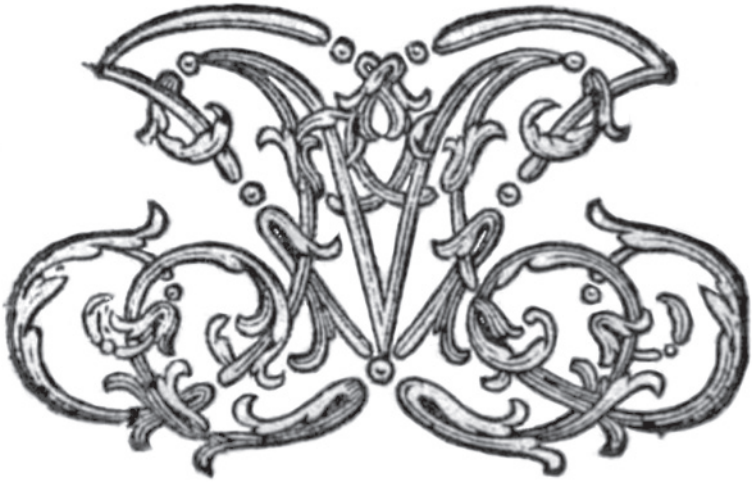


SONNET X



A POEM

JOHN DONNE

QUÉBEC

Samizdat, below Cap-Rouge

June 21st, year of the Lord, MMXVII



*Sonnet X (Death, be not proud) (written 1609) by John Donne (1572-1631).
Drawn from Donne's Holy Sonnets or Divine Meditations (1633).*

Samizdat 2017

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DEATH, BE NOT PROUD



Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.

From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.

Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die¹.

¹ - Refers to 1Corinthians 15: 26 : "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death".