul of trade.
All these in women we might think upon
(If women had them) and yet love but one.
Can men more injure women then to say
They love them for that, by which they're not they?  
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's not nor wealth: He that ftrayes 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 sacriying Coles
Did not in Altars lay, but pits and holes.
Although we fee 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 soul more worthy, or more fit
For love, then this, as infinite as it.
But in attaining this defired place
How much they erre; that set out at the face?
The hair a Foreft is of Ambushes,
Of springes, fnares, 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 Meridian) runs
Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two suns;
It leaves a Cheek, a rosie Hemisphere

20 them] om. 1661   25 beauty's 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   fpheare] fphear 1669
abound: Ed: abound, 1669   32 in A18, B, D, H49, LeC, N, TC:
on 1669, A25 holes.] holes: 1669
38 infinite] infinit 1669
40 erre 1661-69, S, S96 / stray A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, LeC, N, O'F, P, TC
42 springes, H49 and some MSS.: springs, 1669
our 1661, MSS.: a
47 first Meridian 1661 and MSS.: sweet Meridian 1669.
Elegies.

On either side, and then directs us where
Upon the Islands fortunate we fall,
(Not faynte Canaries, but Ambrofiall)
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 the frighted Hellespont betwene
The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts,
(Not of two Lovers, but two Loves the neast)
Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
Some Island moles may scattered there defcry;
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 wouldst be embay'd,
Thou shalt upon another Forest set,
Where many Shipwrack, and no further get.
When thou art there, consider what this chace
Misspent 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

52-3 (Not ... Ambrofiall) ... lips &c. 1661 and MSS. (not always with
brackets and sometimes with No for Not and Canary): Not ... Ambrofiall.
Unto her swelling lips when we are come, 1669
55 For they seem all: there 1669, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC:
1661, Cy, P
57 There 1661 and MSS.: Then 1669 fwell, Ed: fwell 1669
58 Rhemora 1669
There 1661 and MSS.: Being past the Straits of Hellespont between 1669
62 Loves] loves 1669 63 yet] that D, H49, Lec, and other MSS.
65 Sailing] Sailing 1669
66 Navell] Naval 1669
67 thence
A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, 0'F, S, S96, TC: there 1661–9, N(?): hence
P thy all MSS.: the 1661–9 68 wouldstf A18, A25, B, Cy, H49,
JC, Lec, N, 0'F, P, S, S96, TC: shouldstf 1669 70 many 1669: some
doef A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, P
73 my 1669, A25, B,
Cy, D, H49, N, 0'F, P, S, S96, TCD: thy Chambers: thine A18, TCC

Lovely
Lovely enough to florp, but not flay at:
Left fubject to disguise and change it is;
Men fay the Devil never can change his.
It is the Emblem that hath figured
Firmnefs; 'tis the firft part that comes to bed.

Civilitie we fee refin'd: the kifs
Which at the face began, transplanted is,
Since to the hand, fince to the Imperial knee,
Now at the Papal foot delights to be:
If Kings think that the nearer way, and do
Rife from the foot, Lovers may do fo too;
For as free Spheres move fatter far then can
Birds, whom the air refifts, fo may that man
Which goes this empty and Ætherial way,
Then if at beauties elements he flay.

Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
Two purfes, and their mouths aversely laid:
They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
That way which that Exchequer looks, muft go:
He which doth not, his error is as great,
As who by Clyfter gave the Stomack meat.

ELEGIE XIX.
Going to Bed.

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

Elegie XIX. &c. Ed: in 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, N, O’F, P, S, 896, TCC, TGD, W Appeared in 1669 edition after the Elegies, unnumbered but with the heading To his Miftris 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 encompassing.
Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,
That th'eyes of busie fooles may be ftopt 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 fo nigh.
Your gown going off, such beautious state reveals,
As when from flowry meads th'hills fhadow fteales.
Off with that wyerie Coronet and mew
The haiery Diademe which on you doth grow:
Now off with thofe hoffes, and then fafely tread
In this loves hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In fuch white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be
Receav'd by men; Thou Angel bringft with thee
A heaven like Mahomets Paradife; and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we eafily know,
By this thefe Angels from an evil sprite,
Thofe set our hairs, but thefe our flefh upright.

Licence my roaving hands, and let them go,
Before, behind, between, above, below.
O my America! my new-found-land,
My kingdome, fafelieft when with one man man'd,
My Myne of precious ftones, My Emperie,

5 glittering ] glittering MSS. 8 That I may see my shrine that shines fo 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 fshadow] fhadows 1669 16 Diadem . . . 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
How blest am I in this discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds, is to be free;
Then where my hand is fet, my seal shall be.

Full nakedness! All joys are due to thee,
As souls unboyled, 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;
Themselfes are mystick 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, fhow
Thy self: cast all, yea, this white lynnlen hence,
There is no penance due to innocence.

To teach thee, I am naked firft; why than
What needft thou have more covering then a man.
Till 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 Flandes, who can tell
Whether the Master 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 she relyes upon our Angels well,
Which nere returne; no more then they which fell.
Sick Ireland is with a strange warr possesst
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 head vayne 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 dust and ashes turn’d before my time.
To mew me in a Ship, is to in thrall
Mee in a prifon, that weare like to fall;
Or in a Cloyfter; fave that there men dwell
In a calme heaven, here in a swaggering 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’F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W. In B it has the title Making of Men. The present text is based on all A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, O’F, S, S96, TC, W: moft JC, Chambers 8 They beare most blows which (or that) A18, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, S, S96, TC, W: They must bear blows, which Chambers giddines| guidings Sim: giddinge Wald 11 well,] well W 13 a strange] straying Sim 16 head] dead Sim 19 the A18, B, Cy, D, H49, N, S, S96, TC, W: that Chambers, A25, JC, L74, O’F 24 f swaggering] swaying Chambers
Long voyages are long consumptions,  
And ships are carts for executions.  
Yea they are Deaths; Is’t not all one to fyle  
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 ransome is; take myne for mee.  
Other men war that they their reft may gayne;  
But wee will reft that wee may fight agayne.  
Those wars the ignorant, these th’experienc’d love,  
There wee are always under, here above.  
There Engins Farr off breed a just true feare,  
Neere thrufts, pikes, stabs, 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. Thousands wee see 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 Philænis.

Where is that holy fire, which Verse is said To have? is that enchanting force decai’d? Verse that drawes Natures workes, from Natures law, Thee, her beft worke, to her worke cannot draw. Have my teares quench’d my old Poëtique 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 xaxe, and fires environ it. My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence; And I am rob’d of Picture, Heart, and Sense. Dwells with me still mine irkfome Memory, Which, both to kepe, and lose, grieves equally. That tells me’how faire thou art: Thou art to faire, As, gods, when gods to thee I doe compare, Are grac’d thereby; And to make blinde men see, 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 strait, and faire, As Down, as Stars, Cedars, and Lillies are,

Heroicall Epistle.] In 1633 Sapho to Phialas follows Basse’s Epitaph upon Shakespeare, and precedes The Annuntiation and Passion. In 1635 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, TGD. In A25, JC, and P, l. 31-54 are omitted 2 have? 1650-69: have, 1633-39 3 workes, 1633-39: worke, 1650-69, 0’F 8 maker, 1635-69: maker; 1633 17 thereby; And 1635-69: thereby. And 1633, some copies 22 As Down, 1633-69, A18, N, TC: As dowves P: As downs 0’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, waft, art, and, oh, maift be ever.
Here lovers sweare in their Idolatrie,
   That I am such; but Griefe difcolors me.
And yet I grieve the leffe, leaft Griefe remove
   My beauty, and make me'unworthy of thy love.
Plaies some foft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
   A mutuall feeling which should sweeten it.
His chinne, a thorny hairy unevenesse
   Doth threaten, and some daily change poffe.
Thy body is a naturall Paradise,
   In whose felfe, unmanur’d, all pleasure lies,
Nor needs perfection; why shouldft thou than
   Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
Men leave behinde them that which their sin showes,
   And are as theeeves trac’d, which rob when it snows.
But of our dallyance no more signes there are,
   Then fishes leave in ftreames, 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 fo, as thine from one another doe;
And, oh, no more; the likenesse being such,
   Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
Hand to strange hand, lippe to lippe none denies;
   Why should they breft to breft, or thighs to thighs?
Likeneffe begets such strange felfe flatterie,
   That touching my felfe, all seemes done to thee.
My felfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kiffe,
   And amorously thanke my felfe for this.
Me, in my glaffe, I call thee; But alas,
When I would kisse, teares dimme mine eyes, and gaffe.
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'ft them from me.
EPITHALAMIONS,

OR

MARRIAGE SONGS.

An Epithalamion, Or mariage 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 neglects his life for love,
The household Bird, with the red stomacher,
    Thou mak'ft the black bird speed as soon,
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 warm'dst with multiplying loves
    Two larkes, two sparrows, or two Doves,
    All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two Phœnixes;
    Thou mak'ft a Taper see
What the sunne never saw, and what the Arke


(Which
Epithalamions.

(Which was of foules, and beafts, the cage, and park,) Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee, Two Phœnixes, whose joyned beafts Are unto one another mutuall nests, Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give Yong Phœnixes, and yet the old shall live. Whole 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 leffer 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 Princess 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 fame, So meet thy Fredericke, and so To an unseparable union growe.

Since separation


Falls
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 stais,
To make you one, his way, which divers waies
Must be effected; 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 Bishops knot, or Bishop Valentine.

V.

But oh, what ailes the Sunne, that here he stais,
Longer to day, then other daies?
Staies he new light from these 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 feast, with glutonous delais,
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,
The masquers come too late, and I thinke, will stay,
Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.
Alas, did not Antiquity assigne
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 Ladys, which (as though
They were to take a clock in pieces;) goe
    So nicely about the Bride;

49 disunite, Grolier: disunite. 1633-69 and Chambers
56 Bishops knot, or Bishop Valentine. A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O’F, P (our), S96, TC
Bishops knot, O Bishop Valentine. 1633-54: Bishops knot of Bishop Valentine. 1669: Bishops knot, of Bishop Valentine. Chambers
67 come too late, 1633: come late, 1635-69

917.3

A Bride,
Epithalamions.

A Bride, before a good night could be said,
Should vanish from her clothes, 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 paffes through Spheare after Spheare,
Firft 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 hee 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 juft 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 fuch occasion to be liberall.
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

81 paffes 1633-39: paffeth 1650-69  Spheare, Ed: Spheare, 1633:
Spheare: 1635-69  82 where. 1650-69: where, 1633-39  85 here,
91 stay;] stay, 1633  92 }pare, 1633-54: }pare. 1669  94 acquittances,
1635-69: acquittance, 1633  96 fuch] om. 1669

As
As Satyres watch the Sunnes uprise, will stay
Waiting, when your eyes opened, let out day,
Onely desir’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 tried to morrow after nine,
Till which hour, 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’ft Flora’herselfe doth a freeze jerkin weare?
Whil’ft windes do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leafes, to furnish roddes enough to whip
Thy madneſſe from thee; and all springs by froſt  
Have taken cold, and their sweet murmure loft;  
If thou thy faults or fortunes would'ft lament  
With juſt 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 bref, 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 difgeſt,  
And make our Court an everlaſting Eaft.  
And can'ſt thou be from thence?

Idios. No, I am there.  
As heaven, to men dispos'd, is every where,
Epithalamions.

So are those Courts, whose Princes animate,
Not only 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 only in fulnesse, but capacitie,
Enlarging narrow men, to feele and fee,
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’st thou fantaffique that thou haft a part
In the East-Indian fleet, because thou haft
A little spice, or Amber in thy tastef
Because thou art not frozen, art thou warme?
Seest thou all good because thou feest 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 best civill use, all tintures 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 hee still at home
    That doth, abroad, to honest actions come.
Chide thy selfe then, O foole, which yesterday
    Might'ft 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 truft?
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 earneft lover, wise 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 expresse it, makes a man a grave
Of his owne thoughts; I would not therefore stay
    At a great feast, having no Grace to fay.
And yet I fcape'd not here; for being come
    Full of the common joy, I utter'd fome;
Reade then this nuptiall fong, which was not made
    Either the Court or mens hearts to invade,
But since I am dead, and buried, I could frame
No Epitaph, which might advance my fame
So much as this poor song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

EPITHALAMION.

I.

The time of the Mariage.

Thou art repriv’d old yeare, thou shalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death bed lie,
   And should’st within five days expire,
Yet thou art resuscitated by a mightier fire,
   Then thy old Soul, the Sunne,
When he doth in his largest circle runne.

The passage of the West or East would thaw,
And open wide their easy 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 Muse, which heart, which eyes,
   In this new couple, dost 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 bridegroom is a maid, and not a man.
If by that manly courage they be tryed,
Which scornes unjust opinion; then the bride

EPITHALAMION. D, H49, Lec, O’F, S96: 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.

_Raysing 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’ft the Sunne,
And his red foming horfes doft outrunne,
How, having laid downe in thy Soveraignes brest
All busineses, from thence to reinveft
Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art
To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

III.

_Raysing of the Bride._

But now, to Thee, faire Bride, it is some wrong,
To thinke thou wert in Bed so long,
Since Soone thou lyeft 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, which to all which come to looke upon,  
Art meant for Phœbus, would'ft be Phaëton.  
For our eafe, give thine eyes th'unusual part  
Of joy, a Teare; so quencht, thou maift impart,  
To us that come, thy inflamming eyes, to him, thy loving heart.

V.

Her Apparrelling.

Thus thou descend'ft to our infirmitie,  
Who can the Sun in water see.  
Soe doft thou, when in filke and gold,  
Thou cloudft thy selfe; since wee which doe behold,  
Are duft, and wormes, 'tis just  
Our objects be the fruits of wormes and duft;  
Let every Jewell be a glorious starre,  
Yet starres are not so pure, as their spharees are.  
And though thou ftoope, to'appeare to us in part,  
Still in that Picture thou intirely art,  
Which thy inflamming 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 see  
The rising sun, doe thinke it two,  
Soe, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you,
But that vaile being gone,
By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one.
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 seen, or thought, by Angels eye
or heart.

VII.

The Benediction.

Bleff payre of Swans, Oh may you interbring
Daily new joyes, and never sing,
Live, till all grounds of wishes faile,
Till honor, yea till wifedome grow fo stale,
That, new great heights to trie,
It must serve your ambition, to die;
Rafe 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
With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North, this
heart.

VIII.

Feasts and Revells.

But you are over-blef. 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.

167 more; Ed: more, 1633: more. 1635–69
Or thought 1633 172 fing, 1633: fing: 1635–69 178 you,
1633: give, 1633: give. 1635–69 179
Art. Ed: Art, 1633–69
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 rose.
Though six hours since, the Sunne to bed did part,
The masks and banquets will not yet impart
A sunset to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart.

IX.

The Brides going to bed.

What mean’st thou Bride, this companie to keep?
To sit up, till thou faine wouldst sleep?
Thou maist not, when thou art laid, doe so.
Thy selfe muft to him a new banquet grow,
And you must entertaine And doe all this daies dances o’r againe.
Know that if Sun and Moone together doe
Rise in one point, they doe not set so too;
Therefore thou maist, faire Bride, to bed depart,
Thou art not gone, being gone; where e’r thou art,
Thou leav’st 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.

194 wouldst] would 1669 200 too; Ed: too. 1635–69: to. 1633
202 being gone; Ed: being gone, 1633–39: being gone 1650–69 207
fuch. 1635–69: fuch, 1633

And
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 seen;
Therefore at first shee 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, lafting, 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 fuel, but fire too.
This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves strong Arts
Make of so noble individuall 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 Sr. This paper I have justly got,
For, in burnt incense, the perfume is not
His only that presents it, but of all;
What ever celebrates this Festivall

211 seeene; Ed: seene. 1633-69 214 eye] hand 1650-69 215
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 sadnesse, 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 praife
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.
And you frolique Patricians,
Sons 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.
Loe, in yon path which store of straw'd flowers graceth,
   The sober virgin paceth;
   Except my sight faile, 'tis no other thing;
Weep not nor blush, here is no griefe nor shame,
To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold,
And these two in thy sacred bofome hold,
   Till, mysteriously 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 claims, and all cold barrenness,
All yeelding to new loves bee far for ever,
   Which might these two differ,
   All ways all th'other may each one posseffe;
For, the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To day puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Oh winter dayes bring much delight,
Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night;
   Other sweets wait thee then these diverse 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 26 Sonns of... deep oceans, Ed:
Epithalamions.

Hee 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 half frame,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

The amorous evening starre is rose,
Why then should not our amorous starre inclofe
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 wearinesse as perfection brings;
You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beasts
Rest duly; at night all their toyles are dispensed;
But in their beds commenced
Are other labours, and more dainty feast's;
She goes a maid, who, leaft she turne the same,
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 dispow'de
Thee of these chaines and robes which were put on
T'adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
Like vertue'and truth, art best in nakednesse;
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.

55 still. W: still, 1633-69 57 will W: will 1633-69 and rest of MSS.: B inserts not. See note 59 runne the worlds halfe frame, A34, B, S96, W: runne the Heavens halfe frame, 1635-69, O'F: come the worlds half frame, 1633, A18, N, TC 60 put] but 1633 72 puts] put 1669 73 Thy virgins girdle 1633-69, W: The Virgin Girdle B, O'F, S96: Thy Virgin girdle P 74 [loves alter] 1633-69 76 were] wee some copies of 1633, Grolier 78 art] are 1669

Even
Epithalamions.

Even like a faithful man content,
That this life for a better should be spent,

So, she a mother's rich store doth preferre,
And at the Bridegroom's wish'd approach doth lye,
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
The priest comes on his knees t'embowell her;

Now sleep or watch with more joy; and O light
Of heaven, to morrow rise thou hot, and early;
This Sun will love so dearely

Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight;
Wonders are wrought, for she which had no maime,

To night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

86 spent, Ed: spent; 1633: spent: 1635-69
95 maime, 1633, W:
name, 1635-69, A18, A34, B, N, P, S96, TC
SATYRES.

Satyre I.

Away thou fondling motley humorift,
Leave mee, and in this standing woodden cheft,
Consorted with these few bookes, let me lye
In prison, and here be coffin’d, when I dye;
Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines; and here
Natures Secretary, the Philosopher;
And jolly Statesmen, which teach how to tie
The finewes of a cities mystique bodie;
Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddie fantastique Poets of each land.

Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong, wild uncertaine thee?
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 piert Courtier
deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer.

Satyre I. 1633–69, D, H49, JC, Lec, P, Q, S, W: Satyre the Second. or
Satyre 2. A25, B, O’F: Satyre, or A Satyre of Mr. John Donnes. Cy, L74,
S96: no title (but placed first), H51, N, TCD 1 fondling 1633, L74, Lec,
N, S, TCD: changeling 1635–69, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O’F, P, Q,
S96, W 5 conduits, … Divines; 1650–69, Q: conduits ; … Divines,
1633–39 6 Is Natures Secretary, 1669, S96 Philosopher; Ed:
Philosopher. 1633–39: Philosopher: 1659–69 7 jolly 1633, A25,
B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, N, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: wily 1635–69, O’F:
with P 12 headlong, wild uncertaine thee? 1633: om. comma 1635–69
and Grolier 13 love in earnest 1633, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74,
Lec, N, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: love, here, in earnest 1635–69, O’F 16
doist meet, | doe meet. H51, Q, W 19 Not 1633–69, A25, Lec, P, Q: Nor
Cy, D, H49, L74, N, O’F, S, S96, TCD, W piert | neat Q

917.3 L

Nor
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 sonne and heire!
For better or worse take mee, or leave mee:
To take, and leave mee is adultery.
Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,
That when thou meet't one, with enquiring eyes
Doft search, and like a needy broker prize
The filke, and gold he weares, and to that rate
So high or low, doft raise thy formall hat:
That wilt confort none, untill thou have knowne
What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne,
As though all thy companions should make thee
Jointures, and marry thy deare company.
Why should'ft thou (that doft not onely approve,
But in ranke itchie luft, desire, and love
The nakedneffe and barenesse to enjoy,
Of thy plumpe muddy whore, or prostitute boy)
Hate vertue, though hee be naked, and bare?
At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
And till our Soules be unapparrelled
Of bodies, they from bliffe are banished.
Mans first blest state was naked, when by finne
Hee loft that, yet hee was cloath'd but in beasts 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 finnes, 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 hose,  
Name her childs right true father, 'mongst all thofe:  
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 suits next yeare  
Our subtile-witted antique youths will weare;  
Then thou, when thou depart'ft from mee, canst shew  
Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldft 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
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 prentises, or schoole-boyes which doe know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe.
And as fidlers stopp lowest, at highest found,
So to the most brave, stoops hee nigh'ft 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, & cryes, 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 lost sheep stay;
He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, him whom I last left, all repute
For his device, in hansoming a fute,
To judge of lace, pinke, panes, print, cut, and plight,
Of all the Court, to have the best conceit;
Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe;

But
But Oh, God strengthen thee, why stoop'ft thou so?  
Why? he hath travayld; 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.

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

All this towne perfectly yet in every state  
In all ill things so excellently best.  
There are some found so villainously best, H51  
All this towne perfectly yet everie state  
Hath in't one found so villainously best S96  
4 toward] towards 1669 and MSS. them,] that A25  
1653-54 ref. ref; 1633  

Though
Satyres.

Though Poerty indeed be such a finne
As I thinke 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 state
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 saves his life) gives ideot actors meanes
(Starving himselfe) to live by his labor’d fceanes;
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 flings now are feely battery,
Piltolets 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 still
That excuse for writing, and for writing ill;
But hee is worst, 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, the excrement is his owne:


But
Satyres.

But these do mee no harme, nor they which use
To out-doe Dildoes, and out-ufure Jewes;
To out-drinke the sea, to out-fweare the Letanie;
Who with finnes all kindes as familiars bee
As Confeffors; and for whose finfull fake,
Schoolemen new tenements in hell must make:
Whose strange finnes, Canonifts 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 Poët; jollier of this state,
Then are new benefic’d ministers, he throwes
Like nets, or lime-twigs, wherefoever he goes,
His title of Barrifter, 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 suit, that hee should not
Proceed; spare mee; In Hillary terme I went,
You said, If I return’d next fize in Lent,

32 To out-doe Dildoes, 1635—69, B, H51, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, TCD: To
out-doe ______; 1633: To out-fwive dildoes Cy, D, H49, HN, O’F, S,
S96, W 33 Letanie; Ed: Letanie, 1669 and all MSS.: ______
1633: simply omit, 1635—39: gallant, he 1650—54. See note 34 finnes
all kindes 1635—69,A25, B, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, 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 just 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 as alas of late 1633: which, ( alas) of late 1635—69 44 a scarce
A25, H49, H51, HN, JC (altered in margin), L74, Q, S96, TCD, W: scarce
a 1633—69, D, Lec, P Poët; 1635—69: Poët, 1633 this 1633—69: that
A25, Cy, H51, Q: his 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’d[ ] Returne 1633
next fize 1633—69, L74, Lec, N, O’F, TCD: this fize rest of MSS.
I should
I should be in remitter of your grace; 55
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 Sclavonians scolding, more
Then when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore.
When sicke with Poëtrie, and posleft with mufe
Thou waft, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
Law practife for meere gaine, bold soule, repute
Worfe then imbrothel'd ftrumpets prostitute.
Now like an owlelike watchman, hee muft walke
His hand still at a bill, now he muft talke
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will fware
That onely suretiship hath brought them there,
And to every fuitor lye in every thing,
Like a Kings favourite, yea like a King;
Like a wedge in a blocke, wring to the barre,
Bearing-like Asses; and more shameleffe farre
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 thefe he thrives.
Shortly (as the sea) hee will compaffe all our land;
From Scots, to Wight; from Mount, to Dover ftrand.
And spying heires melting with luxurie,
Satan will not joy at their finnes, as hee.

58 soft maids eare, Ed: soft maids eare. 1633-54 and MSS.: Maids
soft ear 1669 59 scolding] scolding's 1669 60 rore.] rore; 1633
63 gaine, bold foule, repute Ed: gaine; bold foule repute 1633-69, B, Cy,
D, H49, H51, HN, L74, P, W: gayne (bold foule) repute: Q: gain, bold
fouls repute 1719, and Chambers: gayne, hold foule repute A25, N, S, TCD,
and Lowell's conjecture in Grolier. See note 68 That] The Chambers
69-70 These lines represented by dashes, 1633
70 yea A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: or 1635-69
71 Bearing-like Asses; Ed: Bearing like Asses, 1633-69 and MSS.
73 whores, 1633-69: whores; Chambers and Grolier. See note 74-5
These lines represented by dashes, 1633
77 our land;] our land, A25, B,
Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD, W: the land;
1633-69, Q 79 luxurie, 1633-69, A25, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F (corr.
80 will] would A25, Q

For
For as a thrifty wench scapes kitching-stuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe,
Of wafting candles, which in thirty yeare
(Relique-like kept) perchance buyes 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 leffe.
These hee writes not; nor for these written payes,
Therefore spares no length; as in those first dayes
When Luther was profest, He did desire
Short Pater nafters, saying as a Fryer
Each day his beads, but having left those lawes,
Addes to Christs prayer, the Power and glory clauze.
But when he sells or changes land, he'impaires
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, ses heires,
As flily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or senfe; or in Divinity
As controverters,in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might againft them cleare the doubt.
Where are those fpred woods which clothed hertofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore.
Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes? In great hals
Carthufian fafts, and fulsome Bachanalls
Equally I hate; meanes bleffe; in rich mens homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs,
None starve, none surfet fo; 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 fwell my eye-lids;
I muft not laugh, nor weep finnes, and be wife,
Can railing then cure these worene maladies?
Is not our Mistrefle faire Religion,
As worthy of all our Soules devotion,
As vertue was to the firft 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 furpafe
Us in the end, and shall thy fathers spirit
Meete blinde Philosophers in heaven, whose merit
Of ftrict life may be imputed faith, and heare
Thee, whom hee taught fo eafie wayes and neare


To
To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'ft, feare this; 15
This feare great courage, and high valour is.
Dar'ft thou ayd mutinous Dutch, and dar'ft thou lay
Thee in ships woolden Sepulchers, a prey
To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth?
Dar'ft thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
Haft thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North discoueries? and thrieve
Colder then Salamanders, like divine
Children in th'oven, fires of Spaine, and the line,
Whose countries limbecks to our bodies bee,
Canst thou for gaine beare? and muft every hee
Which cryes not, GoddeiTe, to thy MiftrefTe, draw,
Or eate thy poyfonous words? courage of straw!
O desperate coward, wilt thou feeme bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
Sentinell in his worlds garrifon) thus yeeld,
And for forbidden warres, leave th'appointed field?
Know thy foes: The foule Devill (whom thou
Striveft to pleafe,) for hate, not love, would allow
Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit; and as
The worlds all parts wither away and passe,

15 this; 1633 16 is. 1633 17 Dutch, and dar'ft 1633-69, L74,
Lec, N, P, TCD: Dutch? dar'ft A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JCD, O'F, Q, S, W
1633–69 28 words?} words, 1633 31 Sentinell 1633–69, L74,
Lec, N, P, TCD: Souldier A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JCD, Q, S, W his
1633–54: this 1669, A25, H51, P, Q 32 forbidden 1633 and most
MSS. forbid 1635–69, H51
33–4 Know thy foes; the foule Devell whom thou
Striveft to pleafe &c.
H51, Q and generally (but with varying punctuation and sometimes foe), A25,
B, Cy, D, H49, JCD, O'F, P, W:
Know thy foe, the foule devill h'is, whom thou
Striveft to pleafe: for hate, not love, would allow
1633, L74 (is), Lec, N (his), S (is), TCD (his):
Know thy foes: The foule devill, he, whom thou
Striveft to pleafe, for hate, not love, would allow
1635–69 (he, . . . pleafe, bracketed, 1669)
35 quit 1633–69, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD: ridd A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51,
JCD, O'F, Q, W

So
So the worlds felse, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wayne, and thou loving this,
Dost love a withered and worn ftrumpet; last,
Flesh (it selfes death) and joyes which flesh can tase,
Thou lovest; and thy faire goodly soule, which doth
Give this flesh power to tase joy, thou doft 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 shee was there a thousand yeares agoe,
He loves her raggis fo, as wee here obey
The statecloth where the Prince fate yesterday.
Crantz to such brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her onely, 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 course country drudges.
Graisus stayes still at home here, and because
Some Preachers, vile ambitious bauds, and lawes
Still new like fashions, bid him thinke that shee
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 Phrygias 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 so
As women do in divers countries goe
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; ask thy father which is thee,  
Let him aske his; though truth and falsehood bee  
Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is;  
Be busie to seeke her, believe mee this,  
Hee’s not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best.  

To adore, or fororne 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 steep, 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, dazzling, yet plaine to all eyes.  
Keep the truth which thou haft found; men do not stand  
In so ill case here, that God hath with his hand  
Sign’d Kings blanck-charters to kill whom they hate,  
Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.

67 kinde, Ed: kinde; 1633-69 70 must . . . but in reverse order Q  
73 is; 1633: is; 1635-69 74 her, 1633: her; 1635-69 77 wisely;  
Ed: wisely, 1633-69 78 stray; 1633-69, Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O’F, S,  
TCD, W: slaye; A25, B, H49, H51, JC, P, Q 79 is. On] is: on 1633  
huge] high B, Cy, D, H51, O’F, Q, W 80 Cragged, 1669, L74, N, P,  
TCD: Cragg’d, 1633-54, Lec: Ragged A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O’F, S, W:  
Ruggued H51, Q 81 about must goe; 1633-54, O’F: about it goe;  
1669: about goe A25, Cy, D, H49, H51, L74, N, P, Q, W 84 Soule  
1633-69, L74, N, P, TCD: minde rest of MSS. that night. Ed: that night, 1633, 1669: the night. 1635-54 85 doe: Ed: doe 1633,  
Chambers and Grolier: doe. 1635-69, D, W. See note 86 too H51,  
S, W: spelt to 1633-69, many MSS.: to (prep.) Chambers 88 eyes.  
] eyes; 1633 90 In so ill (evil H51) case here, A25, B, Cy, D, H49,  
H51, JC, L74, O’F, P, Q, S, W: here om. 1633-69, N, TCD  

Foole
Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soule be tyed
To mans lawes, by which she shall not be tryed
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; 100
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 105
To the streames tyrannous rage, alas are driven
Through mills, and rockes, and woods, and at last, almost
Confum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
So perish Soules, which more chuse mens unjuft
Power from God claym'd, then God himfelfe to truft.

Satyre IIII.

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

94 mans 1633-69, A25, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD: mens B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, S, W not om. 1635-54 95 Oh, will it then boot thee Ed: Will... boot thee 1633, L74, N, P, TCD: Or... boot thee 1635-69: Oh will it then serve thee A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, O'F(Or), Q, S, W 97 thee] me 1669 99 strong? Ed: strong 1633: strong; 1635-69 101 is] are 1669 chang'd; ] chang'd 1633 to be Ed: to be, 1633-69 102 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: Mils, rocks, 1635-69, and rest of MSS.

My minde, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been 5 Poyson'd with love to see, or to bee seene, I had no suit there, nor new suite 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 curse; Before he scapt, So't pleas'd my destinie (Guilty of my sin 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, then on Niles slime, the Sunne E'rbred; or all which into Noahs Arke came; A thing, which would have pos'd Adam to name; Stranger then seaven Antiquaries studies, Then Africks Monsters, Guianaes rarities. Stranger then strangers; One, who for a Dane, In the Danes Maffacre had ffure beene flaine, If he had liv'd then; And without helpe dies, When next the Prentifes' gainst Strangers rife. One, whom the watch at noone lets scarce goe by, One, to whom, the examining Justice ffure would cry, Sir, by your priesthood tell me what you are. His cloths were strange, though coarfe; and black, though bare;

Sleeveleffe his jerkin was, and it had beene
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seene)
Become Tufftaffatie; and our children shal
See it plaine Rafhe awhile, then nought at all.
This thing hath travail'd, and faith, 'peakes all tongues
And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
Made of th'Accents, and beft phrase of all these,
He 'peakes no language; If strange meats displeafe,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taft,
But Pedants motley tongue, fouldiers bumbaft,
Mountebankes drugtongue, nor the termes 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 feake treafon, cofen fubtleft 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 wrathes furious rod,
This fellow chufeth me? He faith, Sir,
I love your judgement; Whom doe you prefer,
For the beft linguift? And I feelily
Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie;
Nay, but of men, moft fweet Sir; Beza then,
Some other Jesuites, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies, I named; There
He ftoppt mee, and faid; Nay, your Apostles were

32 ground] the ground HN 35 This 1633: The 1635-69 faith,
1633-54, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN (layeth), JC, L74, Lec, O'F, P, Q, S (faith he), TCD, W: faith, 1669, Chambers and Grolier, without note 36 be-
longs.] 1633 37 th'Accents,] the antient, HN: the ancients,
(prob. for ancientest, but corrected to accents,) L74 38 no language;
A25, Q: one language; 1633-69, and MSS. generally 43 beare
hear 1669 this: Q: this, 1633-69 44 With his tongue, 1669, Q:
With his tongue: 1633-54 47 or] and Cy, D, H49 HN, JC, O'F, Q, W
48 Surius,] Sleydon 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 poor gentleman, all these may passe  
By travaile. Then, as if he would have sold  
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 Babell's bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.  
He adds, If of court life you knew the good,  
You would leave loneliness. I said, not alone  
My loneliness is, but Spantanes fashion,  
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last  
Now; Aretines pictures have made fewchaft;  
No more can Princes courts, though there be few  
Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue;  
He, like to a high stretcht lute string squeakt, O Sir,  
'Tis sweet to talke of Kings. At Westminster,  
Said I, The man that keepe's 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 base, Mechanique, coarse,  
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.  
Are not your Frenchmen neate? Mine? as you see,  
I have but one Frenchman, looke, hee follows mee.

59 Good pretty 1633-69: Pretty good Cy, O'F, Q, S, S96  
Panurge 1635-54: Panirge 1633: Panurgus 1669 (omitting and), JC, O'F, Q  
gentleman, all Ed: gentleman; All 1633-69 60-1 passe By travaile.  
1633-54: pafs. But travaile 1669 62 prais'd Ed: praised 1633-69  
wonders 1635-69 and most MSS.: words 1633, Lec, N, TCD  
67 loneliness. 1635-69, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, W:  
loneliness; 1633, L74, Lec, N, TCD 68 loneliness 1635-69, A25, &e.:  
loneliness 1633, L74, &e. 1635-69: fashion. 1635-69 69 last 1633,1669,  
D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD, W: tafte 1635-54, O'F, Q (taft), S,  
80 Kingstreet.1633: Kingsstreet. 1635-39: Kingsstreet. 1650-69  
83 Mine?1635-54 and MSS.: Fine, 1633: Mine, 1669 84 Frenchman,  
Ed: frenchman, 1633 and most MSS.: Sir, 1635-69, Q: here, Cy  
917-3 M  
Certes
Satyres.

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,
A Sembriefe, ’twixt each drop,
As loth to enrich mee, so tells many a lye.
More then ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes,
Of triviall houshold trash he knowes; He knowes
When the Queene frown’d, or smil’d, and he knowes what
A subtle States-man may gather of that;
He knowes who loves; whom; and who by poyson
Hafts to an Offices reversion;
He knowes who’thath fold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, bootes, shooes, and eggeshels to transport; Shortly boyes shall not play
At blow-point, or blow-point, but they pay
Toll to some Courtier; And wiser then all us,
He knowes what Ladie is not painted; Thus

He with home-meats tries me; I belch, spue, spit, 
Looke pale, and sickly, like a Patient; Yet
He thrufTs 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 loffe of Amyens. 
Like a bigge wife, at fight 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 spie, whom nothing can 
Discredit, Libells now'gainft 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 beafts, felt my felfe then 
Becoming 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 fhew
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 crose; But the'houre
Of mercy now was come; He tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to scarce 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 Ransome; But as fiddlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jigge upon you: so did hee
With his long complementall thankes vex 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 fee
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 solitarinesse
My precious soule began, the wretchednesse
Of suiters at court to mourne, 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 accuser; Then,
Shall I, nones slave, of high borne, or rai'd men
Feare frownes? And, my Mistreffe Truth, betray thee
To th'huffing braggart, puft Nobility?
No, no, Thou which since yesterda haft beene,
Almoft about the whole world, haft thou seene,
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
Taft have in them, ours are; And naturall
Some of the stocks are, their fruits, bastard all.
'Tis ten a clock and past; All whom the Muses,
Baloune, Tennis, Dyet, or the stewes,
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 states; 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 praife, as they thinke, well,
Their beauties; they the mens wits; Both are bought. Why good wits ne’r 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 fhooe, himselfe at doore refine, As if the Prefence were a Mofchite, and lift His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift, Making them confess not only mortall Great flaines and holes in them; but veniall Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate: And then by Durers rules furvay the flate Of his each limbe, and with strings the odds trye Of his neck to his legge, and waft to thigh; 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 protestts protestts protestts, So much as at Rome would serve to have throwne Ten Cardinalls into the Inquisition; And whisperd by Jesu, fo often, that A Purfevant would have ravish’d him away


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 carelessnesse, good fashion;
Whose cloak his spurres teare; whom he spits on
He cares not, His ill words doe no harme
To him; he rusheth in, as if arme, arme,
He meant to cry; And though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to looke worse, he keepes all in awe;
Jeafts like a licenc'd foole, 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 feaven deadly finnes?). Being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing Croffe for a barre, men that doe know
No token of worth, but Queenes 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 shal bee

[Note: The text is filled with abbreviations and other notations that are not directly transcribed here.]

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

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 understood
May make good Courtiers, but who Courtiers good?)
Frees from the sting of jests 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 jest? If all things be in all,
As I think, since all, which were, are, and shall
Bee, be made of the same elements:
Each thing, each thing implies or represents.
Then man is a world; in which, Officers
Are the vaft ravishing seas; and Suiters,
Springs; now full, now shallow, now drye; which, to
That which drownes them, run: These selfe reasons do
Prove the world a man, in which, officers
Are the devouring stomacke, and Suiters
The excrements, which they voyd. All men are duft;
How much worse are Suiters, who to mens luft

241 the 1633-69: their A25, B, Cy, D, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, W: these L74, N, TCD [Although] though 1633 and MSS. 242 the knowne merit
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)
Officers, 1633-69 14 ravishing 1633-69: ravenous Q: ravening P, S 19 voyd. All 1669: voyd; all 1633-54 duft; W: duft, 1633-69 Are
Satyres.

Are made preyes? O worse then dust, or wormes meat,
For they do eate you now, whose selves wormes shall eate.
They are the mills which grind you, yet you are
The winde which drives them; and a waistfull warre
Is fought against you, and you fight it; they
Adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way
Like wittals; th'issue your owne ruine is.
Greatest and fairest Empresse, know you this?
Alas, no more then Thames calme head doth know
Whose meades her armes drowne, or whose corne o’rflow:
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 rusty 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, gamsters, anon
The mony which you sweat, and sweare 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 refiht letter, or fee,
Where wilt thou appeale? powre of the Courts below
Flow from the first maine head, and these can throw

21 preyes: 1669: preyes. 1633-54 26 their 1633, D, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD, W: the 1635-69, O’F, P, Q 27 wittals; W: wittals, 1633-69 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 deerner farre; allow
All demands, fees, and duties; gamsters, anon 1633, D, JC (All claym’d fees), Lec, 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 deerner) 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 deerner far, allow
All claim’d fees and duties, Gamesters, anon 1669 46 Flow] Flows O’F, Chambers. See note

Thee,
Thee, if they sucke thee in, to misery, 
To fetters, halters; But if the injury 
Steele thee to dare complaine, Alas, thou go'ft 
Against the stream, when upwards: when thou art most 
Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they, 
'Gainst whom thou should'ft 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 be forc'd to them to goe, 
By means of Angels; When supplications 
We send to God, to Dominations, 
Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if wee 
Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would be 
Scarce to Kings; so 'tis. Would it not anger 
A Stoicke, a coward, yea a Martyr, 
To see a Pursivant come in, and call 
All his cloathes, Copes; Bookes, Primers; and all 
His Plate, Challices; and mistake them away, 
And aske a fee for comming? Oh, ne'r may 
Faire lawes white reverend name be S' trumpetet, 
To warrant thefts: she is eftablished 
Recorder to Deftiny, on earth, and shee 
Speakes Fates words, and but tells us who must bee 
Rich, who poore, who in chaires, who in jayles: 
Shee is all faire, but yet hath foule long nailes,
With which he scrauncheth Suiters; In bodies
Of men,fo in law,nailes are th'extremities,
So Officers stretche 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?

Foole,twice,thrice, thou haft bought wrong, and now hungerly
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 haft paper
Enough to cloath all the great Carricks Pepper.

Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese,
Then Haman, when he sold his Antiquities.

O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize
 Efops fables, and make tales, prophesies.
Thou'art the swimming dog whom shadows cozened,
And div'ft, neare drowning, for what's vanished.

76 men,] men; 1633 th'extremities, A25, B, D, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F,
P, Q, S, TCD, W: extremities, 1633: extremities. 1635-69 78 comes to.]
can come to. Q 80 which erft men bar'd 1635-69, B, O'F, Q, S, W:
which men bared 1633, D, Lec, N, TCD: which men erft bar'd A25, L74, P
85 great] om. Q Carricks 1633-35: Charricks 1639-69 87 Haman,
1633: Hammon, 1635-69, P: MSS. generally vary between Haman and
Hammond when 1633,1669, D, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD: if 1635-54, A25,
B, JC, O'F, Q, S 90 Thou'art Ed: Thou art 1633-69 cozened,]
coz ethneth, 1669 91 And 1633: Which 1635-69: Whoe Q div'fl,
1633-54, N, P, S, TCD: div'fl 1669: div'fl D, L74, Lec (altered from
div'fl), W: div'd A25, B, JC, O'F, S (Grosart), Q what's vanished. N:
what vanished. 1633-54 and rest of MSS.: what vanisheth. 1669

Vpon
Vpon Mr. Thomas Coryats Crudities.

Oh to what height will love of greatnesse drive
Thy leavened spirit, Sesqui-superlative?
Venice vaft lake thou hadft seen, and would seek than
Some vaster thing, and found’ft a Curtizan.
That inland Sea having discovered well,
A Cellar gulfe, where one might faile to hell
From Heydelberg, thou long’dst to see: And thou
This Booke, greater then all, produceft now.
Infinite worke, which doth fo 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 halfe wouldft never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?
Not till thou exceed the world? Canft thou be like
A prosperous nofe-borne wenne, which sometimes growes
To be farre greater then the Mother-nose?
Goe then; and as to thee, when thou didft go,
Munfter 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’ft back,
Talke of Will. Conquerour, and Prefter Jack.
Go bashfull man, left here thou blush to looke
Vpon the progresse of thy glorious booke,
To which both Indies sacrifices send;
The Weft sent gold, which thou didft freely spend,

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. edd.
7 long’dst 1611: long’dst
1649-69 19 sometimes] sometime 1611 24 Gazettier.1611:
Garretteir 1649-69 28 booke,] booke. 1611

(Meaning
Satyres.

(Meaning to see't no more) upon the press.
The East sends hither her deliciousness;
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from thence,
The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoop
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 stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home-manufactures, to thick popular Faires,
If omni-praegnant 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 Pandeceft 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 peeces; 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-pirats hope to finde thee lye
All in one bottome, in one Librarie.
Some Leaves may paste strings 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 peece 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, Disticha fairont,
Tot cuerdos States-men, hic livre fara tuus.
Es sat a my l’honneur estre hic inteso; Car I leave
L’honra, de personne nestre creduto, tibi.

Explicit Joannes Donne.

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*I meane from one page which shall paste strings in a booke.1

1 I meane &c. side-note in 1611
In eundem &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 SEVERAL 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 worfe 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 forraine 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 refiſtance, that it selfe it threw
Downward againe; and fo when it did view
How in the port, our fleet deare time did leefe,
Withering like prisoners, which lye but for fees,
Mildly it kift our failes, and, frefh and sweet,
As to a stomack ferv'd, whose insides meete,
Meate comes, it came; and fwole our failes, when wee
So joyd, as Sara'her swelling joy'd to see.


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 against 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 afail;  
And what at first was call'd a guff, the fame  
Hath now a stormes, anon a tempefts name.

**Iona**, I pitty thee, and curse those men,  
Who when the storm rag'd moft, did wake thee then;  
Sleepe is paines 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, West, Day, Night, and I could onely say,  
If 'the world had lafted, now it had beene day.

Thousands our noyfes 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 must dye;  
And as sin-burd'ned soules from graves will creepe,  
At the last day, some forth their cabbins peepe:

And tremblingly'aske what newes, and doe heare so,  
Like jealous husbands, what they would not know.  

not; Ed: not, 1633–69 38 I, and the Sunne, 1633–69 and most MSS.:  
yea, and the Sunne, Q 39 Day, Night, D,W: day, night, 1633–69  
could onely say 1633–69: could but say Cy, HN, JC, L74, Q, N, S, TCD, W:  
could then but say O'F: could say H49, Lec: should say D 40 lafted,  
now 1633, 1669: lafted, yet 1635–54: Lafted yet, O'F 42 his] this 1669  
44 before.] before; 1633 46 dye; Ed: dye. 1633–69 47 graves 1669,  
A25, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCD, W: grave 1633–54, Cy  
49 tremblingly 1633, A25, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W: trembling  
1635–69, Cy, JC,O'F, P, S 50 Like 1633, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec,  
N, TCD, W: As 1635–69

Some
Some sitting on the hatches, would feeme there,
With hideous gazing to feare away feare.
Then note they the ships sicknesse, the Maft
Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Waft
With a falt dropfie clog'd, and all our tacklings
Snapping, like too-high-fretched treble ftrings.
And from our totterd failes, 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 loofe, and fcape away from thence.
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine?
Seas into feas throwne, we fuck in againe;
Hearing hath deaf'd our faylers; and if they
Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to fay.
Compar'd to thefe ftormes, death is but a qualme,
Hell somewhat lightsome, and the' Bermuda calme.
Darkneffe, lights elder brother, his birth-right
Claims o'r this world, and to heaven hath chas'd light.
All things are one, and that one none can be,
Since all formes, uniforme deformity
Doth cover, fo that wee, except God fay
Another Fiat, shall have no more day.
So violent, yet long thefe furies bee,
That though thine absence fterve me,'I wish not thee.
THE CALME.

Our storme is past, and that storms tyrannous rage,
A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth fwage.
The fable is inverted, and farre more
A blocke afflicts, now, then a stroke before.
Stormes chafe, and foone weare out themselves, or us;
In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As stead'y as I can wish, that my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy mistrefse glaffe, 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 stormes, 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 feamens raggesupply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanthornes; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to day and yetterday.
Earths hollownesses, which the worlds lungs are,
Have no more winde then the upper vallt of aire.
We can nor loft friends, nor fought foes recover,
But meteorlike, fave that wee move not, hover.
Onely the Calenture together drawes
Deare friends, which meet dead in great fishes jawes:
And on the hatches as on Altars lyes
Each one, his owne Priest, and owne Sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiply

9 the Isles 1633–69: these Isles D, H49, Lec, Chambers (no note): those
Iles B, Cy, HN, JC, L74, N, P, Q, TCD: 11 out: 1635–69: out 1633
14 ended: ending 1669 15 ragges: rage 1669 17 No: Now 1669
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 parboyl’d wretches, on the coales to burne.
Like Bajazet encag’d, the shepheards scoufe,
Or like flacke finew’d Sampson, his haire off,
Languish our ships. Now, as a Miriade
Of Ants, durft th’Emperours lov’d snake invade,
The crawling Gallies, Sea-goales, finny chips,
Whether a rotten state, and hope of gaine,
Or to disuse mee from the queasie paine
Of being belov’d, and loving, or the thirst
Of honour, or faire death, out puftht mee firft,
I lose 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

37 Sea-goales, (or gayles &c.) 1633, 1669, Cy, D, H49, HN, L74, Lee, N, P, S, TCD: Sea-gulls, 1635–54, O’F; Chambers: Sea-fayles
B, JC 38 our Pinnaces, now 1635–54, B, O’F: our venices, now 1633,
A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lee, N, P, Q, S, TCD: with Vincie’s, our 1669
40 Or] Or, 1633–69 44 and a coward 1633, MSS.: and coward 1635–69: a coward P, S 45 and all] and each B, Q, S 48 forget
1633–54, D, H49, Lee, P, S: forgot 1669, A25, HN, JC, L74, N, Q, TCD
50 poles] pole JC, Q 52–3 he was? he was Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit; 1633, N, P, S, TCD (but MSS. have no stop after Nothing): he was, he was? Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit; 1635–54: he was, he was? Nothing for us, we are for nothing fit; 1669, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lee, O’F, Q; but the MSS. have not all got a mark of interrogation or other stop after second he was. See note

N 2 Nothing;
To S' Henry Wotton.

Sir, more then kifles, letters mingle Soules;
For, thus friends abfent fpeake. This eafe controules
The tediousneffe of my life: But for thefe
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, Townes are Rockes, or Remoraes;
They breake or ftop all ships, yet our ftate's fuch,
That though then pitch they ftaine worfe, wee muft 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 canft thou winne
Parch'd in the Court, and in the country frozen?
Shall cities, built of both extremes, be choften?
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 denizen’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 sponges, which to pour out, receive,
Who know false play, rather then lose, deceive.
For in best understandings, sinne beganne,
Angels finn’d 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, Lee, 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

Onely
Onely perchance beasts finne not; wretched wee
Are beasts in all, but white integritie.
I thinke if men, which in these places live
Durst looke for themselves, and themselves retrive,
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 snail, which every where doth rome,
Carrying his owne house still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easie pac’d) this snail,
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 leade without a line: but as
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they passe,
Nor making found; 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 dramme of Countries dulnesse; do not adde
Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad.
But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather doe
Say o’er those lessons, which I learn’d of you:
Whom, free from German schisme, and lightnesse
Of France, and faire Italies faithlesnesse,
Having from these suck’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:  

44 for themselves, A18,A25,B,D,H49,HC,Lec,N,S,S96,TC,W: in themselves, 1633–69: into themselves, themselves retrace, Cy,O’F; P
45 than] then 1633 45–6 than...Italian.] that...Italianate. Cy,P
47 Be thou 1633, Lec: Be then 1635–69 and MSS. 50 home, Ed: home.
1633: home: 1635–69 52 gaile. 1635–69: goale; 1633 57 to
D,W: fo, 1633–69 58–9 breathe,[] breath, 1633 or no. Onely in this one thing, be no Galenist: Ed: or no: Onely...Galenist. 1633, A18,B,D,
1633,A18,B,D,H49,HC,Lec,N,TC,W: or no: Onely 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 Sr Henry Goodyere.

Who makes the Paft, a patterne for next yeare,
Turnes no new leafe, but still the same things reads,
Seene things, he sees againe, heard things doth heare,
And makes his life, but like a paire 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 so; 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 gueft, 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 womans milke, and pappe unto the end.

Provide you manlyer dyet; you have feene
All libraries, which are Schools, Camps, and Courts;
But aske your Garners if you have not beene
In harvefts, too indulgent to your fports.

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

Letters to Severall Personages.

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 prescrire in us, are smoake.

Our foule, whose country’s is heaven, and God her father,
   Into this world, corruptions finke, 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, ’sham’d, to make your hawks praiue,
yours,
Which when herselfe she lessens in the aire,
   You then first say, that high enough she toures.

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

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

But thus I make you keepe your promise 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.

27 Goe; A18, B, TC: Goe, 1633-69   Hence; A18, TC: hence;
1633: hence 1635-54: Hence. 1669   28 in us, 1633, A18, A25, C,
C5, D, H49, Lec, N, TC: to us, 1635-69, B, O’F 34 you,’sham’d, Ed:
you’asham’d, 1633-69: you asham’d Chambers and Grolier. See note
37 However, 1633-39: However 1650-69: Howsoever. A18, B, D, N, O’F,
TC 38 as [om. 1639-69] 42 froward.] froward; 1633 44
Tables 1633-54, Lec: Fables 1669, A18, A25, B, C5, D, H49, N, O’F, TC
45 make] made A18, N, TC 48 with mee to] to mee at A18, N, TC

To
Letters to Severall Personages. 185

To Mr. Rowland Woodward.

Like one who’ in her third widdowhood doth profeffe
Her selfe a Nunne, tyed to retiredneffe,
So’affects my muse now, a chaft fallowneffe;

Since shee to few, yet to too many’ hath showne
How love-fong weeds, and Satyrique thornes are growne 5
Where seeds of better Arts, were early fown.

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, juft, are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion.

To Mr. Rowland Woodward. 1633–69: similarly or without heading, A18, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, LeC, N, O’F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD: A Letter of Doctor Dunne to one that desired some of his papers. B: To Mr. R. W. W
1 professe] professe, 1633 2 retiredneffe, 1633–69, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, O’F, P, S: a retiredneffe, A18, L74, N, TC, W 3 fallowneffe;

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 chrif tall glaffe;

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

You know, Physitians, when they would infuse
Into any'oyle, the Soules of Simples, use
Places, where they may lie stille warme, to chufe.

So workes retirednesse in us; To rome
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 selfe then, to thy selfe 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,'I may as well
Tell you Cales, or S' Michaels tale for newes, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to 'get fromachs, we walke up and downe,
And toyle to sweeten reft, 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 Commissary,) doth so throughly hate,
As in'the Courts Squadron to marshall their state:

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

Suspitious boldneffe to this place belongs,
And to'have as many eares as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

To S'r Henry Wootton. 1633-69: do. or A Letter to &c. B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, S, S96 (of these Cy and S add From Court and From ye 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: D: to Mr H: W: A18, N, TC: Another Letter. 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, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F (tales), P, S, S96 (tales), TC, W (MSS. waver 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, L74, N, O'F, TC 12 state: 1635-69: state 1633 14 wishing prayers, 1633, A18, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, S96, TC, W: wishing, prayers, 1669, HN: wishes, prayers, 1635-54, B, Cy, O'F, P, Chambers

Beleeve
Believe mee Sir, in my youths giddiest dayes,  
When to be like the Court, was a playes praife,  
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.

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**H: W: in Hiber: belligeranti.**

Ent you to conquer? and have so much loft  
Yourself, that what in you was best and most,  
Respective friendship, should so quickly dye?  
In publique gaine my share'is not such that I  
Would lose your love for Ireland: better cheap  
I pardon death (who though he do not reap  
Yet gleans hee many of our frends away)  
Then that your waking mind should bee a prey  
To lethargies. Lett shott, and boggs, and skeines  
With bodies deale, as fate bids and restreynes;  
Ere ficknefles attack, yong death is best,  
Who payes before his death doth scape arreft.
Lett not your soule (at first with graces fill'd, And since, and thorough crooked lymbecks, fill'd In many schools and courts, which quicken it,) It self unto the Irish negligence submit. I aske 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.

15

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

Reason 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 lefthandedness Be'ungracious, Yet we cannot want that hand, So would I, not to encresse, but to expresse My faith, as I beleev, so understand. Therefore I study you first in your Saints, Those friends, whom your election glorifies, Then in your deeds, accessses, and restrains, And what you reade, and what your selfe devize. But soone, the reasons why you'are 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 first] Bur closes bracket after first and again after 15 quicken it, 14 since] since Bur 19 art: art Bur


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 fticke,
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 extrinfique blowes;
Your birth and beauty are this Balme in you.

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

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

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

For fo God helpe mee,'I would not miffe you there
For all the good which you can do me here.
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 shew) 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 fealon (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 shewes that you from nature lothly stray, That suffer not an artificiall day.

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

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 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 chriftall 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 caft a lay and country eye.
Of past and future fторies, which are rare,
I finde you all record, and prophecie.
   Purge but the booke of Fate, that it admit
No fad nor guilty legends, you are it.
If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the transcript, and original,
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 things still; you cannot two.

But these (as nice thinne Schoole divinity
Serves heresie to furder or represse)
Taft of Poétique 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, senses 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 Paradize, would seeke the Cherubin.

To Sir Edward Herbert, at Iulyers.

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

To Sir Edward &c. 1633, D, H49, Lec, O'F: A Letter to Sir Edward Herbert (or Harbert), B, Cy (which adds Incerti Authoris), 896: To Sir E. H. At8, N, TC: no title, P: Elegia Vicesima Tertia. 8: To Sir Edward 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 escapes 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’d in anger, and new monsters breed.

How happy is hee, which hath due place assign’d
To his beasts, and disaforested his minde!
Empail’d himselfe to keepe them out, not in;
Can sow, and dares trust corne, where they have bin;
Can use his horfe, goate, wolfe, and every beast,
And is not Asfe himselfe to all the rest.

Elfe, 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 curie.
As Soules (they say) by our first touch, take in
The poysonous tincture of Originall sinne,
So, to the punishments which God doth fling,
Our apprehension contributes the fling.

To us, as to his chickins, he doth caft
Hemlocke, and wee as men, his hemlocke taste;
We do infuse to what he meant for meat,
Corrofivenessse, or intense cold or heat.

For, God no such specifice poyson hath
As kills we know not how; his fiercest wrath
Hath no antipathy, but may be good
At left for physicke, 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 shew;
Greater then due, no forme we can bestow

5 prey, Ed: prey; 1633—69  8 breed.] breed; 1633  10 minde!
Ed: minde? 1633—69  17 a headlong] a om. 1669: an headlong 1635—54
24 taste; Ed: taste. 1633—69  28 we know 1633 and MSS.: men know
1635—69, O"F  35 shew; 1669: show, 1633—54, Chambers 36
due, 1633—69: due; Chambers. See note
On
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 bookes, 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.

'Have 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 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] icy 1633 47-8 credible; . . . bookes, Ed: credible, . . . bookes; 1633-69: credible . . . bookes Grolier
Temples were not demolish'd, though prophane:
Here Peter loves, there Paul hath Dian's Fane.
So whether my hymnes you admit or chufe,
In me you'have hallowed a Pagan Muse,
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 beene told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts
Suffers an Ostracisme, and departs.
Profit, eafe, fitneffe, plenty, bid it goe,
But whither, only knowing you, I know;
Your (or you) vertue two vaft ufes serves,
It ransomes 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 fome of it.
But fince to you, your praises discords bee,
Stoop, others ills to meditate with mee.
Oh! to confesse wee know not what we shou'd,
Is halfe excufe; wee know not what we would:
Lightneffe depreffeth us, emptineffe fills,
We sweat and faint, yet ftill 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 bufie, and pretends;
As dead low earth eclipfes and controules

14 hath] have 1633: om. N, TCD (have inserted) Dian's 1635-54:
Dian's 1633: Dina's 1669 20 or all It; You. 1635-54: or all it, you. 1669,
N, O'F, TCD: or all, in you. 1633 (you, some copies)
25 Your (or you) vertue O'F: Your, or you vertue, 1633-54: You, or
you vertue, 1669 26preferves. Ed: preferves; 1633-69 28
you :] you. 1633-39 30 is fome] it fome 1633 32 Stoop, others
ills] Stoop (Stop 1633) others ills, 1633-54: Stoop others ills 1669
34 excufe; Ed: excufe, 1633-69, Grosart (who transpose should and
would), Chambers: excufe Grolier. See note would: Ed: would]
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 wee raise;
Who prayer-leffe 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 obeyes
The foyles disease, and into cockle strayes;
Let the minds thoughts be but transplanted so,
Into the body,'and baftardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
Wee (but no forraigne tyrants could) remove
These not ingrav'd, but inborne dignities,
Caskets of soules ; Temples, and Palaces:
For, bodies shall from death redeemed bee,
Soules but preserv'd, not naturally free.
As men to'our prisons, new soules to us are lent,
Which learne 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 feene:
But who ere saw, though nature can worke soe,
That pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow?
We've have added to the world Virginia,'and sent
Two new starres lately to the firmament;

45 raife; ] raife 1633 46 this, ] these 1669 50 strayes; Ed:
strayes. 1633-69 51 Let ] Let but 1669 54 Wee (but no forraigne
tyrants could) remove Ed: Wee but no forraigne tyrants could, remove O'F:
Wee but no forraigne tyrants could remove, 1633-54 (tyrans 1633): Wee, but no forraigne tyrants, could remove 1669, Chambers and Grolier. See
note 55 dignities, Ed: dignities 1633-69 56 Palaces: 1633-35:
Palaces. 1639-69 58 not naturally free. Ed: not naturally free; 1633,
N.TCD : borne naturally free; 1635-69, O'F 59 prisons, new soules
1633: prisons now, soules 1635-69, O'F: prisons, now soules N.TCD
60 vice 1635-69, O'F: it 1633, N,TCD 66 That] That, 1633 grow?
1639-69: grow. 1633-35

Why
Letters to Severall Personages.

Why grudge wee us (not heaven) the dignity
To increase with ours, those faire foules company.

But I must end this letter, though it doe
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.

Vertue hath some perverseneffe; For she will
Neither beleeve her good, nor others ill.

Even in you, vertues best 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 Countess of Bedford.

On New-yeares day.

This twilight of two yeares, not past nor next,
Some embleme is of mee, or I of this,
Who Meteor-like, of stuffe and forme perplexed,
Whose what, and where, in disputation is,
If I should call mee any thing, should misse.

To the Countess of Bedford. To New-yeares tide. N, O'F,TCD
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 trust 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 embales vertue; and Tombs, or Thrones of rimes,
Preserve fraile tranitory 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 fast,
New spirits: for, strong agents with the same
Force that doth warme and cherish, us doe waft;
Kept hot with strong extract, no bodies last:

So, my verse built of your just praife, might want
Reason and likelihood, the firmeft Bafe,
And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
Will vanish soone, and so possesse 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 expresse 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 praife,
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 praifier 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 pity's not good there, some vaine disport,
On this fide finne, with that place may comport.

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

He will make you speake truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt, that others do not fo:
Hee will provide you keyes, and locks, to spie,
And scape spies, to good ends, and hee will show
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 showes both, and to represse
Joy, when your flate swells, sadnesse when'tis leffe.
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 tranitory 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 seldome comet is, but active good  
A miracle, which reason scapes, and sense;  
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  
image, 1633  mans] man 1650-69 9 woman] women 1669 13  
14 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 gilded us: But you are gold, and Shee;
Us she inform'd, but transubstantiates you;
Soft dispositions which ductile bee,
Elixirlike, she makes not cleane, but new.

Though you a wives and mothers name retaine,
'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,

Elfe, 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 Starrs, 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 see;
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, 1633,0'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: fee, 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,
0'F: doe N,TCD: to you 1633 48 due.] due, 1633
If you can thinke these flatteries, they are,  
For then your judgement is below my praise,  
If they were so oft, flatteries worke as farre,  
As Counsels, and as farre th’endeavour raise.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,  
But I remaine a poyson’d fountaine still;  
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 praises should be true,  
And vertue should your beauty, and birth outgrow.

Now that my prophesies are all fulfill’d,  
Rather then God should not be honour’d too,  
And all these gifts confes’d, which hee infull’d,  
Your selfe were bound to say that which I doe.

So I, but your Recorder am in this,  
Or mouth, or Speaker of the universe,  
A ministeriall Notary, for’tis  
Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse;

I was your Prophet in your yonger dayes,  
And now your Chaplaine, God in you to praise.

To Mr 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  
64 that that  
thar 1633 66 or Speaker 1633: and Speaker 1635-69  
67 Notary, 1633  
notary, 1633

To Mr T. W. P, S, W: To M. I. W. 1633—69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: A  
Letter. To Mr T. W. O’F: Ad amicum. 896: no title, B, Cy  
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 works, 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 reason, pitty mee!
But care not for mee: I, that ever was
In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, alas,
(Before thy grace got in the Mufes Schoole
A monfter and a beggar,) am now a foole.

Oh how I grieve, that late borne modesty
Hath got such root in easie waxen hearts,
That men may not themselves, their owne good parts
Extoll, without suspicit of furquedrie,
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 praife, and writ by thee.

Now if this song be too hard for rime, yet, as
The Painters bad god made a good devill,
'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evill,
If thou forget the rime as thou doft passe.
Then write, that I may follow, and so bee
Thy debtor, 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.

H Aft thee harsh verse, as faft as thy lame measure
Will give thee leave, to him, my pain and pleafure.
I have given thee, and yet thou art too weake,
Feete, and a reafoning soule and tongue to speake.
Plead for me, and fo by thine and my labour
I am thy Creator, thou my Saviour.
Tell him, all queftions, which men have defended
Both of the place and paines of hell, are ended;
And 'tis decreed our hell is but privation
Of him, at leaft 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'are my pawnes, or else my Testament.
To M' T. W.

PRegnant 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 rifen againe, the which was dead,  
And thy poore starveling bountifully fed.  
After this banquet my Soule doth say grace,  
And praise thee for'it, and zealously imbrace  
Thy love; though I thinke thy love in this case  
To be as gluttons, which say 'midst their meat,  
They love that best of which they most do eat.

To M' T. W.

Once, from hence, my lines and I depart,  
I to my soft still walks, they to my Heart;  
I to the Nurse, they to the child of Art;  
Yet as a firme house, though the Carpenter  
Perish, doth stand: As an Embassadour  
Lyes safe, how e'r his king be in danger:  
So, though I languish, preft with Melancholy,  
My verse, 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, beftow that love on mee.

To Mr. R. W.

Zealously my Muse doth salute all thee,
Enquiring of that miftique 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 fing
Upon 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.

Mve 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 fwayne hart.
And when it gives us intermision
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

14 of love,] of love 1633
To Mr R. W. A23, W: first printed in Gosse’s Life and Letters of
John Donne, &c., 1899 1 thee,] thee W
To Mr. R. W. A23, W: printed here for the first time

Of
Of Poets, that methinks should ease our anguish,
Although our bodyes wither and minds languish.
Wright then, that my grieues 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 unexcus'able occasion,
Thee and the Saint of his affection
Leaving behinde, doth of both wants complaine;
And let the love I beare to both suftaine
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 fighes, which have the Art
To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

To Mr E. G.

Even as lame things thirft their perfection, so
The slimy rimes bred in our vale below,
Bearing with them much of my love and hart,
Fly unto that Parnassus, where thou art.
There thou oreseest London: Here I have beene, 
By stayng in London, too much overseene.
Now pleasures dearth our City doth posses,
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 exercize.
Therefore I’ll 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’s 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,
Seeme, 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 rejoynce, that unto where thou art,
Though I stay here, I can thus fend my heart,
210 Letters to Severall Personages.

As kindly's 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 Gospell, 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
Hon the rich land, but bar'd his entry in:
      Oh, flownes is our punishment and sinne.
Perchance, these Spanish businesse being done,
      Which as the Earth betwene the Moone and Sun
Eclipse the light which Guyana would give,
      Our discontinued hopes we shalretrive:
But if (as all th'All muft) hopes smoke 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 forms forme and our soules soule, is.

To Mr. R. W.

Kindly I envy thy songs perfection
      Built of all th'elements as our bodyes are:
That Litle of earth that is in it, is a faire
Delicious garden where all sweeteis are towne.
In it is cherishing fyre which dryes in mee
Griefe which did drowne me: and halfe quench’d by it
Are satirique 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 sound
Which as a lame Eccho of thyne doth rebound.
Oh, I was dead; but since thy sone 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 turns 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 those Scifmatiques with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seeing in you bright sparkes of Poetry,
I, though I brought no fuell, had desire
With these Articulate blafts to blow the fire.
To M' I. L.

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 guifts 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 hon'y 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' B. B. O'F, W: To M. B. B. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD
In my youthes morning, now late must be done;
And I as Giddy Travellers must doe,
Which stray or sleepe all day, and having loft
Light and strength, darke and tir'd must then ride post.

If thou unto thy Muse be married,
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 Bigamye,
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 Bishopbed by thee.

To Mr I. L.

B

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;

To Mr I. L. Ed: To M. I. L. A18, N, O’F, TC: still: encrease and multiply; W 18 widow hed.

Yet
Letters to Severall Personages.

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 need'st 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 hair;
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 lov'd wife ne'r seem old;
But maist thou wish great things, and them attaine,
As thou telt her, and none but her, my paine.

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

After thofe reverend papers, whose soule is
Our good and great Kings lov'd hand and fear'd name,
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almoft the fame,
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 she lift)
1635-69, O'F: when thou wilt W 20 lov'd wife] fair wife W
her, . . . her, Ed: her . . . her 1633: her, . . . her 1635-69
To Sir H. W. at his &c. 1633-54: To Sir Henry Wotton, at his &c. 1669, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD: printed in Walton's Life of Sir Henry Wotton, 1670, as a 'letter, sent by him to Sir Henry Wotton, the morning before he left England', i.e. July 13 (O. S.), 1604

After
Letters to Severall Personages. 215

After those learned papers which your hand
Hath flor’d with notes of use and pleasure too,
From which rich treasury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or doe:

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 troups at’a good mans passing bell:

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

To sweare 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 opprefTe)
To want, then governe greatneffe, for wee are
In that, our owne and onely businesse,
In this, wee must for others vices care;

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac’d
In their laft Furnace, in activity;
Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and Warres o’rpast)
To touch and teft 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
13 where 1633, A18, N, TC: which 1635–69, O’F, Walton 16 in troups]
on troups Walton 19 must . . . meanes] would . . . sayes Walton
20 hath] has Walton taske: Ed: taske, 1633–69 21 not] nor
Walton 24 honour wanting it. 1633: noble-wanting-wit. 1635–69,
O’F: honour-wanting-wit. Walton: noble wanting it. A18, N, TCC, TCD
1669 and Walton 35 Spies] Finds Walton

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

To Mrs M. H.

Mad paper stay, and grudge not here to burne  
With all those fonnes 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, thrufts 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 sense.

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 Mrs M. H. O’F: To M. M. H. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, A25, B, C, P: Elegie. S96  
2 fonnes] Sunnes B, S96  
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  
10 goe? Goe, Ed: goe, Goe, 1633-69  
14 reverence, Ed: reverence.  
1633: reverence: 1635-69

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 speech, she Audience affords.

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

Yet maift thou praise her servants, though not her,
   And wit, and vertue,'and honour her attend,
And since they're 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 sav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
When she revolves his papers, marke what shou
   Of favour, she alone, to them doth make.

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

Marke, if flight things be'objected, and o'r blowne,
   Marke, if her oaths against him be not still
Reserv'd, and that shee grieves she's not her owne,
   And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

22 mis-speake] mispeake 1633
27 For, 1633: From 1635-69, and MSS. her, Ed: her 1633-69
31 erre, 1669: erre 1633-54
40 she alone, 1633: she, alone, 1635-69
41 get them, she o'r skip]
get them, she do skip A18 (doth), N, TC: get them, she skip oare A25,
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 refinde; 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 direft our honour, not bejow.

For when from herbs the pure part must be wonne  
From grosse, by Stilling, this is better done  
By despif’d dung, then by the fire or Sunne.

Care not then, Madame,’how low your prayers 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 last 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 see.

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

Of such were Temples; so 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 sense
Have birthright of our reasons Soule, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seeke precedence:
Natures first lesson, so, discretion,
Must not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keepe none,
Not banish it selfe, nor religion.

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

Nor may we hope to sodder still and knit
These two, and dare to breake them; nor must wit
Be colleague to religion, but be it.

26 Covering discovers] Coverings discover 1669
27 your hearts thoughts B,N,O F,S96,TCD: our hearts thoughts 1633-69. See note
31 so and of such N,TCD: so and such 1633-69, B,O F,S96
33 is but to know and dare. N
36-7 They fly not from that, nor seeke precedence:
Natures first lesson, so, discretion, &c. 1633-69 (precedence. 1633; precedence: 1669)

Chambers and Grolier (discretion, Grolier). See note 40-2] These lines precede 34-9 in
1635-69, B,N,S96,TCD: om. O'F
42 one; Ed: one, 1633-69

yea, . . . no] ital. Ed.
In those poor types of God (round circles) so
Religions tipes the pceclefie 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 ftill, goe the fame 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,
Muft both to growth and to confession bring
My thoughts dispo'sd unto your influence; so,
These verses bud, so these confessions grow.
First I confesse 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 I was Religion,
Yet you neglected not Discretion. S96
53 do covet] doth covet 1669, O'F, S96

In
In you, I should not thinke or fay they shine,
(So as I have) in any other Mine.
Next I confesse this my confeffion,
For, 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
Your praiſe to you, where halfe rights feeme too much,
And make your minds ficere complexion blush.
Next I confesse my'impenitence, 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,
Desunt caetera.

A Letter to the Lady Carey, and Mrs Eſſex
Riche, From Amiens.

MADAME,

Here where by All All Saints invoked are,
'Twere too much fchifme to be singular,
And 'gainft a praclifie generall to warre.

Yet turning to Sainct, should my'humility
To other Sainct then you directed bee,
That were to make my fchifme, heresie.

Nor would I be a Convertite so cold,
As not to tell it; If this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply fold.

Where, because Faith is in too low degree,
I thought it some Aſſtleship in mee
To speake things which by faith alone I fee.
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 seasons they show.

For when through taftleffe flat humilitie
In dow bak'd men some harmelesnesse we see,
'Tis but his flegme that's Vertuous, and not Hee:

Soo is the Blood sometimes; who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was than
No better then a fanguine Vertuous man.

So cloyfterall 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 afgiuch, when 'tis severall,
By occasion wak'd, and circumstantiall.
True vertue is Soule, Alwaies in all deeds Alu.

This Vertue thinking to give dignitie
To your soule, found there no infirmitie,
For, your soule was as good Vertue, as shee;
Shee therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is scarce leffe then foule, 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 fensuall 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 muft I thinke that influence muft doe,
Where it findes sympathie and matter too,
Vertue, and beauty of the same fluffe, 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 shoulde write here, as in short Galleries
The Master at the end large glasies ties,
So to present the roome twice to our eyes,

So I shoulde 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 believes himselfe, doth never lie.
To the Countess of Salisbury. Auguft. 1614.

Faire, great, and good, since seeing you, we 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, shrunk, 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
Letters to Several Personages.  225

Where he that would be good, is thought by all
A monster, or at best fantaficall;
Since now you durft be good, and that I doe
Difcerne, by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of faire, great, good,
Through your light, largenesse, vertue understood:
If in this sacrifice of mine, be showne
Any small sparke of thefe, call it your owne.
And if things like thefe, have been said by mee
Of others; call not that Idolatrie.
For had God made man firft, and man had feene
The third daies fruits, and flowers, and various greene,
He might have said the best that he could say
Of thofe 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 praifing yesterd ay;
So though some things are not together true,
As, that another is worthieft, and, that you:
Yet, to say fo, doth not condemne a man,
If when he spoke them, they were both true than.
How faire a profe of this, in our foule growes?
Wee firft have foules of growth, and fenfe, and thofe,
When our laft foule, our foule immortall came,
Were swallowed into it, and have no name.
Nor doth he injure thofe foules, which doth caft
The power and praife of both them, on the laft;
No more doe I wrong any; I adore
The fame things now, which I ador’d before,
The subjeft chang’d, and measure; the fame thing
In a low conftable, and in the King
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 walkes, to find their home.
And as I owe my first foules thankes, that they
For my last foule did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whose worth,
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great lesson, 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 profest all Arts, was one borne blinde:
He lackt those eyes beast 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 goodnesse have discern'd,
And though I burne my librarie, be learn'd.
Letters to Severall 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 fтарres one Constellation make;
Pair'd like two eyes, have equall motion, so
Both but one meanes to fee, one way to goe.

Had you dy'd first, a carcasse 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 Elegy 1635-69, O'F: 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 Marckham;
O'F places it among the Letters, S among the Elegies she, and you 1633-69, Chambers. See note 4 two;] the two; 1669
6 yet; Ed: yet 1633-39: yet 1650-69 8 make; Ed: make, 1633-69
10 goe. Ed: goe; 1633-69 13 flay,] flay 1633-35 th'other]
thoner 1633 clay. Ed: clay; 1633-69 16 there, Ed: there; 1633-69
17 honour] honour: 1633 due] due; 1633 20 were] was 1633
22 as all in you] as in you all O'F: that in you all Cy, H40, L74, N, S
is. Ed: is; 1633-69 Q 2 So
So madame, as her Soule to heaven is fled,  
    Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed;  
Her vertues do, as to their proper sphere,  
    Returne to dwell with you, of whom they were:  
As perfect motions are all circular,  
    So they to you, their sea, whence less streams are.  
She was all spices, you all metalls; so  
In you two wee did both rich Indies know.  
And as no fire, nor rust can spend or waste  
    One dramme of gold, but what was first shall last,  
Though it bee forc’d in water, earth, silt, aire,  
    Expans’d in infinite, none will impaire;  
So, to your selfe you may additions take,  
    But nothing can you less, or changed make.  
Seeke not in seeking new, to seeme 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.

28 the bed;] a bed; Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, S: her bed; P  
were:] were; 1633 32 are.] are; 1633 34 know.] know; 1633  
41 doubt, 1633: doubt; 1635-69 42 can] twice in 1633
AN
ANATOMIE
OF THE WORLD.

Wherein,
By occasion of the untimely death of Mistris Elizabeth Drury, 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, 5 Well may wee walke in blacks, but not complaine. Yet how can I content the world is dead While this Muse lives? which in his spirits stead

An Anatomie &c. 1611-33: Anatomie &c. 1635-69 The first Anniversary. 1612-69: om. 1611. See note To the praise of the dead &c. 1611-69 (Dead 1611) 8 While] Whiles 1639-69 Seemes
Seem to informe a World; and bids it bee,
In fpight of losse or fraile mortalitie?
And thou the subject of this welborne thought,
Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor sought
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate,
Then whilsts this spirit lives, that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last 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 praiie them that praiie thee,
And lay, that but enough those praiies 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 wise 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'ft but thanke thy selfe, for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'ft, and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repayd.
So these high songs that to thee suited bin
Serve but to found thy Makers praiie, in thine,
Which thy deare soule as sweeetly sings 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,
The first Anniversary.

Thy early love, thy vertues, did prefage
What an high part thou bear’ft in those best songs,
Where to no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on thou virgin Soule, whose lossmfull gaine
Thy lovesick parents have bewail’d in vaine;
Never may thy Name be in our songs forgot,
Till wee shall sing thy ditty and thy note.


The first 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, unlesse
It see, 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 clime,
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 strongest vitall spirits out:
But succour’d then with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lose, or gaine in this,
(Because since now no other way there is,
This World, in that great earthquake languished;
For in a common bath of teares it bled,
Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out:
But succour’d then with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lose, or gaine in this,
(Because since now no other way there is,
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 so the world had fits; it joy’d, it mourn’d;
And, as men thinke, that Agues physick are,
And th’Ague being spent, give over care,
So thou sike World, mistak’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 worfe, that thou art speechlesse growne.
Thou haft forgot thy name, thou hadst; thou waft
Nothing but shee, and her thou haft o’rpast.

For as a child kept from the Font, untill
A prince, expected long, come to fulfill
The ceremonies, thou unnam’d had’t 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 she hath beene dead (but being dead,
Measures of times are all determined)
But long she’ath beene away, long, long, yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that’s gone.
But as in states doubtfull of future heires,
When ficknesse without remedie empaires
The present Prince, they’re loth it should be said,
The Prince doth languishe, 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 refolv’d, and slack’d,
Thought it some blasphemy to say she was dead,
Or that our weakness was discovered
In that confession; therefore spoke no more
Then tongues, the Soule being gone, the loss deplore.
But though it be too late to succour thee,
Sicke World, yea, dead, yea putrified, since she
Thy’intrinique 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 gain by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearely, that thou art
Corrupt and mortall in thy purest 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 she which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
Her Ghoft 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 carcase of the old world, free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures bee
Produc’d: 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 intrinque harme,
(For all assum’d unto this dignitie,
So many wealdesse Paradifes bee,
Which of themselves produce no venemous sinne,
Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)
An Anatomie of the World.

Yet, because outward stormes 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; Phyfitians 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 so?
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 languishment.
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessary, 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,
(Their 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;

113 When as, the Sunne and man 1633–39: no commas 1650–69: When as the Sunne and man, 1611, 1612–25

When,
The first Anniversary.

When, if a slow pace'd farre had stolen away
From the observers marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see't again,
And then make up his observation plain;
When, as the age was long, the fife was great;
Mans growth confess'd, and recompen'd the meat;
So spacious and large, that every Soule
Did a faire Kindome, and large Realme controule:
And when the very stature, thus erect,
Did that sole a good way towards heaven direct.
Where is this mankinde now? who lives to age,
Fit to be made Methufalem his page?
Alas, we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true made clocke run right, or lie.
Old Grandfires talke of yesterdye with sorrow,
And for our children wee reserve to morrow.
So short is life, that every peasant strives,
In a torn house, or field, to have three lives.
And as in lasting, so in length is man
Contracted to an inch, who was a spanne;
For had a man at first in forrests stray'd,
Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an Elephant, or Whale,
That met him, would not haftily affaile
A thing so equall to him: now alas,
The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may passe
As credible: mankinde decayes so soone,
We're 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: Grandfires 1625-69
1611-21: forrow. 1625: forrow. 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 1635-69: ads 1625, 1633 149 silver; 1611-12: silver
1621-25: silver, 1633-69 150 scatter'd] scattered 1612-25

But
But 'tis not so: w'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 foone as hee.
With new diseases on our selves we warre,
And with new Phyficke, 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, fo 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
T'his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her whom we lament, hee loft his heart.
She, of whom th'Ancients feem'd to prophesie,
When they call'd vertues by the name of shee;
Shee in whom vertue was fo much refin'd,
That for Allay unto fo pure a minde
Shee tooke the weaker Sex; shee that could drive
The poyfonous tincture, and the flaine of Eve,
Out of her thoughts, and deeds; and purifie
All, by a true religious Alchymie;

152 bodies, 1611-25: bodies 1633-39 153 close weaving
1633-69: close-weaning 16II-12: close weaning 1621-25 161 Thus
man, 16II, 1612-33: This man, 1635-69, Chambers 166 ufe:
ufe. 16II, 1621-33 167 t'attend] t'attend 1633 169 man, 16II:
man 1612-69 171 any thing, 16II-12: any thing; 1621-33 172
waft, 1633: waft 16II: waft, 1635-69 178 Allay 16II, 1612-25:
allay 1633-69 179 Sex; 16II: Sex, 1621-25: Sex: 1633-69
181 thoughts, 16II-12, 1635-69: thought, 1621-33

Shee,
The first Anniversary.

Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowest this,
Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is.
And learn'ft thus much by our Anatomie,
The heart being perish'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'rt lesse then an Ant.

Then, as mankinde, so is the worlds whole frame
Quite out of joyn, almost created lame:
For, before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best:
It seis'd the Angels, and then first of all
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 beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man.
So did the world from the first houre decay,
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 Philofophy 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
They seeke so 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: She, the 1633-69
186 no
1621 188 Religion, 1611, 1650-69: Religion. 1612-25:
1633-69 withered] whithered 1621-25
191 Then, 1611,
1621-25: Then 1633-69 195 Angels, 1612-69: Angells: 1611
210 Firmament 1611-12: firmament 1621-69 212 Atomis.
1611, 1612-25 213 cohaerence 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 fundred 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 stray,
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; she whose rich eyes, and brest
Guilt the West Indies, and perfum’d the East;
Whose having breath’d in this world, did bestow
Spice on those Iles, 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 must 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 frubstance, 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 subtilit immateriall parts

217 then 1611, 1612-69: there Grosart, who with Chambers attributes to
1669 223 invented] innent 1621 228 copies, 1633-69: copies;
1611-12: copies 1621-25 229 Fate; 1612-69: Fate: 1611 brest
1611: brest: 1612-25; brest, 1633 230 West Indies, 1611: West-
Indies, 1621-69 East; 1611: East, 1621-69 234 money, 1611-21:
money 1623-69 237 knowest 1611: knowest 1612-69: and so in 1638
237 this,] this 1633-35 238 is. 1611, 1612-33: is, 1635-69 244
contrould,] contrould. 1611, 1612-25

Feele
The first Anniversary.

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 disproportion that pure forme: It teares
The Firmament in eight and forty sheires,
And in these Constellations then arife
New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes:
As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or war,
When new Towers rife, 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 seeming 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 starres, and in their race

Disformity of parts.

Sphericall, 1650-69: Sphericall 1611, 1612-39
all. 1611, 1612-25: all, 1633-69
forme: 1633-69: forme. 1611, 1612-25
258 sheieres, 1633-35: sheeres, 1611, 1612-25: shiere, 1639-69
Tropiques 1611, 1612-25: tropiques 1633-69
They're
They’re diversly content t’obey 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 finke?
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 must
Millions into a straight hot roome be thruft)
Then solidnesse, and roundnesse have no place.
Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face
Of th’earth? Thinko so: but yet confesse, in this
The worlds proportion disfigured is;
That those two legges whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishment 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 ceafe.
Shee, after whom, what forme fo'er we see,
Is discord, and rude incongruitie;
Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead; when thou knowest this
Thou knowest how ugly a monster this world is:
And learn'st 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 wife, and good lookers on,
(Since most men be such as most think,e they bee)
They're lothsome too, by this Deformitee.
For good, and well, muft in our actions meete;
Wicked is not much worfe 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 Turcoyle which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
As gold falls sicke being stung 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 she 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 decai'd: summers robe growes
Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment showes.
Our blushing red, which us'd in cheekes to spre'd,
Is inward funke, 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
(Beaties ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradise; from whom
Did all things verdure, and their luftre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all Diaphanous,
(For Ayre, and Fire but thick grosse bodies were,
And livelieft 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 Ghoft 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 vanitie, to thinke
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colors to illude mens sense.
Nor in ought more this worlds decay appeares,
Then that her influence the heav'n forbeares,
Or that the Elements doe not feele 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;

Weaknesse in the want of correspondence of heaven and earth.
The first Anniversary.

Th'Ayre doth not motherly fit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;
And false-conceptions fill the general wombs;
Th'Ayre showes such Meteors, as none can see,
Not only what they meane, but what they bee;
Earth such new wormes, as would have troubled much
Th'Egyptian Mages to have made more such.
What Artift 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 loft, and correspontence too.
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes leffe,
And man leaft knowes their trade and purpofes.
If this commerce twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,
She, for whose losse we have lamented thus,
Would worke 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 praiue, and vanish than.
But as some Serpents poyfon hurteth not,
Except it be from the live Serpent fhot,
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,

383 Th'Ayre 1611, 1612-21: Th'ayre 1625-69
387 Th'Ayre 1611: Th'ayre 1612-69
390 Mages] No change of type, 1611-12
394 Charme, 1611-21: Charme 1625-54
404 Ashes 1611, 1612-25:
ashes 1633-69
407 Swan, 1611, 1612-25: Iwan, 1633-69
415 Impressions 1611: Impreffion 1612-25: impression 1633-69
416 But, Receivers 1611-12: rest no capital
An Anatomie of the World.

Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet guilded 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 knowft this,
Thou knowft how drie a Cinder this world is.
And learnft 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 laft out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
So the worlds carcase would not laft, if I
Were punctuall in this Anatomy;
Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disease, 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 prose song,
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; 1633-69 431 nothing] no thing 1611-21
442 they're] they're 1633 443 And, 1611,1612-25: and, 1633-69

When
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 best concoction From her example, and her vertue, if you In reverence to her, do thinke it due, That no one should her praifes thus rehearse, As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse; Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make A laft, and lafting'ft peece, a fong. He fpake To Moses to deliver unto all, That song, becaufe 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 meafeure) made Me this great Office boldly to invade: Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre Mee, from thus trying to emprifon her, Which when I faw that a ftrict grave could doe, I faw not why verse might not do fo too. Verse hath a middle nature: heaven keepes Soules, The Grave keepes bodies, Verse the Fame enroules.

A Funerall E L E G I E.

'Tis loft, to truft a Tombe with fuch a guest, Or to confine her in a marble cheft. Alas, what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie, Priz'd with the Chryfolite of either eye, Or with thofe Pearles, and Rubies, which she was? Joyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glaffe; And fo is all to her materials, Though every inch were ten Eſcurials,

Yet
Yet she's demolish'd: can we keepe 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, stoop 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 containes
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, and set
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 selfe, so great as shee.
Thus brave and confident may Nature bee,
Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because shee cannot such another show.
But must wee say she's dead? may't not be said
That as a hundred clocke is pescemeale laid,
Not to be loft, but by the makers hand
Repollish'd, without errour then to stand,
Or as the Affrique Niger streaeme enwombs

17 abortive 1635-69 19 1612-25: or 1633-69
18 a] an 1635-69 22-5 Princes, Counsellors &c. all in
capitals except Officers 1611, 1612-25: later editions erratic
24 backes, 1611: backes 1612-25: backs 1633-69
Pore] spelt Pore 1611-12
28 pieces] pieces, 1633-69 30 1625 inserts marginal note, Smalneffe
of stature. See p. 235 33 as 1611-21: om. 1625: was 1633-69
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 lose by't: and as aged men are glad
Being taffelesse growne, to joy injoyes they had,
So now the sick starving 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 hastning 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 disguise no thought within.
'Twas but a through-light scarfe, 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 shal be consecrate.
But, as when heaven looks on us with new eyes,
Those new starres every Artist exercise,
What place they should affigne to them they doubt,
Argue,'and agree not, till those starres goe out:
So the world studied whose this piece should be,
Till she can be no bodies else, nor shee:
But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd
Rather t'adorne, then last, shee foone expir'd,
Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie,
A Funerall Elegie.

For marriage, though it doe not staine, doth dye.
To scape th'infirmitie which wait upon
Woman, she went away, before sh'was one;
And the worlds busie noyfe 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 chaft, humble, and high she'ad been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteene,
And measuring future things, by things before,
Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more,
Would thinke that either destiny miftooke,
Or that some leaves were torne out of the booke.
But 'tis not so; Fate did but usher her
To yeares of reaons 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 Destinie,
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 rise;
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 flain, 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
Mistress Elizabeth Drury,
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 blisse;
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
Of the Progress of the Soule.

Are in their place, and yet still moved are:
No soul (whiles with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee half 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 agoe hast loft the vulgar sight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee less'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 carkase having mounted high
To that pure life of immortalitie;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise
That more may not beene a creatures praife,
Yet still thou vow'st her more; and every yeare
Mak'st a new progresse, while thou wandrest here;
Still upward mount; and let thy Makers praise
Honor thy Laura, and adorn thy laies.
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouts,
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 praife those awful Poweres that make them blest.
Nothing could make me sooner to confesse
That this world had an everlastingnesse,
Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,
Since both this lower world's, and the Sunnes Sunne,
The Luftere, and the vigor of this All,
Did set; 'twere blasphemie 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 fail'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 stringes:
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 stringes: Ed:
stringe. 1612–69

As
252 Of the Progresse of the Soule.

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 vicifitude 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, grosse and generall,  
Thou feeth me strive for life; my life shall bee,  
To be hereafter prais’d, for praying thee;  
Immortall Maid, who though thou woul’dst refuse  
The name of Mother, be unto my Muse  
A Father, since her shaft Ambition is,  
Yearely to bring forth such a child as this.  
These Hymnes may worke on future wits, and so  
May great Grand children of thy prayses grow.  
And so, though not revive, embalme and spice  
The world, which else would putrifie with vice.  
For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,  
Untill man doe but vaniﬁsh, and not die.  
These Hymnes thy isue, may encrease so long,  
As till Gods great Venite change the song.  
Thirst for that time, O my inﬁatiate soule,  
And serue thy thirft, with Gods safe-sealing Bowle.  
Be thirstie still, and drinke still till thou goe  
To th’only Health, to be Hydroptique so.  
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 so much as not beleev a man.  
For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth,

A just disestimation of this world.

23 are Ed: are, 1612–69  
24 was fram’d, 1612–25: was fram’d:  
1633–69  
27 Deluge, 1612–25: deluge, 1633–69  
29 all, Ed: all,  
1612–33: all; 1635–69  
33 Maid, 1612–25, 1669: maid, 1633–54  
35 is, 1612–25: is 1633–69  
43 thy] they 1621–25  
issue,  
1612–33: issue 1635–69. See note  
1625  
46 safe-sealing] safe-sealing 1621–39  
47 goe] goe; 1612–25  
48 Health, 1612–33: Health; 1635–69, Chambers and Grolier  
so. 1612–21:  
fo, 1625–69, Chambers and Grolier. See note  
50 bee. Ed: bee 1612–35:  
bee, 1639–69  
51 why, 1612–21: why 1625–69 nor] or 1669  
Is
Is far more businesse, then this world is worth.
The world is but a carkaffe; thou art fed
By it, but as a worme, that carkaffe bred;
And why should'thou, poore worme, consider more,
When this world will grow better then before,
Then those thy fellow wormes doe thinke upon
That carkasses laft resurrection.
Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so,
As of old clothes, caft off a yeare agoe.
To be thus ftupid is Alacritie;
Men thus Lethargique have best Memory.
Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congratulate.
Shee, to whom all this world was but a fstage,
Where all fat harkning how her youthfull age
Should be emploi'd, because in all fhee did,
Some Figure of the Golden times was hid.
Who could not lacke, what e'r this world could give,
Because fhee was the forme, that made it live;
Nor could complaine, that this world was unfit
To be staid in, then when fhee was in it;
Shee that first tried indifferent desires
By vertue, and vertue by religious fires,
Shee to whose perfon Paradife adher'd,
As Courts to Princes, fhee whose eyes enfphear'd
Star-light enough, t'have made the South controule,
(Had fhee beene there) the Star-full Northerne Pole,
Shee, fhee is gone; fhe 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 thinkes it nought.
Thinke then, my soule, that death is but a Groome,
Which brings a Taper to the outward room, 
Whence thou spieft firft a little glimmering light, 
And after brings it nearer to thy sight: 
For fuch approaches doth heaven make in death. 
Thinke thy selfe labouring now with broken breath,

57 more, 1612-25: more 1633-69  67 was but] twas but 1612-25 
81 Shee, fhee 1621-25: Shee, the 1633-69  82 is] is. 1612-25
And thinke those broken and soft Notes to bee
Division, and thy happyest Harmonie.
Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slacke;
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 auge more, by calling it
Thy Phyficke; chide the slacknesse of the fit.
Thinke that thou hear’st thy knell, and think no more,
But that, as Bels cal’d thee to Church before,
Give one thy Pride, to another give thy Luft:
Give them those finnes which they gave thee before,
And truft 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 clofe thine eyes, and thinke in this,
That they confesse much in the world, amisse,
Who dare not truft a dead mans eye with that,
Which they from God, and Angels cover not.
Thinke that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
They reinauest thee in white innocence.
Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so low,
Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts can goe,)
Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create
Wormes which insensibly devour their State.
Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right
Lai’es thee to sleepe but a Saint Lucies night.
Thinke these things cheerfully: and if thou bee
Drowsie or slacke, remember then that thee,
Shee whose Complexion was so even made,
That which of her Ingredients should invade
The other three, no Feare, no Art could guesse: 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 governe, or to triumph on the rest, Only because all were, no part was best.
And as, though all doe know, that quantities Are made of lines, and lines from Points arise, None can these lines or quantities unjoynt, 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 feare, 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 sa夫, so even wrought, as one would thinke, No Accident could threaten any linke;
Shee, she embrac'd a sicknesse, 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 those two soules, which then thou found'st in me, 160
Thou fed'st upon, and drew'st into thee, both
My second soule of sense, and first of growth.
Thinke but how poore thou waft, how obnoxious;
Whom a small lumpe of flesh could poyson thus.
This curded milke, this poore unlicked whelpe 165
My body, could, beyond escape or helpe,
Infect thee with Originall sinne, and thou
Could'st neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
Thinke that no stubborne fullen Anchorit,
Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth fit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
So fowly as our Soules in their first-built Cels.
Thinke in how poore a prison thou did'st lie
After, enabled but to suck, and crie.
Thinke, when'twas grewne to moft,'twas a poore Inne, 175
A Province pack'd up in two yards of skinne,
And that usurp'd or threatened with the rage
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age.
But thinke that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou haft thy'expansion now, and libertie;
Thinke that a rustie Peece, discharg'd, is flowne
In pieces, and the bullet is his owne,
And freely flies: This to thy Soule allow,
Thinke thy shell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but now.
And think this flow-pac'd soule, which late did cleave 185
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 intense;

161 thee, both 1612-25: thee both 1633-69 172 first-built
1612-25: first built 1633-69 173 didn't] dost 1669 177 the
rage 1612-25: a rage 1633-69 179 Death 1612-25: death
1633-69 181 Peece, discharg'd, 1612: Peece, discharg'd 1625: Peece
discharg'd 1633: Peece discharg'd, 1635-69 183 This 1612-25: this
1633-69 185 soule, 1612-21: soule 1625-69 187 Twenty,
perchance,] Twentie, perchance 1625: Twenty perchance 1633-69

Her liberty
by death.
For th'Element of fire, she doth not know,
Whether she past 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.  

For th'Element of fire, she doth not know,
Whether she past 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.

Venus retards her not, to enquire, how shee
Can, (being one starre) Hesper, and Vesper bee;
Hee that charm'd Argus eyes, sweet Mercury,
Workes not on her, who now is growne all eye;

Who, if she meet the body of the Sunne,
Goes through, not flaying 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 starres 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-short Progress 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; she whose 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

This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progress bee,
To advance these thoughts; Remember then that she,
1633-69, Chambers and Grolier. See note 917-3
This low world, to so high a marke as shee,
The Westerne treasure, Easternspicerie,
Europe, and Afrique, and the unknowne rest
Were easily found, or what in them was best; 230
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'Elecrum, 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 snailies who crawle upon
Our prifons prifon, 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
Oppress'd 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 waft begot.
Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poyson 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

231 discoverie] Discoveree. 1612-25  232 Of all,] Of all 1612-25
236 assign'd E.d: assign'd 1612-69  238 Dignities, 1612-25: dignities,
1633-69  241 Gold, 1612-25: gold, 1633-69  243 underfooted]
unfooted 1621-25  249 well,] well 1612-25  251 little] little 1633

Even
Even thy self: yea though thou wouldst but bend
To know thy body. Have not all souls thought
For many ages, that our body's is wrought
Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Elements?
And now they think of new ingredients,
And one soul thinkes one, and another way
Another thinkes, and 'tis an even lay.
Know'st 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 the 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 substances.
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 stiff to recant,
A hundred controversies of an Ant;
And yet one watches, starves, frees, 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 grass is green, or why our blood is red,
Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto.
In this low forme, poore soul, what wilt thou doe?
When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,
Of being taught by sense, and Fantasie?
Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seeme great
Below; But up unto the watch-towre get,
And see all things despoyl'd of fallacies:
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares, nor learne
By circuit, or collections to discerne.
In heaven thou straight know'ft all, concerning it,
And what concerns it not, shalt straight forget.
There thou (but in no other schoole) maist bee
Perchance, as learned, and as full, as shee,
Shee who all libraries had throughly read
At home in her owne thoughts, and practis'd
So much good as would make as many more:
Shee whole example they must all implore,
Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse
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 fierer print,) but read the same:
Shee, shee 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 calls us after her, in that shee tooke,
(Taking her selfe) our best, and worthiest booke.
Returne not, my Soule, from this extasie,
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 slacke Divine
Drinke and sucke in th'instructiones of Great men,
And for the word of God, vent them agen?
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 nailes, and haires, yea excrements, will show;
So lyes the poyson of sinne in the most 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 fit
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 shoulde 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:

333 wits 1612-25: wits, 1633-69
336 some] some, 1633
338 lyes] wife 1612-25
353 thought] thoughts 1612-25
366 rebellious] rebellions 1635-69

And
And she gave pardons, and was liberall,
For, onely 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 All, and could not fall
To worfe, 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
That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow.
But paufe, my soule; And study, ere thou fall
On accidentall joyes, th'essentiall.
Still before Accessories doe abide
A triall, must the principal be tride.
And what essentiall joy can't thou expect
Here upon earth? what permanent effect
Of tranitory causes? Doft thou love
Beauty? (And beauty worthy'ft is to move)
Poore coufened coufenor, 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 same.
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're hourly in inconstancie.

Of the Progresse of the Soule.

Of essentiall 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 happinesse.  
Hath ever any man to himselfe assign’d  
This or that happinesse 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 furnish forth materialls enow;  
And that this Center, to raiife such a place,  
Was farre too little, to have bene the Bafe;  
No more affords this world, foundation  
To erect 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:  

402 that] in italics 1633-69  
404 Creatures 1612-25: creatures  
1633-69  
416 Thinks] Thinke 1612-25  
420 enow] enough 1633  
421 this 1612: his 1621-69  
421-2 place, . . . little, 1612: place . . . little,  
1621-33  
423 affords] affords 1612-25  
world, foundation 1633-69:  
worlds, foundatione 1612-25  
426 Benefits . . . Rods] capitals from  
1612-25  
428 Warre] no capital 1612-39  
429 that] the 1625  
So
So much mankinde true happinesse 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 emploied;
All will not serve; Only who have enjoy'd
The sight of God, in fullnesse, can thinke it;
For it is both the object, and the wit.
This is essentiall 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 stooed.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
Shee whom wee celebrate, is gone before.
She, who had Here so much essentiall joy,
As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy;
Who with Gods preience 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: she to Heaven is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion

1612-25: here 1633-69 463] cleare,] cleane, 1635
A heaven,
A heaven, and here, became unto us all,  
Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiall.  
But could this low world joyes essentiall touch,  
Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much.  
How poore and lame, must then our casuall bee?  
If thy Prince will his subjets to call thee  
My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than,  
By being greater, growne to bee leffe Man.  
When no Phylistian of redresse can speake,  
A joyfull casuall violence may breake  
A dangerous Apofterm in thy breaft;  
And whil'st thou joyest in this, the dangerous reft,  
The bag may rise up, and fo 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 stength is never spent;  
And accidentall things are permanent.  
Joy of a soules arrivall ne'r decayes;  
For that soule ever joyes and ever staies.  
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 whose goodness, he that names degree,  
Doth injure her; ('Tis losse to be cal'd beft,  
There where the fluffe is not such as the reft)  
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,
Or like to full on both sides written Rols,
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin,
As strong Records for God, as mindes within;
Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
Peece a Circle, and still keepes it so,
Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
Where shee receives, and gives addition.

Conclusion.

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'ft make me a French convertite.
But thou would'ft not; nor would'ft thou be content,
To take this, for my second yeares true Rent,
Did this Coine beare any other stamp, 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 pattern 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.
EPICEDES AND OBSEQVIES

Vpon

The deaths of sundry Personages.

Elegie upon the untimely death of the incomparable Prince Henry.

Looke to mee faith, and looke to my faith, God;
For both my centers feele this period.
Of weight 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 greatnesses, 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 extenstion,
Almoft 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 seconded, 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 distrafted fo,
That wee fee not what to beleeeve or know?
Was it not well beleev'd till now, that hee,
Whose 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 greatest instrument,
And activ't spirit, to convey and tie
This soule of peace, through Christianity?
Was it not well beleev'd, that hee would make
This generall peace, th'Eternall overtake,
And that his times might have ftretch'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 saw heav'n did allow,
That, but from his aspect and exercife,
In peacefull times, Rumors of war did rise.
But now this faith is herefie: we muft
Still ftay, and vexe our great-grand-mother, Duft.
Oh, is God prodigall? hath he spent his store
Of plagues, on us; and onely now, when more
Would ease 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.

21 movings 1633-69: movings 1613
22 shake, 1650-69: shake.
1633-39
26 extafie Ed: extafie, 1633-69
31 bent; Ed: bent,
1613, 1633-69
34 through 1613-33: to 1635-69
36 Christianity?
1669:
42 did 1633: should 1613, 1635-69
44 great-grand-mother, 1613: great grand mother, 1633: great grand-mother,
1635-69
46 us; us, 1633
48 to dy? Ed: to dy. 1633: to die!
1635-54: no stop, 1669

Therefore
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
Sustaines 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 faid below,
To rectifie our errours, They foreknow.
Is th’other center, Reafon, fafter then?
Where should we looke for that, now we’re 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 reafon, hee being gone,
The onely subject reason wrought upon.
If Fate have such a chaine, whose divers links
Induftrious 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 must reason bee,
Death having broke off such a linke as hee.
But now, for us, with busie profe to come,
That we have no reason, would prove wee had some.
So would just lamentations: Therefore wee
May safelyer say, that we are dead, then hee.
So, if our griefs wee do not well declare,
We have double excuse; he’s 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
1633–69: Faith 1613 72 thinks; Ed: thinks, 1613, 1633–69 73
come, 1633–69: joine; 1613 fo steale in 1633–69: to steal-in 1613
77 profe 1633–69: proffes 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 I 1669
Too
Too narrow, to thinke him, as hee is hee,
(Our Soules best baiting, and midd-period,
In her long journey, of considering God)
Yet, (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
As hee embrac'd the fires of love, with us.
Oh may I, (since I live) but see, or heare,
That she-Intelligence which mov'd this spheare,
I pardon Fate, my life: Who ere thou bee,
Which haft the noble conscience, thou art shee,
I conjure thee by all the charmes 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 wish, I knew your history.
So much, as you, two mutuall heav'ns were here,
I were an Angell, sing ing what you were.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

Madame,

I Have learn'd by those lawes wherein I am a little conversant,
that hee which bestowes any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not the heire; I do not therefore send 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 express 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 piece, in which quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how entirely your familie possesseth Your Ladiships most humble and thankfull servant

John Donne.

91 Who Ed: who 1633–69
92 shee, 1633–69: she. Chambers
97 So much, as you, 1633–69: So, much as you Chambers
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.

Faire soule, which waft, not onely, as all soules bee,
Then when thou waft infused, harmony,
But didst continue so; and now dost 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 so 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 rest;
Times dead-low water; when all mindes deveft
To morrows businesse, when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this,
Now when the clyent, whose last hearing is
To morrow, sleepe, when the condemned man,
(Who when hee opes his eyes, must shut them than
Againe by death,) although sad watch hee keepe,
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,
Epicedes and Obsequies.

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 unglorified, 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 trunkes which doe to us derive
Things, in proportion fit, by perspective,
Deeds of good men; for by their living here,
Vertues, indeed remote, see me to be neare.
But where can I affirme, 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
Puft with more waters from my sight, and gone,
So in this sea of vertues, can no one
Bee'insifted on; vertues, as rivers, passe,
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,


Yet
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
Because God knowes where every Atome lyes;
So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
Who knew his minutes well, hee might dispose
His vertues into names, and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Deftinie,
Should I divide and discontinue so,
Vertue, which did in one intirenesse grow.
For as, hee that would say, spirits are fram’d
Of all the pureft parts that can be nam’d,
Honours not spirits halfe so much, as hee
Which fayes, they have no parts, but fimple bee;
So is’t of vertue; for a point and one
Are much entirer 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 feason, and then this,
We might have feene, and faid, that now he is
Witty, now wife, now temperate, now just:
In good short lives, vertues are faine to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place,
When they would exercife, lacke time, and space.
So was it in this perfon, 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 sodaine knowledge growes
By quick amaffing several formes of things,
Which he successevely to order brings;
When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot goe
So fast 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 whys hould then these men, these lumps of Balme
Sent hither, this worlds tempefts to becalme,
Before by deeds they are diffus'd and fpred,
And so 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 compasse 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 knowft, that though the tropique circles have
(Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,)
All the fame roundnesse, evennesse, and all
The endlesnesse of the equinoctiall;
Yet, when we come to measure distances,
How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,

86 Aire; 1669: Aire. 1633-35: Air, 1639-54
87 instant]
instant, 1633
good; Ed: good. 1633-69
98 good
102 this A25;
B, C, D, H49, JC, N, O'F, S, TCD: the 1633-69
tempefts A25, D, H49,
JC, N, S96, TCD: tempeft 1633-69, O'F, S
106 death, Ed: death
1633-69
110 man] man, 1633
hath.] hath, 1633 some copies, 1635-39
When
When he doth faintly worke, and when prevale,
Onely great circles, than can be our scale:
So, though thy circle to thy selfe express,
All, tending to thy endless happinesse,
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'st 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 mismotion and distemper feel,
Whose hand gets shaking palfies, and whose firing
(His finewes) slackens, and whose Soule, the spring,
Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the flye,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly,
Whose voice, the Bell, doth rattle, or grow dumbe,
Or idle, 'as men, which to their last houres come,
If these clockes be not wound, or be wound still,
Or be not set, or set at every will;
So, youth is easieft 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 'implore their time,
An error doth more harme, being generall,
When, small clocks faults, only'on the wearer fall;

When he doth faintly worke, and when prevale,
Onely great circles, than can be our scale:
So, though thy circle to thy selfe express,
All, tending to thy endless happinesse,
And wee, by our good use of it may trye,
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Yet, since we must be old, and age endures
His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
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Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
As well as luft, and ignorance of youth;
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And by thy doing tell us what to doe?
Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele
Doth each mismotion and distemper feel,
Whose hand gets shaking palfies, and whose firing
(His finewes) slackens, and whose Soule, the spring,
Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the flye,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly,
Whose voice, the Bell, doth rattle, or grow dumbe,
Or idle, 'as men, which to their last houres come,
If these clockes be not wound, or be wound still,
Or be not set, or set at every will;
So, youth is easieft 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 'implore their time,
An error doth more harme, being generall,
When, small clocks faults, only'on the wearer fall;

117 When . . when 1633–69, D, H49, Lec: Where . . where rest of MSS.
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 contreule,
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, grown 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 Jerufalem,
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them.
At that gate then Triumphant soule, doft thou
Begin thy Triumph; But since lawes allow
That at the Triumph day, the people may,
All that they will, gainst the Triumper say,
Let me here use that freedome, and express
My griefe, though not to make thy Triumph lese.
By law, to Triumphs none admitted bee,
Till they as Magiftrates 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 desin'd thee,
That there thy counfailes might get victorie,
And so in that capacitie remove
All jealoufies 'twixt Prince and subjects love,
Thou could'st no title, to this triumph have,
Thou didst intrude on death, usurp'd a grave.
Then (though victoriously) thou hast fought as yet
But with thine owne affections, with the heate
Of youths desires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou should'st successively advance
Thine arms 'gainst foraine enemies, which are
Both Envy, and acclamations popular,
(For, both these engines equally defeateth,
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 successe,
In a defensive war, their power expres's;
Before men triumph, the dominion
Muft be enlarg'd, and not preserv'd alone;
Why should'st thou then, whose battailes were to win
Thy selfe, from those straits nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that state,
Of which he gave thee the vicariate,


(Which
(Which is thy foule and body) as intire
As he, who takes endeavours, doth require,
But didn't not stay, t'enlarge his kingdome too,
By making others, what thou didn't, 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 possession were.
But this from Triumph most disables thee,
That, that place which is conquered, must bee
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 commission
With Tutelar Angels, 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 authoritie, by which he got
Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might;
So, though, triumphant foule, I dare to write,
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus,
That thou so earely wouldst abandon us;
Yet I am farre from daring to dispute
With that great soveraigntie, whose absolute
Prerogative hath thus dispeng'd with thee,
'Gainst natures lawes, which just impugners bee
Of early triumphs; And I (though with paine)
Leffen 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 expresse
Griefe in great Alexanders great excelsse,
Who at his friends death, made whole townes deveft
Their walls and bullwarks which became them best:
Doe not, faire soule, this sacrifice refuse,
That in thy grave I doe interre my Muse,
Who, by my grieve, great as thy worth, being cast
Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her laft.

Elegie on the Lady Marckham.

MAn is the World, and death th'Ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This Sea inverons 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 banke, 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 fins let fall)
Take all a brackish taft, and Funerall,

And
And even these teares, which should wash sin, are sin.
We, after Gods 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 thee.
In her this sea of death hath made no breach,
But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,
And leaves embroder’d workes upon the sand,
So is her flesh 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 flesh was, her foule shall inspire
Flesh of such stuffe, as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it, shal,
Make and name then, th’Elixar of this All.
They say, the sea, when it gains, loseth too;
If carnall Death (the younger brother) doe
Usurpe the body,’our foule, which subject is
To th’elder death, by sinne, is freed by this;
They perish both, when they attempt the just;
For, graves our trophies are, and both deaths dust.
So, unobnoxious now, she’thath buried both;
For, none to death finnes, that to finne is loth,
Nor doe they die, which are not loth to die;
So hath she this, and that virginity.

11 these D,H49,Lec: tho’se 1633—69 12 after Gods Noe, drowne
1633—54 (Ne, 1635—54): after God, new drown 1669 our world
1669,B,D,H49,L74,Lec,N,0,F,P,896,TCD: the world 1633—54,A18,
A25,JC,TCC 16 mist] mistes Cy,L74,N,TCD 19 embroder’d
1635—54: embroderd 1633: embroder’d 1669 21 slay, Ed: flay
1633—69 25 which Ed: which, 1633—69 28 then, 1633:
then 1635—39: them 1650—69 34 and both deaths dust. Ed: and both Deaths’ dust. Grolier: and both, deaths dust. 1633: and both death’s dust. 1635—69 and Chambers: and both dead dust. D,Cy,H40,
H49,JC,Lec,896. See note 36 loth, Ed: loth. 1633—69 37
die; Ed: die, 1633—69

Grace
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from finne, yet made her repent. 40
Of what small spots pure white complains! Alas,
How little poison cracks a chriftall glaffe!
She finn'd, but just enough to let us see
That God's word must be true, All, sinners be.
Soe much did zeale her conscience rareifie,
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 Moyses Cherubines, whose natures doe
Surpasse all speed, by him are winged too:
So would her foule, already in heaven, feeme then,
To clyme by teares, the common flaires of men.
How fit she was for God, I am content
To speake, that Death his vaine haft 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 hereifie,
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 triumph adde.
Elegie on Miss Boulftred.

Death I recant, and say, unfaid by mee.  
What ere hath slip’d, that might diminish thee.  
Spiritual treason, atheisme ’tis, to say,  
That any can thy Summons disobeys.  
The’earths face is but thy Table; there are set  
Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eate.  
In a rude hunger now hee millions draws  
Into his bloody, or plauguy, or fterv’d jawes.  
Now hee will seeme to spare, and doth more waft,  
Eating the best firft, well preserv’d to laft.

Now wantonly he spoiles, and eates us not,  
But breaks off friends, and lets us peecemeale rot.  
Nor will this earth serve him; he sinks the deepe  
Where harmeless fishe monaftique silence kepe,

Who (were Death dead) by Roes of living sand,  
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’st thou in?  
And how without Creation didst begin?

Thou haft, and shalt fe be dead, before thou dyest,  
All the foure Monarchies, and Antichrift.

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  
Waftfull consumptions, and degrees of thee.

---


For,
For, wee to live, our bellowes weare, and breath,
Nor are wee mortall, dying, dead, but death.

And though thou beest, 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 moft to thee.

And of those few, now thou haft overthrowne
One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own.

She was more stories high: hopelesse 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 finne infinuates 'twixt just men and grace,
Both worke a separation, no divorce.
Her Soule is gone to usher up her corse,
Which shall be'altho 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 proofe 'gainst sins of youth?

Oh, every age a diverfe 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.

34 to thee, 1633: for thee, 1635-69  35 thou haft 1633-69: haft thou
HN  36 blow] blow, 1633  41 King 1633, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC: Kings 1633-69  45 worke 1633-69, HN, O'F, S: workes A18, Cy, D, H49, L74, N, P, TC: makes Lec. See note
56 Shortly,] Shortly 1633 ambitious; 1635-69: ambitious, 1633
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 finne, mistaking she did finne.
Such as would call her friendship, love, and faine
To sociablenesse, a name profane;
Or finne, by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wiolding, though they never told her what.
Thus might'ft thou have slain more soules, had'ft thou not
croft
Thy selfe, and to triumph, thine army loft.
Yet though these wayes be loft, thou hast left one,
Which is, immoderate grieve that she is gone.
But we may scape that finne, yet weeppe as much,
Our teares are due, because we are not fuch.
Some teares, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
Because the chaine is broke, though no linke loft.

ELEGIE.

Death.

Languange thou art too narrow, and too weake
To eafe us now; great forrow cannot speake;
If we could figh out accents, and weeppe words,
Griefe weares, and leffens, that tears breath affords.

62 mistaking Cy, HN, O’F (but altered to text) 64
profane; 1669: profane, 1635–54: profane. 1633 74 though 1635–69,
A18, A25, HN, L74, N, O’F, P, S, S96, TC: but 1633, D, H40, H49, Lec
Here follow in 1635–54 By our first strange (p. 111), Madame, That I
(p. 291), and Death be not proud, (p. 422). In 1669 My Fortune and
(p. 292) precedes Madame, That I
Elegie. 1633: Elegie XI. Death. 1635–54 (being placed among the Elegies):
Elegie XI. 1669: An Elegie upon the death of Mrs Boullfred. A18, B,
Cy, H40, L74, N, O’F, P, TCC, TCD: no title, HN 2 sorrow 1633,
B, Cy, H40, HN, L74, N, P, TC: sorrowes 1635–69, O’F, S
Sad hearts, the less they seeme the more they are,
(So guiltieft men stand mutest 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 fift and greatest Monarchy,
Was't, that she did possesse 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 said 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 jeat now thy fit dwellings be;
Alas, she was too pure, but not too weake;
Who e'r saw Christall Ordinance but would break?
And if wee be thy conquest, by her fall
Th'haft loft 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 oppreffion;
For of all morall vertues she was all,
The Ethicks speake of vertues Cardinall.
Her foule was Paradise; the Cherubin

Set to keepe it was grace, that kept out finne.
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 raife 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 burn, where,
Religion, did not confume, but'inspire
Such piety, so chaft use of Gods day,
That what we turne to feaft, she turn'd to pray,
And did presfigure here, in devout taft,
The rest 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 leffe vertue, and leffe beautiuousesse,
The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesse.
The ravenous earth that now wooes her to be
Earth too, will be a Lemnia; and the tree
That wraps that chriftall 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 waste a Stoicks heart.

36 that kept out] to keep out. HN, P finne. Ed: sinne; 1633-69
37 She had no more; then let in death for we 1669 38 tree. Ed:
tree; 1633-69
41-2 And when we see his mercy shewne in this
'Twill & c. S 44 holiday. Ed: holiday; 1633-69 All the MSS.
omit have, but O'F inserts it later 48 That what 1633-69: That
when HN turne] turn'd Cy, HN, P, S96 to feaft, Ed: to feaft,
1633-69 feaft] feafts L74, N, O'F, TC to pray, Ed: to pray,
1633-69 50 laft.] laft; 1633 53 Her body left 1633, A18, HN,
N, TC: Her bodie's left 1635-69 56 fram'd] fain'd Cy, P: form'd
H40, HN 57 woes] woes 1633 be] be, 1633 58 All the
MSS, omit a before Lemnia, but O'F inserts 61 sad glad 1633-69:
glad sad B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96 62 wafe 1633, A18, Cy, H40,
HN, L74, N, P, TC: breake 1635-69, B, O'F

Elegie
Elegie on the L. C.

Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way:
Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey.
This strange chance claims 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 deep ill, we might have store.
Oh, if a sweet brier, clime up by’a tree,
If to a paradise 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 gains 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.
Epicedes and Obsequies.

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 me 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.

Wether 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

An hymne &c. 1633-69, in all of which it is classed with the Divine Poems, following Resurrection. In 1635-69 it is preceded by the letter To Sir Robert Carr.: in 1633 the letter follows, and has no heading: similarly in A18,0'F,TCC. See note 2 verse; 1635-69: verse, 1633 3 best] at the best A18,TCC subjects. 1635-69: subjects, 1633: subject, A18,TCC 6-7 of him... sacrifice. 1635-69: of you nor of him, we will smother it, and be it your sacrifice. 1633: of him, nor of you, nor of anye; smother it, and bee that the sacrifice. A18,TCC 9 the 1635-69: your 1633, A18,TCC more] much 1633 10 loath] loather 1633 in Christ Jesus] om. A18,TCC

1 Whether] Whither 1633, and so in 3 2 new; Ed: new, 1633-69

Then
Then was in heaven till now; (for may not hee 5
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 accepte;
But, by his losse grow all our orders leffe;
The name of Father, Master, Friend, the name
Of Subject and of Prince, in one are lame;
Faire mirth is dampt, and converstion black,
The household widdow'd, and the garter slack;
The Chappell wants an eare, Councell a tongue;
Story, a theame; and Musicke lacks a fong;
Bleff order that hath him! the losse of him
Gangreend all Orders here; all loft a limbe.
Never made body such haft to confesse
What a foule was; All former comelineffe
Fled, in a minute, when the foule was gone,
And, having loft that beauty, would have none;
So fell our Monasteries, in one instant growne
Not to leffe houses, but, to heapes of ftone;
So sent this body that faire forme it wore,
Unto the sphære of formes, and doth (before
His foule shall fill up his sepulchrall ftone,)
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,
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 At8, O'F, TCC
EPITAPHS

EPITAPH

ON HIMSELFE.

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 felsenelle 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 that not yet so good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, we're stubborn clay,
Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie
Vs to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie;
Whilft in our soules finne 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. 5 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
Omnibus.

MY Fortune and my choice this custome break,
When we are speechlesse grown, to make stones speak,
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my graves inside feefth 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 carkafes;
So we our selves miraculously deffroy.
Here bodies with leffe miracle enjoy
Such priviledges, enabled here to scale
Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale.
Heare this, and mend thy selfe, and thou mendft me,
By making me being dead, doe good to thee,
And thinke me well compos'd, that I could now
A laft-sicke hour to syllables allow.
INFINITATI SACRUM,
METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Poëma Satyricon.

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EPISTLE.

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 stick, and doe not say quickly, good. I censure much and taxe; And this liberty cost me more then others, by how much my owne things are worse then others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against my selfe, as not to doe it, since I love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it fine talione. 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 Council 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 waste, perchance increase in use; if I doe

Infinitati &c. 1633-69: (in 1633 it is the first poem; in 1635-69 it follows the Funerall Elegies, from which it is separated by some prose letters, and precedes Divine Poems as here), A18, G, N, TCC, TCD Metempsychosis. 1650-69: Metempsychosis. 1633-59 1 debt; Ed: debt, 1633-69 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
only carry one foule from man to man, nor man to beast,
but indifferently to plants also: and therefore you must
not grudge to finde the same foule in an Emperour, in
a Poft-horfe, and in a Mucheron, since no unreadinesse
in the foule, but an indisposition in the organs workes this.
And therefore though this foule could not move when it
was a Melon, yet it may remember, and now tell mee, 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 poysfon 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 shee was that apple which Eve

eate, to this time when shee is
heee, whose life you shall
finde in the end of
this booke.

1 Mucheron, 1633, N, TC: Muschrome, G: Maceron, 1635-69, O’F
2 and can now tell mee, 1635-69 3 apple] aple 1633 4 eate,
1633-69: ate, O’F: eat, mod. editors 5 shee is hee, 1633, A18, G, N,
TC: shee is shee, 1633-69
THE

PROGRESSE

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 most 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 saw,
Greeke brasse, or Roman iron, is in this one;
A worke t’outweare Seths pillars, bricke and stone,
And (holy writ 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 beginst to shine,
Suck’st early balme, and Iland spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein’d careere
At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,
And see at night thy Westerne land of Myne,
Yet haft thou not more nations seene then shee,
That before thee, one day beganne to bee,
And thy fraile light being quench’d, shall long, long out live thee.

7 gold] cold 1635-54 10 writ 1635-69, G: writs 1633, A18, N,
TC: Writ’s Chambers 12 begot.} begot, 1633 13 East] east
1633 some copies begins 1633 16 Danow dine,] Danon dine. 1633 17 Myne, 1633 (but mine, in some copies): Mine, 1635-69
19 one day before thee 0'F

III.
III.

Nor, holy Janus, in whose soveraigne boate
The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate;
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’st 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 Commisfary of God,
That haft mark’d out a path and period
For every thing; who, where wee of-spring tooke,
Our wayes and ends feet 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’underftand
So much my selfe, as to know with what hand,
How scant, or liberall this my lifes race is fpand.

V.

To my fixe luftres almoft now outwore,
Except thy booke owe mee fo many more,
Except my legend be free from the letts
Of fteepe ambition, fleepie povertie,
Spirit-quencheing fickneffe, dull captivitie,
The Progresse of the Soule. 297

Diftracting 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 unwasted man may have. 50

VI.

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,
In vaine this sea shall enlarge, or enrough
It felle; for I will through the wave, and fome,
And shal, in sad lone ways a lively fpright,
Make my darke heavy Poem light, and light. 55
For though through many freights, and lands I roame,
I launch at paradise, and I faile towards home;
The course I there began, shal here be stayd,
Sailes hoifted 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
Whofe story, with long patience you will long;
(For 'tis the crowne, and laft straine of my song) 65
This soule to whom Luther, and Mahomet were
Prifons of flefh; 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 firft in paradise, a low, but fatall roome.

54 shall, Ed: shall 1633: hold 1635-69: lone 1635-69: love 1633,
1633-69: 59 hoifted] hoifted G 61: For the] For this G, N, TC:
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.
The Progresse of the Soule.

VIII.
Yet no low roome, nor then the greatest, leffe,
If (as devout and sharpe men fitly guesse)
That Croffe, our joy, and griefe, where nailes did tye
That All, which alwayes was all, every where;
Which could not finne, and yet all finnes did beare;
Which could not die, yet could not chufe 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 foone as borne
That apple grew, which this Soule did enlive,
Till the then climbing serpant, 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 forbiddings 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’are here slaine o’er againe
By them. The mother poifon’d the well-head,
The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets;
No smallnesse scapes, no greatnesse breaks their nets;

71 no low] nor low Chambers 74 every where; Ed: every where
1633: every where, 1635-69 83 enlive, G: enlive 1633-69: om. 1633
some copies, and A18,N,TC 93 poylon’d 1669: poifoned 1633-54
94 corrupt us, 1635-69: corrupts us, 1633: corrupt as G 95 breaks] breake
Ed: Rivolets, 1635-69: om. 1633, A18,N,TC
1633 some copies 1633 some copies 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 faft in us doth this corruption grow,
That now wee dare afke why wee should be fo.
Would God (disputes 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 just) 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 still, to meditate on ill,
Though with good minde; their reasons, like those toyes
Of glassie bubbles, which the gamesome boyes
Stretch to so nice a thinnes through a quill
That they themselves breake, doe themselves spill:
Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercise
As wrafflers, perfects them; Not libertys
Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end
Herefies.
XIII.

Juft in that instant when the serpents gripe,
Broke the flight veins, and tender conduit-pipe,
Through which this foule from the trees root did draw
Life, and growth to this apple, fled away
This loose foule, old, one and another day.
As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he faw,
'Tis fo tooone gone, (and better proove the law
Of fense, 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 houf'd
her anew.

XIV.

The plant thus abled, to it felfe did force
A place, where no place was; by natures courfe
As aire from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies, by this root thronged fo
His fpungie confines gave him place to grow:
Juft as in our streets, when the people fstay
To fee the Prince, and have fo fill'd the way
That weefels scarce could passe, when she comes nere
They throng and cleave up, and a passage cleare,
As if, for that time, their round bodies flatned were.

XV.

His right arme he thuft out towards the Eaft,
West-ward his left; th'ends did themselves digest
Into ten leffer strings, these fingers were:
And as a flumberer stretching on his bed,
This way he this, and that way scattered

125 day. 1635-69: day, 1633 (corrected in some copies) 126 dares
The Progresse of the Soule.

His other legge, which feet with toes upbeare.
Grew on his middle parts, the first day, haire,
To show, that in loves businesse hee 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 Coloffus 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 possest,
Did this soules second Inne, built by the gueft,
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest. 160

XVII.

No luftfull 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 cool'd 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

146 upbeare. Ed: upbeare; 1633: up beare; 1635-69 147 middle parts 1633, G, O’F: middle part 1635-69: mid-parts A18, N, TC middle
might; 1633-54: mandrakes-might; 1669 155 XVIII.
XVIII.

To an unfetterd soules quick nimble haft
Are falling ftars, 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
Warmc bird orefsread, and fat ftill evermore,
Till her inclos’d child kickt, and pick’d it selfe a
dore.

XIX.

Outcrept a sparrow, this soules moving Inne,
On whose raw armes stifte feathers now begin,
As childrens teeth through gummies, to breake with paine,
His fleshe is jelly yet, and his bones threds,
All a new downy mantle ovspreads,
A mouth he opes, which would as much containe
As his late house, and the first house speaks plaine,
And chirps alowd for meat. Meat fit for men
His father steales for him, and so feeds 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, oreflutters his next hen;
He asks her not, who did so taft, nor when,


Nor
Nor if his sister, or his niece she be;
Nor doth the pule for his inconstancie
If in her sight 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 foule is,
The body so free of his kindnisses,
That selfe-preserving it hath now forgot,
And slackneth so the soules, and bodies knot,
Which temperance streightens; freely on his she friends
He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,
   Ill steward of himself, himselfe in three yeares ends.

XXII.

Else 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 foule; Is
The body so free of his kindnisses, 1633, and 1669 (Till now,):
Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill 'twas not
So jolly, that it can move this foule. Is
The body, so free of his kindnisses, 1635-54
Till now, unlawful, therefore ill 'twas not.
So jolly, that it can move this soul, is
The body, so free of his kindnisses, Chambers, and Grolier but...

203 dot; and no commas in 204. See note
206 selfe-preserving.
207 foules,] fouls 1669
208 temperance.
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 frightned twenty yeares
   To live, and to encrease his race, himfelfe 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 fandie 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 fo,
This soule inform’d, and abled it to rowe
It felfe with finnie oares, which fhe did fit:
Her fcales feem’d yet of parchment, and as yet
   Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it. 230

   XXIV.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A fwan, fo white that you may unto him
Compare all whiteneffe, but himfelfe to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch’d,
And with his arched necke this poore fifti catch’d.
It mov’d with fstate, as if to looke upon
Low things it fcorn’d, and yet before that one
Could thinke he fought it, he had swallowed cleare
This, and much fuch, and unblam’d devour’d there
   All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were. 240
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
For her as yet, bids her againe retire
T'another fish, to any new desire
Made a new prey; For, he that can to none
Resistance make, nor complaint, sure is gone.
   Weakness invites, but silence feasts oppression.

XXVI.

Pace with her native streame, this fish doth keepe,
And journeys with her, towards the glassie 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
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 distreft, would faine have slain
   This wretch; So hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII.

Here by her smallnesse shee two deaths orepast,
Once innocencce escap'd, and left the oppressor fast.
The net through-some, she keeps the liquid path,
And whether she leape up sometimes to breath
And suck in aire, or finde it underneath,
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 salt 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 seely fish where it disputing lay,
And t’end her doubts and her, beares her away:
Exalted she’is, 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 fish?
Ill unto man, they neither doe, nor wish:
Fifhers they kill not, nor with noife awake,
They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
Of beasts, nor their yong sonnes 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 Fafts, 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 fish; 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 soules no longer foes, two wayes did erre,
The fish I follow, and keepe no calender
Of the other; he lives yet in some great officer.

XXXI.
Into an embrion fish, our Soule is throwne,
And in due time throwne out againe, and growne
To such vastnesse as, if unmanacled
From Greece, Morea were, and that by some
Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swome,
Or seas from Africks body had severed
And torne the hopefull Promontories head,
This fish would seeme these, and, when all hopes faile,
A great ship 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-prooфе:

296 That many leagues at sea, G: That leagues o'er-past at sea, 1633-69:
That leagues at sea, Art8, N, O'F (which inserts o're past), TC. See note
297 dies:] dies, 1633 301 throwne,] throwne 1633 303 vast-
nesse as, if Grolier: vastnesse, as if 1633-69, Chambers 307 head,
1633: head; 1635-69: head. Chambers. See note 311 take,] take 1633
315 thunder-prooфе: Ed: thunder-prooфе, 1633-69

Swimme
Swimme in him swallow'd Dolphins, without feare,
And seele no sides, as if his vaft 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.

Hee hunts not fish, but as an officer,
Stayes in his court, at his owne net, and there
All suitors of all forts themselfes enthrall;
So on his backe lyes this whale wantoning,
And in his gulfe-like throat, sucks every thing
That passeth neare. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlpeole fall;
O might not states of more equality
Confift? and is it of necessity
That thousand guiltleffe finals, to make one great, must
die?

XXXIV.

Now drinkes he up feas, and he eates up flocks,
He justles Ilands, 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 destruction
Nearest; There's no pause at perfection;
Greatnesse a period hath, but hath no station.
The Progresse of the Soule.

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 fuck 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 wife strong projects breake,
   If wretchés can on them the common anger wrecake? 350

XXXVI.

The slaile-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 sluggard Whale yeelds to oppression,
And t'hide himselfe from flame and danger, downe 355
Begins to sinke; the Swordfish upward spins,
And gores him with his beake; his staffe-like finnes,
So well the one, his sword the other pyles,
That now a scoffe, and prey, this tyrann dyes,
   And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all companies.

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Those to account, that thought, and wrought his fall?
The heires of slaile kings, wee see are often so
Transported with the joy of what they get,
That they, revenge and obsequies forget,

344-5 brackets, 1719: death: ... outstreat, 1633-69 did not eate]
doe not eate G 349 Tyran] Tyrant 1669 351 slaile-finn'd] slaile-
find 1633: slaile-findd 1635-39 358 well] were 1633 359 tyrann]
tyrant 1669 365 they, revenge 1635-69: they revenge, 1633: they,
revenge, 1633 some copies

Nor
Nor will against such men the people goe,
Because h'is now dead, to whom they should show
Love in that act; Some kings by vice being growne
So needy of subiects love, that of their own
They thinke they lose, if love be to the dead Prince shewn.

XXXVIII.
This Soule, now free from prifon, 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 freight cloyfter of a wretched mouse
(As baseft 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 leffe
Be slain, to gallant mischief doth her selfe addressse.

XXXIX.
Natures great master-piece, 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, suspeets no enemies,
Still sleping stood; vex't not his fantasie
Blacke dreams; like an unbent bow, carelessly
His finewy Proboscis did remisly lie:

367 h'is 1633: he's 1635-69 368 act; Ed: act. 1633-69 383
who thought, no more had gone, to make one wife 1633, G, A18, N, TC (the last four MSS. all drop more, N and TCD leaving a space): who thought none had, to make him wife, 1635-69 386 relies,] relies 1633 389
dreames; Ed: dreames, 1633-69 390 lie: 1635: lie. 1633, 1639-69 XL.
The Progress of the Soule. 311

XL.
In which as in a gallery this mouse
Walk'd, and surved the roomes of this vaft house,
And to the braine, the soules bedchamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole towne
Cleane undermin'd, 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 roome,)
And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come. 400

XLI.
Next, hous'd this Soule a Wolves yet unborne whelp,
Till the beft midwife, Nature, gave it helpe,
To iflue. It could kill, as foone as goe.
Abel, as white, and milde as his sheepe were,
(Who, in that trade, of Church, and kingdomes, there
Was the firft type) was ftill infeted foe,
With this Wolfe, that it bred his loffe and woe;
And yet his bitch, his fentinell attends
The flocke fo neere, fo well warns and defends,
That the Wolf, (hopelesse else) to corrupt her, intends. 410

XLII.
Hee tooke a course, which fince, succelfully,
Great men have often taken, to efpie
The counfels, or to breake the plots of foes.
To Abel's tent heftealeth in the darke,
On whose skirts the bitch flept; 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 Progresse of the Soule.

Attach'd her with ftreight gripes, yet hee call'd those, 
Embracements of love; to loves worke he goes, 
Where deeds move more then words; nor doth she shouw, 
Nor (make) resist, nor needs hee streighten so 
His prey, for, were shee loose, she would nor barke, nor 

go.

XLIII.

Hee hath engag'd her; his, shee wholy bides; 
Who not her owne, none others secrets hides. 
If to the flocke he come, and Abell there, 
She faines hoarse barkings, but shee biteth not, 
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot. 
At laft 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 foule 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 luft 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 luft, for which Schoolemen would misse 
A proper name. The whelpe of both thefe lay 
In Abels tent, and with soft Moaba, 
His sister, being yong, it us'd to sport and play.

419 Nor (make) resist, Ed: Nor much resist, 1633–69: Nowe must resist 
N: Nowe much resist A18, G, TC: Resistance much O'F needs] need 
O'F 420 nor barke, 1633–39: not barke 1650–69, A18, N, TC 
422 hides.] hides, 1633 427 plac'd, ends] plac'd end 1633 some copies 
435 dead; Ed: dead, 1633–39: dead, 1650–69 

XLV.
XLV.

Hee soone for her too harsh, and churlish 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 cofened with his trade,
Then hopelesse that his faults were hid, betraid
Himselfe by flight, and by all followed,
From dogges, a wolfe; from wolves, a dogge he fled;
   And, like a spie to both sides falfe, he perished.

XLVI.

It quickned next a toyfull Ape, and so
Gamesome it was, that it might freely goe
From tent to tent, and with the children play.
His organs now fo 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 Siphatecia,
Doth gaze on her, and, where shee pafteth, passe,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the graffe,
   And wisest of that kinde, the firt true lover was.

XLVII.

He was the firt that more defir'd to have
One then another; firt that ere did crave
Love by mute signes, and had no power to speake;
Firt that could make love faces, or could doe
The valters somberfalts, or us'd to wooe

[443 field. Being Ed: field, being 1633-69 thus] om. 1633
play. Ed: play, 1633-69

With
With hoiting gambolls, his owne bones to breake
To make his mistresse merry; or to wreake
Her anger on himselle. Sinnes againft 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 beene 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 prevaiile not, likeler meanes he tries,
He gazeth on her face with teare-shot eyes,
And up lifts subtly with his ruflet 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 first, nowe cares not what he doth,
And willing halfe and more, more then halfe (loath),
She neither puls nor puffes, 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 possest a new.
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 strew’d and form’d it: and part did become
A spongie liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit, on a high hills brow,
Life-keeping moisture unto every part;
Part hardned it selfe to a thicker heart,

Whose busie furnaces lifes spirits do impart.

Another part became the well of sense,
The tender well-arm’d feeling braine, from whence,
Those finewe stringes which do our bodies tie,
Are raveld out; and faft 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 luft, and ills now
To be a woman. *Themech* she is now,

Sister and wife to *Caine, Caine* that first did plow.

Who ere thou beeft that read’ft this fullen Writ,
Which just so much courts thee, as thou doft it,
Let me arreft thy thoughts; wonder with mee,
Why plowing, building, ruling and the rest,
Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest,
By cursed Cains race invented be,
And blest Seth vext us with Astronomie.
Ther's nothing simply good, nor ill alone,
Of every quality comparison,
The only 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 dutty slime,
In me, your fatherly yet lusty 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 fix; they say, the feaventh hath still some maime.
I choose your judgement, which the fame degree
Doth with her fitter, your invention, hold,
As fire thefe droffe Rymes to purifie,
Or as Elixar, to change them to gold;
You are that Alchimift 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,
Divine Poems.

The Resurrection; so much good there is
Deliver'd 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.

1. D

Eigne at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
Weav'd in my low devout melancholie,
Thou which of good, haft, yea art treasury,
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 flowr alwayes;
The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'ft our ends,
For, at our end begins our endless rest;
The first last end, now zealously posseft,
With a strong sober thirst, my soule 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. H49.


Annunciation.
Annunciation.

2. Salvation to all that will is nigh;
That All, which always is All every where,
Which cannot sinne, and yet all sinnes must beare,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chufe but die,
Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds himselfe to lye
In prifon, in thy wombe; and though he there
Can take no sinne, nor thou give, yet he'will weare
Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may trie.

Ere by the spheraes time was created, thou
Waft 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 shutst in little roome,

Nativitie.

3. Immenstie cloysterd in thy deare wombe,
Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,
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 ftall, and from the Orient,
Starres, and wisemen will travell to prevent
Th'effect of Herods jealous generall doome.

Seest 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?
Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe,

With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

Temple.

4. With his kinde mother who partakes thy woe,
Iofeph turne backe; see where your child doth fit,
Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
Which himselfe on the Doctors did bestow;
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 ripenesse,
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.

5. By miracles exceeding power of man,
Hee faith in some, envie in some begat,
For, what weake spirts 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 foule.

Crucifying. 3 weake] meeke B, O'F, S, S96, W 8 to'a span, B, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W: to span, 1633-69, A18, D, H 49 9 inch. Loe, 1635-69: inch, loe, 1633 11 die. 1635-69: die; 1633
Resurrection.
Divine Poems.

Resurrection.

6. Myst 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 flue; nor shal 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 meanes be glorified.
May then finnes sleep, and deaths soone from me passe,
That wak’t from both, I againe risen may
Salute the last, and everlasting day.

Ascension.

7 Salute the last and everlasting day,
Joy at the uprifing of this Sunne, and Sonne,
Yee whose just teares, or tribulation
Have purely washt, or burnt your drossie clay;
Behold the Higheft, parting hence away,
Lightens the darke clouds, which hee treads upon,
Nor doth hee by ascending, show alone,
But firft hee, and hee firft 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’d, that I the way may fee,
Oh, with thy owne blood quench thy owne just wrath,
And if thy holy Spirit, my Mufe did raise,
Deigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and praise.

Refurrection. I soul 1635: soul, 1633,1639-69 5 this] thy
B, O’F, S, S96, W 6 shall to] shall nowe to A18, N, O’F, TC
little 1633, A18, D, H49, TC: life 1635-69, B, O’F, S, S96, W
that long] that last long O’F, S, S96, W: that D, H49
purified S, S96, W, and O’F (which corrects to glorified)
l2 deaths A18, N, S96, TC, W: death 1633-69, D, H49

Ascension. 3 just 1633, A18, D, H49, N, TC: true 1635-69, B, S,
S96, W, 8 way.] way, 1633 10 Lambe, D, W: lambe 1633-69
II Torch, D, W: torch, 1633-69 thy wayes B, S, S96, W:
thee A18, TCC

917-8

Holy
Divine Poems.

Holy Sonnets.

I.

Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
Repaire me now, for now mine end doth hafte,
I runne to death, and death meets me as faft,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,
Despare behind, and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feele fleshe doth waste
By finne in it, which it t'wards 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, firft 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 felfe to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains thou haft still repaid,
Thy shepe, 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 foone despare, when I doe see
That thou lov'ft mankind well, yet wilt'not chufe me,
And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to lofe mee.

III.

O Mighty those figthes and teares returne againe
Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
That I might in this holy discontent
Mourne with some fruite, as I have mourn'd in vaine;
In mine Idolatry what showres of raine
Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
That sufferance was my sinne; now I repent;
'Cause I did suffer I must suffer paine.
Th' hydroptique drunkard, and night-scouting thiefe,
The itchy Lecher, and selfe tickling proud
Have the remembrance of past joyes, for relief
Of comming ills. To (poore) me is allow'd
No eafe; for, long, yet vehement griefe hath beene
Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sinne.

IV.

Oh my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned
By sickneffe, 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,
Wisteth himselfe delivered from prison;
But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
Wisteth that still he might be imprisoned.
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 sinne;
Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

III. 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W: omitted 1633, A18, D, &c. 7 sinne; 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 imprisoned. W: imprisoned; 1633-69
V.
V.

I am a little world made cunningly
Of Elements, and an Angelike fpight,
But black finne hath betraid to endleffe 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 feas 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 ò Lord, with a fiery zeale
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

VI.

This is my playses 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 gluttonous 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 joyn’:
Then, as my foule, to’heaven her firft feate, 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 preffe me, to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg’d of evill,
For thus I leave the world, the flefh, the devill.
Divine Poems.

VII.

At the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angells, and arise, arise
From death, you numberlesse infinities
Of soules, and to your scattred bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom warre, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despaire, law, chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes,
 Shall behold God, and never taft deaths woe.
But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourn a space,
For, if above all these, my finnes abound,
'Tis late to aske 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'hadft feal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

VIII.

If faithfull soules be alike glorifi'd
As Angels, then my fathers soule doth see,
And adds this even to full felicitie,
That valiantly I hels wide mouth o'erstride:
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 weeppe and mourne,
And vile blasphemous Conjurers to call
On Iesu name, and Pharisicall
Dissimblers feigne devotion. Then turne
O penfive soule, to God, for he knowes best
Thy true griefe, for he put it in my breast.

VII. 1635-69: IV. 1633, A18, D, &c.: VIII. B, O'F, S96, W.

VIII. 1635-69: omitted 1633, A18, D, &c.: X. B, O'F, S96, W.
IX.

If poysonous mineralls, and if that tree,
Whofe fruit threw death on elfe immortall us,
If lecherous goats, if serpent's envious
Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why shou'd I bee?
Why shou'd intent or reason, borne in mee,
Make finnes, elfe equal, in mee more heinous?
And mercy being easie, and glorious
To God; in his eterne 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 finnes 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, thofe, whom thou think'ft, thou doft 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 must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And doft with poyson, warre, and sickneffe dwell,
And poppie, or charms can make us sleepe as well,
And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.
XI.

S

Pit in my face you Jewes, and pierce my side,
Buffet, and sconce, 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 sins, which pass 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 harsh attire
But to supplant, and with gainfull intent:
God cloth’d himselfe in vile mans flesh, that so
Hee might be weake enough to suffer woe.

XII.

Why are wee by all creatures weighted on?
Why doe the prodigall elements supply
Life and food to mee, being more pure then I,
Simple, and further from corruption?
Why brooke’ft thou, ignorant horse, subjection?
Why doft thou bull, and bore so feelily
Dissimblage weakeffe, and by’one mans stroke die,
Whose whole kinde, you might swallow and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worse 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 sin, nor nature tyed,
For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.


XIII.
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 amasing light,
Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc’d head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray’d forgiveness for his foes fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my idolatrie
I said to all my profane mistrefses,
Beauty, of pitty, foulness onely is
A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign’d,
This beauteous forme affures a pitious minde.

XIV.

Butter my heart, three person’d God; for, you
As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, 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.

XV.
Wilt thou love God, as he thee! then digest,
My Soule, this wholsome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on
In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy brest.
The Father having begot a Sonne moft blest,
And still begetting, (for he ne’r begonne)
Hath deign’d to chufe thee by adoption,
Coheire to his glory, and Sabbaths endlesse rest.
And as a robb’d man, which by search doth finde
His ftolne ftuffe fold, must lofe or buy’it againe:
The Sonne of glory came downe, and was flaine,
Us whom he’had made, and Satan ftolne, to unbinde.
’Twas much, that man was made like God before,
But, that God shoule be made like man, much more.

XVI.
Father, part of his double interest
Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to mee,
His joynture 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 flaine, and he
Hath made two Wills, which with the Legacie
Of his and thy kingdome, doe thy Sonnes inveft.
Yet such are thy laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man thofe ftatutes 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!

12ftolne, 1633, AI8, D, H49, N, TC: ftole, 1635-69, B, O’F, S96, W, Chambers
XVI.1635-69: XII. 1633, AI8, D,&c.: IV. B, O’F, S96, W 3 Trinitie]
Trinitie, 1633 8 doe 1633: om. 1635-69: doth AI8, B, D, H49, N, O’F,
S96, W: thefe 1633-69: thole AI8, D, H49, N, TC 11 doth; ] doth, 1633
but all-healing AI8, D, H49, N, TC, W: but thy all-healing 1633-69. See note
spirit ] Spirit, 1633-69 12 Revive againe] Revive and quicken B, O’F,
S96, W kill. 1635-69: kill, 1633 14 this 1633-69: that AI8, D,
H49, N, TC, W: thy B, O’F, S96

XVII.
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 fett.
Here the admiring her my mind did whett
To seeke thee God; so streames do shew their head;
But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst haft fed,
A holy thirsty dropsy melts mee yett.
But why should I begg more Love, when as thou
Doft wooe my soule for hers; offering all thine:
And doft not only feare leaft I allow
My Love to Saints and Angels things divine,
But in thy tender jealoufy doft doubt
Leaft the World, Fleshe, yea Devill putt thee out.

XVIII.

Show me deare Chrift, thy spoufe, 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 feaven, 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 spoufe 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 most men.

XVII. W: first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne, 1899
1 dead,] dead W 6 their] yr W head;] head, W
10 woe] spelt W 12 divine,] divine W
XVIII. W: first printed in Gosse's Life &c. 2 What!] What W
3 tore] so I read W: lore Gosse

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 forgott:
As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hott,
As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
I durt not view heaven yesterday; 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: fave 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 chosen Altar to despise?
It bore all other finnes, but is it fit
That it should beare the finne 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 worse, for, no affliction,
No Croffe is so extreme, as to have none.
Who can blot out the Cross, 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 Cross to be?
Swimme, and at every stroke, thou art thy Cross;
The Mast and yard make one, where seas do toss;
Looke downe, thou spiest out Crosses in small things;
Looke up, thou seest birds rais'd on cross'd wings;
All the Globes frame, and sphæres, is nothing else
But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
Material 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 own physicke, or need none,
When Still'd, or purg'd by tribulation.
For when that Cross ungrudg'd, unto you stickes,
Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifixe.
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-dispising, get selfe-love,
And then as worst surfets, of best meates bee,
Soe is pride, issu'd from humility,
For, 'tis no child, but monster; therefore Cross
Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double loss.
And cross thy senses, else, both they, and thou
Must perish foone, and to destruction bowe.
For if the'eye seeke good objects, and will take

19 Crosses; Ed: Crosses, 1633: Crosses. 1635-69 20 make] makes
B, D, H49, Lex, S where] when O'F toss; 1635-69: toss. 1633
21 out] our 1669 23 is] are A25, B 26 But yet] And yet
A18, D, JC, N, TC 27 medicine] medicines A25, B, JC 33 make,
1633-69: 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 O'F 45
seeke] see 1650-69

No
No crosse from bad, wee cannot escape a snake.
So with harsh, hard, sower, thinking, crosse the rest,
Make them indifferent all; call nothing best.
But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome,
And move; To th’other th’objects must come home.

And crosse thy heart: for that in man alone
Points downewards, and hath palpitation.
Crosse those dejections, when it downeward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
And as the braine through bony walls doth vent
By futures, which a Crosse form present,
So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it,
Crosse and correct concupiscence of wit.
Be covetous of Crosses, let none fall.
Crosse no man else, but crosse thy selfe in all.
Then doth the Cross of Christ worke fruitfully
Within our hearts, when wee love harmlesly
That Crosses pictures much, and with more care
That Crosses children, which our Crosses are.

Resurrection, imperfect.

Sleep sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repaft
As yet, the wound thou took’st on friday last;
Sleepe then, and rest; The world may beare thy stay,
A better Sun rose before thee to day,
Who, not content to’ enlighten all that dwell
On the earths face, as thou, enlightened hell,
And made the darke fires languish in that vale,

48 all; call nothing best. Ed: indifferent; call nothing best. 1633
and MSS: indifferent; all, nothing best. 1635–69 50 To th’other
th’objects 1633: To th’others objects 1635–69 52 Points A18,
1633: detorpfons 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 1633–69
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
Himfelfe 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
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of power to make even finfull flesh like his.
Had one of thofe, whose credulous pietie
Thought, that a Soule one might difcerne and fee
Goe from a body,’at this fepulcher been,
And, iffuing from the fheet, this body feen,
He would have juftly thought this body a foule,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt cetera.

The Annuntiation and Passion.

Tamely, fraile body,’abftaine to day; to day
My foule eates twice, Chrift hither and away.
She fees him man, fo like God made in this,
That of them both a circle embleme is,
Whose firft and laft concurre; this doubtfull day
Of feaf or faft, Chrift came, and went away.
Shee fees him nothing twice at once, who’is all;
Shee fees a Cedar plant it felfe, 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
1633–69

She
She sees at once the virgin mother stay
Reclus’d at home, Publique at Golgotha;
Sad and rejoyc’d she’s seen at once, and seen
At almost fiftie, and at scarce fifteene.
At once a Sonne is promis’d her, and gone,
Gabriell gives Crist to her, He her to John;
Not fully a mother, Shee’s in Orbitie,
At once receiver and the legacie.

All this, and all betweene, this day hath showne,
Th’Abridgement of Crists story, which makes one
(As in plaine Maps, the furtheast West is East)
Of the Angels Ave, and Consummatum est.

How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties
Deales, in some times, and seldom 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
(Becaufe it strayes not farre) doth never stray;
So God by his Church, neerest 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 shown
Death and conception in mankinde is one;
Or’twas in him the fame 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 rejoyc’d]
Rejoyc’d and sad B, O’F, P, S, S96 18 legacie. Ed: legacie; 1633–69
24 these! Ed: these? D, TCD: these; 1633: these. 1635–69
26 these! Ed: these? D, TCD: these; 1633: these. 1635–69
29 these B, D, H49, Lec, N, O’F, P, S, S96, TCD: these 1633–69 daies 1633, D, H49,
Lec, N, TCD: feafts 1635–69, O’F, P, S, S96 34 one; Ed: one. 1633:
are one. 1635–69 (one 1669) 37 hath] had B, N, O’F, P, S, S96, TCD

So
So though the leaf of his paines, deeds, or words,  
Would busie a life, she all this day affords;  
This treasure then, in grosse, 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 Spharees, 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, so, 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 Eaft.  
There I should see a Sunne, by rising set,  
And by that setting endlesse day beget;  
But that Christ on this Croffe, did rise and fall,  
Sinne had eternally benighted all.  
Yet dare I'almot 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 turne all spharees at once, peir'cd with those holes?
Could I behold that endless height which is 
Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood which is 
The feat of all our Souls, if not of his,
Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worn
By God, for his apparell, rag'd, and torn?
If on these things I durst not looke, durst I
Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye,
Who was Gods partner here, and furnifh'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'ft towards mee,
O Saviour, as thou hang'ft 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 rufts, and my deformity,
Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
That thou may'ft know mee, and I'll turne my face.

30 Upon his miserable 1633, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC:
On his distressed 1635-69  rufts, 1633, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TCD: ruft, 1635-69, A18, 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'ft 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 duft,
And being sacrilegiously
Halfe wafted with youths fires, of pride and luft,

The Litanie. 1633–69: A Litanie. A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD 17 be, D: be 1633–69

Must
Muft with new stormes be weatherbeat;
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devout fad teares intend; and let
(Though this glaffe lanthorne, flesh, do suffer maime)
Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same.

IV.

The Trinity.

O Blessed glorious Trinity,
Bones to Philosophy, but milke to faith,
Which, as wise serpents, diverfly
Most slipperiness, yet most entanglings hath,
As you distinguish'd undistinguish'd
By power, love, knowledge bee,
Give mee a such selfe different instinct
Of these; let all mee elemented bee,
Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbred three.

V.

The Virgin Mary.

For that faire blessed Mother-maid,
Whose flesh redeem'd us; That she-Cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
One claime for innocence, and displease'd sinne,
Whose wombe was a strange heav'n, for there
God cloath'd himselfe, and grew,
Our zealous thankes wee poure. As her deeds were
Our helpes, fo are her prayers; nor can she sue
In vaine, who hath such titles unto you.

30 serpents, Ed: serpents 1633-69 34 a such 1633: such 1635-69,
JG: such a A18,D,H49,Lec,N,S,TC instinct 1633: instinct, 1635-69
35 thefe; Ed: thefe, D,H49,Lec: thefe 1633-69: thee A18,N,TC
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 diversifie,
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 Reason added, lose her fight.

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;


Those
Divine Poems.

Those heavenly Poëts which did see
Thy will, and it expresse
In rythmique feet, in common pray for mee,
That I by them excuse not my exceffe
In seeking secrets, or Poëtiqueness.

IX.

The Apostles.

And thy illuftrious Zodiacke
Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,
(From whom whofoever do not take
Their light, to darke deep pits, throw downe, and fall,) 75
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
Did'ft long to die, that long before thou could'ft,
And long since thou no more couldst dye,
Thou in thy scatter'd mystique body wouldst 85
In Abel dye, and ever since
In thine; let their blood come
To begge for us, a discreet patience
Of death, or of worse life: for Oh, to some
Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdom.

75-6 no brackets 1633 75 whofoever] 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, 896 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 tempeftuous perfeccutions grow;
Tentations martyr us alive; A man
Is to himfelfe a Dioclesian.

XII.

The Virgins.

The cold white fnowie Nunnery,
Which, as thy mother, their high Abbefle, fent
Their bodies backe againe to thee,
As thou hadft lent them, cleane and innocent,
Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
That or thy Church, or I,
Should keep, as they, our firft 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 unclafp'd, and taught
Both bookes 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
Academie 1633, D, H49, Lec: Academ 1635–69: Academe N, O’F, S96,
TC 112 thy ] the 1650–69 Scriptures ] Scripture 1669 wrote
spelt wrought 1633 and MSS.
In thy other booke) pray for us there
That what they have misdone
Or mis-faid, 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 universall 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 fadness, or light squibs of mirth,
From thinking, that great courts immure
All, or no happiness, 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 1635–69,
B, O’F (which corrects), S96
133 whom] om. D, H49, Lec them]
om. A18, N, TC
134 sweet, 1633, D, H49, JC, Lec, S96: sweets, 1635–69, A18, N, O’F, S, TC

XVI.
XVI.

From needing danger, to bee good,
From owing thee yeifterdaies teares to day,
From trusting fo much to thy blood,
That in that hope, wee wound our foule away,
From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse
Some finne more burdenous,
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 flack companie,
From measuring ill by vitious,
Neglecting to choake fins spawne, Vanitie,
From indiscreet humilitie,
Which might be scandalous,
And cast reproach on Christianitie,
From being spies, or to spies pervious,
From thirft, or fcorne 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
Glorifiedst Povertie,
And yet foone after riches didnt allow,
By accepting Kings gifts in the Epiphanie,
Deliver, and make us, to both waies free.

137 owing] owning 1669 139 foule] fouls 1669, JC, O’F, S 153
fame,] flame, 1633 154 for 1633, D, H49, N, S, TC: through 1635–69,
JC, O’F, S96, Chambers 156 middle] middle 1633, D 157 grace;]
 grace, 1633 159 Glorifiedst] Glorifiedst 1633 some copies, D, H49
162 Deliver, and] Deliver us, and Chambers

XIX.
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 might'st from them have gone,
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when
Wee may not, and we may blinde unjuft men.

XX.

Through thy submitting all, to blowes
Thy face, thy clothes to spoile; thy fame to scorne,
All waies, which rage, or Justice knowes,
And by which thou could'st shew, that thou waft born;
And through thy gallant humblenesse
Which thou in death did'st 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 despare a breach to enter in,
When plenty, Gods image, and seale
Makes us Idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveale,
When wee are mov'd to seeme religious
Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

163 through 1633 thy B, JC, O'F, S96
164 is still
1633 some copies, 1635-69 fits; 1633 173 clothes
1633, A18, D, H49, LeC, N, S, TC: robes 1635-69, B(robe), JC, O'F, S96
175 born; Ed: born, 1633-69

XXII.
XXII.

In Churches, when the'infirmitie
Of him which speaks, diminishes the Word,
When Magistrates do mis-apply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,
When plague, which is thine Angell, raignes,
Or wars, thy Champions, swaie,
When Heresie, thy second deluge, gains;
In th'houre of death, the'Eve of last judgement day,
Deliver us from the sinifter way.

XXIII.

Heare us, O heare us Lord; to thee
A sinner is more musique, when he prayes,
Then sphareas, or Angels praises 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 selfe now, for thou in us doft pray.

XXIV.

That wee may change to evennesse
This intermitting aguifh Pietie;
That snatching cramps of wickednesse
And Apoplexies of fast sin, may die;
That musique of thy promifes,
Not threats in Thunder may
Awaken us to our just 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 last judgement] the last JC, S:
Gods judgement B 202 Allelujaes; 1635–69: Allelujaes, 1633 204
say; D: say, 1633–69 209 Pietie; Ed: Pietie, 1633–69 214
offices;] offices, 1633

XXV.
XXV.

That our eares sicknesse wee may cure,
And rectifie those Labyrinths aright,
That wee, by harkning, not procure
Our prais, nor others difpraise fo invite,
That wee get not a slipperiness
And fenflely decline,
From hearing bold wits jeaft at Kings excessoe,
To'admit the like of majeftie divine,
That we may locke our eares, Lord open thine.

XXVI.

That living law, the Magiftrate,
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 moft 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 Ambaffador,
From thine allegiance wee never tempt,
That beauty, paradies flower
For phyficke made, from poyfom 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 ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry.
XXVIII.

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou
By taking our blood, owest it us againe,
Gaine to thy selfe, 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.

Vpon the translation of the Psalms by Sir Phi-lip Sydney, and the Countesse of Pembroke his Sifter.

Eternall God, (for whom who ever dare
Seeke new expressions, doe the Circle square,
And thruft into strait corners of poore wit
Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)
I would but blesse 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 blest Spirit fell upon
These Psalms first Author in a cloven tongue;
(For 'twas a double power by which he fung
The higheft matter in the nobleft 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.

245 againe,] againe 1633 246 or us 1633, A18, D, H49, Lec, JC, N, S, TC: and us 1635-69, O'F, S96, Chambers 248 O Lambe] O lambe 1633
Vpon the &c. 1635-69: no extant MSS.
Two that make one John Baptists holy voyce,
And who that Psaume, Now let the Iles rejoyce,
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 Musick, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather dance'd than sung;
But our third Quire, to which the first gives eare,
(For, Angels learne by what the Church does 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-reveal
To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
That I must not rejoyce 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 lesser 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 voyce; 1669: voyce; 1635-69 voyce;
22 sing;] 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,
And, till we come th’Extemporall fong to fing,
(Learn’d the first hower, that we fee the King,
Who hath translated thofe transplantors) 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. Venance will fit above our faults; but till
She there doth fit,
We fee her not, nor them. Thus, blinde, yet ftil
We leade her way; and thus, whil’t 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’errours of the laft place, are
The greateft ftil.

3. Yet we, that shoud the ill we now begin
As foone repent,
(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not seen,
But paft us; neither felt, but onely in
The punishment.

4. But we know our felves leaft; Mere outward fhews
Our mindes fo store,
That our soules, no more than our eyes discofe
But forme and colour. Onely he who knowes
Himfelfe, 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-fcornings of the Miniftry,
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 feele?
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 fame 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 Christs 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 purchase lies, and shew
What thy advantage is above, below.
But if thy gainings doe furmount expression,
Why doth the foolish world fcorne that profession,
Whose joyes paffe speech? Why do they think unfit
That Gentry should joyne families with it?
As if their day were onely to be spent
In dressing, Mistressing and complement;
Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose truft
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 Christs] Chrifts
1635 34 clay.) Ed: clay) 1635-69

Let
Divine Poems.

Let then the world thy calling disresect,
But goe thou on, and pitty their neglect.
What function is so noble, as to bee
Embassador 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 Christ, 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'Astronomers, 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 must meet Gods graces, mens offences,
And so 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 blest Hermaphrodite.

---

A Hymne to Christ, 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 disguise
Thy face; yet through that maske I know those eyes,
Which, though they turne away sometimes,
They never will despise.

52 beare, 1650-69: beare 1635-39
A Hymne &c. 1633-69: A Hymne to Christ. At&, 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] foe'er swallows me up,
that O,F

I sacrifice
I sacrifice this Iland 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 sinnes and thee.
As the trees sap doth feeke 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 amoroufnesse of an harmonious Soule,
But thou would'ft have that love thy felfe: As thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
Thou lov'ft not, till from loving more, thou free
My soule: Who ever gives, takes libertie:
O, if thou car'ft not whom I love
Alas, thou lov'ft 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 mistrefses) to thee.
Churches are best for Prayer, that have leaft light:
To fee God only, I goe out of fight:
And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse
An Everlafting night.

The Lamentations of Jeremiah, 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; Perfidiously
   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 solemn dayes.
Her Priests doe groane, her maides are comfortlesse,
   And shee's unto her selfe a bitterness.

5 Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,
   Because when her transgressions did increase,
The Lord strooke 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.
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 lost.

Jerusalem hath sinn’d, therefore is shee
Remov’d, as women in uncleanness bee;
Who honor’d, scorne her, for her foulneffe they
Have seene; her selfe doth groane, and turne away.

Her foulneffe in her skirts was seene, yet shee
Remembred not her end; Miraculously
Therefore shee fell, none comforting: Behold
O Lord my affliction, for the Foe growes bold.

Upon all things where her delight hath beeene,
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.

And all her people groane, and seeke for bread;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasur e lay:
How cheape I am grown, O Lord, behold, and weigh.

All this concernes 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?

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.
14 His hand hath of my finnes framed a yoake
    Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength. The Lord unto those enemies
    Hath given mee, from whom I cannot rise.

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 wepe, mine eye, mine eye
    Cafts water out; For he which should be nigh
To comfort mee, is now departed farre;
    The foe prevaiiles, forlorne my children are.

17 There's none, though Sion do stretch out her hand,
    To comfort her, it is the Lords command
That Iacobs foes girt him. Ierusalem
    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 captivit'.e.

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 foules, they could not get.

20 Because I am in streights, Iehova fee
    My heart o'return'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 wickedneffe appeare to thee,
   Doe unto them, as thou haft done to mee,
For all my finnes: The fighs which I have had
   Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. I I.

1 How over Sions daughter hath God hung
   His wraths thicke cloud! and from heaven hath flung
To earth the beauty of Ifrael, and hath
   Forgot his foot-floole in the day of wrath!

2 The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
   All Jacobs dwellings, and demolifhed
To ground the strengths of Iuda, and prophan’d
   The Princes of the Kingdome, and the land.

3 In heat of wrath, the horne of Ifrael hee
   Hath cleane cut off, and left the enemie
Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,
   But is towards Iacob, 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 defire,
   'Gainst whom his wrath, he poured forth, like fire.

5 For like an enemie Iehova is,
   Devouring Ifrael, and his Palaces,
Destroying holds, giving additions
   To Iuda’s daughters lamentations.


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 forsaikes his Altar, and deteets
His Sanctuary, and in the foes hand refts
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 drawes not back his hand, which doth oreturne
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; Dust on their heads they cast,
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 sucking 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.
13 Daughter Ierusalem, Oh what may bee
   A witnesse, or comparison for thee?
Sion, to eafe thee, what shall I name like thee?
   Thy breach is like the sea, what help can bee?

14 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.

15 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?

16 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 see.

17 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.

18 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.

19 Arise, cry in the night, poure, for thy sinnes,
   Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, left children dye,
   Which, faint for hunger, in the streets doe lye.

141 For the 1635-54: For, the 1633: For the 1669 143 disturne
1633-54 and MSS.: dis-urn 1669: disturb Chambers: ad avertendum
captivitatem tuam Tr 145 hisse, Ed: hisse 1633-39 157 against
1633: unto 1635-69, and MSS.: clamat cor iforum contra Dominum Tr:
ad Dominum Vulg 161 poure, for 1633 and MSS.: poure out
1635-69, Chambers 20 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’dst about mee; when his wrath appear’d,
None did remaine or scape, for those which I
Brought up, did perish by mine enemie.

Am the man which have affliction seen,
Under the rod of Gods wrath having beene,
He hath led mee to darkness, not to light,
And against mee all day, his hand doth fight.

Hee hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh and skinne,
Built up against mee; and hath girt mee in
With hemlocke, and with labour; 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 crie out, he out shuts my prayer: 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,
And hee makes mee the marke he shooteth at.
He made the children of his quiver part
Into my reins, all long, a song and mockery.
Hath made me drunk with wormwood. He hath burst
My teeth with stones, and covered me with dust;
And thus my soul far from peace was set,
And my prosperity I did forget.
My strength, my hope (unto myself I said)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished.
But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,
My soul is humbled in remembering this;
My heart considers, therefore, hope there is.
'Tis God's great mercy we're not utterly
Consum'd, for his compassions do not die;
For every morning they renewed bee,
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity.
The Lord is, faith my soul, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.
The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,
And to the soul that seeks him earnestly.
It is both good to trust, and to attend
(The Lord's salvation) unto the end:
'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare;
He sits alone, and doth all speech forbeare,
Because he hath borne it. And his mouth he layes
Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he stayes.
He gives his cheeks to whosoever will
Strike him, and so he is reproached still.
For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake,
But when he' Hath strucke with sadness, hee doth take
Perished. 1633: perished, 1635-69
N, O', F', TCD: mourning B
Compassion,
Compasion, as his mercy's is infinite;
Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite;
That underfoot the prisoners stamped bee,
That a man's right the Judge himself doth see.

To be wrung from him, That he subverted is
In his just cause; the Lord allows not this.
Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,
But that which by the Lord commanded was?

Both good and evil from his mouth proceeds;
Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
Turn we to God, by trying out our ways;
To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise.

We have rebell'd, and falne away from thee,
Thou pardon'ft not; Useft no clemencie;
Pursu'ft us, kill'ft us, cover'ft 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-souling to them all.
All our foes gape at us. Feare and a snare
With ruine, and with waste, 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 shut my life, and cast on me a stone.

238 not; 1650-69: not. 1633-35: not 1639 239 cover'ft us with wrath] cover'ft with thy wrath B, O'F 243 47 Ed: 47, 1633:
47. 1635-69 245 watry] water 1633 246 daughter B, N, O'F, TCD: daughters 1633-69: propter contritionem filiae populi mei Tr 249
citys O'F: city 1633-69: propter onnes filias civitatis meae Tr 252 on me B, N, TCD: me on 1633-69: projicient lapides in me. Tr: posuerunt lapidem super me. Vulg
Divine Poems.

54 Waters flow’d o’r my head, then thought I, I am Deftroy’d; 55 I called Lord, upon thy name
Out of the pit. 56 And thou my voice diſt heare;
Oh from my figh, and crye, flop not thine eare.

57 Then when I call’d upon thee, thou draw’dst nere
Unto mee, and faid’ft unto mee, do not feare.
58 Thou Lord my Soules cause handled haſt, and thou
Refcud’ft my life. 59 O Lord do thou judge now,
Thou heardft my wrong. 60 Their vengeance all they
have wrought;
61 How they reproach’d, thou haſt 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 fong, whether they rife 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.

C H A P. I V.

1 How is the gold become fo dimme? How is
Pureft 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 fonnes of Sion, which fhould bee
Valued at pureſt gold, how do wee fee
Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, ftand,
Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand.
3 Even the Sea-calfes draw their breſts, and give
Sucke to their young; my peoples daughters live,
By reafon of the foes great cruſelneffe,
As do the Owles in the vafi Wilderneffe.

256 figh,[f] figh, 1650-69 260 Refcud’ft B,O,F: Refcued 1633-69,
N,TCD: vindicabas Tr now, 1633-39: now. 1650-69, Chambers
Chap.] Cap. 1633 270 Pure[.)] P dropped 1650-54 274 at
1633-39: as 1650-69, B,N,O,TCD: qui taxandierant auro purgatiffimo
Tr 278 live,[] live 1633

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 cloth'd,  
   Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.

6 The daughters of my people have finned more,  
   Then did the towne of Sodome finne 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'dnesse 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 Iehova here fully accomplish'd hath  
   His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,  
Kindled a fire in Sion, which hath power  
   To eate, and her foundations to devour.

283 little children] little om. Chambers  296 Saphirine. 1635-69:
    Seraphine. 1633: Sapphirina polities eorum Tr  298 streets B,0'F:
    street 1633-69,N,TCD: in vicis Tr: in plateis Vulg 299 the
    B,0'F: their 1633-69  302 through penury.] by penury, 1633,N,
    TCD: confoffi gladio quam confoffi fame. Tr. See note 304 hands
    B,0'F: hand 1633-69

12 Nor
Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live
In the inhabitable world believe,

That any adversary, any foe
Into Jerusalem should enter so.

For the Priests' sins, and Prophets, which have shed
Blood in the streets, and the just murdered:

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 escape touching, as they passe,

Would cry aloud, depart defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not; and then

They fled, and strayd, and with the Gentiles were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell there;

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, redeem them from the sword.

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.

They hunt our steps, that in the streets wee feare
To goe: our end is now approached neere,

Our dayes accomplisht'd are, this the laft day.

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 defart lye.
Divine Poems,

20 The anointed 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 inhabitest Huz, for unto thee
This cup shall passe, and thou with drunkennesse
   Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakednesse.

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.

1 R emember, O Lord, what is fallen on us;
   See, and marke how we are reproached thus,
2 For unto strangers our possession
   Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,
3 Our mothers are become as widowes, wee
   As Orphans all, and without father be;
4 Waters which are our owne, wee drunke, and pay,
   And upon our owne wood a price they lay.

5 Our persecutors on our necks do sit,
   They make us travaile, and not intermit,
6 We stretch our hands unto th'Egyptians
   To get us bread; and to the Assyrians.

340 fell.] fell 1633 342 which 1633: that 1635–69 Huz B:
Hus N,TCD: her, 1633: Uz, 1635–69: in terra Hutzi Tr
And then] And om. Chambers CHAP.] CAP. 1633 345 us;]
us, 1633–35 354 father B,O'F: fathers 1633–69: Pupilli fumus ac
nullo patre Tr: absque patre Vulg 355 drunke,1633,N,TCD: drinke

7 Our
Of 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 wilderneffe, 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; no grace
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 songs 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 finned so.
For this our hearts do languifh, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimneffe is.
Because mount Sion desolate 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 oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,
And to be utterly enrag'd at us?

Oven 1635–69: Ocean 1633: Pelles nostrae ut furnus atratae sunt
Tr 1633–69: fall . . . beare. B, O'F
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 oughtest thou &c.' into two. I have
corrected throughout. 389 thus,] thus 1633

Hymne
Hymne to God my God, in my sickness.

Since I am coming to that Holy room, 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, thinke here before.

Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne Cosmographers, 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 febris, by these streights to die,

I joy, that in these straits, I see my West; For, though their 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 Pacificque Sea my home? Or are The Easterne riches? Is Ierusalem? Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar, All streights, and none but streights, are wayes to them, Whether where Iaphet dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.

We thinke that Paradise and Calvarie, Christ's Croste, 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.


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. 30

_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 hast done, thou hast not done,
   For, I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have wonne
   Others to sinne? and, made my sin their doore?
Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne
   A yeare, or two: but wallowed in, a score?
   When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
   For I have more.

III.

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne
   My last thred, I shall perishe 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
A Hymne &c. 1633-69: To Christ. AT8, N, TCC, TCD: Christo
Salvatori. O'F, S96: for the text of the MSS. see next page  2 Which]
which 1633 8 my sin] my sins 1639-69 10 two: 1633: two, 1635-69
To Chrift.

Wilt thou forgive that finn, where I began,  

Wch is my finn, though it were done before?  

Wilt thou forgive those finns 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 finn, by wch I have wonne  
Others to finn, & made my finn their dore?  

Wilt thou forgive that finn wch I did shunne  
A yeare or twoe, but wallowed in a score?  

When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
for I have more.

I have a finn of feare y' when I have spunn  
My last thred, I shall perifh 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 Chrift. A18,N,TC,C,TCD: Christo Salvatori. O'F,S96: text from  
TCD 1 begun, Ed: begun TCD 2 were A18,N,TC: was O'F,S  
before? Ed: before TCD 4 them A18,N,TC: runne O'F,S96  
5 done, Ed: done TCD: and so 11 and 17 14 shore; Ed: shore  
TCD 15 thy Sunne O'F,S: this Sunn A18,N,TC 16 heretofore;  
Ed: heretofore TCD

ELEGIES
ELEGIES UPON THE AUTHOR

TO THE MEMORIE OF
MY EVER DESIRED FRIEND
Dr. 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, fuch excesses finde no Epitaph.
At common graves we have Poetique eyes
Can melt themselves in easie 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 befit,
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd invention juftly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing Thou art not here,
Late her great Patron; Whofe Prerogative
Maintain'd, and cloth'd her fo, as none alive
Muft now presume, to keepe her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dowre estate.
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 prophane thee by their Ignorance.
Who ever writes of Thee, and in a ftile
Unworthy fuch 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 phanfie can devife,
Will prove, at best, but Hallow'd Injuries.
Thou, like the dying Swanne, didft lately finge
Thy Mournfull Dirge, in audience of the King;
When pale lookes, and faint accents of thy breath,
Prefented fo, to life, that peece 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

O! had'ft
O! had'ft Thou in an Elegiacke Knell
Rung out unto the world thine owne farewell,
And in thy High Victorious Numbers beate
The solemn measure of thy griev'd Retreat;
Thou might'ft the Poets service now have mist
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 defray.

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 vaft desert; Save that, wee nothing can
Depute, to be thy Ashes Guardian.

So Jewellers no Art, or Metall truft
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 Thofe
That doe confine
Tuning, unto the Duller line,
And sing not, but in Sanctified Profe;
How will they, with sharper eyes,
The Fore-skinne of thy phansie circumcife?
And feare, thy wantonnesse should now, begin
Example, that hath ceased to be Sin?

57 or ] nor 1632

And
Elegies upon the Author.

And that Feare fannes 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 fo envie Both to future times,
That they would buy thy Goodnesse, with thy Crimes.

Tho: Browne.

On the death of D° 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 firft thy owne;
The Epitaphs thou writft, have fo bereft
Our tongue of wit, there is not phansie left
Enough to weepe thee; what henceforth we see
Of Art or Nature, muft refult from thee.
There may perchance some busie gathering friend
Steale from thy owne workes, and that, varied, lend,
Which thou bestow’d on others, to thy Hearfe,
And fo thou shalt live fill in thine owne verse;
Hee that shall venture farther, may commit
A pited errour, shew his zeale, not wit.
Fate hath done mankinde wrong; vertue may aime
Reward of conscience, never can, of fame,
Since her great trumpet’s broke, could onely give
Faith to the world, command it to beleeeve;
    Hee then must write, that would define thy parts:
Here lyes the best Divinitie, All the Arts.

Edw. Hyde.
On Doctor Donne,
By D' C. B. of O.

He 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 Auguftus 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't it alone for mee.

An Elegie upon the incomparable
Dr 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,
Phœbus is gone to bed: Were it not night,
And the world witlesse now that DONNE is dead,
You sooner should have broke, then seene 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 Sleepe or Death; See how the Muses mourne
Upon their oaten Reeds, and from his Vrne
Threaten the World with this Calamity,
They shall have Ballads, but no Poetry.

On &c. Also in Corbet's Poems 1647
Language lyes speechlesse; and Divinity,  
Loft such a Trump as even to Extase  
Could charme the Soule, and had an Influence  
To teach beft judgements, and pleafe dulleft Sense.  
The Court, the Church, the Univerfitie,  
Loft Chaplaine, Deane, and Doctor, All these, Three.  
It was his Merit, that his Funerall  
Could cause a losse fo great and generall.

If there be any Spirit can anfwer give  
Of fuch as hence depart, to fuch as live:  
Doth his body there vermiculate,  
Crumble to duft, and feele the lawes of Fate?  
Me thinkes, Corruption, Wormes, what elfe is foule  
Should spare the Temple of fo faire a Soule.  
I could beleive they doe; but that I know  
What inconvenience might hereafter grow:  
Succeeding ages would Idolatrize,  
And as his Numbers, fo his Reliques prize.

If that Philofopher, which did avow  
The world to be but Motes, was living now:  
He would affirme that th’Atomes of his mould  
Were they in feverall bodies blended, would  
Produce new worlds of Travellers, Divines,  
Of Linguifts, Poets: fith thefè feverall lines  
In him concentred were, and flowing thence  
Might fill againe the worlds Circumference.  
I could beleive this too; and yet my faith  
Not want a President: The Phanix hath  
(And fuch was He) a power to animate  
Her afhes, and herfelfe perpetuate.  
But, busie Soule, thou doft not well to pry  
Into thefe Secrets; Griefe, and Jealoufie,  
The more they know, the further ftill advance,  
And finde no way fo fafe as Ignorance.  
Let this fuffice thee, that his Soule which flew  
A pitch of all admir’d, known but of few,  
(Save thofe of purer mould) is now translated  
From Earth to Heavèn, and there Constelllated.  
For, if each Priest of God shine as a Starre,  
His Glory is as his Gifts, ’bove others farre.
An Elegie upon Dr Donne.

IS Donne, great Donne deceas’d? then England say
Thou’haft loft a man where language chose to stay
And shew’d gracefull power. I would not praise
That and his vaft wit (which in thefe 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 caufe of discontent.
And I rejoice I am not fo severe,
But (as I write a line) to weep a teare
For his deceafe; 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 crosse,
God hath rais’d Prophets to awaken them
From stupification; witneffe my milde pen,
Not us’d to upbraid the world, though now it muft
Freely and boldly, for, the caufe is juft.
Dull age, Oh I would fpares thee, but th’art worse,
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, succedually to pay
A fad remembrance to his dying day?
Did his youth scatter Poetrie, wherein
Was all Philofophie? Was every finne,
Character’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 praiſe
He would perpetuate? Did hee (I feare
The dull will doubt:) thofe 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 Martyr’s brow: or, to be wore
On that bleft head of Mary Magdalen:
After fhe wip’d Chrifťs feet, but not till then?

An Elegie &c. See note
1-3 Our Donne is dead; England fhould mourn, may fay
We had a man where language chose to stay
And shew her gracefull power 1635–69

35 Crowne] Crowne 1633

Did
Did hee (fit for such penitents as shee
And hee to use) leave us a Litany?
Which all devout men love, and sure, it shall,
As times grow better, grow more classickall.
Did he write Hymnes, for piety and wit
Equall to thofe great grave Prudentius writ?
Speak he all Languages? knew he all Lawes?
The grounds and use of Physicke; but because
'Twas mercenary wav'd it? Went to see
That blessed place of Christ's nativity?
Did he returne and preach him?
As none but hee did, or could do? They know
(Such as were blest to heare him know) 'tis truth.
Did he confirme thy age? convert thy youth?
Did he these wonders? And is this deare losse
Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a croffe.)
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, griece conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes
Do waste the braine) make silence a safe way
To'inlarge the Soule from these walls, mud and clay,
With Donne in heaven, where no promiscuous paine
Leffens the joy wee have, for, with him, all
Are dissatisfied with joyes essentickal.
My thoughts, Dwell on this joy, and do not call
Grieve backe, by thinking of his Funerall;
Forget he lov'd mee; Wast not my sad yeares;
(Which hast to Davids seventy, fill'd with feares
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 vowes of gratitude shou'd 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.

IZ. WA.

An
CAn we not force from widdowed Poetry,
Now thou art dead (Great DONNE) one Elegie
To crowne thy Hearfe? Why yet dare we not truf
Though with unknæded dowe-bak’t profè thy duft;
Such as the uncifor’d Churchman from the flower
Of fading Rhetorique, short liv’d as his houre,
Dry the fand that measures it, fhou’d 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 fense?
'Tis a fad truth; The Pulpit may her plaine,
And fober Chriftian precepts still retaine,
Doctrines it may, and wholesome Usees frame,
Grave Homilies, and Lectures, But the flame
Of thy brave Soule, that fhot fuch 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 fo teach,
As fense might judge, what phanfie could not reach;
Muf be defir’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 Mufes garden with Pedantique weedes
O’rfpred, was purg’d by thee; The lazie feeds
Of fervile imitation throwne away;
And frefh invention planted, Thou didft pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age;
Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage
A Mimique fury, when our foules muſt bee
Posſeft, or with Anacreons Extafie,
Or Pindars, not their owne; The subtile 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 phanfie, drawne a line

An Elegie &c. Also in Careu’s Poems 1640. See note
Of masculine expression, which had good
Old Orpheus seene, Or all the ancient Brood
Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
Their lead more precious, then thy burnish't Gold,
Thou hadst bee theire 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 fense; Yet thou maift claime
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our stubborne language bends, made only fit
With her tough-thick-rib'd hoopes to gird about
Thy Giant phantie, 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 feare
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 reape 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 banish'd nobler Poems, now, with these
The silenc'd tales o'th'Metamorphoses
Shall stuffe their lines, and swell the windy Page,
Till Verfe res'n'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 herse,
Whose awfull solemne 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
Growne feeble, in these panting numbers lies
Gasping short winded Accents, and so dies:
So doth the swiftly turning wheele 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 crown of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,
And spit disdain, till the devouring flashes
Suck all the moisture up, then turne to ashes.
I will not draw the envy to engrosse
All thy perfections, or weep all our losse;
Th'ose 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 tire all Art;
Let others carve the rest, it shall suffice
I on thy Tombe this Epitaph incife.

Here lies a King, that rul'd as hee thought fit
The univerfall Monarchy of wit:
Here lie two Flamens, and both those, the best,
Apollo's firft, at last, the true Gods Priest.

An Elegie on Dr. Donne: By Sir Lucius Carie.

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 chiefe mourners at his Hearse,
A Tombe your Muse 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 Liegiers with the Poets joyne,
Both having shares, both must in griefe combine:
Whil'st Johnson forceth with his Elegie
Teares from a griefe-unknowing Scythians eye,
(Like Moses at whose stroke the waters gusht
From forth the Rock, and like a Torrent ruft.)
Let Lawd his funerall Sermon preach, and shew
Th'ose vertues, dull eyes were not apt to know,
Nor leave that Piercing Theme, till it appeares
To be Goodfriday, by the Churches Teares;
Yet make not griefe too long oppresse our Powers,
Leaft 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 discharg’d both parts
With pleasure for our fenfe, 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 fiercenesse of a flood
Bearing downe vice) victual’d with that blest food
Their hearts; His seed in none could faile to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them so:
No Druggift of the Soule bestow’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 worky dayes, His Poetrie
It selfe was oftentimes divinity,
Those Anthemes (almost second Psalmes) 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 Nurfe 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 carelesse nesse 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 finne, and faction, none;

Nor
Nor was there expectation to gaine grace
From forth his Sermons only, but his face;
So Primitive a looke, such gravitie
With humblenesse, and both with Pietie;
So milde was Moses countenance, when he prai'd
For them whose Satanisme his power gainfaid;
And such his gravitie, when all Gods band
Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand,
Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move
Then ever Argive Hellens could of love.
Now to conclude, I muft my reason 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 strong'er then ones selfe can force away)
The Kingdome of ones selfe, this he enjoy'd,
And his authoritie so well employ'd,
That never any could before become
So Great a Monarch, in fo small a roome;
He conquer'd rebell passions, rul'd them so,
As under-sphereas by the firft Mover goe,
Banish't so farre their working, that we can
But know he had some, for we knew him man.
Then let his laft excuse his firft extremes,
His age saw visions, though his youth dream'd dreams.

On Dr. Donne's death:
By Mr. Mayne of Christ-Church in Oxford.

Who shall presume to mourn thee, Donne, unlese
He could his teares in thy expressions dresse,
And teach his griefe that reverence of thy Hearfe,
To weep lines, learned, as thy Anniverfe,
A Poëme of that worth, whose every teare
Deserves the title of a severall yeare.
Indeed so farre above its Reader, good,
That wee are thought wits, when 'tis understood,
There that blest maid to die, who now should grieve?
After thy sorrow, 'twere her losse to live;

72 Receiv'd] Receiv' 1633

And
Elegies upon the Author.

And her faire vertues in another line,
Would faintly dawn, which are made Saints in thine.
Hadst thou beene shallower, and not writ fo high,
Or left some new way for our pennes, or eye,
To shed a funerall teare, perchance thy Tombe
Had not beene Speecheffe, or our Mufes dumbe;
But now wee dare not write, but muft conceale
Thy Epitaph, left we be thought to steele,
For, who hath read thee, and discernes thy worth,
That will not say, thy careless hours brought forth
Fancies beyond our studyes, and thy play
Was happier, then our serious time of day?
So learned was thy chance; thy haste had wit,
And matter from thy pen flow'd rashly fit,
What was thy recreation turnes our braine,
Our rack and paleneffe, is thy weakest 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 Poëts, as you drinke,
In whose weake fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,
Just as your reckonings rife, that wee may know
In your whole carriage of your worke, that here
This flash you wrote in Wine, and this in Beere,
This is to tap your Mufe, which running long
Writes flat, and takes our eare 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 Ennius were,
Nor should your love, in verse, call Mistresse, those,
Who are mine hostesse, or your whores in profe;
From this Muse learne to Court, whose power could move
A Cloystred coldnesse, 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 younger dayes.
I am not growne up, for thy riper parts,
Then should I praise thee, through the Tongues, and Arts,
And have that deepe Divinity, to know,
What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,

Who
Elegies upon the Author.

Who with thy words could charm 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 look, and hand;
And from thy speaking action bear away
More sermon, than 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 vanquished by delivery.
Not like our sons of Zeale, who to reforme
Their hearers, fiercely at the pulpit storme,
And beat the cushion into worse 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 Gospell, Law.
No, in such temper would thy sermons flow,
So well did doctrine, and thy language show,
And had that holy fear, as, hearing thee,
The Court would mend, and a good Christian bee.
And ladies though unhanfome, out of grace,
Would hear thee, in their unbought looks, and face.
More I could write, but let this crown 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 being gives fresh flame,
And though 'tis Donne, yet will preserve thy name.
Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimson hue,
And whey-like ranne at last in a pale blew)
May shew thee mortall, a dead palfie may
Seife on't, and quickly turne it into clay;
Which like the Indian earth, shall rise refined:
But this great Spirit thou hast left behind,
This Soule of Verse (in its first pure estate)
Shall live, for all the World to imitate,
But not come neer, for in thy Fancies flight

Thou dost not stoop unto the vulgar fight,

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 didst 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 Cheries thou hast made to speake, will bee

Sweeter unto the taste, then from the tree.

And (spight of winter stormes) amidst the snow

Thou oft hast made the blushing Rose to grow.

The Sea-nymphs, that the watry cavernes keepe,

Have sent their Pearles and Rubies from the deepe

To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they drew

More lustre to them, then where first they grew.

All minerals (that Earths full wombe doth hold

Promiscuously) thou couldst 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 didst 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 see,

Woman, was this faire Worlds Epitomie.

Thy nimble Satyres too, and every freaine

(With nervy strength) that issued from thy brain,

Will lose the glory of their owne cleare bayes,

If they admit of any others praise.

But thy diviner Poëms (whose cleare fire

Purges all droffe 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'r 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 shold 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 seene
A dearth, the like to which hath never beeene,
Treading on harvests heele, which doth preface
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 raises
The dearth, then more that dearth Donnes plenty praises.
Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
And Poesie, (past rauishing of senfe,)
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 those that warm'd them by his fire?
Mee thinkes I see him in the pulpit standing,
Not eares, 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 use,
With helps to boot, for men to beare th'abuse
Of their tir'd patience, and endure th'expence
Of time, O spent in hearkning to non-senfe,
With markes also, enough whereby to know,
The speaker is a zealous duncce, or so.
'Tis true, they quitted him, to their poore power,
They humm'd againft him; And with face most fowre
Call'd
Call’d him a strong lin’d man, a Macaroon,  
And no way fit to speake to clouted shooone,  
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 fee, 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 justifi’d,  
Let therefore these poore fellowes stand aside;  
Nor, though of learning he deserv’d so highly,  
Would I his booke should save him; Rather sily

I should advise his Clergie not to pray,  
Though of the learn’dst fort; Me thinkes that they

Of the same 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, leaft some should fay, that I  
Am ftrai’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,

These would I bring, though called from the dead:  
Southampton, Hambleton, Pembrooke, Dorsets 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 fuch 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 master; All indeed  
Compar’d with him, pip’d on an Oaten reed.

O that you had but one ’mongt all your brothers  
Could write for him, as he hath done for others:  
(Poets I speake to) When I see’t, I’ll fay,

My eye-fight betters, as my yeares decay,
Meane time a quarrell I shall ever have
Against these doughty keepers from the grave,
Who ufe, it feemes their old Authoritie,
When (Verses men immortall 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 leaft sparke at all
Of that which they Poetique fire doe call,
Here I confefs 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 beleev that miracles are ceas’d.

Epitaph.

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 fee.
Not man? No, though unto a Sunne each eye
Were turn’d, the whole earth to to overflie.
A bold brave word; Yet such brave Spirits as knew
His Spirit, will say, it is leffe bold then true.
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 fpheares;
And the dumbe stone with silence seemes to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Expreft, A caufe to make all joy to ceafe,
And never let our sorrowes more take eafe;
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 impoverifh a land?
Thou strict Attorney, unto stricter Fate,
Didst thou confiscate 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 stept betweene
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseen
By thee? O 'twas his goodnesse so to doe,
Which humane kindnesse 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 keepc;
Time hath no Soule, but his exalted verse;
Which with amazements, we may now reherse.
In obitum venerabilis viri Iohannis Donne, sacrae

Theologiae Doctoris, Ecclesiae Cathedratis Divi Pauli, super Decani; Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi colende Vir) observantiae ergo Hec ego.

Conquerar? ignavoque sequar tua funera plancitu?
Sed lachrimae clausit: nec muta querelas
Lingua potest proferre pias: ignoscite manes
Defuncti, & tacito funite indulgere dolori.
Sed fleus est tacuisse: cadant in maesta liturae
Verba. Tu is (docta umbra) tuis hac accipe juvis
Capta, nec officii consentens pignora noftri
Averfore tua non dignum laude Poetam.
O si Pythagoras non vanum dogma fuisset:
Ina meum a veftro migraret pectore peclius
Musas, repentinos tua nosceret urna furores.
Sed frustra, heu frustra hac votis puerilibus opto:
Tecum abiit, summis sedens jam monte Thalia
Ridet anhelantes, Parnassi & culmina vates
Desperare jubet. Verum hac nolente coaclos
Scribimus audaces numeros, & flebile carmen
Scribimus (du foli qui te dilexit) habendum.
Siccine perpetuo livenia lumina
Claufiit? & immersit merguntur funere virtus?
Et pietas? & quae poterant facisse beatum,
Externa, sed nec te poterant servare beatum.
Quo mihi doctrinam? quorum impallere chartis
Nocturnis juvat? & totidem olsefisse lucernas?
Decolor & longos studiis desperere Soles
Vt prius aggredior, longanque arcessere famam.
Omitta sed frustra: mihi dum cumilliique minatur
Exitium crudele & inexorabile fatum.

Nam posset sperare nihil decet: hoc mihi reslat
Vt moriar, tenues fugiatque obfcurus in auras
Spiritus: o doctis saltam si cognitus omnibus.
Illic te (venerande) iterum, (venerande) videbo.
Et dulces audire fonos, & verba diferti
Oris, & exteras dabitur mihi carpere voces.
Quis ferus inferni tacuisse lantior auxil
Auditis: Nilus suis minus srequiffet: Arion

In obitum &c. 1635-69, taking the place of the lines by Tho: Browne,

Cederet,
Cederet, & sylvas qui post se traxerat Orpheus.
Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
Voce feros potuit: quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infestus non motus ut illo
Hortante, & blando viscus fermen silet et?
Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat,
Singula sic decuere fenem, sic omnia. Vidi,
Audivi & stupui quoties orator in Æde
Paulina seiti, & mira gravitate levantes
Corda, oculos, viros tenuit: dum Nestoris ille
Fudit verba (omnia quanto mage dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
Non concepsa prius nondum intellecla: revolvent
Mirantes, tacitique arretis auribus aflat.
Mutatis max ille modo, formās loquendi
Tristia pertractat: fatum, & flebile mortis
Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos.
Tunc gemitum cunclos dare, tunc lugere videre,
Forfitan a lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum fillat rorem: xtheris illo
Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
Affeceret ciere suos, & ponere notē
Voci ad arbitrium, divinæ oracula mentis
Dum narrat, rostrisque potens dominatur in altis.
Quo feror? audaci & forsan pietate nocenti
In nimia ignobias vati, qui vatis olim
Egregium decus, et tanto excellentior unus
Omnibus; inferior quanto est, et peffinus, impar
Laudibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit ista Poëta.
Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi sacra? Poētæ
Deśine: en fati certus, sibi voce canoræ
Inferrias præmìfit olor, cum Carolus Albæ
(Vitima volventem et Cycnæà voce loquentem)
Nuper eum, turba & magnatum audiret in Aula.
Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc affitiit illi
Aula frequens. Solā nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vernibus esca, pio malint nifi parceræ: quidni
Incipiant & amare famem? Metuere Leones
Sic olim, sacrifice auris violare Prophetæ
Bellua non asea est quàmquam jejuna, fitimās
Optaret nimis humano fætiare cruore.
At non hæc de te sperabimus; omnia carpit
Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forsan metrico pede ferplēt ab inde:

Voce feros] Voceferos 1635, 1669
Elegies upon the Author.


Incipiet: (non sic Pyrrhô jaclante calebat.) Mole sub hâc tegitur quicquid mortale reliçium est De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Àedi huic, Formofi pecoris paflor, formofior tffe. Ite igitur, dignis illum celebrate loquelas, Et quæ demuntur vitæ date tempora famæ. Indignus tantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum tuarum cultor religiosissimus,

DANIEL DARNELLY.

Elegie on D. D.

Now, by one yeare, time and our frailtie have Leffened our fift confusion, since the Grave Clos'd thy deare Aslies, and the teares which flow In thefe, have no springs, but of solid woe: Or they are drops, which cold amazement froze At thy deceafe, and will not thaw in Profe: All ftreames of Verfe which fhall lament that day, Doe truly to the Ocean tribute pay; But they have loft their faltneffe, which the eye In recompence of wit, fhriues to supply:

Passions exceed for thee we need not feare,
Since firft by thee our passions hallowed were;
Thou mad'st our sorrowes, which before had bin
Onely for the success, 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 confecrate our teares,
Give a religious tincture to our feares;
But even our joyes had learn'd an innocence,
Thou didft from gladnesse separate offence:
All mindes at once suckt grace from thee, as where
(The curse revok'd) the Nations had one eare.
Pious disector: thy one houre did treate
The thousand mazes of the hearts deceit;
Thou didst pursue our lov'd and subtill 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 fame
Angles, though darker, in our meaner frame.
How short of praise is this? My Mufe, alas,
Climbes 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 fancie findes some checke, from an exceed
Of merit most, of nothing, it hath spun,
And truth, as reafons task and theame, doth flunne.
She makes a fairer flight in emptinesse,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppresse.
Reason againe denies her scales, because
Hers are but scales, shee judges by the lawes
Of weake comparison, thy vertue fleights
Her feeble Beame, and her unequall Weights.
What prodigie of wit and pietie
Hath she elle knowne, by which to measure thee?
Great soule: we can no more the worthinesse
Of what you were, then what you are, expresse.

Sidney Godolphin.
On Dr. John Donne, late Deane of S. Paules, London.

Long since this task of tears from you was due,
Long since, ô Poëts, he did die to you,
Or left you dead, when wit and he tooke flight
On divine wings, and foraid 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 reconcil'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 sinnes we ought to sigh,
And how to sing Chrifts Epithalamy:
The Altars had his fires, and there hee spoke
Incenfe of loves, and fanfies 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 must let us free,
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dreffe,
Have you knowne crimes so fhap'd? or lovelinesse
Such as his lips did cloth religion in?
Had not reprooche a beauty passing sinne?
Corrupted nature sorrow'd when she stood
So neare the danger of becoming good,
And with'd our so inconstant eares exempt
From piety that had such power to tempt:
Did not his sacred flattery beguile
Man to amendment? The law, taught to smile,
Penfion'd our vanitie, and man grew well
Through the fame frailtie by which he fell.
O the sick fstate of man, health does not pleafe
Our tafts, but in the shape of the diseafe.
Thriftleffe is charitie, coward patience,
Justice is cruell, mercy want of fenfe.
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 fo
As we might starve for good, unleffe it first
Doe leave a pawne of refiſh in the guft?
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 thofe sweets which we love,
Muſt feeke our palats, and with their delight
To gaine our deeds, muſt bribe our appetite.
These trains he knew, and laying nets to fave,
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 fweetnesſe which it gave.
I cannot fay how many thouſand ſpirits
The ſingle happinesſe this foule inherits,
Damnes in the other world, foules whom no croffe
O'th ſenfe affliſts, but onely of the losſe,
Whom ignorance would halfe fave, 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 thofe high joyes which his wits youngeſt 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 Sailes which Seamen to a forewinde fit,
By a reſiftance, goe along with it,
So pens grow while they lessen fame fo left;
A weake affiſtance 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 CVM MVTV-
aretur Impreffo; Domi à pueris fru-
statim lacerato; et post reddito
Manuscripto.

Doctissimo Amicissimoque v.

D. D. Andrews.

Arturiunt madido quae nixu praela, recepta,
Sed quae scripta manu, sunt veneranda magis.
Qui liber in pluteos, blattis cinerique relietos,
Si modo sit praeli sanguine tinetus, abit;
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involut et veterum scrinia summa Patrum.

Dicat Apollo modum; Pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.

Nil mirum, medico pueros de femine natos,
Haec nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.

Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon
Ipse Pater Iuvenem me dabit arte fenem?
Hei miseris senibus! nos vertit dura feneHus
Omnès in pueros, nemenm at in Iuvenem.

Hoc tibi servasti praestandum, Antique Dierum,
Quo vijo, et vivit, et juvenescit Adam.

Interea, infirmae fallamus taedia vitae,
Libris, et Coelorum aemulâ amicitia.

Hos inter, qui a te mihi redditus ifte libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit.

<Epigramma>

Transstit in Sequanam Moenus; Victonis in aedes;
Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat.

DE LIBRO &c. 1635–69 among certain prose letters in Latin and
English Title:—mutuaretur Impreffo;] mutuaretur, Impreffo, 1635–69
frufratim] frustratim 1635–69 lacerato;] lacerato, 1635–69 2 manu,
manu] manu] 1635–69 4 abit;} abit, 1635–69

<Epigramma> Ed: in old edd. these lines are 3 and 4 of above poem. See
note 1 aedes;} aedes, 1635–69

Amicissimo
Amicissimo, & meritissimo Ben. Jonson.
In Vulponem.

QVod arte ausus es hic tua, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Confulti, veteres sequi aemularierque,
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.
His sed sunt veteres araneosi;
Tam nemo veterum est sequitor, ut tu
Illos quod sequiris novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ
Libri canitie induantur horâ:
Nam chartis pueritia est neganda,
Nascanturque fenes, oportet, illi
Libri, quois dare vis perennitatem.
Priscis, ingenium facit, laborque
Te parem; hos juperes, ut et futuros,
Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,
Quâ priscos superamus, et futuros.

To Mr George Herbert, with one of my
Seal(s), of the Anchor and Christ.

Vi prius assuetus Serpentum fasce Tabellae
Signare, (haec nostrae symbola parva Domus)
Adjicitus domui Domini, patrioque reliâto
Stemmâte, nancificor stemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi Crux primo quae fronti impressa lavacro,
Finibus extensis, anchora faëla patet.

Amicissimo &c. in sheets added 1650: prefixed originally to Quarto
edition of Jonson's Volpone. 1607, later to Folio edition of The Workes of
Benjamin Jonson. 1616, when In Vulponem was added: in both signed I. D.

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:—sent him with one Walton (1670) Seal, 1650-69: Seales Walton
1 fasce] fasce Walton 5 fronti] fronte 1650-69

Anchorae
Anchorae in effigiem Crux tandem definit ipsam,
    Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
    Crux, et ab Affixo, est Anchora fae ta, Iesu. 10
Nec Natalitiis penitus serpentinibus orbor,
    Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Qua sapientis, Dos est; Qua terram lambit et ambit,
    Pestis; At in nostra fit Medicina Cruce,
Serpens; fixa Crucii fixi fit Natura; Crucique
    A fixo, nobis, Gratia tota fluat. 15
Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora faeta, sigillum
    Non tam dicendum hoc quam Catechismus erit.
Mitto nec exigua, exigua sub imagine, dona,
    Pignora amicitiae, et munera; Vota, preces.
Plura tibi accumulet, sanetus 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 Crofle (my feal at Baptism) fpred below,
    Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow.
Crofles grow Anchors; Bear, as thou fhouldft do
    Thy Croſle, and that Croſle grows an Anchor too.
But he that makes our Croſles Anchors thus,
    Is Chrift, who there is crucifi'd for us. 10
Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold,
    God gives new bleflings, and yet leaves the old;
The Serpent, may, as wise, my pattern be;
    My poifon, as he feeds on duft, 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
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 Gazæus, Vota Amico facta. fol. 160.

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,
Thou, who dost, best friend, in best things outshine;
May thy soul, ever cheerfull, 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 false 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 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 Sir Nicholas Smyth.*

Sleep, next Society and true friendship,
Mans best contentment, doth securely slip
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 Houfe 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 sleepe 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


In
Appendix B.

In Excefter. Yet, methinks, for all their Wit, Tho'fes wits that say nothing, beft decribe it. Without it there is no Sense, only in this Sleep is unlike a long Parenthesis. Not to fave charges, but would I had fept The time I spent in London, when I kept Fighting and untruft 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 Than Things himfelfe; like Epps it often wars, And ftil 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 fpeakes of tho'fes (I found by him) leaft soundly who moft knows: He fhews well, fpeakes ill, but beft of Clothes, What fits Summer, what Winter, what the Spring. He had Living, but now these 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 these fome Laws He knows of the Duello, and touch his Skill The leaft lot in that or tho'fes he quarrell will, Though fober; but fo never fought. I know

25 hath had L74,N,O'F,S,TCD: had had 1669: had B
26 Things B,L74,N,O'F,S,TCD: T 1669 28-31 text from B,L74,N,O'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 tho'fes.
I found, by him, leaft found him who moft knows. 1669
41 but fo never fought. B,L74,O'F,S (foe as), TCD (nere): but nere
Poems attributed to John Donne.

What made his Valour, undubb’d, Windmill go,
Within a Pint at moft: yet for all this
(Which is most strange) Natta thinks no man is
More honest than himself. Thus men may want
Conscience, whilft being brought up ignorant,
They use themselves to vice. And besides those
Illiberal Arts forenam’d, no Vicar knows,
Nor other Captain less 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 sins, swear, drink, dice and whore thenceforth less,
On this Condition, that his Captain dye
And he succeed; But his Prayer did not; They
Both cashir’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.
Appendix B.

No present Want nor future hope made me,  
Defire (as once I did) thy friend to be:  
But he had cruelly possd 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 so,  
Wer't thou well rid of him, thou'rt have no more.  
Could'ft thou but chuse as well as love, to none  
Thou should'ft 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  
Muft pardon me, Satyres bite when they kis.  
But as for Natta, we have since fain out:  
Here on his knees he pray'd, else we had fought.  
And becaufc 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 laft; 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.  
L74,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,L74,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,L74,0,F,S 100 Neither;  
L74,N,0,F,S,TCD: Neither yet. 1669 Sleep] sleep 1669  102  
Which, th'old unwipt, B,0,F,S,TCD: "The old unwipt 1669  
Hear
Poems attributed to John Donne. 405

Hear how the Huiifers Cheques, Cupbord and Fire
I paff'd; by which Degrees young men aspire
In Court; And how that idle and she-state,
Whenas my judgment cleer'd, my soul 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 EfFex kill,
Not true Treafon, but Treafon handled ill;
And which of them stood for their Countries good,
Or what might be the Caufe of fo much Blood.
He said she ftunck, 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 preservatives.
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 sword, might have told it.
And Princes must fear Favorites more then Foes,
For still beyond Revenge Ambition goes.
How since Her death, with Sumpter-horfe 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.

104-6 1669 has colon after paff'd, brackets by which ... Court and
Whenas ... cleer'd, and places comma after hate 107 there (if that 1669;
then that (if B, O'F, S 111 And, as unthrifts Ed: And, as unthrifts,
1669, Chambers 112 pay, Ed: pay; 1669: pay. Chambers 113
weakness B, L74, O'F, S: greatness 1669, N, TCD 116 ill; Ed: ill:
122 both. Ed: both 1669 127 world; Ed: world, 1669 132
Hath rid,) Doth ryde, B 133 till that 1669: till N, TCD: untill
B, O'F, S

Satyre.
Men write that love and reason disagree,
But I ne'er saw't 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 thee's wife and witty, faire and free,
All these are reaons why she should scorne thee.
Thou doft protest thy love, and wouldst it shew
By matching her as she would match her foe:
And wouldst perfwade her to a worse offence,
Then that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
Reason there's none for thee, but thou may'ft vexe
Her with example. Say, for feare 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 Iustice to rejoynce,
Fit to be his, and not his daughters choyce.
Urg'd with his threats thee'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 caufe, and to bring to thee
Honest children, let her dishonest bee.
If thee 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 fo, for then thou hadst bin dead.
Poems attributed to John Donne. 407

But thou such strong love, and weake reasons haft,
Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac’d.
Yet pause a while; and thou maist live to see
A time to come, wherein she may beg thee;
If thou’lt not pause nor change, she’ll beg thee now.
Doe what she can, love for nothing she’ll allow.
Besides, her’s were too much gaine and merchandife,
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 must 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 mistrisse.

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 those whom death dares not;

29 strong firm Aio 32 thee; Grosart: thee. 1635–69 33 now.
Grosart: now, 1635–69 34 love for nothing she’l’ll 1635–69: she’l’l love
for nought Aio 35 Besides, hers Ed: Besides, here 1635–69: But
hers Aio: Besides her O’F 38–9 out. Againe, 1635–69: out Againe;
1635–69 41 For thou must never think on H-K (Grosart): And thou
must never think on, Aio: For though thou must ne’r thinke of 1635–69
42 And so wilt advance her 1635–69: For that will her advance Aio
43 bee: Ed: bee, 1635–69

Elfe,
Elfe, if you were, and just, in equitie
I should have vanquish’d her, as you did me.
Elfe Lovers should not brave death’s pains, and live,
But ’tis a rule, Death comes not to relieve.
Or, pale and wan deaths terrors, 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 pay,
For their ranfome, which taxe on us they laye.
Love gives her youth, which is the reason why
Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.
Poore Death can nothing give; yet, for her sake,
Still in her turne, he doth a Lover take:
And if Death should prove false, she feares him not;
Our Muses, to redeeme her she hath got.
That satall night wee laft kifs’d, I thus pray’d,
Or rather, thus defpair’d; I should have said:
Kisses, and yet defpaire? The forbid tree
Did promise (and deceive) no more then shee.
Like Lambs that fee their teats, and mutt 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 grieue wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
And my sighes weary, groanes are all my rent;
Vnable longer to indure the paine,
They breake like thunder, and doe bring down rain.
Thus, till dry teares fouldier 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 sayes, 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 beene 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 palmes to kisse.
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 compassion still prov'd greater woe;
For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
But durft not feele, for feare't should not prove true.
This merits not your anger, had it beene,
The Queene of Chaftitie was naked feene;
And in bed, not to feele, the paine I tooke,
Was more then for Altheon not to looke.
And that breft which lay ope, I did not know,
But for the clearnesse, from a lump of snowe,
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:

Appendix B.

All would not doe. The beft at laft I tryde:
Vnable longer to hould out I dyed.
And then I found I loft life, death by flying:
Who hundreds live are but foe long a dying.
Charon did let me paffe: 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 kiffe.
O here I mis'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'ris Boulftr: 1602.

SHall I goe force an Elegie? abuse
My witt? and breake the Hymen of my muse
For one poore hours love? Deserves it such
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 beft is, wealth he doth not know;
And but to shew it him, encreases woe.
But we two may enjoy an hour? when never
Poems attributed to John Donne. 411

It returnes, who would have a losse for ever? 10
Nor can so 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 shall 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 those 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 past, and hott blood ends,
The best enjoying is, we still are frends.
Love can but be frendshippes outside; their two
 Beauties differ, as myndes and bodies do.
Thus, I this great Good still would be to take,
Vnles one houre, another happy make:
Or, that I might forgett it instanta; 30
Or in that beste estate, that I might die.
But why doe I thus travaile in the skill
Of despis’d poetrie, and perchance spill
My fortune? or undoe myself in sport
By having but that dangerous name in Court?
I’le leave, and since I doe your poet prove,
Keep you my lines as secrect as my Love.

10 It returnes] Again’t returnes A10 or have] or else A10
21 Besides, A10: Beside, L74 23 delight] despite A10 27 but
be] be but Sim their Ed: there A10, L74 30 one] on L74 32
Poem closes, A10 34 despis’d poetrie,] deeper mysteries, Sim
Appendix B.

An Elegie.

True Love findes witt, but he whose witt doth move
Him to love, confesfes 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 nurfe,
Whose smokes are fighes; 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 measur'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, lof, foe gott.
Greene-sickness 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 cheats 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 haffe,
I have enough to wooe thee long.


All
Poems attributed to John Donne.

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 increase;
Granting my fuit you give me all,
And then my prayers must needs furcease,
For, I have made your Godhead fall.

Beafts cannot witt nor beauty see,
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 spie some ill,
And now the world is given to scoffe;
To keepe my Love, (then) keepe me off,
And so I shall admire thee ftil.

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 some thing lend,
So I shall ftil my fuite commend,
And you at will doe leffe or more.

But, if to all you condefcend,
My love, our fport, your Godhead end.

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 increase;
Granting my fuit you give me all,
And then my prayers must needs furcease,
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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 some thing lend,
So I shall ftil my fuite commend,
And you at will doe leffe or more.

But, if to all you condefcend,
My love, our fport, your Godhead end.
To Ben. Johnson, 6 Jan. 1603.

The State and mens affaires are the best playes. Next yours; 'Tis nor more nor lesse than due praise. 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 stonge, Then with Pophams sentence theevs, or Cooke's 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 unthriftie rout

Contemne learning, and all your studies flout. Let them scorn Hell, they will a Sergeant feare, More then wee that; ere long God may forbear, But Creditors will not. Let them increase In riot and excelse as their meanes cease; Let them scorn 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


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 passe, and truft 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 Iury; But ’twill revenge in this,
That, though himselfe 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 praiue,
For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
That judgement is, that surely can comprife
The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
What though? Though lesse, yet some of both have we,
Who have learn’d it by use and misery.
Poore I, whom every petty 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 stricter goodnesse.
They have great odds of me, who gaine doe winne,
(If such gaine be not losse) from every sinne.
The standing of great mens lives would afford

To Ben John son, 9 Novembris, 1603: 1635-69, B (subscribed doubtfull author), O’F, S: Another Epiftle to Mr Ben: John fon. No: 9. 1603. L74:
Another to Ben Johnson. H40 2 them.] them, 1635-69 that
B, H40, L74, S: the 1635-69  3 upbraide. Ed: upbraide; 1635-69
5 Iury; Ed: Iury. 1635-69  18 goodnesse.] goodnesse 1635-39
19 odds B, H40, L74, S: gaine 1635-69, O’F

A pretty
APPENDICES
APPENDIX I

THE following curious account of Sir Thomas Lovell’s election to the Chair in 1485 shows that at the commencement of the Tudor era the Speaker was recommended for the Royal approval by a committee of Knights of the Shire, aided, apparently, by a small number of borough members, acting in concert with the Lord Chancellor and the Recorder of London. It is taken from a report made to the corporation of Colchester, by Thomas Christmas and John Vertue, burgesses for Colchester, of the first Parliament of Henry VII (printed in Benham’s Red Paper Book of Colchester [1902], pp. 61–2):—

“The viith day of November, be ix of the clokke, so for to precede unto a leccion for [to] chose a Speker. So the leccion gave hir voyse unto Thomas Lovell, a gentle-
man . . . Lincolnes Inne. That doon, it pleased the Knyghts that were there present for to ryse f[rom] ther sets and so for to goo to that place where as the Speker stode and [brought him and] set hym in his sete. That done, there he thanked all the maisters of the plase. Then [it pleased] the Recorder of London for to shew the cus-
tume of the place. This was his seyeng: ‘Maister Speker, and all my maisters, there hath ben an ordir in this place in tymes passed [that] ye shuld commaunde a certayn [? number] of Knyghts and other gentilmen, such as it
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 rise 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 youngeft 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 straight 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 Zani's are:
So that no fountain good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dimme actions faintly shew.
    Then finde I, if mans nobleft part be love,
Your pureft 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 guesse 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,
'Till flow accessè hath made it wholy pure, 105
Able immortall clearnessè to endure.
Who dare aspire this journey with a staine,
Hath weight will force him headlong backe againe.
No more can impure man retaine and move
In that pure region of a worthy love:
Then earthly subsance can unforç'd aspire,
And leave his nature to converse with fire:
Such may have eye, and hand; may sigh, may speake;
But like swoln bubesles, when they are high't they break.

Though far removed Northerne fleets scarce finde 115
The Sunnes comfort; others think him too kinde.
There is an equall distance from her eye,
Men perish too farre off, and burne too nigh.
But as ayre takes the Sunne-beames equall bright
From the first Rayes, to his laft opposite:
So able men, blest with a vertuous Love,
Remote or neare, or howfoe'r they move;
Their vertue breaks all clouds that might annoy,
There is no Emptinesse, but all is Ioy.
He much profanes whom violent heats do move 125
To stile his wandring rage of passion, Love:
Love that imparts in every thing delight,
Is, that love is them all contract in one.
Death 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, griefe denounce;

Her happy state, courage, ease, joy pronounce.
From out the Christall palace of her breast,
The clearer soule was call'd to endless rest,
(Not by the thundering voice, wherewith God threats,
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 witnesse than thou art, affurces,
That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures;
No dramme thereof shal want or losse suftaine,
When her best soule inhabits it again.
Goe then to people curst before they were,
Their spoyles in Triumph of thy conquest weare.
Glory not thou thy selfe in thefe hot teares
Which our face, not for hers, but our harme weares,


The
The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee,
Which wils our soules in these streams waft should be,
And on our hearts, her memories best tombe,
In this her Epitaph doth write thy doome.
Blinde were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine
Through fleshes misty vaile the beames divine.
Deafe were the eares, 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 last Act it saw, heard, felt.

Weep not, nor grudge then, to have lost 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 seales to rest,
From sorowes here, to a kingdome ever blest;
And teach this hymne of her with joy, and sing,

_The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting._


IV.
Appendix B.

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,
Defolate;
Sacked, burned, and inthrall’d,
And the Temple spoil’d, which wee
Ne’r should see,
To our mirthlesse mindes wee call’d:

III.

Our mute harpes, untun’d, unftringed,
Up wee hung
On greene willowes neere beside us,
Where, we fitting all forlorn;
Thus, in scorne,
Our proud spoylers ’gan deride us.

Psalme 137. 1633-69, A25, C, RP61 in Certaine selected Psalmes of David (in Verfe) differint from Thofe usuallie sung in the Church Composed by Francis Davifon esq’. deceased and other Gentlemen. Manucrib’d by R. Crane. Addl. MS. 27407, Harl. MSS. 3357 and 16930 with our cryes] with mournful cries Crane 6 his] the Crane 16 all forlorn] foe forlorn Crane

IV.
IV.

Come, sad Captives, leave your moanes,
   And your groanes
Under Syons ruines bury;
Tune your harps, and sing us layes
   In the praife
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 praife
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 roffe be glewed,
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 praife
24 merry.] merry, 1633-39
   Crane
25-6 moanes ... groanes] interchanged
31-2 if I faile
   To bewayle Crane
42 renewed.] renewed 1633

VIII.
Appendix B.

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, shalt then be thrall,
   And shalt fall
To as low an ebbe of mourning.

X.
Happy he who shall thee waite,
   As thou haft
Us, without all mercy, wafted,
And shalt make thee taste and see
   What poore wee
By thy meanes 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.

43 curfe] plague Crane 45 ruines] Ruine Crane revell'd. Ed: revell'd, 1633-39 52-3 shalt . . . shall] shalt . . . shalt Crane 59-60 What by thee Wee (poore wee) have &c. Crane V.
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 didst his onely fonne conceive,
And so waft link'd to all the Trinitie.

Cease then, ô Queenes, 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.
Appendix B.

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 handling treasure.

Absence. *The Grove (1721)*: do. or no title, B, Cy, HN (signed J. H.), L74, 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, L74, PR, S, WR 3
Distance] Disdayne HN 4 you can PR: yee dare HN 5 For
hearts where love's refined WR 6 Are absent joyned, by tyme com-
bined. WR 7 right S96: such Grove, HN, L74, PR 8 He soon hath
found PR 10 all] om. WR 11 To] That WR 12 prefent]
presence B tary] carry WR 13 motion] motions PR 16 by
.. notion:] in .. notions: PR: in .. notion HN 18 hidinge]
finding Grove

By
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 kiss her,
And so enjoye her, and so misse her.

VIII.

Song.

Probably by the Earl of Pembroke.

Soules 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 denyes
Each others sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
    When others change to light;
O give no way to griefe,
    But let believe
Of mutuall love,
This wonder to the vulgar prove
Our Bodyes, not wee move.

19 means] mean WR
23 There I embrace and there kiss her, S96:
There I embrace her, and &c. L74: There I embrace and there I kiss her, B,O,WF,WR: There I embrace and kiss her, Grove, HN, PR 24 and so misse her B,Cy,HN,L74,O,FS96,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 Sr 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 misse
By distance our lipp-joyning blisse,
Even then our foules shall kiss,
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 griefe, &c.

A Dialogue.

Earle of Pembroke.

If her disdaine leaft change in you can move,

you doe not love,
For whilfe your hopes give fuell to the fire,

you fell desire.

Love is not love, but given free,

And so is mine, so shoule yours bee.

17 Wounds L77: Words 1635-69, O'F fense-deepe,] no hyphen, 1635-69 18 when] while L77 19 lipp-joyning L77 (not lives joining as Chambers reports): hopes joyning 1635-69, O'F

A Dialogue. Ed: A Dialogue betweene S't Henry Wotton and Mr'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 3 whilfe your hopes give H39 (the), H40, P: when the hope gives 1635-54: when that hope gives 1669

Her
Poems attributed to John Donne. 431

Her heart that melts at others moane,
    to mine is stone.
Her eyes that wepe a strangers hurt to see,
    joy to wound mee:

    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 leaft longing shoulde exceed,
    and raging breed;

    Soe can her rigor ne'er offend
    Unleffe selfe-love seeke private end.

Ben: Ruddier

'Tis love breeds love in mee, and cold disdaine
    kils that againe,
As water causeth fire to fret and fume,
    till all confume.
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
9 a strangers] another P hurt H39, H40, P, TCD: eyes 1635-69 and
mod. edd. 11 much Cy, H39, H40, P, TCD: well 1635-69
Say 1635-69: I think H39: Think H40: But thinke P her dif-
daynings 1635-69: her unkindnes H40: that her disdaine P muft
be] may well be P
17-18 text H40, P, P and R:
    So her disdaines can ne'er offend;
    Unleffe selfe-love take private end. 1635-69
21 causeth] 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 fake. 1635-39
    Who can of love more rich gift make,
    Then to love selfe-love for loves fake? 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 should 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 must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish 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
A LETTER WRITTEN BY S' H: G: AND J: D: ALTERNIS VICEBUS.

SINCE EV'RY TREE BEGINS TO BLOSSOME NOW
PHERUMINGE AND ENAMELINGE EACH BOW,
HARTES SHOULD AS WELL AS THEY, SOME FRUITS ALLOW.

FOR SINCE ONE OLD POORE FUNN SERVES ALL THE REST,
YOU SEV'RAL ALL FUNNS THAT WARM, 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,
WE MAKE OURS DOE ONE ACT TO SEAL THE BANDS,
BY WHICH WE ENTRALL OURSELVES 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
2 BOW, ED: BOW A25 9 TWIN'D A25: Twined Chambers 10 HANDS,
BOUND, A25

Admit
Admit our magique then by which wee doe
Make you appeere to us, and us to you,
Supplying all the Muses in you twoe.

Wee doe consider 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 foе doe make the whole yeare through a springe,
And save us from the feare of Autumnns springe.

In Anchors calme face wee your smoothnes see,
Your mindes unmingled, and as cleare as shee
That keepes untoucht her first virginitie.

Did all St. Edith nunns descend againe
To honor Polesworth 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
Thofe drops) could comprehend what wee doe thinke.

For t’were in us ambition to write
Soe, that because wee two, you two unite,
Our letter should as you, bee infinite.

O Frutesfull Garden.

O Frutesfull garden, and yet never tilde,
Box full of Treasure yet by noe man filde.
O thou which haste, 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
O Frutesfull Garden. A25: [TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN
MARY.] Chambers 6 out, Ed: out A25

Whose
Whose flesh is purer, than an others sperrit
Reache him our Prayers, and reach us down his merrit;
O bread of lyfe which sweld'fte up without Leaven;
O bridge which joynst togeather earth and heaven;
Whose eyes see me through these walles, and through glasse,
And through this fleshe as thorowe Cipres passe.
Behould a little harte made greate by thee
Swellinge, yet shringinge at thy majestie.
O dwell in it, for where soe ere thou go'fte
There is the Temple of the Holy Ghoste.

To my Lord of Pembroke.

Fye, Fye you sonnes of Pallas what madd rage
  Makes you contend that Love's, or God, or page?
Hee that admires, his weaknes doth confefs;
For as Love greater growes; soe hee growes lefs.
Hee that disdaines, what honor wynns thereby,
That hee feele not, or triumphes on a fly?
If love with queasie 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 thee beastie;
But playinge wee are bounde, and yeald in Jeft;
As in a Cobwebb toyle, a flye hath beene
Undone; soe have I some fainte lover seene.
Love cannot take away our strength, but tame,
And wee lefs feele the thinge then feare the name;
Love is a temperate bath; hee that feeleth more
Heate or could there, was hott, or could before.
But as Suñ beames which would but norishe, burne,
Drawne into hollow Christall, soe we turne
To fire her bewties 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.

Why chose shee black; was it that in whitenes
Shee did Leda equal? whose brightnes
Muft suffer loss to put a beutie on
Which hath no grace but from proportion.
It is but Coullor, which to loose 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 fittest beutie for the face.
Coullor is not, but in estimation
Faire, or foule, as it is stild by fashion.
Kinges wearinge sackcloath it doth royall make;
Soe black<ne>s from her face doth beutie 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 mourn that hee had westwarde beene,
To seeke his Love; whilst 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
Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 437

Her blacknes lends like luftre to her eyes,
As in the night pale Phoebe glorifyes.
Hell, fynne, and vice their attributes shall loose
Of black, for it wan, and pale whitenes choose,
As like themselves, Common, and moft in ufe:
Sad of that Coulor is the late abuse.

II.

POEMS FROM THE BURLEY MS.

〈Life.〉

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 & reaon fight,
The soules & bodies quarrells to discus;
   It is a iorney where wee do not goe,
   but fly wth speedy wings t'our bliffe or woe.
It is a chaine yt hath but two fnale links
Where(with) or graue is to or bodie ioyned;
It is a poyfned feaft wherein who thinks
To taft ioyes cup, ye cup of death doth find.
   It is a play, prefented in heauens eye
   Wherein or parts are to do naught but dye.

〈My Love.〉

My love doth fly wth wings of feare
And doth a flame of fire resemble,
whch mounting high & burning cleere
yet ever more doth wane & tremble.

8 Where(with) Ed: where Bur ioyned; Ed: ioyned Bur
〈My Love.〉 Ed: no title and no punctuation, Bur 4 wane Ed: weane Bur

My
Appendix C.

My loue doth fee & still admire,
Admir ing breedeth humblen es;
blind loue is bold, but my desire
the more it loues presumes ye leffe.
My loue see kes no reward or glory
but wth it self it self contenteth,
is never fullaine, never fory,
ever repyneth or repenteth.
O'who the sunne beam es can behold
but hath some passion, feel es some heat,
for though the sunn himself be cold
his beam es reflecting fire begett.
O ye myne eyes, ô that myne hart
Were both enlarged to contayne
the beam es & ioyes shee doth impart,
whilft shee this bowre doth not disdayne;
this bowre vnfit for such a gueste,
but since she makes it now her Inn,
Would god twere like her sacred breast
moft fayre wthout, moft rich wthin.

〈O Eyes!〉

O Eyes, what do you see?
o eares what do you heare?
that makes y° wish to bee
All eyes or elfe all eare?
I see a face as fayre
As mans eye ever saw,
I here as sweet an ayre
as ye wch rocks did draw,

never Ed: ne're Bur
〈O Eyes!〉 Ed: no title and no punctuation, Bur

I wish,
I wish, when in such wise
I fee or heare ye fame,
I had all Argus eyes
or else ye eare(s) of fame.

(Silence Best Praise.)

Cõmend her? no. I dare not terme her fayre,
nor fugred sweet, nor tall, nor louely browne;
suffice it ye she is without compare;
but how, I dare not tell left she should frowne.
but those parts (leaf) wth others make theyre pryde,
and feed there fancies wth devised Iyes;
giue me but leave to pull my faint afyde,
and tell her in her eare 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 prayfe her mind.
But as her vertue(s) clayme a crowne of bayes,
So manners makes me sylent in her prayfe.

12 eare(s) Ed : eare Bur :
Cui, quot sunt corpore plumae,
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrig'it 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 (leaf) Ed:
left Bur pryde, Ed: pryde Bur 6 Iyes; Ed: Iyes Bur 7
afyde, Ed: afyde Bur 8 wife. Ed: wife Bur 9-10 art, ... kind,
Bur 13 vertue(s) Ed: vertue Bur bayes, Ed: bayes Bur

(Beauty}
〈Beauty in Little Room.〉

Those drostly heads & irrepurgd braynes
wch sacred fyre of loue hath not refined
may grossly think my loue smale worth contaynes
because she is of body smale combined.
Not diving to ye depth of natures reach,
Wch on smale things doth greatest guifts beftow:
small gems & pearls do witt more truly teach
Wch little are yet great in vertue grow,
of flowers most part ye leaft wee sweetest see,
of creatures having life & fence ye ault
is smalst, yet great her guifts & vertues bee,
frugall & provident for feare of want.
Wherefore who sees not natures full intent?
she made her smale to make her excellent.

〈Loves Zodiake.〉

I That ye higher half of loues
Round Zodiake haue rune,
And in the signe of crabbed chaunce
My Tropick haue begun,
Am taught to teach ye man is blest
Whose loues lott lights so badd,
as his solstitium sooneft 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 highest 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.
Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 441

Fooles, gold, and age, (o foolish golden age!) Witt, fayth, and loue muft beeg, muft brybe, muft dy; These are the actors and the world’s the stage, Desert and hope are as but standers by: True lovers fit and tune this restlesse song; Fortune, loue, and tyme haue done me wrong.

(Life a Play.)

What is o’r life? a play of passion. o’r mirth? the musick of diuision. O’r mothers wombs the tyring houses bee Where we are drest for liues short comedy. The earth the stage, heauen y’ spectator is, Who still doth note who ere do act amisse. O’r graues that hyde vs, frō the all-seeing fun, Are but drawne curtaynes whē the play is done.

A Kiffe.

What a bliffe is this? heaven is effected and loues eternity contracted In one short kiffe. For not tymes measure makes pleafure more full. tedious and dull all ioyes are thought y’ are not in an instant wrought.

(Life a Play.) Ed: no title, and no punctuation except the two marks of interrogation, Bur A Kiffe. Bur 8 full. Ed: full Bur Cupi(d)s
Cupis blesst and highest sphere
is here.
Here, on his throne
in his bright imperial crowne
hee sitts.
Those wits
That thinke to prove
that mortals know
in any place below
a bliss so great
so sweet
Are heretiques in love.
These pleasures high
now dye,
but still beginning
new & greater glory winning
gett fresh supply.
No short breath'd panting
nor faynting
is here,
fuller and freer
more pleasing is
this pleasure still, & none but this.
Here's no blush nor labor great,
no sweat;
Here's no paine
nor repentance when againe
Love cooles.
O fools
That fondly glory
in base condition
of sensual fruition,
you do mistake
& make
yr heaven purgatory.

12 Cupis Ed: Cupis Bur 27 new Ed: now Bur 28
supply. Ed: supply Bur 31 heere, Ed: heere Bur 35 great,
fruition Bur
Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 443

Epi: B: Jo:

Tell me who can when a player dies
In which of his shapes againe hee shall rise?
What need hee stand at the judgment throne
Who hath a heaven and a hell of his owne.
Then feare not Burbage heavens angry rodd,
When thy fellows are angells & old Hemmigs is God.


Oe now hee shineth yonder
A fixed starr in heaven,
Whose motion is vnder
None of the planetts seaven;
   And if the soñ should 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 Ionfon) 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
commas, O'F

Twas
Twas less from nothing the world's all to growe
Then all-Creator's height to ftoope 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 peareleffe appeare.
Hee in our body cladd, for our soules love
Came downe to us, yet lay'd unchange above.
Yet God through man shind still in this cleere brooke,
Through meane shewes into majesty wee looke.
Sinnes price seemd payd with braffe, fewe fawe the gold,
Yet true stones set in lead theyr lustre hold.
His birth though poore, Prophets foretold his story,
Hee breathd with beasts, but Angels fung his glory.
Hee, so far of, so weake, yet Herod quakes,
The citty dreads, babes, murderd, feare mistakes.
His Circumci'sion bore sinne, payne, and shame,
Young bloud new budd, hence bloomd a sauiours name.
His paynes and passion bredd compassion, wonder;
Earth trembling, heavens darke, rocks rent asunder.
His birth, life, death, his words, his workes, his face
Shewed a rich Jewell shining through the cafe,
Caft thus, since man at gods high presence trembles.
Heere man mans troth loves whome his sheepe resembles.
The bright Sunne beame a sickly eye may dime,
A little babe in shallow heart may swim.
Hee heavens wealth to a poore ftable brings,
Th'oxe'stall 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 adorn'd his cheeke,
Afsignd, ere borne, our erring soules to seeke.
Hee first wept teares, then bloud, a deare redemption;
This bought what Adam fould, that seemd preemption.
Cleare droppe, deare feede, the corne had bloudy eares,
Rich harveft reaipd in bloud and fowne in teares.
Who this Corne in theyr hart nor thresh, nor lay,
Breake for finnes debt, unthrifty never pay.
Use wealth, it waftes, a flayd hand heapes the store,
But this the more wee use wee have the more;
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 Chaft Love.

Chaft Love, let mee embrace thee in mine armes
Without the thought of luft. From thence no harmes
Enfue, no discontent attende those deeds
So innocently good wch thy love breeds.
Th’approche of day brings to thy fence no feares,
Nor is the black nights worke wafhd in thy teares;
Thou takst 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
Muft move his spirit too, as thine doth move;
wch ever mounts aloft with golden wings
And not declines to lowe despifed things.
Thy soule is bodyd within thy quiet brefit
In safety, free from trouble and unreft.
Thou fearft no ill because thou dost no ill,
Like miftres of thy selfe, thy thought, and will,
Obey thy mind, a mind for ever such
  As all may prayfe, but none admire too much.
  Then come, Chaft Love, choyfe part of womankind
  Infufe chaft thoughts into my loving mind.

Upon his scornfull Mistresse.  Elegy.

Cruell since that thou doft not feare the curfe
  Wch thy disdayne, and my despayre procure,
My prayer for thee shall torment thee worse
  Then all the Payne thou coudft thereby endure.
May, then, that beauty wch I did conceive
  In thee above the height of heavens course,
When first my Liberty thou didft bereave,
  Bee doubled on thee and with doubled force.
Chayne thousand vassalls in like thrall with mee,
  Wch in thy glory mayft thou still despife,
As the poore Trophies of that victory
  Which thou haft onely purchased 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.rs 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 the 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 scorn'.  See The Apparition, p. 191
  despayre B: disdayne 0'F procure, Ed: procure 0'F 6 course, Ed: course 0'F 7 bereave, Ed: bereave 0'F 8 force. Ed: force 0'F 9 Chayne B: Stay 0'F mee, Ed: mee 0'F 10 despife, Ed: despife 0'F 12 eyes; Ed: eyes 0'F 14 conquered, Ed: conquered 0'F 16 limited; Ed: limited 0'F 18 change, Ed: change 0'F 20 strange, Ed: strange 0'F

<Absence.>
**Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 447**

*(Absence.)*

Wonder of Beautie, Goddesse of my sense,
You that have taught my foule to love aright,
You in whose limbes are natures chief expence
Fitt instrument to serve your matchless spright,
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 fier:
Deare mistresse pittie then the like effects
The which in mee your absence makes to flowe,
And haft their ebb by your divine aspect
In which the pleasure of my life doth growe:
Stay not so long for though it seem a wonder
You keepe my bodie and my foule asunder.

FINIS.

*(Tongue-tied Love.)*

Faire eies do not think fcorne to read of Love
That to your eies durft never it presume,
Since absence those sweet wonders do<th> remove
That nourish thoughts, yet fence and wordes confume;
This makes my pen more hardy then my tongue,
Free from my feare yet feeling my desire,
To utter that I have conceal’d so 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 greeses do yield the loudest cries,
And cold desires may be expressed well:
In well told Love most often falsehood lies,
But pittie him that only sighes and dies.

FINIS.

*(Absence.)* *(Tongue-tied Love.)* Ed: whole sonnets without titles in L74: the last six lines of the second appear among Donne’s poems in B, O’F, S96 *(Tongue-tied Love.)* 12 cold desires] coldeft Ayres O’F  *(Love,*
Appendix C.

Love, if a God thou art.

Love if a God thou art
then evermore thou must
Bee mercifull and juft;
If thou bee juft, ô wherefore doth thy dart
Wound mine alone and not my mistrefs hart?

If mercifull, then why
Am I to payne reserved
Who have thee truely serv'd,
When shee that by thy powre sest 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.

Great 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 perswade 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
If thou perfwade mee thus to speake, I dye
And shee the murdresse, for she will deny;
And if for silence I bee preft, Her good
    Yet I cherish
Though I perish,
    For that shee
Shall bee free
From that foule guilt of spilling bloud.

(Loves Exchange.)

1. To sfeue for all thy Love, and thy whole hart
   were madneffe.
   I doe not sfeue, nor can admitt,
   (Fayreft) from yo\textsuperscript{a} to have all yet;
   Who giveth all, hath nothing to impart
   But sadneffe.

2. Hee who receaveth all can have no more,
   Then sfeeing.
   My love by length of every howre
   Gathers new strength, new growth, new power:
   You muft have dayly new rewards in store
   Still beeing.

3. You cannot every day give mee yo\textsuperscript{r} 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 (deareft) wee shall
   Bee one and one another all;
   Let us so joyne our harts, that nothing may
   Estrange them.

Song.
Appendix C.

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' fweete, and sweare
   T'is yo' face renews 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 deceae poore lovers foe,
As the fonde Sence th'unwary foule deceives
   With deadly poifon wrapt in Lily leaves.

Song. O'F: punctuation mainly Editor's
Love &c. (True Love.) Chambers, who prints from RP117: no title,
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 fo chain’d as Goodnes stands
With truthe unftain’d to couple hands,
    Love beinge to all beauty blinde
Save the cleere beauties of the minde,
There heaven is pleas’d, continuall blessings fheddinge,
Angells are guefts and dance at this bleft 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 howeuer shee smyles in, lett it bee
By thy acte multiplyde to three.
But if shee frowne on thee or mee,
Know night is made by her, not thee;
Be swifte in such an howeuer & soone,
See thou make night, ere it be noone.
Obey her tymes, whoe is the free
Faire Sunne that governes thee & mee.

<A Solen.>

WHerefore peepst thou, envious daye?
We can kiffe without thee.
Lovers hate the golden raye,
Which thou beart about thee.


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 curyous eye
For thy soone betrayinge,
And condemn thee for a fpye
Yf thou catch us playinge.
Gett thee gone and lend thy flashes
Where there's need of lendinge,
Our affections are not ashes
Nor our pleasures endinge.

Weare we cold or withered heare
We would sray thee by us,
Or but one anothers feare
Then thou shouldst not flye us.
Wee are yongue, thou spoilest our pleasure;
Goe to sea and slumber,
Darknes only gives us leasure
Our stolen joyes to number.

<If She Deride.>

GReate and goode if she deryde mee
Let me walke Ile not despayre,
Ere to morrowe Ile provide mee
One as greate, leffe proud, more faire.
They that seeke Love to constaine
Have their labour for their paine.

9 curyous 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 desyre.
Where the prize is shame or fynn,
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 weepe as children doe
That will in the fashion wooe.

I whoe flie these idle fancies
Which my dearest rest betraye,
Warnd by others harmfull chances,
Vse my freedome as I may.
When all the worlde fays what it cann
'Tis but—Fie, vnconstant mann!

〈Fortune Never Fails.〉

What if I come to my mistris 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 say fie
Yet doth she not denie:
For fie is but a word of tryall:
   Jealofie doth sleepe,
   Then doe not weepes
   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 deserves to live in a princes grace,
   Why stand you then affraid to enter?
   Lights are all out
   Then make no doubt
A lover bouldly maye take chufinge.
   Bewtie is a baite
For a princely mate.
   Fy, why stand you then a mufinge?
   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
chufinge] a choosing Chambers
To His Mistref's.

1. Beleeve yo' Glasse, and if it tell you (Deare)
   Yo' Eyes inshrine
   A brighter shine
   Then faire Apollo, looke if theere appeare
   The milkie skye
   The Crimson dye
   Mixt in your cheeks, and then bid Phoebus sett,
   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 discolours open'd but to Eie.

3. Make use of youth, and bewty whilest they flourisht:
   Tyme never sleepes,
   Though it but creeps
   It still gets forward. Do not vainly nourish
   Them to selfe-use,
   It is Abuse;
   The richest Grounds lying waft turne Boggs and rott,
   And foe 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,

To His Mistrefs. Le Prince D'Amour (1660): no title, S (whence text): printed by Simeon, Grosart, Chambers: punctuation partly Editor's 1 if it tell] it will tell Chambers 9 deceived] deceiv'd S 16 open'd] opened S 24 were not] as not LePD'A Which
Appendix C.

Which downward bend
And nothing tend
Save their owne Bewties in the Glaffie streame:
Looke to yo' selfe: Compare yo'sel've to them.

5. In show, in bewtie, 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 snaep'd by bytter storms against wch nought boots,
They bend their proud topps lower then their roots.

6. Then none regard them; but wth heedes feet
   In durt each treads
   Their declyned heads.
So when youthe wafted, Age, and yo' 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 kiffe? By Jove I must, and make impression
As longe as Cupid dares to holde his Seccion
Vpon my flesh and blood: our kiffes shall
Outminute Time and without number fall.

31 the Glaffie S: a Glaffie LePD'A: their Glaffie Chambers
32 to them. S: with them. Chambers
33 then] when Chambers
34 snaep'd Ed: snaep'd S: swept LePD'A: snipped Chambers
A Paradoxe of a Painted Face. H39,S,S96,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 S96: punctuation partly Editor's
Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 457

Doe I not know these Balls of blushinge Red
That on thy Cheekes thus amoroufie 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 kiffe.
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 butterflye
That silly maides with flowe-moved fingers trye
To Catch it, and then blush at there miske,
Yet of this painted flye moft 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 falfe, and more Sophisticate
Than are Saints reliques, or a man of state.
Yet such being Glazed by the sleight of arte,
Gaines admiration, wininge many a Harte.
Put case there be a difference in the molde,
Yet may thy Venus be more Chafte, and holde
A dearer treaure: oftentimes we see
Rich Candian wines in woonden 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 flature
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 so 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 wholesome pothearbs which for use remaine.
Shall I a Gaudy Speckled Serpent kifs
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 vestiments, which grace us all
Are not our owne, but adventitial.
Time rifles Natures beauty, but flye Arte
Repaires by cunninge this decayinge parte.
Fills here a wrinckle, 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 sicknes hand,
Induftrious Phyficke pregnantly doth f tand
To patch up foule diseasés, and doth f trive
To keepe their ye totteringe Carcafes alive.
Beautie is a candlelight which every puffe
Blows out, and leaves nought but a ftinking fnuffe
To fill our nostrills with; this boldelie thinke,
The cleerest Candle makes the greatest f lincke,
As your pure fode and cleerest nutryment
Gets the most hott, and nose ftronge excrement.
Why hange we then on things fo apt to varie,
So fleetinge, brittle, and fo temporarie?
That agues, Coughes, the toothache, or Catarr
(Slight handfells of diseases) 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 shewe
Like stately abbeyes ruin'd longe agoe.
Nature but gives the modell, and first draught
Of faire perfection, which by art is taught
To speke itselffe, a compleat form and birthe,
Soe 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, an coulde but move.

Sonnett.

Adam that flea that Crept between your brefts
I envied, that there he shoule make his rest:
The little Creatures fortune was soe good
That Angells feed not on so pretious foode.
How it did sucke 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 suckinge of that milkie Sea.

72 handfells H39: houses S, S96, Chambers: touches P and R: cauſes
LePDA 73 beauties] brav'ries H39 79 To speke itselffe TCD, 
P and R: Speake to itselffe S, S96: Speake for itselffe H39: To make it-
selffe Simeon, Grosart, and Chambers
Sonnett. O'F, S96: no title, S: On A Flea on His Mistref's Bosom
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 wifhe thee there,
About hir Hart, about hir anywhere;
I would vowe (Deareft flea) thou shouldft not dye,
If thou shouldft fucke from hir hir crueltye.

On Black Hayre and Eyes.

If shaddowes be the pictures excellence;
And make it feeme more lively to the fence;
Ifftarres 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 darkneffe an eclipps?
Rich diamonds shine brighteft, being sett
And compassed within a foyle of Jett.
Nor was it fitt that Nature should have mayde
So bright a sunne to shine without a shade.
It feemes that Nature when the first did fancie
Your rare compofure studied Necromancie,
That when to you this guift she did impart
She used altogether the black art.
By which infufed power from Magique tooke
You doe command all fpiritts with a looke:

13 vowe] now Chambers
Deareft S96: deare S,OF, Chambers
thou] that thou Chambers
On Black Hayre and Eyes Add. MS. 11811, on which text is based: in several MSS. including A25, TCD (II), L77: printed in Parnassus Biceps (1656), Pembroke and Ruddier's Poems (1660), Simeon (1856-7), Grosart, and Chambers 2 it A21,H60,TCD: them AII: things L77 4 shine H39,TCD: seem AII,Grosart, and Chambers 8 mayden weeds,] maidenheads, H39,TCD, Grosart, and Chambers 9

Shee
She drew those Magique circles in your eyes,
And mayde your hayre the chaine wherewith shee ties
Rebelling hearts: those blew veines which appeare,
Winding Meander about either sphare,
Misterious figures are, and when you lift
Your voice commandeth like the Exorciist,
And every word which from your Pallett falleth
In a deep charme your hearer’s heart inthralleth.
Oh! If in Magique you have skill 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 blesseth Man,
That Indian mine, that straight of Magellan,
That worlde dividing gulfe where he that venters,
With swelling sayles and ravisht senfes enters
To a new world of blisse. Pardon, I pray,
If my rude muse presumeth to display
Secretts unknowne, or hath her bounds orepaft
In praying sweetnesse which I ne’re did taft;
Sterved men doe know there’s meate, and blind men may
Though hid from light presume there is a day.
The rover in the marke his arrowe sticks
Sometimes as well as he that shooes att prickes,
And if I might direct my shaft aright,
The black mark would I hitt and not the white.

25 figures] fables AII 26 commandeth] commands AII
you have skill L77, TCD, &c.: your power AII: you have power Grosart and Chambers 33 For (And) as by the springhead a man may (men often) know L77, TCD, and other MSS. 34 streame...runs L77, &c. 44 did] shal TCD and other MSS. 47 sticks] strikes Grosart and Chambers 49 direct L77, TCD, &c.: ayme AII, Grosart, and Chambers
Fragment of an Elegy.

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 dust shall daunce like attomes in her ray.
And when the world shall in confusion burne,
And Kings and peafantes scramble at an urne,
Like tapers new blowne out wee happy then
Will at her beames 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 dust would mould him up againe,
And with hir plaintes enforce the wormes to place
Themselves like veynes so neatly on his face,
And every lynne, as if that they wer striving
To flatter hir with hope of his reviving:
Shee should 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 passeth by shoulde 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 lesse stone then hee that takes it thence,
Thou shalt appeare within thy tearerfull 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
But when they find thee dead so lovely fair,
Pitty and sorrow then shall straight repair
And weep beside thy grave with cypress round,
To see the second world of beauty round,
And add sufficient tears as they console
'Twould make thy body swimme up to thy soule.
Such eyes should read the lines are writ of thee;
But such a loss should have no elegie
To palliate the wound wee tooke in hir,
Who rightly grieues admittes no comforter.
He that had tame to heart thy parting hence
Should have beene chain'd to Bedlam two houres thence,
And not a friend of his ere shed a teare
To see for thy sake 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 friend
But to bewayle his too untimely end,
Whose hopes (cropt in the bud) have never come
But to fitt weeping on a fencelesse tombe,
That hides not dust enough to count the tears
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 pesses more;
I that have lov'd and trusted thus in vaile
Yet weep for thee, and till the clowdes shall daigne
To throw on Egypt more then Nile ere sweld,
These teares of mine shalbe unparellell'd.
He that hath lov'd, enjoy'd, and then beene croft,
Hath teares at will to mourn for what he lost;
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 trust
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 showers, 
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 sweat, 
From eighty eight, the Poulder-plot, or when 75
Men were affrayd to talke of it againe; 
And in their numerations be it sayd 
Thus old was I when such a teare was fhed, 
And when that other fell a comett rose 
And all the world tooke notice of my woes. 80
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 fo ficke a heart; 
But as a hurt deare beaten from the heard, 85
Men of my shadow allmoft now affeard 
Fly from my woes, that whilome wont to greet mee, 
And well nigh thinke it ominous to mee. 
Sad lines go yee abroad; go saddeft mufe, 
And as some nations formerly did ufe 90
To lay their ficke men in the street, that those, 
Who of the fame diseafe had fcape the throwes, 
Might minifter releefe as they went by 
To fuch as felt the felfsame malady, 
So haplyfe lynes fly through the faireft land, 95
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 100
To thofe sad fittes which (fpight of nature’s lawes) 
Torture a poore hart that out-lives the cause. 
But this muft never bee, nor is it fitt 
An ague or some fickenes leffe then itt 
Should glory in the death of fuch as hee, 105
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 maffy 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 despife
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 the:
Fortune now doe thy wors, for I have gott
By this her death so strong an antidote,
That all thy future crosse 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 so long a date,
That death shall never seize uppon our fame
Till this shall perish in the whole world’s frame.

\(<\text{Farewel, ye guilded follies.}>\)

Farewel ye guilded 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 skyn,
State but a golden prison, to keepe in
And torture free-born minds; imbroidered trains
Meerly but Pageants, proudly swelling vains,


\(h h\)

And
Appendix C.

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 blossomes 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
Most 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 wise, 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 sun, oft setting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy Ass:
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd, if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still envied more:
I have wish'd all, but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wise, 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

9  a loane  
18 mine  
CCC: mind  
19-20 I would be wife but that the fox I see
Suspected guilty when the Afs goes free
1 A182, E26, H60, Grosart, and Chambers
21-2 I would be fair, but see that Champion proud
The bright sun 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 bliss of angels, CCC
could I vie (vey Grosart)
The bliss of angels, Grosart and Chambers
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 ftones, by Epitaphs, be called great Master
In the loose rhimes of every Poetafter;
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 leasure,
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcom pure thoughts, welcom ye silent groves,
These guests, these Courts, my soul moft dearly loves,
Now the wing'd people of the Skie shall finge
My cheerful Anthems to the gladsome Spring;
A Pray'r book now shall be my looking-glaffe,
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 fit and figh my hot loves folly,
And learn t'affect an holy melancholy.

And if contentment be a stranger, then
I'll nere look for it, but in heaven again.

43 ye silent groves, Walton: the silent Groves, WI: ye careles groves, H60: the careles grove, CCC: ye careless groans, Grosart and Chambers
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, Ash 38
46 My Anthem; be my Selah gentle Spring, A182: Mine anthems; be my cellar, gentle spring. Grosart and Chambers 48 wherein] In which Walton
49-50 Here dwells no hartleffe Love, no palsey fears,
No short joys purchased with eternal tears. A182, H60
51 hot loves Walton: hot youths H60: past years A182 53 be] prove A182
### INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

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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Stand still, and I will read to thee
*Stay, O sweet, and do not rife,
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,
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The heavens rejoice in motion, why mould I
*That unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
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