



MISCELANÆ

selected poems

by

John Donne

Q V É B E C

for Samizdat

year of the Lord, MMXVII



Poetical Works by John Donne (1572-1631).

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Release Date: April 12, 2015

Title: *The Poems of John Donne* [2 vols.] Volume I (Edited from the Old Editions and Numerous Manuscripts), 1912, editor: Herbert J. C. Grierson

Produced by Jonathan Ingram, Lesley Halamek, Stephen Rowland and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team. Sidenotes from the *Anatomic of the World* have been converted to footnotes. [EN] = Editor's note.

Note: This Ebook edition uses 17th century spelling with long "s" [ſ], and doubled e's, such as *bee*, *shee*, *mee*, *bee*, rather than he, she, me or be, giving a sense of works published in Donne's lifetime. An example of long s usage, *Christian* for Christian. In some cases a "u" may appear in place of a "v" or an "l" in place of a "j" (thus *ID* for JD or John Donne). Apostrophes have been added to the possessive form.

Samizdat EBooks - September 2017

Fonts:

Ancient [Jeffery Lee]

IM Fell English Roman and Italic [Igino Marini]

IM Fell Double Pica [Igino Marini]

“Let us suppose that such a person began by observing those Christian activities which are, in a sense, directed towards this present world. He would find that this religion had, as a matter of historical fact, been the agent which preserved such secular civilization as survived the fall of the Roman Empire; that to it Europe owes the salvation, in those perilous ages, of civilized agriculture, architecture, laws and literacy itself. He would find that this same religion has always been healing the sick and caring for the poor; that it has, more than any other, blessed marriage; and that arts and philosophy tend to flourish in its neighbourhood.”
(C.S. Lewis - *Some Thoughts* - 1948)

“prove all things; hold fast that which is good;” (1Th 5: 21)

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please. (Song of Songs 2: 5)





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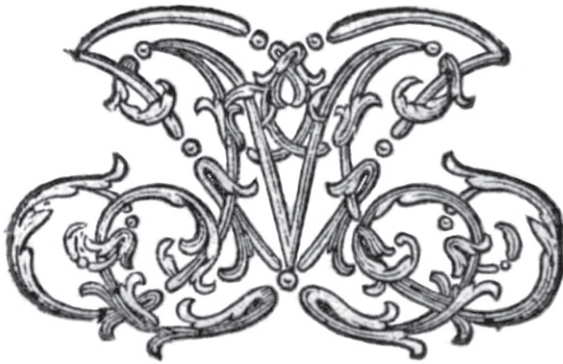
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John Donne's signature is drawn from a book once owned by Donne; *The Catalogue of Heretics*, by Conrad Schlüsselburg, Doctor & Teacher of Theology, Book VIII, published 1599 (now at the Rare Books Department, National Library of Scotland)



THE GOOD-MORROW



wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the seaven sleepers' den?
T'was so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee.

5

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.

10

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,
Where can we finde two better hemispheres
Without sharpe North, without declining West?
What ever dyes, was not mixt equally;
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die.

15

20

SONG



oe, and catche a falling starre,
 Get with child a mandrake roote',
 Tell me, where all past yeares are,
 Or who deft the Divels foot,
 Teach me to heare Mermaides finging, 5

Or to keep off envies ftinging,
 And finde
 What winde
 Serves to advance an honeft minde.

If thou beeft borne to ftrange fights, 10
 Things invifible to fee,
 Ride ten thoufand daies and nights,
 Till age fnow white haire on thee,
 Thou, when thou return'ft, wilt tell mee
 All ftrange wonders that befell thee, 15
 And fweare
 No where
 Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou find'ft one, let mee know,
 Such a Pilgrimage were sweet; 20
 Yet doe not, I would not goe,
 Though at next doore wee might meet,
 Though fhee were true, when you met her,
 And laft, till you write your letter,
 Yet fhee 25
 Will bee
 Falfe, ere I come, to two, or three.

1 - [EN] The mandrake is a plant of the genus *Mandragora* found in the Mediterranean region, or from other species, such as *Bryonia alba*, the English mandrake. These plants contain biologically active alkaloids, tropane alkaloids in particular which make the plant, in particular the root and leaves, poisonous, via anticholinergic, hallucinogenic, and hypnotic effects. In the Bible, the term *mandrake* may involve ginseng, which looks similar to the mandrake root and reputedly has fertility enhancing properties.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY



ow thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
 To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
 Wilt thou then Antedate some new made vow?
 Or say that now
 We are not just those persons, which we were?²

5

Or, that oathes made in reverential feare
 Of Love, and his wrath, any may forfwear?
 Or, as true deaths, true maryages untie,
 So lover's contracts, images of those,
 Binde but till sleep, death's image, them unloofe?
 Or, your owne end to Justifie,
 For having purpos'd change, and falsheood; you
 Can have no way but falsheood to be true?
 Vaine lunatique, against these scapes I could
 Dispute, and conquer, if I would,
 Which I abstaine to doe,
 For by to morrow, I may thinke so too.

10

15



2 - [EN] Men searching for, and greatly admiring, beauty in the fallen daughters of Eve often find external grace masking a dark manipulative heart, yet all the while playing the "innocent saint". Themes of female relational destruction reoccur in songs by U2, such as *Who's Gonna Ride Your Wild Horses* (Album: *Achtung Baby* - 1991) or *Crumbs From Your Table* (Album: *How To Dismantle An Atomic Bomb* - 2004). See also Donne's *An Anatomy of the World/ The first Anniversary*.

THE UNDERTAKING



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 5
 The skill of specular stone³,
 When he which can have learn'd the art
 To cut it, can finde none.

So, if I now should utter this,
 Others (because no more 10
 Such stufte to worke upon, there is,)
 Would love but as before.

But he who lovelineffe within
 Hath found, all outward loathes,
 For he who colour loves, and skinne, 15
 Loves but their oldeft 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; 20

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 25
 Then all the *Worthies* did;
 And a braver thence will spring,
 Which is, to keepe that hid.

3 - [EN] A soft, light transmitting mineral, apparently mica or selenite.

THE SUNNE RISING



usie old foole, unruly Sunne,
 Why dost thou thus,
 Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us?
 Muft to thy motions lovers seasons run?
 Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide

5

Late schoole boyes, and fowre prentices,
 Goe tell Court-huntfmen, that the King will ride,
 Call countrey ants to harveft offices;
 Love, all alike, no feafon knowes, nor clyme,
 Nor houres, dayes, moneths, which are the rags of time.

10

Thy beames, fo reverend, and ftrong
 Why shouldft thou thinke?
 I could edipfe and cloud them with a winke,
 But that I would not lofe her fight fo long:
 If her eyes have not blinded thine,
 Looke, and to morrow late, tell mee,
 Whether both the India's of fpice and Myne
 Be where thou leftft them, or lie here with mee.
 Aske for thofe Kings whom thou fawft yefterday,
 And thou fhalt heare, All here in one bed lay.

15

20

She is all States, and all Princes, I,
 Nothing elfe is.
 Princes doe but play us; compar'd to this,
 All honor's mimique; All wealth alchimie.
 Thou funne art halfe as happy as wee,
 In that the world's contracted thus;
 Thine age askes eafe, and fince 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, thefe walls, thy fpheare.

25

30

LOVE'S VSURY



or every houre that thou wilt spare mee now,
 I will allow,
 Ufurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
 When with my browne, my gray haire equall bee;
 Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let 5

Mee travell, sojourne, snatch, plot, have, forget,
 Refume my last yeares relict: thinke that yet
 We had never met.

Let mee thinke any rivalls letter mine,
 And at next nine 10
 Keepe midnight's promise; mistake by the way
 The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
 Onely let mee love none, no, not the sport;
 From country grasse, to comfitures of Court,
 Or Citie's *quelque-choſes*⁴, let report 15
 My minde transport.

This bargaine'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. 20
 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 shee bee
 One that loves mee.

4 - [EN] French, "some things". The attractions of big cities?

THE CANONIZATION



or God'sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
 Or chide my palfie's, or my gout⁶,
 My five gray hairees, or ruin'd fortune flout,
 With wealth your fstate, your minde with Arts improve,
 Take you a courfe, get you a place, 5

Obferve his honour, or his grace,
 Or the Kings reall⁷, or his stamped face
 Contemplate, what you will, approve,
 So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love? 10
 What merchants fhips have my fighs drown'd?
 Who faies my teares have overflow'd his ground?
 When did my colds a forward fpring remove?
 When did the heats which my veines fill
 Adde one more to the plagueie Bill? 15
 Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out ffill
 Litigious men, which quarrels move,
 Though fhe and I do love.

Call us what you will, wee are made fuch by love;
 Call her one, mee another flye, 20
 We're Tapers too, and at our owne cofte die,
 And wee in us finde the'Eagle and the Dove.
 The Phoenix riddle hath more wit
 By us, we two being one, are it.
 So to one neutrall thing both fexes fit, 25
 Wee dye and rifé the fame, and prove
 Myfterious by this love.

5 - [ENJ] A form of paralysis.

6 - [ENJ] A disease in involving defective metabolism of uric acid leading to arthritis, esp. in the smaller bones of the feet, deposition of chalkstones, and episodes of acute pain.

7 - [ENJ] A unit of currency in Spain (silver coin) for several centuries after the mid-14th century.

Wee can dye by it, if not live by love,
 And if unfit for tombes and hearſe
 Our legend bee, it will be fit for verſe; 30
 And if no peece of Chronide 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 35
 Us *Canoniz'd* for Love:

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love
 Made one another's hermitage;
 You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
 Who did the whole world's foule contract, and drove 40
 Into the glaſſes of your eyes
 (So made ſuch mirrors, and ſuch ſpies,
 That they did all to you epitomize,)
 Countries, Townes, Courts: Beg from above
 A patterne of your love! 45

THE TRIPLE FOOLE



I am two fooles, I know,
 For loving, and for ſaying ſo
 In whining Poëtry;
 But where's that wifeman, that would not be I,
 If ſhe would not deny? 5

Then as th'earths inward narrow crooked lanes
 Do purge ſea waters fretfull ſalt away,
 I thought, if I could draw my paines,
 Through Rime's vexation, I ſhould them allay,
 Griefe brought to numbers cannot be ſo fierce, 10
 For, he tames it, that fetters it in verſe.

But when I have done so,
 Some man, his art and voice to show,
 Doth Set and sing my paine,
 And, by delighting many, frees againe 15
 Griefe, which verſe did reſtraine.
 To Love, and Griefe tribute of Verſe belongs,
 But not of ſuch as pleaſes when'tis read,
 Both are increaſed by ſuch ſongs:
 For both their triumphs ſo are publiſhed, 20
 And I, which was two fooles, do ſo grow three;
 Who are a little wiſe, the beſt fooles bee.

LOVER'S INFINITENESSE



If yet I have not all thy love,
 Deare, I ſhall never have it all,
 I cannot breath one other ſigh, to move,
 Nor can intreat one other teare to fall,
 And all my treaſure, which ſhould purchaſe thee, 5

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, 10
 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, 15
 Which have their ſtocks intire, and can in teares,
 In ſighs, in oathes, and letters outbid mee,
 This new love may beget new feares,
 For, this love was not vowed by thee.

And yet it was, thy gift being generall, 20
 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 25
 New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store;
 Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it:
 Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
 It staves at home, and thou with loving savest it: 30
 But wee will have a way more liberall⁸,
 Then changing hearts, to joyne them, so wee shall
 Be one, and one anothers All.

SONG



weetest love, I do not goe,
 For wearinesse of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter Love for mee;
 But since that I 5

Must dye at last, 'tis best,
 To use my selfe in jest
 Thus by fain'd⁹ deaths to dye;

Yesternight the Sunne went hence,
 And yet is here to day, 10
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor halfe so short a way:
 Then feare not mee,

8 - [EN] Or generous.

9 - [EN] Or pretended.

But beleeve that I shall make
Speedier journeyes, since I take
More wings and spurres then hee. 15

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot adde another houre,
Nor a loft houre recall! 20
But come bad chance,
And wee joyne to'it our strength,
And wee teach it art and length,
It selfe o'r us to'advance.

When thou figh'ft, thou figh'ft not winde, 25
But figh'ft my soule away,
When thou weep'ft, unkindly kinde,
My lifes blood doth decay.
It cannot bee
That thou lov'ft mee, as thou say'ft, 30
If in thine my life thou wafte,
Thou art the best of mee.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethinke me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part, 35
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. 40

THE LEGACIE



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 5
 Something did say, and something did bestow;
 Though I be dead, which sent mee, I should be
 Mine owne executor and Legacie.

I heard mee say, Tell her anon¹⁰,
 That my selfe, (that is you, not I,) 10
 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 me, and search'd where hearts did lye;
 It kill'd mee againe, that I who still was true, 15
 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. 20
 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.

¹⁰ - [EN] Later.

AIRE & ANGELS



twice 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,

5

Some lovely glorious nothing I did see.
 But since my soule, whose child love is,
 Takes limmes of flesh¹¹, 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.

10

Whilst thus to ballast¹² love, I thought,
 And so more steddily to have gone,
 With wares which would sinke admiration,
 I saw, I had love's pinnace¹³ overfraught,
 Ev'ry thy haire for love to worke upon
 Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
 For, nor in nothing, nor in things
 Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere;
 Then as an Angell, face, and wings
 Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,
 So thy love may be my loves spheare;
 Just such disparitie
 As is twixt Aire and Angells puritie,
 Twixt women's love, and men's will ever bee.

15

20

25

11 - [EN] Or limbs of flesh, the body?

12 - [EN] Make more solid, give weight.

13 - [EN] A small boat, with sails or oars.

THE ANNIVERSARIE



ll Kings, and all their favorites,
 All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
 The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as they paffe,
 Is elder by a yeare, now, then it was
 When thou and I first one another saw: 5

All other things, to their destruction draw,
 Only our love hath no decay;
 This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday,
 Running it never runs from us away,
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day. 10

Two graves must hide thine and my coarſe,
 If one might, death were no divorce.
 Alas, as well as other Princes, wee,
 (Who Prince enough in one another bee,)
 Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and eares, 15
 Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt teares;
 But foules where nothing dwells but love
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
 This, or a love increased there above,
 When bodies to their graves, foules from their graves remove. 20

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 25
 Treason to us, except one of us two.
 True and false feares let us refrain,
 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. 30

TWICKNAM GARDEN



lasted with sighs, and furrounded 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 5

The spider love, which transtuntantiates all,
 And can convert Manna to gall,
 And that this place may thoroughly be thought
 True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'Twere wholsomer for mee, that winter did 10
 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 15
 Some senselesse peece of this place bee;
 Make me a mandrake, so I may groane here,
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out my yeare.

Hither with cristall vyals, lovers come,
 And take my teares, which are love's wine, 20
 And try your mistresse Teares at home,
 For all are false, that tast not just like mine;
 Alas, hearts do not in eyes shine,
 Nor can you more judge woman's thoughts by teares,
 Then by her shadow, what she weares. 25
 O perverse sexe, where none is true but shee,
 Who's therefore true, because her truth kills mee.

A VALEDICTION: OF THE BOOKE



'll tell thee now (deare Love) what thou shalt doe
To anger destiny, as she doth us,
How I shall stay, though she Esloygne¹⁴ me thus
And how posterity shall know it too;
How thine may out-endure

5

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

10

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

15

No schismaticke will dare to wound,

That sees, how Love this grace to us affords,

To make, to keep, to use, to be these his Records.

This Booke, as long-liv'd as the elements,

Or as the world's forme, this all-graved tome

20

In cypher writ, or new made Idiome,

Wee for loves deergie only are instruments:

When this booke is made thus,

Should againe the ravenous

Vandals and *Goths* inundate us,

25

Learning were safe; in this our Universe

Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Musick, Angels Verse.

Here Love's Divines, (since all Divinity

Is love or wonder) may finde all they seeke,

14 - [EN] French, *éloigner*. She rejects or pushes me away...

Whether abstract spirituall love they like,
 Their Soules exhal'd with what they do not see,
 Or, loth so to amuze
 Faith's infirmitie, they chuse
 Something which they may see and use;
 For, though minde be the heaven, where love doth sit,
 Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it. 35

Here more then in their bookes may Lawyers finde,
 Both by what titles Mistresses are ours,
 And how prerogative these states devours,
 Transferr'd from Love himselfe, to womankind,
 Who though from heart, and eyes, 40
 They exact great subsidies,
 Forake him who on them relies,
 And for the cause, honour, or conscience give,
 Chimeræ, vaine as they, or their prerogative. 45

Here Statefmen, (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 governe well,
 Whose weaknesse none doth, or dares tell;
 In this thy booke, such will their nothing see,
 As in the Bible some can finde out Alchimy.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll studie thee, 55
 As he removes farre off, that great heights takes;
 How great love is, prefence best tryall makes,
 But absence tryes how long this love will bee;
 To take a latitude
 Sun, or starres, are fitlieft view'd 60
 At their brightest, but to conlude
 Of longitudes, what other way have wee,
 But to marke when, and where the darke eclipses bee?

LOVE'S GROWTH



scarce beleeve my love to be so pure
 As I had thought it was,
 Because it doth endure
 Vicissitude, and season, as the graffe;
 Me thinks I lyed all winter, when I swore,

5

My love was infinite, if spring make it more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow
 With more, not onely bee no quintessence,
 But mixt of all stufes, 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.

10

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
 Love by the spring is growne;
 As, in the firmament,
 Starres by the Sunne are not enlarg'd, but showne.

15

Gentle love deeds, as blossomes on a bough,
 From love's awakened root do bud out now.

20

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 concentricke 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 spring's encrease.

25

LOVE'S 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;

5

Onely I have nothing which gave more,
 But am, alas, by being lowly, lower.

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

10

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 fo
 A tender shame make me mine owne new woe.

15

20

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 love's warfare is my case,
 I may not article for grace,
 Having put Love at last to shew this face.

25

This face, by which he could command
 And change the Idolatrie of any land,
 This face, which wherefoe'r it comes,

30

Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from tombes,
 And melt both Poles at once, and store
 Deferts with cities, and make more
 Mynes in the earth, then Quarries were before. 35

For this, Love is enrag'd with mee,
 Yet kills not. If I must example bee
 To future Rebels; If th'unborne
 Must learne, by my being cut up, and torne:
 Kill, and dissect me, Love; for this 40
 Torture against thine owne end is,
 Rack't carcasses make ill Anatomies.

THE DREAME



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'd'st me wisely; yet 5

My Dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st it,
 Thou art so truth, that thoughts of thee suffice,
 To make dreames truths; and fables histories;
 Enter these armes, for since thou thought'st it best,
 Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest. 10

As lightning, or a Tapers light,
 Thine eyes, and not thy noise wak'd mee;
 Yet I thought thee
 (For thou lovest truth) an Angell, at first sight,
 But when I saw thou sawest my heart, 15
 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'st then,

I must confesse, it could not chuse but bee
 Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee. 20

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;
 'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave, 25
 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 can'st to kindle, goest to come; Then I
 Will dreame that hope againe, but else would die. 30

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 5

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 10
 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, 15

A globe, yea world by that impressiō grow,
 Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow
 This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolved fo.

O more then Moone,
 Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy spheare, 20
 Weepe me not dead, in thine armes, but forbear¹⁵
 To teach the sea, what it may doe too soone;
 Let not the winde
 Example finde,
 To doe me more harme, then it purposeth; 25
 Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,
 Who e'r sighes most, is cruellest, and hafts the others death.

LOVE'S ALCHEMIE



ome 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; 5

Oh, 'tis imposture all:
 And as no chymique yet th'Elixir got,
 But glorifies his pregnant pot,
 If by the way to him befall
 Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall, 10
 So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,
 But get a winter-seeming summers night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day,
 Shall we, for this vaine Bubles shadow pay?
 Ends love in this, that my man, 15
 Can be as happy as I can; If he can

15 - [EN] Or accept, endure.

Endure the short scorne of a Bridegroomes play?
 That loving wretch that sweares,
 'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
 Which he in her Angelique findes,
 Would sweare as justly, that he heares,
 In that dayes rude hoarse minstralfe, the spheares¹⁶.
 Hope not for minde in women; at their best
 Sweetnesse and wit, they are but *Mummy*, posselt.

20

THE MESSAGE



Send home my long strayed 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,

5

That they be
 Made by thee
 Fit for no good fight, keep them still.

Send home my harmlesse heart againe,
 Which no unworthy thought could staine;
 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.

10

15

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

20

¹⁶ - [EN] In Donne's time, this usually refers to the "celestial spheres", the planets.

And doſt languish
 For ſome one
 That will none,
 Or prove as falſe as thou art now.

A NOCTURNALL UPON S. LUCIE'S DAY, BEING THE SHORTEST DAY



is the yeare's midnight, and it is the dayes,
Lucie's, who ſcarce ſeaven houres herſelf unmaskes,
 The Sunne is ſpent, and now his flasks
 Send forth light ſquibs¹⁷, no conſtant rayes;
 The world's whole ſap is funke: 5

The generall balme th'hydroptique¹⁸ earth hath drunk,
 Whither, as to the bed's-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 10
 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 nothingeſſe, 15
 From dull privations, and leane emptineſſe:
 He ruin'd mee, and I am re-begot
 Of abſence, darkneſſe, death; things which are not.

17 - [EN] A ſmall fire work that burns with a hisſing ſound before exploding.

18 - [EN] Or thifty.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
 Life, foule, forme, spirit, whence they beeing have; 20
 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 shew 25
 Care to ought else; and often absences
 Withdrew our foules, and made us carcaffes.

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, 30
 I needs must know; I should preferre,
 If I were any beast,
 Some ends, some means; Yea plants, yea ftones deteft,
 And love; All, all some properties invest;
 If I an ordinary nothing were, 35
 As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sunne renew.
 You lovers, for whose sake, the lesser Sunne
 At this time to the Goat is runne
 To fetch new lust, and give it you, 40
 Enjoy your summer all;
 Since shee enjoyes her long nights festiual,
 Let mee prepare towards her, and let mee call
 This houre her Vigill, and her Eve, since this
 Both the yeares, and the dayes deep midnight is. 45



THE BAITE



ome 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 5
 Warm'd by thy eyes, more then the Sunne.
 And there the 'inamor'd fish will ftay,
 Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,
 Each fish, which every channell hath, 10
 Will amorously to thee swimme,
 Gladder to catch thee, then thou him.

If thou, to be so feene, beeft loath,
 By Sunne, or Moone, thou darkneft both,
 And if my selfe have leave to see, 15
 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 befet,
 With strangling snare, or windowie net: 20

Let coarfe 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 needst no such deceit, 25
 For thou thy selfe art thine owne bait;
 That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
 Alas, is wifer farre then I.

THE APPARITION



hen by thy scorne, O murreffse, I am dead,
 And that thou thinkst thee free
 From all sollicitation from mee,
 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
 And thee, fain'd vefall, in worse armes shall see; 5

Then thy sicke taper will begin to winke,
 And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,
 Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke
 Thou call'st for more,

And in false sleepe will from thee shrinke, 10
 And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou
 Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lye
 A veryer ghost then I;

What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
 Left that preferve thee; and since my love is spent, 15
 I had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
 Then by my threatnings rest still innocent.

THE BROKEN HEART



e is starke mad, who ever says,
 That he hath beene in love an houre,
 Yet not that love so soone decayes,
 But that it can tenne in lesse space devour;
 Who will beleeve mee, if I sweare 5

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! 10
 All other griefes allow a part
 To other griefes, and aske themselves but some;
 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. 15

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: 20
 If it had gone to thee, I know
 Mine would have taught thine heart to show
 More pittie unto mee: but Love, alas,
 At one first blow did shiver it as glasse.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall, 25
 Nor any place be empty quite,
 Therefore I thinke my breast hath all
 Those peeces still, though they be not unite;
 And now as broken glasses show
 A hundred lesser faces, so 30
 My ragges of heart can like, with, and adore,
 But after one such love, can love no more.



A VALEDICTION: FORBIDDING MOURNING



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

So let us melt, and make no noise, 5
No teare-floods, nor sigh-tempests 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, 10
But trepidation of the spheares,
Though greater farre, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers love
(Whose foule is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove 15
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 lesse, eyes, lips, and hands to misse. 20

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

If they be two, they are two so 25
As stiffe twin compasses are two,
Thy foule the fixt foot, makes no show

To move, but doth, if the'other doe.

And though it in the center sit,
 Yet when the other far doth rome,
 It leanes, and hearkens after it,
 And growes erect, as that comes home.

30

Such wilt thou be to mee, who must
 Like throther foot, obliquely runne;
 Thy firmnes makes my circle just,
 And makes me end, where I begunne.

35



THE EXTASIE



here, like a pillow on a bed,
 A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest
 The violets reclining head,
 Sat we two, one another's best.
 Our hands were firmly cimented

5

With a fast balme, which thence did spring,
 Our eye-beames twisted, 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.

10

As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate
 Suspends uncertaine victorie,
 Our foules, (which to advance their state,
 Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee.
 And whil'ft our foules negotiate there,
 Wee like sepulchrall statues lay;
 All day, the same our postures were,
 And wee said nothing, all the day.

15

20

If any, so by love refin'd,
 That he soule's language understood,
 And by good love were growen all minde,
 Within convenient distance stood,
 He (though he knew not which soule spake,
 Because both meant, both spake the same)
 Might thence a new concoction take,
 And part farre purer then he came.

25

This Extasie doth unperplex
 (Wee said) and tell us what we love,
 Wee see by this, it was not sexe,
 Wee see, we saw not what did move:

30

But as all severall foules containe
 Mixture of things, they know not what,
 Love, these mixt foules, doth mixe againe,

35

And makes both one, each this and that.
 A fingle violet tranſplant,
 The ſtrength, the colour, and the ſize,
 (All which before was poore, and ſcant,) 40
 Redoubles ſtill, and multiplies.
 When love, with one another ſo
 Interanimates two foules,
 That abler foule, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of lonelineſſe controules.
 Wee then, who are this new foule, know, 45
 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 doe wee forbear? 50
 They are ours, though they are not wee, Wee are
 The intelligences, they the ſphere.
 We owe them thanks, becauſe they thus,
 Did us, to us, at firſt conuay,
 Yeelded their forces, ſenſe, to us, 55
 Nor are droſſe to us, but allay.
 On man heaven's influence workes not ſo,
 But that it firſt imprints the ayre,
 Soe foule into the foule may flow,
 Though it to body firſt repaire. 60
 As our blood labours to beget
 Spirits, as like foules as it can,
 Becauſe ſuch fingers need to knit
 That ſubtile knot, which makes us man:
 So muſt pure lovers foules deſcend 65
 T'affections, 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; 70
 Loves myſteries in foules 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 75

Small change, when we are to bodies gone.

LOVE'S DIET



o what a combersome unwieldineſſe
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

5

That which love worſt 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 ſne ſigh from my miſtreſſe heart,
And thought to feaſt on that, I let him ſee
'Twas neither very found, nor meant to mee.

10

If he wrong from mee a teare, I brin'd¹⁹ it fo
With ſcorne or ſhame, that him it nourish'd not;
If he fuck'd hers, I let him know
'Twas not a teare, which hee had got,
His drinke was counterfeit, as was his meat;
For, eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but ſweat.

15

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 *entaile*?²⁰

20

19 - [EN] To brine, that is to preserve by soaking in a salt solution.

20 - [EN] In English common law, *entail* (or fee tail) is a form of trust established by deed restricting the sale or inheritance of an estate and preventing the property from being sold,

Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flye 25
 At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse;
 Now negligent of sport I lye,
 And now as other Fawknrs use,
 I spring a miftresse, sweare, write, sigh and weepe:
 And the game kill'd, or loft, goe talke, and sleepe. 30

THE WILL



efore 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; 5

To women or the sea, my teares.
 Thou, Love, hast 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 conftancie I to the Planets give; 10
 My truth to them, who at the Court doe live;
 Mine ingenuity and opennesse,
 To Jesuites; to Buffones my pensivenesse;
 My silence to any, who abroad hath beene;
 My mony to a Capuchin. 15
 Thou Love taught'st 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 Schismatics 20

devised by will, or otherwise alienated by the tenant-in-possession, and instead causes it to pass automatically by operation of law to an heir pre-determined by the title.

Of *Amsterdam*²¹; my best civility
 And Courtship, to an Univerſitie;
 My modeſty I give to ſouldiers bare;
 My patience let gameſters ſhare.
 Thou Love taughtſt mee, by making mee 25
 Love her that holds my love diſparity,
 Onely to give to thoſe that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to thoſe
 Which were my friends; Mine induſtrie to foes;
 To Schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulneſſe; 30
 My ſickeſſe to Phyſitians, or exceſſe;
 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, 35
 Taughtſt me to make, as though I gave, when I did but reſtore.

To him for whom the paſſing bell next tolls,
 I give my phyſick bookes; my written rowles
 Of Morall counſels, I to Bedlam²² give;
 My brazen medals, unto them which live 40
 In want of bread; To them which paſſe among
 All forrainers, mine Engliſh tongue.
 Thou, Love, by making mee love one
 Who thinks her friendſhip a fit portion
 For yonger lovers, doſt my gifts thus diſproportion. 45

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;
 And all your graces no more uſe ſhall have 50
 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.

21 - [EN] This may portend to either Reformed (Calvinist) or Lutherans as both are found in the Netherlands.

22 - [EN] One of the earliest psychiatric institutions, situated in London.

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, 5
 Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,
 Will leave this to controule,
 And keepe these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewie thread my braine lets fall
 Through every part, 10
 Can tye those parts, and make mee one of all;
 These haire 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, 15
 As prisoners then are manac'd, when they are condemn'd to die.

What ere shee meant by it, bury it with me,
 For since I am
 Love's martyr, it might breed idolatrie,
 If into others hands these Reliques came; 20
 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 PRIMROSE, BEING AT
MONTGOMERY CASTLE, UPON
THE HILL, ON WHICH IT IS
SITUATE



pon 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

5

Make a terrestrial Galaxie,
As the small starres doe in the skie:
I walke to finde a true Love; and I see
That 'tis not a mere woman, that is shee,
But must, or more, or lesse then woman bee.

10

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

15

20

Live Primrose then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
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

25

Each woman may take halfe us men;
 Or if this will not serue their turne, Since all
 Numbers are odde, or even, and they fall
 Firft into this, five, women may take us all.

30

THE DAMPE



hen I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
 And my friend's curiositie
 Will have me cut up to survay each part,
 When they shall finde your Picture in my heart,
 You thinke a sodaine dampe of love

5

Will through all their senses move,
 And worke on them as mee, and so preferre
 Your murder, to the name of Maffacre.

Poore victories! But if you dare be brave,
 And pleasure in your conquest have,
 Firft kill th'enormous Gyant, your *Disdaine*,
 And let th'enchantresse *Honor*, next be flaine,
 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.

10

15

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

20

THE DISSOLUTION



hee is 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,

5

And those things whereof I consist, hereby
 In me abundant grow, and burdenous,
 And nourish not, but smother.

My fire of Passion, sighs of ayre,
 Water of teares, and earthly sad despaire,
 Which my materialls bee,

10

But neere worne out by love's securitie,
 Shee, to my losse, doth by her death repaire,
 And I might live long wretched so
 But that my fire doth with my fuell grow.

15

Now as those Active Kings
 Whose foraine conquest treasure brings,
 Receive more, and spend more, and soonest breake:
 This (which I am amaz'd that I can speake)
 This death, hath with my store
 My use encreas'd.

20

And so my soule more earnestly releas'd,
 Will outftrip hers; As bullets flowen before
 A latter bullet may o'rtake, the powder²³ being more.



23 - [EN] Or the gun powder charge.

A IEAT²⁴ RING SENT

hou 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 endlesse, nothing sooner broke?

Marriage rings are not of this stufte; 5
 Oh, why should ought lesse precious, or lesse tough
 Figure our loves? Except in thy name thou have bid it say,
 I'am cheap, and nought but fashion, fling me away.

Yet stay with mee since thou art come, 10
 Cirde 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.



24 - [EN] *leat* or *jet*, thus a black ring made of base metals.

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

5

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

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

10

15

THE PROHIBITION



ake heed of loving mee,
 At least remember, I forbade it thee;
 Not that I shall repaire my'unthrifty wast
 Of Breath and Blood, upon thy sighes, and teares,
 By being to thee then what to me thou wast;

5

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. 10
 Not that I shall be mine owne officer,
 And hate with hate againe retaliate;
 But thou wilt lose the stile of conquerour,
 If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate.
 Then, least my being nothing lessen thee, 15
 If thou hate mee, take heed of hating mee.

Yet, love and hate mee too,
 So, these extremes shall neither's office doe;
 Love mee, that I may die the gentler way;
 Hate mee, because thy love is too great for mee; 20
 Or let these two, themselves, not me decay;
 So shall I, live, thy Stage, not triumph bee;
 Lest thou thy love and hate and mee undoe,
*To let mee live, O love and hate mee too.*²⁵

THE EXPIRATION



So, breake off this last lamenting kisse,
 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 5

Any, so cheape a death, as saying, Goe;

Goe; and if that word have not quite kil'd thee,
 Ease mee with death, by bidding mee goe too.

25 - [EN] C.S. Lewis makes a pithy parallel comment in *A Grief Observed*:

"There is, hidden or flaunted, a sword between the sexes till an entire marriage reconciles them."

Oh, if it have, let my word worke on mee,
 And a justt office on a murderer doe.
 Except it be too late, to kill me so,
 Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe.

10

THE COMPUTATION



For the first twenty yeares, 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 ghofts die?

10

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 5

Hee was kill'd yesterday?
 Love with excessse of heat, more yong then old,

Death kills with too much cold²⁶;
 Wee dye but once, and who lov'd laft did die,
 Hee that faith twice, doth lye: 10
 For though hee feeme to move, and firre a while,
 It doth the fenfe beguile.
 Such life is like the light which bideth yet
 When the lights life is fet,
 Or like the heat, which fire in folid matter 15
 Leaves behinde, two houres after.
 Once I lov'd and dy'd; and am now become
 Mine Epitaph and Tombe.
 Here dead men fpeake their laft, and fo do I;
 Love-flaine, loe, here I lye. 20

FAREWELL TO LOVE



hilft yet to prove,
 I thought there was fome Deitie in love
 So did I reverence, and gave
 Worſhip; as Atheiſts at their dying houre
 Call, what they cannot name, an unknowne power, 5

As ignorantly did I crave:
 Thus when
 Things not yet knowne are coveted by men,
 Our defires give them faſhion, and fo
 As they waxe leſſer, fall, as they liſe, grow. 10

But, from late faire
 His higneſſe fitting in a golden Chaire,
 Is not leſſe cared for after three dayes
 By children, then the thing which lovers fo
 Blindly admire, and with ſuch worſhip wooe; 15
 Being had, enjoying it decays:

26 - [EN] Indifference?

And thence,
 What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense,
 And that so lamely, as it leaves behinde
 A kinde of forrowing dulnesse to the minde. 20

Ah cannot wee,
 As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,
 After such pleasures? Unlesse wife
 Nature decreed (since each such Act, they say,
 Diminisheth the length of life a day) 25
 This, as shee would man should despise
 The sport;
 Because that other curse of being short,
 And onely for a minute made to be,
 (Eager's desire) to raise posterity. 30

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, 35
 As men doe when the summers Sunne
 Growes great,
 Though I admire their greatnesse, shun their heat;
 Each place can afford shadowes. If all faile,
 'Tis but applying worme-feed to the Taile. 40



SONNET - THE TOKEN



Send me some token, that my hope may live,
 Or that my easelesse thoughts may sleep and rest;
 Send me some honey to make sweet my hive,
 That in my passion I may hope the best.
 I beg noe ribbond wrought with thine owne hands, 5

To knit our loves in the fantastick straine
 Of new-tought youth; nor Ring to shew the stands
 Of our affection, that as that's round and plaine,
 So should our loves meet in simplicitie;
 No, nor the Coralls which thy wrift infold, 10
 Lac'd up together in congruity,
 To shew our thoughts should rest in the same hold;
 No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
 And most desir'd, because best like the best;
 Nor witty Lines, which are most copious, 15
 Within the Writings which thou hast address.

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



EPIGRAMS

HERO AND LEANDER

Both rob'd of aire, we both lye in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

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

NIOBE

By children's births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine owne sad tombe.

A BURNT SHIP

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

FALL OF A WALL

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

A LAME BEGGER

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

CALES AND GUYANA

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

S^{IR} JOHN WINGFIELD

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

A LICENTIOUS PERSON

Thy finnes and haire may no man equall call,
 For, as thy finnes increasé, thy haire doe fall.

ANTIQUARY

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

DISINHERITED

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

PHRYNE

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

AN OBSCURE WRITER

Philo, with twelve yeares study, hath beene griev'd
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.

RADERUS

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

MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS

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

RALPHIUS

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

THE LIER

Thou in the fields walkſt out thy ſupping howers,
 And yet thou ſwear'ſt thou haſt ſupp'd like a king:
 Like *Nebuchadnezar* perchance with graſs and flowers,
 A ſallet²⁷ worſe then Spaniſh dieting.



²⁷ - [EN] or salad.

ELEGIES

THE ANAGRAM



arry, and love thy *Flavia*, for, shee
 Hath all things, whereby others beautiful 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,

5

And though her harsh haire fall, her skinne is rough;
 What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire's red,
 Give her thine, and she hath a maidenhead.

These things are beauties elements, where these
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.

10

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.

15

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.

20

Things simply good, can never be unfit.
 She's faire as any, if all be like her,

And if none bee, then she is singular.

All love is wonder; if wee justly doe
 Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?

25

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 worse; but such as shee, 30
 Like to good Angels, nothing can impair:
 'Tis lesse griefe to be foule, then to have beene faire.
 For one nights revels, silke and gold we chuse,
 But, in long journeyes, cloth, and leather use.
 Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say, 35
 There is best land, where there is foulest way.
 Oh what a soveraigne Plaister will shee bee,
 If thy past sinnes have taught thee jealousie!
 Here needs no spies, nor eunuches; her commit
 Safe to thy foes; yea, to a Marmosit. 40
 When Belgiae's citties, the round countries drowne,
 That durty foulnessse guards, and armes the towne:
 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, 45
 Who, mightier then the sea, makes Moores seem white,
 Who, though seaven yeares, she in the Stews had laid,
 A Nunnery durst receive, and thinke a maid,
 And though in childbeds labour she did lie,
 Midwifes would sweare, 'twere but a tympanie, 50
 Whom, if shee accuse her selfe, I credit lesse
 Then witches, which impossibles confesse,
 Whom Dildoes, Bedstaves, and her Velvet Glasse
 Would be as loath to touch as Joseph was:
 One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were, 55
 For, things in fashion every man will wear.



CHANGE



lthough thy hand and faith, and good workes too,
 Have seal'd thy love which nothing should undoe,
 Yea though thou fall backe, that apoftaſie
 Confirme thy love; yet much, much I feare thee.
 Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,

5

Open to'all ſearchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne.

If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,

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.

10

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 clogges, not their owne; if a man bee

Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley'is free;

15

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.

20

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

25

Allow her change, then change as oft as ſhee,

And ſoe 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;

30

Waters ſtincke ſoone, if in one place they bide,

And in the vaſt ſea are more putrif'd:

But when they kiſſe one banke, and leaving this

Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kiſſe,

Then are they pureſt; Change'is the nurſery

35

Of muſicke, joy, life, and eternity.

NATURE'S LAY IDEOT, I TAUGHT THEE TO LOVE



Nature's lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
 And in that sophistrie, Oh, thou dost prove
 Too subtil: Foole, thou didst not understand
 The mystique language of the eye nor hand:
 Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the aire 5
 Of sighes, and say, this lies, this sounds 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 set 10
 And bound up, might with speechlesse secrecie
 Deliver arrands mutely, and mutually.
 Remember since all thy words us'd to bee
 To every sutor; *I, if my friends agree;*
 Since, household charmes, thy husband's name to teach, 15
 Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach;
 And since, an houres discourse could scarce have made
 One answer in thee, and that ill arraid
 In broken proverbs, and torne sentences.
 Thou art not by so many duties his, 20
 That from the world's 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 Paradise.
 Thy graces and good words my creatures bee; 25
 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 colt's force
 And leave him then, being made a ready horse? 30

THE AUTUMNALL



o *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 *counsaile*, yet you cannot scape.
 If t'were a *shame* to love, here t'were no *shame*,

5

Affection here takes *Reverence's* 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 *Tropicque clyme*.

10

Faire eyes, who askes more heate then comes from hence,

He in a fever wishes pestilence.

Call not these wrinkles, *graves*; If *graves* they were,

They were *Love's graves*; for else he is no where.

Yet lies not *Love dead* here, but here doth sit

Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorit*.

15

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 sojourne ev'ry where,

In *Progresse*, yet his standing house is here.

20

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 *Counsaile*, sit.

This is love's timber, youth his under-wood;

25

There he, as wine in *Iune*, enrages blood,

Which then comes seafonablieft, when our tast

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,

30

Or else because, being yong, nature did blesse

Her youth with age's glory, *Barrennesse*.

If we love things long sought, *Age* is a thing

Which we are fifty yeares in compassing.

If transitory things, which soone decay,

35

Age must be lovelyest at the latest day.

But name not *Winter-faces*, whose skin's flacke;

Lanke, as an unthrifts purfe; but a foule's ſacke;
 Whoſe *Eyes* ſeeke light within, for all here's ſhade;
 Whoſe *mouthes* are holes, rather worne out, then made; 40
 Whoſe every tooth to a feverall place is gone,
 To vexe their foules at *Reſurrection*;
 Name not theſe living *Death's-beads* unto mee,
 For theſe, not *Ancient*, but *Antique* be.
 I hate extreames; yet I had rather ſtay 45
 With *Tombs*, then *Cradles*, to weare out a day.
 Since ſuch loves naturall lation is, may ſtill
 My love deſcend, and journey downe the hill,
 Not panting after growing beauties, ſo,
 I ſhall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe. 50

THE DREAME



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, 5
 Which now is growne too great and good for me:
Honours oppreſſe weake ſpirits, and our ſenſe
 Strong objects dull; the more, the leſſe wee ſee.
 When you are gone, and *Reason* gone with you,
 Then *Fantafie* is Queene and Soule, and all; 10
 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 fantaſticall.
 And ſo I ſcape the paine, for paine is true; 15
 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. 20
 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 life's *Taper* is a snuffe.
 Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
 Mad with much *heart*, then *ideott* with none. 25

IULIA



Marke newes, O envy, thou shalt heare descry'd
 My *Iulia*; who as yet was ne'r envy'd.
 To vomit gall in slander, swell her vaines
 With calumny, that hell it selfe disdaines,
 Is her continuall practice; does her best, 5
 To teare opinion even out of the brest
 Of dearest friends, and (which is worfe than vilde)
 Sticks jealousie in wedlock; her owne childe
 Scapes not the showres of envie, To repeate
 The monstrous fashions, how, were, alive, to eate
 Deare reputation. Would to God she were
 But halfe so loath to act vice, as to heare
 My milde reproofe. Liv'd *Mantuan* now againe,
 That female *Maftix*, to limme with his penne
 This she-*Chymera*, that hath eyes of fire, 15
 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*²⁸
 That blasts the springs, though ne'r so prosperous, 20
 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, countlesse multitudes
 Of formlesse curses, projects unmade up, 25
 Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,

28 - [EN] Tenarus was an ancient town of the Peloponnesus (Sparta), on the promontory of Taenarum (modern day Cape Matapan. A cavern nearby was reputed the entrance to Hades, through which Heracles dragged Cerberus from the underworld in his 12th labour.

Mishapen Cavils²⁹, palpable untroths,
 Inevitable errours, self-accusing oaths:
 These, like those Atoms swarming in the Sunne,
 Throng in her bosome for creation. 30
 I blush to give her halfe her due; yet say,
 No poyson's halfe so bad as *Iulia*.³⁰

THE EXPOSTULATION



To make the doubt deare, 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 beautie's marke, or of your youth, 5
 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 voves so cheape with women, or the matter
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water, 10
 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 oathes, and teares 15
 Sprinkled among, (all sweeter by our feares
 And the divine impreffion of stolne kisses,
 That seal'd the rest) should now prove empty bliffes?
 Did you draw bonds to forget? signe to breake?
 Or must we reade you quite from what you speake, 20
 And finde the truth out the wrong way? or must

29 - [EN] A trivial, useless objection.

30 - [EN] Donne may be echoing here the thoughts of Solomon, penned millenia before. Solomon, who of course had ample opportunity to learn a few things about women, said this:

And I find more bitter than death the woman, whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands: whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her; but the sinner shall be taken by her. (Eccl. 7: 26)

La méchanceté des filles d'Ève ne se manifeste pas par la violence physique, elle est avant tout relationnelle.

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, 25
 With circumstance might urge thy inconstancie,
 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 breast to whom weake you
 Did trust our Counsells, and wee both may rue,
 Having his falshood found too late, 'twas hee 35
 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 flaine,
 And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*, 40
 Wretched as hee, and not deserve least pittie;
 In plaguing him, let misery be witty;
 Let all eyes shunne him, and hee shunne each eye,
 Till hee be noysome as his infamie;
 May he without remorse deny God thrice, 45
 And not be trusted more on his Soule's price;
 And after all selfe torment, when hee dyes,
 May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
 Swine eate his bowels, and his falsse tongue
 That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung, 50
 And let his carrion course be a longer feast
 To the King's 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, 55
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes
 Of my lifes lease; 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 60
 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 65
 Love was as ſubtilly catch'd, as a diſeaſe;
 But being got it is a treaſure ſweet,
 Which to defend is harder then to get:
 And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
 For thought'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*. 70

LOVE'S 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, 5
 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 unities: preferr
 One woman firſt, and then one thing in her. 10
 I, when I value gold, may think upon
 The ductilneſſe, the application,
 The wholfomneſſe, the ingenuitie,
 From ruſt, from ſoil, from fire ever free:
 But if I love it, 'tis becauſe 'tis made 15
 By our new nature (*Uſe*) the ſoul of trade.
 All theſe in women we might think upon
 (If women had them) and yet love but one.
 Can men more injure women then to ſay
 They love them for that, by which they're not they? 20
 Makes virtue woman? muſt I cool my bloud
 Till I both be, and find one wiſe and good?
 May barren Angels love ſo. But if we
 Make love to woman; virtue is not ſhe:
 As beauty is not nor wealth: He that ſtrayes thus 25

From her to hers, is more adulterous,
 Then if he took her maid. Search every sphere
 And firmament, our *Cupid* is not there:
 He's an infernal god and under ground,
 With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound: 30
 Men to such Gods, their sacrificing Coles
 Did not in Altars lay, but pits and holes.
 Although we see Celestial bodies move
 Above the earth, the earth we Till and love:
 So we her ayres contemplate, words and heart, 35
 And virtues; but we love the Centrique part.
 Nor is the foul more worthy, or more fit
 For love, then this, as infinite as it.
 But in attaining this desired place
 How much they erre; that set out at the face? 40
 The hair a Forest is of Ambushes,
 Of springes, snares, fetters and manades:
 The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
 And when 'tis wrinkled³, shipwracks us again.
 Smooth, 'tis a Paradise, where we would have 45
 Immortal stay, and wrinkled '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
 On either side, and then directs us where 50
 Upon the Islands fortunate we fall,
 (Not faynte *Canaries*, but *Ambrosiall*)
 Her swelling lips; To which when wee are come,
 We anchor there, and think our selves at home,
 For they seem all: there Syrens songs, and there 55
 Wise 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 streight *Hellefont* betweene 60
 The *Sestos* and *Abydos* of her breasts,
 (Not of two Lovers, but two Loves the neasts)
 Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
 Some Island moles may scattered there descry;

And Sailing towards her *India*, in that way 65
 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. 70
 When thou art there, consider what this chace
 Mispent by thy beginning at the face.
 Rather set out below; practice my Art,
 Some Symetry the foot hath with that part
 Which thou dost seek, and is thy Map for that 75
 Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
 Least subject to disguise and change it is;
 Men say the Devil never can change his.
 It is the Emblem that hath figured
 Firmness; 'tis the first part that comes to bed. 80
 Civilitie we see refin'd: the kiss
 Which at the face began, transplanted is,
 Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee,
 Now at the Papal foot delights to be:
 If Kings think that the nearer way, and do 85
 Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too;
 For as free Spheres move faster far then can
 Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man
 Which goes this empty and Ætherial way,
 Then if at beauties elements he stay. 90
 Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
 Two purses, and their mouths averfely laid:
 They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
 That way which that Exchequer looks, must go:
 He which doth not, his error is as great, 95
 As who by Clyster gave the Stomack meat.

GOING TO BED



Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers defie,
 Until I labour, I in labour lie.
 The foe oft-times having the foe in fight,
 Is tir'd with standing though he never fight.
 Off with that girdle, like heaven's Zone glittering, 5

But a far fairer world incompassing.
 Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,
 That th'eyes of busie fooles may be stopt there.
 Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme,
 Tells me from you, that now it is bed time. 10

Off with that happy busk, which I envie,
 That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
 Your gown going off, such beautious state reveals,
 As when from flowry meads th'hills shadow steales.
 Off with that wyerie Coronet and shew 15

The haiery Diademe which on you doth grow:
 Now off with those shooes, and then safely tread
 In this loves hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
 In such white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be
 Receavd by men; Thou Angel bringst with thee 20

A heaven like Mahomet's Paradife; and though
 Ill spirits walk in white, we easly know,
 By this these Angels from an evil sprite,
 Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright
 Licence my roaving hands, and let them go, 25
 Before, behind, between, above, below.

O my America! my new-found-land,
 My kingdome, safest when with one man man'd,
 My Myne of precious stones, My Emperie,
 How blest am I in this discovering thee! 30
 To enter in these bonds, is to be free;

Then where my hand is fet, my seal shall be.
 Full nakedness! All joyes are due to thee,
 As souls unbodied, bodies undoth'd must be,
 To taste whole joyes. Gems which you women use 35
 Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in men's 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; 40
 Themfelves are myftick books, which only wee
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
 Muft fee reveal'd. Then fince that I may know;
 As liberally, as to a Midwife, fhew
 Thy felf: caft all, yea, this white linnen hence, 45
 There is no pennance due to innocence.
 To teach thee, I am naked firft; why than
 What needft thou have more covering then a man.

LOVE'S WARRE



ill I have peace with thee, warr other men,
 And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
 All other Warrs are fcrupulous; Only thou
 O fayr free Citty, maift thyfelfe allowe
 To any one: In Flanders, who can tell 5
 Whether the Mafter preffe; or men rebell?
 Only we know, that which all Ideots fay,
 They beare moft blows which come to part the fray.
 France in her lunatique giddines did hate
 Ever our men, yea and our God of late; 10
 Yet fhe relies upon our Angels well,
 Which nere returne; no more then they which fell.
 Sick Ireland is with a ftrange warr poffeft
 Like to an Ague; now raging, now at reft;
 Which time will cure: yet it muft doe her good 15
 If fhe were purg'd, and her head vayne let blood.
 And Midas joyes our Spanifh journeys give,
 We touch all gold, but find no food to live.
 And I fhould be in the hott parching dlyme,
 To duft and afhes turn'd before my time. 20
 To mew me in a Ship, is to inthrall
 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.
 Long voyages are long confumptions, 25
 And ships are carts for executions.
 Yea they are Deaths; Is't not all one to flye
 Into an other World, as t'is to dye?
 Here let mee warr; in these armes lett mee lye;
 Here lett mee parlee, batter, bleede, and dye. 30
 Thyne armes imprison me, and myne armes thee;
 Thy hart thy ranfome is; take myne for mee.
 Other men war that they their rest may gayne;
 But wee will rest that wee may fight agayne.
 Those warrs the ignorant, these th'experienc'd love, 35
 There wee are alwayes under, here above.
 There Engins farr off breed a just true feare,
 Neere thrusts, pikes, stabs, yea bullets hurt not here.
 There lyes are wrongs; here safe uprightly lye;
 There men kill men, we will make one by and by. 40
 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 45
 More glorious service, staying to make men?



HEROICALL EPISTLE

SAPHO TO PHILÆNIS



here is that holy fire, which *Vérse* is said
 To have? is that inchanting force decaid?
Vérse that draws *Nature's* workes, from *Natures* law,
 Thee, her best worke, to her worke cannot draw.
 Have my teares quench'd my old *Poetique* fire; 5

Why quench'd they not as well, that of *desire*?
 Thoughts, my minde's creatures, often are with thee,
 But I, their maker, want their libertie.
 Onely thine image, in my heart, doth fit,
 But that is waxe, and fires environ it. 10
 My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence;
 And I am rob'd of *Picture*, *Heart*, and *Sense*.
 Dwells with me still mine irksome *Memory*,
 Which, both to keepe, and lose, grieves equally.
 That tells me how faire thou art: Thou art so faire, 15
 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 filly *man*
 A little *world*, What shall we call thee than? 20
 Thou art not soft, and deare, and ftrait, and faire,
 As *Down*, as *Stars*, *Cedars*, and *Lillies* are,
 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, 25
 As thou, waft, art, and, oh, maist be ever.
 Here lovers sweare in their *Idolatrie*,
 That I am such; but *Griefe* discolors me.
 And yet I grieve the lesse, leaft *Griefe* remove
 My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love. 30
 Plaies some soft 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 possesse.
 Thy body is a naturall *Paradise*, 35
 In whose selfe, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
 Nor needs *perfection*; why shouldst thou than
 Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
 Men leave behinde them that which their sin shoves,
 And are as theeves trac'd, which rob when it snows. 40
 But of our dalliance no more signes there are,
 Then *fishes* leave in streames, or *Birds* in aire.
 And betweene us all sweetnesse may be had;
 All, all that *Nature* yields, or *Art* can adde.
 My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two, 45
 But so, 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 brest to brest, or thighs to thighs? 50
 Likenesse begets such strange selfe flatterie,
 That touching my selfe, all seemes done to thee.
 My selfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kisse,
 And amorously thanke my selfe for this.
 Me, in my glasse, I call thee; But alas, 55
 When I would kisse, teares dimme mine *eyes*, and *glasse*.
 O cure this loving madnesse, 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*, 60
 So may thy mighty, amazing beauty move
Envy in all *women*, and in all *men*, *love*,
 And so be *change*, and *sicknesse*, farre from thee,
 As thou by comming neere, keep'st them from me.

EPITHALAMIONS, OR MARRIAGE SONGS

AN EPITHALAMION, OR MARIAGE SONG ON THE LADY
ELIZABETH, & COUNT PALATINE BEING MARRIED ON
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

I.



aille Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the Aire is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choristers
And other birds are thy Parishioners,
Thou marryest every yeare

5

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'st the black bird speed as soone,

As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcyon;

10

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 warmd'st with multiplying loves

15

Two larkes, two sparrowes, or two Doves,

All that is nothing unto this,

For thou this day couplest two Phœnixes;

Thou mak'st a Taper see

What the sunne never saw, and what the Arke

20

(Which was of foules, and beafts, the cage, and park,)

Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee,

Two Phœnixes, whose joyned breasts

Are unto one another mutuall nefts,
 Where motion kindles fuch fires, as fhall give 25
 Yong Phœnixes, and yet the old fhall live.
 Whofe love and courage never fhall 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 30
 Takeſt warmth enough, and from thine eye
 All leſſer birds will take their Jollitie.
 Up, up, faire Bride, and call,
 Thy ſtarres, from out their ſeverall boxes, take
 Thy Rubies, Pearles, and Diamonds forth, and make 35
 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. 40
 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, grows the ſame,
 So meet thy Fredericke, and ſo 45
 To an unſeparable union growe.
 Since ſeparation
 Falls not on ſuch things as are infinite,
 Nor things which are but one, can diſunite,
 You're twice inſeparable, great, and one; 50
 Goe then to where the Biſhop ſtaies,
 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, 55
 Befides this Biſhop's knot, or Biſhop Valentine.

V.

But oh, what ailes the Sunne, that here he staies,
 Longer to day, then other daies?
 Staies he new light from these to get?
 And finding here such store, is loth to set? 60
 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 gluttonous delaies, 65
 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? 70

VI.

They did, and night is come; and yet wee see
 Formalities retarding thee.
 What meane these Ladies, which (as though
 They were to take a dock in peeces,) goe
 So nicely about the Bride; 75
 A Bride, before a good night could be said,
 Should vanish from her cloathes, into her bed,
 As Soules from bodies steale, and are not spy'd.
 But now she is laid; What though shee bee?
 Yet there are more delayes, For, where is he? 80
 He comes, and passes through Spheare after Spheare,
 First her sheetes, then her Armes, then any where.
 Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
 Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

VII.

Here lyes a shee Sunne, and a hee Moone here, 85
 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, 90
 That neither would, nor needs forbear, nor ftay;
 Neither defires 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 fo let fall 95
 No fuch occafion to be liberall.
 More truth, more courage in thefe two do fhine,
 Then all thy turtles have, and fparrows, Valentine.

VIII.

And by this act of thefe two Phoenixes
 Nature againe reftored is, 100
 For fince thefe two are two no more,
 Ther's but one Phenix ftill, as was before.
 Reft now at laft, and wee
 As Satyres watch the Sunnes uprife, will ftay
 Waiting, when your eyes opened, let out day, 105
 Onely defir'd, becaufe your face wee fee;
 Others neare you fhall whispering fpeake,
 And wagers lay, at which fide day will breake,
 And win by obferving, then, whofe hand it is
 That opens firft a curtaine, hers or his; 110
 This will be tryed to morrow after nine,
 Till which houre, wee thy day enlarge, O Valentine.



ECCLOGUE

1613. DECEMBER 26

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

ALLOPHANES



nseasonable man, statue of ice,
 What could to countries solitude entice
 Thee, in this year's cold and decrepit time?
 Natures instinct draws to the warmer dime
 Even small birds, who by that courage dare, 5
 In numerous fleets, saile through their Sea, the aire.
 What delicacie can in fields appeare,
 Whil'st Flora her selfe doth a freeze jerkin weare?
 Whil'st windes do all the trees and hedges strip
 Of leafes, to furnish roddes enough to whip 10
 Thy madnesse from thee; and all springs by frost
 Have taken cold, and their sweet murmure lost;
 If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament
 With just solemnity, do it in Lent;
 At Court the spring already advanced is, 15
 The Sunne stays longer up; and yet not his
 The glory is, farre other, other fires.
 First, zeale to Prince and State; then love's desires
 Burne in one brest, and like heaven's two great lights,
 The first doth governe dayes, the other nights. 20
 And then that early light, which did appeare
 Before the Sunne and Moone created were,
 The Prince's 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, 25
 At every glance, a constellation flyes,
 And sowes the Court with starres, and doth prevent
 In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament;
 Firft her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,
 Then from their beames their jewels lufters rife, 30
 And from their jewels torches do take fire,
 And all is warmth, and light, and good defire;
 Mofte 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 35
 Continual, but artificiall heat;
 Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds difgest,
 And make our Court an everlafting Eaft.
 And can'ft thou be from thence?

IDIOS



No, I am there. 40
 As heaven, to men difpos'd, is every where,
 So are thofe Courts, whose Princes animate,
 Not onely all their houfe, but all their State.
 Let no man thinke, becaufe he is full, he hath all,
 Kings (as their patterne, God) are liberall
 Not onely in fulneffe, but capacitie, 45
 Enlarging narrow men, to feele and fee,
 And comprehend the bleffings they beftow.
 So, reclus'd hermits often times do know
 More of heaven's glory, then a worldling can.
 As man is of the world, the heart of man, 50
 Is an epitome of God's 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



reamer, thou art. 55
 Think'st thou fantastique that thou hast a part
 In the East-Indian fleet, because thou hast
 A little spice, or Amber in thy taste?
 Because thou art not frozen, art thou warme?
 Seest thou all good because thou seest no harme? 60
 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, 65
 So, for best civill use, all tinctures move
 From higher powers; From God religion springs,
 Wisdome, and honour from the use of Kings.
 Then unbeguile thy selfe, and know with mee,
 That Angels, though on earth employd they bee, 70
 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'st have read more then all thy books bewray;
 Hast thou a history, which doth present 75
 A Court, where all affections do assent
 Unto the Kings, and that, that Kings are just?
 And where it is no levity to trust?
 Where there is no ambition, but to'obey,
 Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may; 80
 Where the King's 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 hast no such; yet here was this, and more, 85
 An earnest lover, wife then, and before.
 Our little Cupid hath sued Livery,
 And is no more in his minority,
 Hee is admitted now into that breff
 Where the King's Counsells and his secrets rest. 90
 What hast thou lost, O ignorant man?

IDIOS



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

95

At a great feast, having no Grace to say.
 And yet I scap'd not here; for being come
 Full of the common joy, I utter'd some;
 Reade then this nuptiall song, which was not made
 Either the Court or men's hearts to invade,
 But since I'am dead, and buried, I could frame
 No Epitaph, which might advance my fame
 So much as this poore song, which testifies
 I did unto that day some sacrifice.

100

EPITHALAMION

I.

THE TIME OF THE MARIAGE



hou art repriv'd old yeare, thou shalt not die,
 Though thou upon thy death bed lye,
 And should'it within five dayes expire,
 Yet thou art rescu'd by a mightier fire,
 Then thy old Soule, the Sunne,

105

When he doth in his largest circle runne.
 The passage of the West or East would thaw,
 And open wide their easie liquid jawe
 To all our ships, could a Promethean art
 Either unto the Northerne Pole impart
 The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

110

115

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 120
 The bridegroome is a maid, and not a man.
 If by that manly courage they be tryed,
 Which scornes unjust opinion; then the bride
 Becomes a man. Should chance or envies Art
 Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part? 125
 Since both have both th'enflaming eyes, and both the loving heart.

III.

RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOME

Though it be some divorce to thinke of you
 Singly, so much one are you two,
 Yet let me here contemplate thee,
 First, cheerfull Bridegroome, and first let mee see, 130
 How thou prevent'st the Sunne,
 And his red foming horses dost outrunne,
 How, having laid downe in thy Sovereigne's brest
 All busineses, from thence to reinvest
 Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art 135
 To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
 The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

III.

RAISING OF THE BRIDE

But now, to Thee, faire Bride, it is some wrong,
 To thinke thou wert in Bed so long,
 Since Soone thou lyeft downe firft, tis fit 140
 Thou in firft rifing fhould'ft allow for it.
 Pouder thy Radiant haire,
 Which if without fuch afhes thou would'ft weare,
 Thou, which to all which come to looke upon,
 Art meant for Phæbus³², would'ft be Phaëton³³. 145
 For our ease, give thine eyes th'unufual part
 Of joy, a Teare; so quench, thou maift impart,
 To us that come, thy inflaming eyes, to him, thy loving heart.

V.

HER APPARRELLING

Thus thou descend'ft to our infirmitie,
 Who can the Sun in water fee. 150
 Soe dost thou, when in filke and gold,
 Thou cloudst thy felfe; since wee which doe behold,
 Are duff, and wormes, 'tis juft
 Our objects be the fruits of wormes and duff;
 Let every Jewell be a glorious starre, 155
 Yet starres are not so pure, as their spheares are.
 And though thou stoope, to'appeare to us in part,
 Still in that Picture thou intirely art,
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving heart.

VI.

GOING TO THE CHAPPELL

Now from your Easts you issue forth, and wee, 160
 As men which through a Cipres see

32 - [EN] Latin name for the Greek Sun god, Apollo.

33 - [EN] According to Ovide, the son of Apollo.

The rifing fun, 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. 165
 The Church Triumphant made this match before,
 And now the Militant doth strive no more;
 Then, reverend Priest, who God's Recorder art,
 Doe, from his Dictates, to these two impart
 All blessings, which are seene, or thought, by Angel's eye
 or heart. 170

VII.

THE BENEDICTION

Blest payre of Swans, Oh may you interbring
 Daily new joyes, and never sing,
 Live, till all grounds of wishes faile,
 Till honor, yea till wifedome grow so ftale,
 That, new great heights to trie, 175
 It must serve your ambition, to die;
 Raife heires, and may here, to the world's end, live
 Heires from this King, to take thanks, you, to give,
 Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art.
 May never age, or error overthwart 180
 With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North, this heart.

VIII.

FEASTS AND REVELLS

But you are over-bleft. Plenty this day
 Injures; it causeth time to stay;
 The tables groane, as though this feaft
 Would, as the flood, destroy all fowle and beaft. 185
 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 houres since, the Sunne to bed did part,
 The masks³⁴ and banquets will not yet impart
 A funfet to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart. 190

IX.

THE BRIDE'S 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. 195
 Thy selfe must 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; 200
 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 BRIDEGROOME'S COMMING

As he that sees a starre fall, runs apace,
 And findes a gellie in the place, 205
 So doth the Bridegroome hast as much,
 Being told this starre is false, and findes her such.
 And as friends may looke strange,
 By a new fashion, or apparrells change,
 Their soules, though long acquainted they had beene, 210
 These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seene;
 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.

34 - [EN] Or plays. Ancient actors generally wore masks.

XI.

THE GOOD-NIGHT

Now, as in Tullias tombe, one lampe burnt cleare, 215
 Unchang'd for fifteene hundred yeare,
 May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
 In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine.
 Fire ever doth aspire,
 And makes all like it selfe, turnes all to fire, 220
 But ends in ashes, which these cannot doe,
 For none of these is fuell, but fire too.
 This is joye's bonfire, then, where love's strong Arts
 Make of so noble individuall parts
 One fire of foure inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts. 225

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; 230
 What ever celebrates this Festivall
 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. 235

EPITHALAMION MADE AT LINCOLNE'S INNE



he 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 bodie's print,
 Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint; 5

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; 10
 Come glad from thence, goe gladder then you came,
To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Daughters of London, you which bee
 Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasure,
 You which are Angels, yet still bring with you 15
 Thousands of Angels on your mariage daies,
 Help with your presence and devise to praise
 These rites, which also unto you grow due;
 Conceitedly dresse her, and be assign'd,
 By you, fit place for every flower and jewel, 20
 Make her for love fit fewell
 As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde;
 So may shee faire, rich, glad, and in nothing lame,
To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

And you frolique Patricians, 25
 Sons of these Senators wealths deep oceans,
 Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others wits,
 Yee country men, who but your beafts love none,
 Yee of those fellowships whereof hee's one,
 Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits, 30
 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, 35

To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold,
 And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,
 Till, mystically joyn'd, but one they bee;
 Then may thy leane and hunger-starved wombe 40
 Long time expect their bodies and their tombe,
 Long after their owne parents fatten thee.
 All elder claimes, and all cold barrenesse,
 All yeelding to new loves bee far for ever,
 Which might these two dissever, 45
 All wayes all throther may each one possesse;
 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; 50
 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;
 Hee flies in winter, but he now stands still. 55
 Yet shadows turne; Noone point he hath attain'd,
 His steeds nill bee restrain'd,
 But gallop lively downe the Westerne hill;
 Thou shalt, when he hath runne the world's half frame,
To night put on perfection, and a woman's name. 60

The amorous evening starre is rose,
 Why then should not our amorous starre inclose
 Her selfe in her wish'd bed? Release your strings
 Musicians, and dancers take some truce
 With these your pleasing labours, for great use 65
 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 feasts; 70
 She goes a maid, who, least she turne the same,
To night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy virgins girdle now untie,
 And in thy nuptial bed (love's altar) lye
 A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossesse 75
 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 virginitic
 A grave, but, to a better state, a cradle; 80
 Till now thou wast 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 woman's name.

Even like a faithfull man content, 85
 That this life for a better should be spent,
 So, shee a mothers' rich stile doth preferre,
 And at the Bridegroomes' wish'd approach doth lye,
 Like an appointed lambe, when tenderly
 The priest comes on his knees t'embowell her; 90
 Now sleep or watch with more joy; and O light
 Of heaven, to morrow rise thou hot, and early;
 This Sun will love so dearly
 Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight;
 Wonders are wrought, for shee which had no maime, 95
To night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.



SATYRES

SATYRE I



way thou fondling motley humorist,
 Leave mee, and in this standing wooden cheft,
 Conforted with theſe few bookes, let me lye
 In priſon, and here be coffin'd, when I dye;
 Here are God's conduits, grave Divines; and here 5

Nature's Secretary, the Philoſopher;
 And jolly Stateſmen, which teach how to tie
 The ſinewes of a citie's miſtique bodie;
 Here gathering Chronidlers, and by them ſtand
 Giddie fantaſtique Poëts of each land. 10

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, 15
 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. 20

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: 25

To take, and leave mee is adultery.
 Oh monſtrous, ſuperſtitious puritan³⁵,
 Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,
 That when thou meet'ſt one, with enquiring eyes
 Doſt ſearch, and like a needy broker prize 30

35 - [EN] Puritans were often opposed to poetry...

The filke, and gold he weares, and to that rate
 So high or low, dost 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 35
 Jointures, and marry thy deare company.
 Why should'st thou (that dost not onely approve,
 But in ranke itchie lust, desire, and love
 The nakednesse and barenesse to enjoy,
 Of thy plumpe muddy whore, or prostitute boy) 40
 Hate vertue, though shee be naked, and bare?
 At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
 And till our Soules be unapparelled
 Of bodies, they from blisse are banished.
 Man's first blest state was naked, when by sinne 45
 Hee lost that, yet hee was doath'd but in beafts skin,
 And in this course attire, which I now weare,
 With God, and with the Muses I conferre.
 But since thou like a contrite penitent,
 Charitably warn'd of thy finnes, dost repent 50
 These vanities, and giddinesse, loe
 I shut my chamber doore, and come, let's goe.
 But sooner may a cheape whore, who hath beene
 Worne by as many severall men in sinne,
 As are black feathers, or musk-colour hose, 55
 Name her child's right true father, 'mongst all those:
 Sooner may one guesse, who shall beare away
 The Infanta of London, Heire to an India;
 And sooner may a gulling weather Spie
 By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly 60
 What fashioned hats, or ruffes, or suits next yeare
 Our subtile-witted antique youths will weare;
 Then thou, when thou depart'st from mee, canst show
 Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldst go.
 But how shall I be pardon'd my offence 65
 That thus have sinn'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; 70

Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
 Every fine filken 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 75
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe.
 And as fidlers stop lowest, at highest sound,
 So to the most brave, stoops hee nigh't the ground.
 But to a grave man, he doth move no more
 Then the wife politike horse would heretofore, 80
 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, 85
 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 whisper'd, let'us goe,
 'T may be you smell him not, truly I doe; 90
 He heares not mee, but, on the other side
 A many-coloured Peacock having spide,
 Leaves him and mee; I for my loft sheep stay;
 He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,
 Saying, him whom I last left, all repute 95
 For his device, in handsomeing a sute,
 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 Oh, God strengthen thee, why stoop'ft thou so? 100
 Why? he hath travayld; Long? No; but to me
 (Which understand none,) he doth seeme to be
 Perfect French, and Italian; I reply'd,
 So is the Poxe; He answered not, but spy'd
 More men of fort, of parts, and qualities; 105
 At last his Love he in a window 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 110

Directly came to mee hanging the head,
And constantly a while muſt keepe his bed.

SATYRE II



ir; 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 pittie towards the reſt.
Though Poëtry indeed be ſuch a ſinne 5

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 ſterv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poore, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate. 10

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 ſceanes;
As in ſome Organ, Puppits dance above 15
And bellows pant below, which them do move.

One would move Love by rithmes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes:
Rammes, and ſlings now are feely battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt Artillerie. 20

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 25
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw

Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue,
As his owne things; and they are his owne, 'tis true,
For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne
The meate was mine, th'excrement is his owne: 30
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-sweare the Letanie;
 Who with finnes all kindes as familiar bee
 As Confessors; and for whose sinfull sake, 35
 Schoolemen new tenements in hell must make:
 Whose strange finnes, Canonists could hardly tell
 In which Commandements large receipt they dwell.
 But these punish themselves; the insolence
 Of Coscus onely breeds my just offence, 40
 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 45
 Like nets, or lime-twigs, wheresoever he goes,
 His title of Barrister, on every wench,
 And woos in language of the Pleas, and Bench:
 A motion, Lady; Speake Coscus; I have beene
 In love, ever since *tricesimo* of the Queene, 50
 Continuall claimes 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 size in Lent,
 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 maid's eare,
 More, more, then ten Sclavonians scolding, more
 Then when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore. 60
 When sicke with Poëtrie, and posselt with muse
 Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
 Law practife for meere gaine, bold soule, repute
 Worse then imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owlelike watchman, hee must walke 65
 His hand still at a bill, now he must talke
 Idly, like prifoners, which whole months will sweare
 That onely suretiship hath brought them there,
 And to every suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a King's favourite, yea like a King; 70
 Like a wedge in a blocke, wring to the barre,
 Bearing-like Asses; and more shamelesse farre

Then carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
 Symonie and Sodomy in Churchmen's lives, 75
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as the sea) hee will compasse all our land;
 From Scots, to Wight; from Mount, to Dover strand.
 And spying heires melting with luxurie,
 Satan will not joy at their finnes, as hee. 80
 For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe,
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty yeare
 (Relique-like kept) perchance buyes wedding geare;
 Peecemeale he gets lands, and spends as much time 85
 Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.
 In parchments then, large as his fields, hee drawes
 Affurances, bigge, as gloss'd civill lawes,
 So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse. 90
 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 nosters*, saying as a Fryer³⁶
 Each day his beads, but having left those lawes, 95
 Addes to Christ's prayer, the Power and glory claufe.
 But when he sells or changes land, he'impaires
 His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,³⁷
 As flily as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sense; or in Divinity 100
 As controverters, in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them cleare the doubt.
 Where are those spread woods which doth'd hertofore
 Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore.
 Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes? In great hals 106
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bachanalls
 Equally I hate; meanes blesse; in rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beafts, but no Hecatombs,
 None starve, none surfet so; But (Oh) we allow,

36 - [EN] Or *friar*...

37 - [EN] His heirs.

Good workes as good, but out of fashion now, 110
 Like old rich wardrops; but my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statute lawes.

SATYRE III



inde pitty chokes my spleene; brave scorn forbids
 Those teares to issue which swell my eye-lids;
 I must not laugh, nor weepe sinnes, and be wise,
 Can railing then cure these worne maladies?
 Is not our Mistresse faire Religion, 5

As worthy of all our Soules devotion,
 As vertue was to the first blinded age?
 Are not heaven's joyes as valiant to asswage
 Lufts, as earth's honour was to them? Alas,

As wee do them in meanes, shall they surpassè 10
 Us in the end, and shall thy fathers spirit
 Meete blinde Philosophers in heaven, whose merit
 Of strict life may be imputed faith, and heare
 Thee, whom hee taught so easie wayes and neare
 To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'st, feare this; 15

This feare great courage, and high valour is.
 Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch, and dar'st thou lay
 Thee in ships wooden Sepulchers, a prey
 To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth?
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth? 20

Hast thou couragious fire to thaw the ice
 Of frozen North discoueries? and thrife
 Colder then Salamanders, like divine
 Children in th' oven, fires of Spaine, and the line,
 Whose countries limbeckes to our bodies bee, 25

Canst thou for gaine beare? and must every hee
 Which cryes not, Goddesse, to thy Mistresse, draw,
 Or eate thy poysonous words? courage of straw!
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seeme bold, and
 To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
 Sentinell in his world's garrison) thus yeeld, 30
 And for forbidden warres, leave th'appointed field?

Know thy foes: The foule Devill (whom thou
 Strivest to please,) for hate, not love, would allow
 Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit; and as 35
 The world's all parts wither away and passe,
 So the world's selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is
 In her decrepit wayne, and thou loving this,
 Dost love a withered and worne strumpet; last,
 Flesh (it selfes death) and joyes which flesh can taste, 40
 Thou lovest; and thy faire goodly soule, which doth
 Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.
 Seeke true religion. O where? Mirreus
 Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
 Seekes her at Rome; there, because hee doth know 45
 That shee was there a thousand yeares agoe,
 He loves her ragges so, as wee here obey
 The statedoth where the Prince fate yestherday.
 Crantz to such brave Loves will not be intrall'd,
 But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd 50
 Religion, plaine, simple, fullen, yong,
 Contemptuous, yet unhanfome; As among
 Lecherous humors, there is one that judges
 No wenches wholsome, but course country drudges.
 Graius staves still at home here, and because 55
 Some Preachers, vile ambitious bauds, and lawes
 Still newlike 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 60
 Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
 Pay vales. Carelesse Phrygius doth abhorre
 All, because all cannot be good, as one
 Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
 Graccus loves all as one, and thinke that so 65
 As women do in divers countries goe
 In divers habits, yet are still one kinde,
 So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
 nesse too much light breeds; but unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow; 70
 And the right; aske thy father which is shee,
 Let him aske his; though truth and falshood bee

Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is;
 Be buſie to ſeeke her, beleeeve mee this,
 Hee's not of none, nor worſt, that ſeekes the beſt. 75
 To adore, or ſcorne an image, or proteſt,
 May all be bad; doubt wifely; 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 80
 Reach her, about muſt, and about muſt goe;
 And what the hills ſuddennes reſiſts, winne ſo;
 Yet ſtrive ſo, that before age, death's twilight,
 Thy Soule reſt, for none can worke in that night.
 To will, implies delay, therefore now doe: 85
 Hard deeds, the bodies paines; hard knowledge too
 The minde's indeavours reach, and myſteries
 Are like the Sunne, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes.
 Keepe the truth which thou haſt found; men do not ſtand
 In fo ill caſe here, that God hath with his hand 90
 Sign'd King's blanck-charters to kill whom they hate,
 Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
 Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soule be tyed
 To man's lawes, by which ſhe ſhall not be tryed
 At the laſt day? Oh, will it then boot thee 95
 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
 Conſum'd in going, in the ſea are loſt:
 So periſh Soules, which more chuſe mens unjuſt
 Power from God dayn'd, then God himſelfe to truſt. 110

SATYR IIII



ell; I may now receive, and die; My sinne
 Indeed is great, but I have beene in
 A Purgatorie, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation to, and scarce map of this.
 My minde, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been 5

Poyson'd with love to seee, or to bee seene,
 I had no fruit there, nor new suite to shew,
 Yet went to Court; But as Glaze which did goe
 To'a Masse in jest, catch'd, was faine³⁸ to disburse
 The hundred markes, which is the Statute's curse; 10
 Before he scapt, So'it pleas'd my destinie
 (Guilty of my sin of going,) to thinke me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 full, as proud, as lustfull, and as much in debt,
 As vaine, as witleffe, and as false as they 15
 Which dwell at Court, for once going that way.
 Therefore I suffered this; Towards me did runne
 A thing more strange, then on Nile's slime, the Sunne
 E'r bred; or all which into Noah's Arke came;
 A thing, which would have pos'd Adam to name; 20
 Stranger then heaven Antiquaries studies,
 Then Africk's Monsters, Guianae's rarities.
 Stranger then strangers; One, who for a Dane,
 In the Dane's Massacre had sure beene slaine,
 If he had liv'd then; And without helpe dies, 25
 When next the Prentifes'gainst Strangers rise.
 One, whom the watch at noone lets scarce goe by,
 One, to whom, the examining Justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your priesthood tell me what you are.
 His doths were strange, though coarse; and black, though bare; 30
 Sleevelesse his jerkin was, and it had beene
 Velvet, but'twas now (so much ground was seene)
 Become Tufftaffatie³⁹; and our children shall
 See it plaine Rashe awhile, then nought at all.

38 - [EN] Well-pleased.

39 - [EN] *Tartuffe* is one of Molière's most famous theatrical comedies (produced 30 years after Donne's death...).

This thing hath travail'd, and faith, speakes all tongues 35
 And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
 Made of th'Accents, and best phraze of all these,
 He speakes no language; If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my taft,
 But Pedant's motley tongue, souldiers bumbaft, 40
 Mountebanke's 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, 45
 Make men speake treason, cosen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either
 Jovius, or Surlius, or both together.
 He names mee, and comes to mee; I whisper, God!
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod, 50
 This fellow chuseth me? He saith, Sir,
 I love your judgement; Whom doe you prefer,
 For the best linguist? And I feebly
 Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionarie;
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir; Beza then, 55
 Some other Jesuites, and two reverend men
 Of our two Academies, I named; There
 He stopt mee, and said; Nay, your Apostles were
 Good pretty linguists, and so Panurge was;
 Yet a poore gentleman, all these may passe 60
 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 bene Interpreter
 To Babell's bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood. 65
 He adds, If of court life you knew the good,
 You would leave loneness. I said, not alone
 My loneness is, but Spartane's fashion,
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
 Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaff;
 No more can Prince's courts, though there be few 70
 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 keeps the Abbey tombes,
 And for his price doth with who ever comes,
 Of all our Harries, and our Edward's 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. 80
 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 Frenchman⁴⁰, looke, hee followes mee.
*Certe*⁴¹s they are neatly cloth'd; I, of this minde am, 85
 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 worfe: So, I (foole) found, 90
 Crossing hurt mee; To fit my fullenneffe,
 He to another key, his stile doth addressse,
 And askes, what newes? I tell him of new playes.
 He takes my hand, and as a Still, which staies
 A Sembriefe⁴², 'twixt each drop, he nigardly, 95
 As loth to enrich mee, so tells many a lye.
 More then ten Hollenheads, or Halls, or Stowes,
 Of triviall houfhold 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; 100
 He knowes who loves; whom; and who by poyson
 Haft to an Offices reversion;
 He knowes who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, bootes, shooes, and egge-
 shels to transport; Shortly boyes shall not play 105
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but they pay
 Toll to some Courtier; And wifer 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 110
 He thrufts on more; And as if he'd undertooke

40 - [EN] Possibly Antoine Favre, baron de Péroutes (1557 - 1624)?

41 - [EN] French for certainly.

42 - [EN] Or *semi-brève*, a long musical note.

To say Gallo-Belgicus without booke
 Speakes of all States, and deeds, that have been since
 The Spaniards came, to the losse of Amyens.
 Like a bigge wife, at fight of loathed meat, 115
 Readie to travaile: So I figh, and sweate
 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'gainst each great man. 120
 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, lasting as farre
 As the last day; And that great officers, 125
 Doe with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers.
 Who wafts in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes;
 Who loves whores, who boyes, and who goats.
 I more amas'd then Circe's⁴³ prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turne beasts, felt my selfe then 130
 Becomming Traytor, and mee thought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
 To fucke me in; for hearing him, I found
 That as burnt venome Leachers do grow found
 By giving others their soares, I might growe 135
 Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did shew
 All signes of loathing; But since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefather's sinne
 To the last farthing; Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I beare this crosse; But the'houre 140
 Of mercy now was come; He tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to scape his torturing,
 And saies, 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, 145
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thruff one more jigge upon you: so did hee
 With his long complementall thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my Crowne: Scant 150

43 - [EN] Cf: Homer's *Odyssey*, Book X.

His thanks were ended, when I, (which did see
 All the court fill'd with more strange things then hee)
 Ran from thence with such or more hast, then one
 Who feares more actions, doth make from prison.
 At home in wholefome solitarineffe 155
 My precious soule began, the wretchedneffe
 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 160
 Becomes the guiltie, not the accuser; Then,
 Shall I, nones slave⁴⁴, of high borne, or rais'd men
 Feare frownes? And, my Mistresse Truth, betray thee
 To th'huffing braggart, puft Nobility?
 No, no, Thou which since yester day hast beene 165
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seene,
 O Sunne, in all thy journey, Vanitie,
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
 Thinke he which made your waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy to stand 170
 With us, at London, flouts our Prefence, 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 Mues, 175
 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 Prefence, and I, (God pardon mee.)
 As fresh, and sweet their Apparrells be, as bee 180
 The fields they sold to buy them; For a King
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers; And bring
 Them next weeke to the Theatre to sell;
 Wants reach all states; Me seemes they doe as well
 At stage, as court; All are players; who e'r lookes 185
 (For themselves dare not goe) o'r Cheapside books,
 Shall finde their wardrops Inventory. Now,
 The Ladies come; As Pirats, which doe know

44 - [ENJ] No one's slave?

That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchannel⁴⁵,
 The men board them; and praise, as they thinke, well, 190
 Their beauties; they the mens wits; Both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'r weare scarlet gownes, I thought
 This cause, These men, men's wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all reds which scarlets die.
 He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her haire net; 195
 She feares her drugs ill laid, her haire loose fet.
 Would not Heraditus laugh to see Macrine,
 From hat to shooe, himselfe at doore refine,
 As if the Prefence were a Moschite⁴⁶, and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift, 200
 Making them confesse not only mortall
 Great stains and holes in them; but veniall
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
 And then by *Durer's* rules survey the state
 Of his each limbe, and with strings the odds trye 205
 Of his neck to his legge, and wast to thighe.
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symetrie
 Perfect as circles, with such nicetie
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes 210
 Him not so much as good will, he arrefts,
 And unto her protests protests protests,
 So much as at Rome would serve to have throwne
 Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition;
 And whisperd by Jesu, so often, that A 215
 Purfevant would have ravish'd him away
 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 220
 Call a rough carelessefnesse, 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 crie; And though his face be as ill 225
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still

45 - [EN] Possibly *cochineal*, a pigment?

46 - [EN] A *Moschite* from *mosque*, thus a Muslim.

He strives to looke worse, he keeps all in awe;
 Jeasts like a licenc'd foole, commands like law.
 Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd fo
 As men which from gaoles to execution goe, 230
 Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seaven deadly finnes?). Being among
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing Crosse for a barre, men that doe know
 No token of worth, but *Queene's* man, and fine 235
 Living, barrells of beefe, flaggons of wine;
 I shooke like a spyed Spie. Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drowne the finnes of this place, for, for mee
 Which am but a scarce brooke, it enough shall bee 240
 To wash the stains away; Although I yet
 With *Macchabee's* modestie, the knowne merit
 Of my worke lessen: yet some wise man shall,
 I hope, esteeme my writs Canonical.

SATYRE V



Thou shalt not laugh in this leafe, Muse, nor they
 Whom any pittie 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 jefts all who in extreme 5

Are wreched or wicked: of these two a theme
 Charity and liberty give me. What is hee
 Who Officers rage, and Suiters misery
 Can write, and jeft? If all things be in all,
 As I thinke, since all, which were, are, and shall 10
 Bee, be made of the same elements:
 Each thing, each thing implyes or represents.
 Then man is a world; in which, Officers
 Are the vast ravishing seas; and Suiters,
 Springs; now full, now shallow, now drye; which, to 15
 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 duff;
 How much worfe are Suiters, who to men's lust 20
 Are made preyes? O worfe then duff, or worme's meat,
 For they do eate you now, whose selves wormes shall eate.
 They are the mills which grinde you, yet you are
 The winde which drives them; and a wastfull warre
 Is fought against you, and you fight it; they 25
 Adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way
 Like wittals; th'issue your owne ruine is.
 Greatest and fairest Empreffe, know you this?
 Alas, no more then Thames calme head doth know
 Whose meades her armes drowne, or whose corne o'rfrow: 30
 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 sinne.
 O Age of rusty iron! Some better wit 35
 Call it some worfe name, if ought equall it;
 The iron Age *that* was, when justice was sold; now
 Injustice is sold dearer farre. Allow
 All demands, fees, and duties, gamsters, anon
 The mony which you sweate, and sweare for, is gon 40
 Into other hands: So controverted lands
 Scape, like Angelica, the striver's hands.
 If Law be in the Judge's heart, and hee
 Have no heart to resist letter, or fee,
 Where wilt thou appeale? powre of the Courts below 45
 Flow from the first maine head, and these can throw
 Thee, if they sucke thee in, to misery,
 To fetters, halters; But if the injury
 Steele thee to dare complaine, Alas, thou go'st
 Against the stream, when upwards: when thou art most 50
 Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they,
 'Gainst whom thou should'st complaine, will in the way
 Become great seas, 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; 55
 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 meanes of Angels; When supplications
 We fend to God, to Dominations, 60
 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 Purfivant come in, and call 65
 All his doathes, 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 strumpeted,
 To warrant thefts: she is established 70
 Recorder to Destiny, 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 she scracheth Suiters; In bodies 75
 Of men, so in law, nailes are th'extremities,
 So Officers stretch to more then Law can doe,
 As our nailes reach what no else part comes to.
 Why barest thou to yon Officer? Foole, Hath hee
 Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee? 80
 Foole, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now hungerly
 Beg'st right; But that dole comes not till these dye.
 Thou had'st much, and lawes Urim and Thummim trie
 Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper
 Enough to cloath all the great Carrick's Pepper. 85
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese,
 Then Haman, when he sold his Antiquities.
 O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize
 Esop's fables, and make tales, propheties.
 Thou'art the swimming dog whom shadows cosened⁴⁷, 90
 And div'ft, neare drowning, for what's vanished.

47 - [EN] To deceive.

V P O N M^R T H O M A S C O R Y A T ' S C R U D I T I E S

h to what height will love of greatnesse drive
 Thy leavened spirit, *Sesqui-superlative*?
 Venice vast lake thou hadst seen, and would seeke than
 Some vaster thing, and found'st a Curtizan.
 That inland Sea having discovered well, 5

A Cellar gulfe, where one might faile to hell
 From Heydelberg, thou longd'st to see: And thou
 This Booke, greater then all, producest now.
 Infinite worke, which doth so far extend,
 That none can study it to any end. 10
 '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
 Reason, and laugh, thy booke doth halfe make man.
 One halfe being made, thy modestie was such, 15
 That thou on th'other half wouldst never touch.
 When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?
 Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
 A prosperous nose-borne wenne⁴⁸, which sometimes growes
 To be farre greater then the Mother-nose? 20
 Goe then; and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did Townes, and *Gefner* Authors show,
 Mount now to *Gallo-belgicus*; appear
 As deepe a States-man, as a Gazettier.
 Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back, 25
 Talke of *Will. Conquerour*, and *Prestor Lack*.
 Go bashfull man, lest here thou blush to looke
 Vpon the progresse of thy glorious booke,
 To which both Indies sacrifices send;
 The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend, 30
 (Meaning to see't no more) upon the presse.
 The East sends hither her delicioufnesse;
 And thy leaves must imbrace what comes from thence,
 The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincense.

48 - IENJA Goiter? "A swelling, bunch, or lump of flesh vnder the throat; verie common among those which dwell about the Alpes, because they vse to drinke much cold, and vnwholesome water." (Randle Cotgrave *A Dictionary of the French and English Tongues*. 1611)

This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoope 35
 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 Medicinall and Aromaticke twigs, 40
 Thy leaves a better method do provide,
 Divide to pounds, and ounces sub-divide;
 If they stoope lower yet, and vent our wares,
 Home-*manufactures*, to thicke popular Faïres,
 If *omni-prægnant* there, upon warme stalls, 45
 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 Pandect⁴⁹ makest, and Vniverfall Booke. 50
 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 55
 Which casts at Portescues, and all the board,
 Provide whole books; each leafe enough will be
 For friends to passe time, and keep company.
 Can all caroufe up thee? no, thou must fit
 Measures; and fill out for the half-pint wit: 60
 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 asswage:
 Nor shall wit-pirats hope to finde thee lye 65
 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;⁵⁰
 But hardly much; and yet I think this true; 70
 As *Sibyls* was, your booke is mysticall,

49 - [EN] An encyclopedia or almanac? "A booke treating of all matters." (Henry Cockeram *English Dictionary*. 1623)

50 - I meane from one page which shall paste strings in a booke

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.

75

IN EUNDEM MACARONICON



*not, dos haec, +Linguists+ perfetti, Disticha fairont,
 Tot cuerdos +States-men+, hic liore fara tuus.
 Es sat a my l'bonneur estre hic inteso; Car +I leave+
 L'honra, de personne nestre creduto, tibi.*

Explicit Joannes Donne.



LETTERS TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES

THE STORME - TO M^R CHRISTOPHER BROOKE



Thou which art I, ('tis nothing to be foe)
 Thou which art still thy selfe, by these shalt know
 Part of our passage; And, a hand, or eye
 By *Hilliard* drawne, is worth an history,
 By a worse painter made; and (without pride) 5

When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd,
 My lines are such: 'Tis the preheminance
 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 10
 (For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can soothsay,
 Honour and misery have one face and way.)
 From out her pregnant intrailles sigh'd a winde
 Which at th'ayres middle marble roome did finde
 Such strong resistance, that it selfe it threw 15
 Downward againe; and so when it did view
 How in the port, our fleet deare time did leefe,
 Withering like prisoners, which lye but for fees,
 Mildly it kist our sailes, and, fresh and sweet,
 As to a stomack sterv'd, whose insides meete, 20
 Meate comes, it came; and swole our sailes, when wee

So joyd, as *Sara'ber* swelling joy'd to see.
 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 25
 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 sailes affaile; 30
 And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
 Hath now a stormes, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas, I pittie thee, and curse those men,
 Who when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then;
 Sleepe is paine's easiest salve, and doth fullfill 35
 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 lasted, now it had beene day. 40
 Thousands our noyses 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 45
 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. 50
 Some sitting on the hatches, would seeme there,
 With hideous gazing to feare away feare.
 Then note they the ship's sicknesse, the Mast
 Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Wast
 With a salt droppe clog'd, and all our tacklings 55
 Snapping, like too-high-stretched treble strings.
 And from our totterd sailes, ragges drop downe so,
 As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe.
 Even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
 Strive to breake loose, and scape away from thence. 60
 Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine?

Seas into seas throwne, we suck in againe;
 Hearing hath deaf'd our saylers; and if they
 Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to say.
 Compar'd to these stormes, death is but a qualme,
 Hell somewhat lightfome, and the Bermuda calme. 65
 Darknesse, 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 70
 Doth cover, so that wee, except God say
 Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day.
 So violent, yet long these furies bee,
 That though thine absence serve³¹ me, I wish not thee.

THE CALME



ur storme is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage,
 A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage.
 The fable is inverted, and farre more
 A blocke afflicts, now, then a storme before.
 Stormes chafe, and soone weare out themselves, or us; 5

In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
 As steady as I can wish, that my thoughts were,
 Smooth as thy mistress's glass, or what shines there,
 The sea is now. And, as the lles which wee
 Seeke, when wee can move, our ships rooted bee. 10
 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, decays,
 Like courts removing, or like ended playes.
 The fighting place now seamen ragges supply; 15
 And all the tackling is a frippery.
 No use of lanthornes³²; and in one place lay
 Feathers and duff, to day and yesterday.

51 - [EN] Anger, or feede. (Timothy Bright *Character: An Art of Short, Swift, and Secret Writing by Character*. 1588)

52 - [EN] a Watch-tower, a Loure or *Lanthorne* on the top of a house, a window at the head of a ship. (John Florio *Queen Anna's New World of Words*. 1611)

Earth's hollowneſſes, which the world's lungs are,
 Have no more winde then the upper valt of aire. 20
 We can nor loſt friends, nor fought foes recover,
 But meteorlike, ſave that wee move not, hover.
 Onely the Calenture³ together draws
 Deare friends, which meet dead in great fiſhes jawes:
 And on the hatches as on Altars lyes 25
 Each one, his owne Priefft, and owne Sacrifice.
 Who live, that miracle do multiply
 Where walkers in hot Ovens, doe not dye.
 If in deſpite of theſe, wee swimme, that hath
 No more refreshing, then our brimſtone Bath, 30
 But from the ſea, into the ſhip we turne,
 Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coales to burne.
 Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the ſhepherds ſcoffe,
 Or like ſlacke ſinew'd *Sampſon*, his haire off,
 Languiſh our ſhips. Now, as a Miriade 35
 Of Ants, durſt th'Emperour's lov'd ſnake invade,
 The crawling Gallies, Sea-goales, finny chips,
 Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-ridde ſhips.
 Whether a rotten ſtate, and hope of gaine,
 Or to diſuſe mee from the queaſie paine 40
 Of being belov'd, and loving, or the thirſt
 Of honour, or faire death, out puſht mee firſt,
 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, 45
 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 prayes for more winde, as well
 Under the poles may begge cold, heat in hell. 50
 What are wee then? How little more alas
 Is man now, then before he was? he was
 Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit;
 Chance, or our ſelves ſtill diſproportion it.
 Wee have no power, no will, no ſenſe; I lye, 55
 I ſhould not then thus feele this miſerie.

33 - [EN] a burning Feaver, or an Ague. (Thomas Blount *Glossographia or a Dictionary*. 1656)

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON⁵⁴

ir, more then kisses, letters mingle Soules;
 For, thus friends absent speake. This ease controules
 The tediousnesse of my life: But for these
 I could ideate nothing, which could please,
 But I should wither in one day, and passe

5

To a bottle of Hay, that am a Locke of Grasse.

Life is a voyage, and in our life's wayes

Countries, Courts, Towns are Rockes, or Remoraes;

They breake or stop all ships, yet our state's such,

That though then pitch they staine worfe, wee must touch.

10

If in the furnace of the even line,

Or under th'adverse icy poles thou pine,

Thou know'st two temperate Regions girded in,

Dwell there: But Oh, what refuge canst thou winne

Parch'd in the Court, and in the country frozen?

15

Shall cities, built of both extremes, be chosen?

Can dung and garlike be a perfume? or can

A Scorpion and Torpedo⁵⁵ cure a man?

Cities are worst of all three; of all three

(O knottie riddle) each is worst equally.

20

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 day.

The Country is a desert, where no good,

25

Gain'd (as habits, not borne,) is underfood.

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;

30

So pride, lust, covetize, being feveral

To these three places, yet all are in all,

And mingled thus, their issue incestuous.

54 - [EN] Sir Henry Wotton (1568 - 1639) was an English author, diplomat and politician who sat in the House of Commons in 1614 and 1625.

55 - [EN] "The Torpedo, or Crampe-fish." (Randle Cotgrave *A Dictionary of the French and English Tongues*. 1611)

Falshood is denizon'd^s. Virtue is barbarous.
 Let no man say there, Virtue's flintie wall 35
 Shall locke vice in mee, I'll do none, but know all.
 Men are sponges, which to poure out, receive,
 Who know false play, rather then lose, deceive.
 For in best understandings, sinne beganne,
 Angels sinn'd first, then Devills, and then man. 40
 Onely perchance beaft sinne 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 retrieve,
 They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing than 45
 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 come,
 Carrying his owne house still, still is at home, 50
 Follow (for he is easie pac'd) this snail,
 Bee thine owne Palace, or the world's thy gale.
 And in the world's sea, do not like corke sleepe
 Upon the water's face; nor in the deepe
 Sinke like a lead without a line: but as 55
 Fishes glide, leaving no print where they passe,
 Nor making sound; so closely thy course goe,
 let men dispute, whether thou breathe, or no.
 Onely in this one thing, be no Galenist: To make
 Courts hot ambitions wholesome, do not take 60
 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 schismes, and lightnesse 65
 Of France, and faire Italie's 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 70

DONNE

56 - [ENJ] "to make a freeman or denizon; to incorporate into a society or body politick".
 (Nathan Bailey *Universal Etymological English Dictionary*. 1737)

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE



Who makes the Past, 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, 5
 Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:
 But hee which dwels there, is not fo; for hee
 Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise;

So had your body her morning, hath her noone,
 And shall not better; her next change is night: 10
 But her faire larger guest, to whom Sun and Moone
 Are sparkes, and short liv'd, claimes another right.

The noble Soule by age growes lustier,
 Her appetite, and her digestion mend,
 Wee must not sterve, nor hope to pamper her 15
 With women's milke, and pappe unto the end.

Provide you manlyer dyet; you have seene
 All libraries, which are Schools, Camps, and Courts;
 But aske your Garners if you have not beene
 In harvests, too indulgent to your sports. 20

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

To be a stranger hath that benefit, 25
 Wee can beginnings, but not habits choke.
 Goe; whither? Hence; you get, if you forget;
 New faults, till they prescribe in us, are smooke.

Our soule, whose country is heaven, and God her father,
 Into this world, corruptions sinke, is sent, 30

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, 'aſhm'd, to make your hawks praiſe, yours,
Which when herſelfe ſhe leſſens in the aire, 35
You then firſt ſay, that high enough ſhe toures.

However, keepe the lively taſt you hold
Of God, love him as now, but feare him more,
And in your afternoones thinke what you told
And promis'd him, at morning prayer before. 40

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, 45
Riding I had you, though you ſtill ſtaid there,
And in theſe thoughts, although you never ſtirre,
You came with mee to Micham, and are here.

TO M^R ROWLAND WOODWARD



like one who in her third widdowhood doth professe
Her ſelfe a Nunne, tyed to retiredneſſe,
So affects my muſe now, a chaſt fallowneſſe;

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

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

For though to us it seeme, 'and be light and thinne,
 Yet in those faithfull scales, where God throws in
 Mens workes, vanity weighs as much as sinne. 10

If our Soules have stain'd their first white, yet wee
 May doth them with faith, and deare honestie,
 Which God imputes, as native puritie. 15

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

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 christall glasse; 20

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 still warme, to chuse. 25

So workes retirednesse in us; To come
 Giddily, and be every where, but at home,
 Such freedome doth a banishment become. 30

Wee are but farmers of our selves, yet may,
 If we can stocke our selves, and thrive, up-lay
 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. 35

TO S^R HENRY WOOTTON

ere's no more newes, then vertue, I may as well
 Tell you *Cales*, or *S^t Michaels* tale for newes, as tell
 That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to get stomachs, we walke up and downe,
 And toyle to sweeten rest, so, may God frowne, 5
 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 world's warfare, they whom rugged Fate, 10
 (God's Commiffary,) doth so thoroughly hate,
 As in the Courts Squadron to marshall their state:

If they stand arm'd with feely honesty,
 With wishing prayers, and neat integritie,
 Like Indians gainst Spanish hosts they bee. 15

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

Beleeve mee Sir, in my youth's giddiest dayes,
 When to be like the Court, was a playes praise, 20
 Playes were not so like Courts, as Courts are like playes.

Then let us at these mimicke antiques jeast,
 Whose deepest projects, and egregious gests
 Are but dull Moralls of a game at Chests.

But now 'tis incongruity to smile, 25
 Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while,
At Court; though *From Court*, were the better stile.

H: W: *in Hiber: belligeranti*

ent you to conquer? and have so much lost
 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 5

I pardon death (who though he do not reap
 Yet gleanes hee many of our friends 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; 10
 Ere sicknesse attack, yong death is best,
 Who payes before his death doth scape arrest.
 Lett not your soule (at first with graces fill'd,
 And since, and thorough crooked lymbeck⁵⁷, fill'd
 In many schools and courts, which quicken it,) 15
 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 feer's art:
 Nor such as from the brayne come, but the hart. 20

TO THE COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD



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

But as, although a squint lefthandednesse 5
 Be ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand,
 So would I, not to encrease, but to expresse
 My faith, as I beleeve, so understand.

57 - IENJ a Lymbeck, or Furnace, in which Materials are calcined by the fire or flame.
 (Thomas Blount *Glossographia or a Dictionary*. 1656)

Therefore I study you first in your Saints,
 Those friends, whom your election glorifies, 10
 Then in your deeds, accesses, and restraints,
 And what you reade, and what your selfe devise.

But foone, the reasons why you're lov'd by all,
 Grow infinite, and so passe reason's reach,
 Then backe againe to implicite faith I fall, 15
 And rest on what the Catholique voice doth teach;

That you are good: and not one Heretique
 Denies it: if he did, yet you are so.
 For, rockes, which high top'd and deep rooted sticke,
 Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow. 20

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

But you of learning and religion, 25
 And vertue, and such ingredients, have made
 A methridate⁵⁸, whose operation
 Keeps off, or cures what can be done or said.

Yet, this is not your physicke, but your food,
 A dyet fit for you; for you are here 30
 The first good Angell, since the world's frame stood,
 That ever did in woman's shape appeare.

Since you are then God's masterpeece, and so
 His Factor for our loves; do as you doe,
 Make your returne home gracious; and bestow 35
 This life on that; so make one life of two.
 For so God helpe mee; I would not misse you there
 For all the good which you can do me here.

58 - [EN] a strong Treade or preservative against poison, devised at first by the Pontian King Mithridates, from whom it took name. (Thomas Blount *Glossographia or a Dictionary*. 1656)

TO THE COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD



ADAME,

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; 5
 But of two good things, we may leave and chuse.

Therefore at Court, which is not vertues dime,
 (Where a transcendent height, (as, lownesse mee)
 Makes her not be, or not show) all my rime
 Your vertues challenge, which there rarest bee; 10
 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 season (Madame) you the day,
 'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face 15
 Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
 Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets she'enshrines;
 As China, when the Sunne at Brasill dines.

Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night,
 And falsifies both computations so; 20
 Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
 We your new creatures, by new reckonings goe.
 This shoves that you from nature lothly stray,
 That suffer not an artificiall day.

In this you have made the Court the Antipodes, 25
 And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sunne,
 To doe profane autumnall offices,
 Whilst here to you, wee sacrificers runne;
 And whether Priests, or Organs, you wee'obey,
 We found your influence, and your Dictates say. 30

Yet to that Deity which dwels in you,

Your vertuous Soule, I now not sacrifice;
 These are *Petitions* and not *Hymnes*; they sue
 But that I may survey the edifice.
 In all Religions as much care hath bin 35
 Of Temples frames, and beauty, 'as Rites within.

As all which goe to Rome, doe not thereby
 Esteeme religions, and hold fast the best,
 But serve discourse, and curiosity,
 With that which doth religion but invest, 40
 And shunne th'entangling laborinths of Schooles,
 And make it wit, to thinke the wiser fooles:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
 You as you're vertues temple, not as shee,
 What walls of tender christall her enfold, 45
 What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure Altars bee;
 And after this survey, oppose to all
 Bablers of Chappels, you th'Escuriall.

Yet not as consecrate, but merely 'as faire,
 On these I cast a lay and country eye. 50
 Of past and future stories, which are rare,
 I finde you all record, and propheticie.
 Purge but the booke of Fate, that it admit
 No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both 55
 You were the transcript, and originall,
 The Elements, the Parent, and the Growth,
 And every peece of you, is both their All:
 So intire are all your deeds, and you, that you
 Must do the same thinge still; you cannot two. 60

But these (as nice thinne Schoole divinity
 Serves heresie to furdre or repressé)
 Taft of Poëtique rage, or flattery,
 And need not, where all hearts one truth professé;
 Oft from new proofes, and new phraze, new doubts grow, 65
 As strange attire aliens the men wee know.

Leaving then busie praife, 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. 70
 Who hath seene one, would both; As, who had bin
 In Paradife, would seeke the Cherubin.

TO S^R EDWARD HERBERT AT IULYERS

Man is a lumpe, where all beasts kneaded bee,
 Wisdome makes him an Arke where all agree;
 The foole, in whom these beasts do live at jarre,
 Is sport to others, and a Theater;
 Nor scapes hee so, but is himselfe their prey, 5

All which was man in him, is eate away,
 And now his beasts on one another feed,
 Yet couple 'in anger, and new monsters breed.
 How happy 'is hee, which hath due place assign'd
 To his beasts, and disforested his minde! 10
 Empail'd himselfe to keepe them out, not in;
 Can sow, and dares trust corne, where they have bin;
 Can use his horse, goate, wolfe, and every beast,
 And is not Assè himselfe to all the rest.
 Else, man not onely is the heard of swine, 15
 But he's those devills too, which did incline
 Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse:
 For man can adde weight to heaven's heaviest curse.
 As Soules (they say) by our first touch, take in
 The poysonous tincture of Originall sinne, 20
 So, to the punishments which God doth fling,
 Our apprehension contributes the sting.
 To us, as to his chickins, he doth cast
 Hemlocke, and wee as men, his hemlocke taste;
 We do infuse to what he meant for meat, 25
 Corrosivenesse, or intense cold or heat.
 For, God no such specifike 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. 30
 Thus man, that might be his pleasure, is his rod,
 And is his devill, that might be his God.
 Since then our businesse is, to rectifie
 Nature, to what she was, wee are led awry
 By them, who man to us in little show; 35
 Greater then due, no forme we can bestow
 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, 40
 In all it workes not, but it is in all
 Poyfounous, or purgative, or cordiall,
 For, knowledge kindles Calentures in some,
 And is to others icy *Opium*.
 As brave as true, is that profession than 45
 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. 50

TO THE COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD



I have written then, when you writ, seem'd to mee
 Wort of spirituall vices, Simony,
 And not t'have written then, seemes little lesse
 Then wort of civill vices, thanklesse.
 In this, my debt I seem'd loath to confesse, 5
 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. 10
 Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are showne,

May not I yeeld (not gold) but coale or ftone?
 Temples were not demolifh'd, though prophane:
 Here *Peter loves*, there *Paul* hath *Dian's* Fane.
 So whether my hymnes you admit or chufe, 15
 In me you'have hallowed a Pagan Mufe,
 And denizend a ftranger, who miffaught
 By blamers of the times they mard⁵⁹, hath fought
 Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe
 Shine in the world's beft part, or all It; You. 20
 I have beene told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts
 Suffers an Ofracifme⁶⁰, and departs.
 Profit, eafe, fitteffe, plenty, bid it goe,
 But whither, only knowing you, I know;
 Your (or you) vertue two vaft ufes ferves, 25
 It ranfomes one fex, 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. 30
 But fince to you, your praifes difcords bee,
 Stoop, others ill to meditate with mee.
 Oh! to confeffe wee know not what we fhould,
 Is halfe excufe; wee know not what we would:
 Lightneffe depreffeth us, emptineffe fills, 35
 We fwat and faint, yet ftill goe downe the hills.
 As new Philofophy arrefts the Sunne,
 And bids the paffive earth about it runne⁶¹,
 So wee have dull'd our minde, it hath no ends;
 Onely the bodie's bufie, and pretends; 40
 As dead low earth eclipfes and controules
 The quick high Moone: fo doth the body, Soules.
 In none but us, are fuch mixt engines found,
 As hands of double office: For, the ground
 We till with them; and them to heav'n wee raife; 45
 Who prayer-leffe labours, or, without this, prays,
 Doth but one halfe, that's none; He which faid, *Plough*

59 - [EN] Or marred. "Viciated, mard, corrupted, infected, defiled; blemished, imperfect, vnfound." (Randle Cotgrave *A Dictionary of the French and English Tongues*. 1611)

60 - [EN] Banishment.

61 - [EN] Donne was not an admirer of Copernic's heliocentric theory of the Solar system...

And looke not back, to looke up doth allow.
 Good feed degenerates, and oft obeyes
 The foyle's difeafe, and into cockle ftrayes; 50
 Let the mind's thoughts be but tranfplanted fo,
 Into the body, and baftardly they grow.
 What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
 Wee (but no forraine tyrants could) remove
 Thefe not ingrav'd, but inborne dignities, 55
 Caskets of foules; Temples, and Palaces:
 For, bodies fhall from death redeemed bee,
 Soules but preferv'd, not naturally free.
 As men to our prifons, new foules to us are fent,
 Which learne vice there, and come in innocent. 60
 Firft feeds of every creature are in us,
 What ere the world hath bad, or pretious,
 Man's body can produce, hence hath it beene
 That ftones, wormes, frogges, and fnakes in man are feene:
 But who ere faw, though nature can worke foe, 65
 That pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow?
 We have added to the world Virginia, and fent
 Two new ftarres lately to the firmament;
 Why grudge wee us (not heaven) the dignity
 T'increafe with ours, thofe faire foules company. 70
 But I muft end this letter, though it doe
 Stand on two truths, neither is true to you,
 Vertue hath fome perverseneffe; For ſhe will
 Neither beleeve her good, nor others ill.
 Even in you, vertue's beft paradife, 75
 Vertue hath fome, but wife degrees of vice.
 Too many vertues, or too much of one
 Begets in you unjuft fufpition;
 And ignorance of vice, makes vertue leffe,
 Quenching compaffion of our wrechedneffe. 80
 But thefe 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 85
 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. 90

TO THE COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD -
 ON NEW-YEARE'S DAY



his twilight of two yeares, not past nor next,
 Some embleme is of mee, or I of this,
 Who Meteor-like, of stuffe and forme perplext,
 Whose *what*, and *where*, in disputation is,
 If I should call mee *any thing*, should misse. 5

I summe the yeares, and mee, and finde mee not
 Debtor to th'old, nor Creditor to th'new,
 That cannot say, My thanks I have forgot,
 Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true
 This bravery is, since these times shew'd mee you. 10

In recompence I would show future times
 What you were, and teach them to'urge towards such.
 Verse embalms vertue; and Tombs, or Thrones of rimes,
 Preserve fraile transitory fame, as much
 As spice doth bodies from corrupt aires touch. 15

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 extracts, no bodies last. 20

So, my verse built of your just praise, might want
 Reason and likelihood, the firmeest Base,
 And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
 Will vanish soone, and so possessè no place,
 And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace. 25

When all (as truth commands assent) confesse
 All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I,
 One corne of one low anthills duft, and lesse,
 Should name, know, or expresse a thing so high,
 And not an inch, measure infinity. 30

I cannot tell them, nor my selfe, nor you,
 But leave, lest truth b'endanger'd by my praise,
 And turne to God, who knowes I thinke this true,
 And useth oft, when such a heart mis-fayes,
 To make it good, for, such a praiser prayes. 35

Hee will best teach you, how you should lay out
 His stock of *beauty, learning, favour, blood;*
 He will perplex security with doubt,
 And deare those doubts; hide from you, 'and shew you good,
 And so increase your appetite and food; 40

Hee will teach you, that good and bad have not
 One latitude in doysters, and in Court;
 Indifferent there the greatest space hath got;
 Some pittie is not good there, some vaine disport,
 On this side sinne, with that place may comport. 45

Yet he, as hee bounds seas, will fixe your houres,
 Which pleasure, and delight may not ingresse,
 And though what none else lost, be truliest yours,
 Hee will make you, what you did not, possesse,
 By using others, not vice, but weakenesse. 50

He will make you speake truths, and credibly,
 And make you doubt, that others doe not so:
 Hee will provide you keyes, and locks, to spie,
 And scape spies, to good ends, and hee will shew
 What you may not acknowledge, what not know. 55

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 shoves both, and to repressse

Ioy, when your state swells, *sadnesse* when'tis lesse. 60

From need of teares he will defend your foule,
Or make a rebaptizing of one teare;
Hee cannot, (that's, he will not) dis-inroule
Your name; and when with active joy we heare
This private Ghospell, then'tis our New Year. 65

TO THE COUNTESE OF HUNTINGDON



ADAME,
Man to God's image; *Eve*, to man's was made,
Nor finde wee that God breath'd a foule in her,
Canons will not Church functions you invade,
Nor lawes to civill office you preferre.

Who vagrant tranfitory Comets sees, 5
Wonders, because they'are rare; But a new starre
Whofe motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle; for, there no new things are;

In woman so perchance milde innocence
A feldome comet is, but active good 10
A mirade, 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, 15
May apt foules, and the worst may, vertue know.

If the world's age, and death be argued well
By the Sunne's 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. 20

But she's not stooop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men

She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's you;
 She was in all men, thinly scatter'd then,
 But now amass'd, contracted in a few.

She guilded us: But you are gold, and Shee; 25
 Us she inform'd, but tranſubſtantiates you;
 Soft diſpoſitions which ductile bee,
 Elixarlike, ſhe makes not cleane, but new.

Though you a wife's and mother's name retainē,
 'Tis not as woman, for all are not foe, 30
 But vertue having made you vertue, 'is faire
 T'adhere in theſe names, her and you to ſhow,

Elſe, being alike pure, wee ſhould neither ſee;
 As, water being into ayre rarify'd,
 Neither appeare, till in one cloud they bee, 35
 So, for our ſakes you do low names abide;

Taught by great conſtellations, which being fram'd,
 Of the moſt ſtarres, take low names, *Crab* and *Bull*,
 When ſingle planets by the *Gods* are nam'd,
 You covet not great names, of great things full. 40

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, 45
 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.

If you can thinke theſe flatteries, they are,
 For then your judgement is below my praiſe, 50
 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. 55

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you
 But my owne judgement, who did long agoe
 Pronounce, that all these praifes should be true,
 And vertue should your beauty, and birth outgrow. 60

Now that my prophesies are all fulfill'd,
 Rather then God should not be honour'd too,
 And all these gifts confess'd, which hee infill'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 uniuerse,
 A ministeriall Notary, for 'tis
 Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse; 65

I was your Prophet in your yonger dayes,
 And now your Chaplaine, God in you to praise. 70

To M^R T. W.



All haile sweet Poët, more full of more strong fire,
 Then hath or shall enkindle any spirit,
 I lov'd what nature gave thee, but this merit
 Of wit and Art I love not but admire;
 Who have before or shall write after thee, 5

Their workes, though toughly laboured, will bee
 Like infancie or age to man's 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, pittie mee! 10

But care not for mee: I, that ever was
 In Nature's, and in Fortune's gifts, alas,
 (Before thy grace got in the Muse's Schoole
 A monfter and a begger,) am now a foole. 15

Oh how I grieve, that late borne modesty
 Hath got fuch root in easie waxen hearts,
 That men may not themselves, their owne good parts
 Extoll, without suspect of surquedrie⁶², 20
 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 Poëm in thy praife, and writ by thee.

Now if this song be too'harsh for rime, yet, as 25
 The Painter's bad god made a good devill,
 'Twill be good professe, although the verse be evill,
 If thou forget the rime as thou dost passe.
 Then write, that I may follow, and so bee
 Thy debter, thy'eccho, thy foyle, thy zanee. 30
 I shall be thought, if mine like thine I shape,
 All the world's Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

To M T. W.



ast thee harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure
 Will give thee leave, to him, my pain and pleasure.
 I have given thee, and yet thou art too weake,
 Feete, and a reasoning soule and tongue to speake.
 Plead for me, and so by thine and my labour 5

I am thy Creator, thou my Saviour.
 Tell him, all questions, 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 least in this earth's habitation: 10
 And 'tis where I am, where in every street

62 - [EN] proud or presumptuous boasting. (Randle Cotgrave *A Dictionary of the French and English Tongues*. 1611)

Infections follow, overtake, and meete:
 Live I or die, by you my love is sent,
 And you're my pawnes, or else my Testament.

To M^R T. W.



regnant 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 giver's hand and eye,
 And evermore conceive some hope thereby. 5

And now thy Almes is given, thy letter is read,
 The body risen againe, the which was dead,
 And thy poore starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my Soule doth say grace,
 And praise thee for it, and zealously imbrace
 Thy love; though I thinke thy love in this case
 To be as gluttons, which say midft their meat,
 They love that best of which they most do eat. 10

To M^R T. W.



t 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: 5

So, though I languish, prest with Melancholy,

My verſe, the ſtrict Map of my miſery,
Shall live to ſee that, for whoſe want I dye.

Therefore I envie them, and doe repent, 10
That from unhappy mee, things happy'are ſent;
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,
Accept theſe lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, beſtow that love on mee.

To M^R R. W.



Jealouſly my Muſe doth ſalute all thee,
Enquiring of that miſtique trinitee
Whereof thou, and all to whom heavens do infuſe
Like fyer, are made; thy body, mind, and Muſe.
Doſt thou recover ſickneſ, or prevent? 5

Or is thy Mind travail'd with diſcontent?
Or art thou parted from the world and mee,
In a good ſkorn of the world's vanitee?
Or is thy devout Muſe retyr'd to ſing
Vpon her tender Elegiaque ſtring? 10
Our Minds part not, joyne then thy Muſe with myne,
For myne is barren thus devorc'd from thine.

To M^R R. W.



Uſe not that by thy mind thy body is led:
For by thy mind, my mind's diſtemper'd.
So thy Care lives long, for I bearing part
It eates not only thyne, but my ſwolne hart.
And when it gives us intermiſſion 5

We take new harts for it to feede upon.
But as a Lay Man's Genius doth controule
Body and mind; the Muſe beeing the Soule's Soule
Of Poets, that methinks ſhould eaſe our anguiſh,

Although our bodies wither and minds languish. 10
 Wright then, that my griefes which thine got may bee
 Cured by thy charming foveraigne melodee.

To M^R C. B.

hy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchaine,
 Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
 Thee and the Saint of his affection
 Leaving behinde, doth of both wants complaine;
 And let the love I beare to both sustaine 5

No blott nor maim 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 earth's thrice-fairer Sunne, 10
 Going to where sterne winter aye doth wonne,
 Yet, loves hot fires, which martyr my sad minde,
 Doe send forth scalding sighes, which have the Art
 To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

To M^R E. G.

ven as lame things thirst 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 orefeest London: Here I have beene, 5

By staying 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. 10
 Nothing whereat to laugh my spleen espyes
 But bearbaitings or Law exercife.

Therefore I'll leave it, and in the Country strive
 Pleasure, now fled from London, to retrieve.
 Do thou so too: and fill not like a Bee 15
 Thy thighs with hony, but as plenteously
 As Ruffian Marchants, thy selves whole vefsell load,
 And then at Winter retails it here abroad.
 Blessè us with Suffolks sweets; and as it is
 Thy garden, make thy hive and warehoufè this. 20

To M^R R. W.



Lf, 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 wear
 Shapes soe like those Shapes, whom they would appeare,
 As this my letter is like me, for it 5
 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 retyrings I love, yea envie,
 Bred in thee by a wife melancholy, 10
 That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,
 Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,
 As kindly as any enamored Patient
 His Picture to his absent Love hath sent.

All newes I thinke sooner reach thee then mee; 15
 Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
 The which both Gospell, and sterne threatnings bring;
 Guyanae's harvest is nip'd in the spring,
 I feare; And with us (me thinks) Fate deales so
 As with the Jewes guide God did; he did show 20
 Him the rich land, but bar'd his entry in:
 Oh, slownes is our punishment and sinne.
 Perchance, these Spanishe bufinesse being done,
 Which as the Earth betweene the Moone and Sun
 Eclipsè the light which Guyana would give, 25

Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve:
 But if (as all th'All must) hopes smoake away,
 Is not Almightye Vertue'an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
 Some thing to answere in some proportion 30
 All the world's riches: And in good men, this,
 Vertue, our formes forme and our soule's soule, is.

To M^R R. W.



Kindly I envy thy song's 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 sweetes are fowne.
 In it is cherishing fyer which dryes in mee 5

Griefe which did drowne me: and halfe quenchr'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, 10
 Where toft and mov'd it did beget this found
 Which as a lame Eccho of thyne doth rebound.
 Oh, I was dead; but since thy song new Life did give,
 I recreated, even by thy creature, live.

To M^R S. B.



Thou which to search out the secret parts
 Of the India, or rather Paradife
 Of knowledge, haft with courage and advife
 Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,
 Disdaine not in thy constant travailing 5

To doe as other Voyagers, and make
 Some turnes into lesse Creekes, and wifely take

Fresh water at the Heliconian spring⁶³;
 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; 10
 But seeing in you bright sparkes of Poetry,
 I, though I brought no fuell, had desire
 With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire.

To M^R I. L.



I f 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 5
 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, 10
 And then againe to your embracements goe:
 Some houres on us your friends, and some bestow
 Upon your Muse, else both wee shall repent,
 I that my love, she that her gifts on you are spent.

To M^R B. B.



I s not thy sacred hunger of science
 Yet satisfy'd? Is not thy braine's rich hive
 Fulfil'd with hony which thou dost derive
 From the Art's spirits and their Quintessence?
 Then weane thy selfe at last, and thee withdraw 5
 From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,
 Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest

63 - [EN] The Helicon, a river in the Macedonian city Dion, mentioned in Greek mythology.

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 10
 In my youthe's morning, now late muſt be done;
 And I as Giddy Travellers muſt doe,
 Which ſtray or ſleepe all day, and having loſt
 Light and ſtrength, darke and tir'd muſt then ride poſt.

If thou unto thy Muſe be marryed, 15
 Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
 Be far from me that ſtrange Adulterie
 To tempt thee and procure her widowed.
 My Muſe, (for I had one,) becauſe I'am cold,
 Divorc'd her ſelfe: the cauſe being in me, 20
 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; 25
 They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad
 To be counted Children of Poetry
 Except confirm'd and Biſhoped by thee.

TO M^R I. L.

Best are your North parts, for all this long time
 My Sun is with you, cold and darke is our Clime:
 Heaven's Sun, which ſtaid ſo long from us this yeare,
 Staid in your North (I thinke) for ſhe was there, 5
 And hether by kinde nature drawne from thence,
 Here rages, chafes, and threatens peſtilence;
 Yet I, as long as ſhee from hence doth ſtaie,
 Thinke this no South, no Sommer, nor no day.
 With thee my kinde and unkinde heart is run,
 There ſacrifice it to that beauteous Sun: 10
 And ſince thou art in Paradife 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 wear 15
 A greene, and when thee list, a golden haire;
 So may all thy sheepe bring forth Twins; and so
 In chace and race may thy horse all out goe;
 So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold;
 Thy Sonne ne'r Ward; Thy lov'd wife ne'r seem old;
 But maist thou with great things, and them attaine, 21
 As thou telst her, and none but her, my paine.

TO SIR H. W. AT HIS GOING AMBASSADOR TO VENICE



After those reverend papers, whose foule is
 Our good and great King's lov'd hand and fear'd name,
 By which to you he derives much of his,
 And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ 5
 From his Originall, and a faire beame
 Of the same warme, and dazeling Sun, though it
 Must in another Sphere his vertue streame:

After those learned papers which your hand 10
 Hath stor'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 15
 With glad griefe, to your Sea-ward steps, farewell,
 Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
 To heaven in troupes at a good man's passing bell:

Admit this honest paper, and allow
 It such an audience as your selfe would aske;
 What you must say at Venice this meanes now,
 And hath for nature, what you have for task: 20

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 oppresse) 25
 To want, then governe greatnesse, for wee are
 In that, our owne and onely business,
 In this, wee must for others vices care;

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd 30
 In their last Furnace, in activity;
 Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and Warres o'rapast)
 To touch and test in any best degree.

For mee, (if there be such a thing as I)
 Fortune (if there be such a thing as thee)
 Spies that I beare so well her tyranny, 35
 That she thinks nothing else so fit for mee;

But though she part us, to heare my oft prayers
 For your increase, God is as neere mee here;
 And to send you what I shall begge, his staires
 In length and ease are alike every where. 40

To M^{RS} M. H.



and paper stay, and grudge not here to burne
 With all those sonnes 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 5
 To come unto great place as others doe,
 That's much; emboldens, pulls, thrusts I confesse,
 But 'tis not all; Thou should'st 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. 10

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye
 Which equally claimes *love* and *reverence*,
 Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die; 15
 And, having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warme redeeming hand, which is
 A mirade; and made such to worke more,
 Doth touch thee (*saples leafe*) thou grow'st by this
 Her creature; glorify'd more then before. 20

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 speechlesse wretch, thou diest againe,
 And wifely; what discourse is left for thee? 25
 For, speech of ill, and her, thou must abstaine,
 And is there any good which is not shee?

Yet maist thou praise her servants, though not her,
 And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend, 30
 And since they are but her doathes, 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, 35
 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 show
 Of favour, she alone, to them doth make. 40

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 slight things be'objected, and o'r blowne,
 Marke, if her oathes against him be not still
 Reserv'd, and that shee grieves she's not her owne,
 And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill. 45

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. 50

TO THE COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD



honour is so sublime perfection,
 And so refine; that when God was alone
 And creaturelesse at first, himselfe had none;

But as of the elements, these which wee tread,
 Produce all things with which wee'are joy'd or fed, 5
 And, those are barren both above our head:

So from low persons doth all honour flow;
 Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us show,
 And but *direct* our honour, not *bestow*.

For when from herbs the pure part must be wonne
 From grosse, by Stilling, this is better done 10
 By despis'd dung, then by the fire or Sunne.

Care not then, Madame, how low your prayers lye;
 In labourer's balads oft more piety
 God findes, then in *Te Deum's* melodie. 15

And, ordinance rais'd on Towers, so many mile
Send not their voice, nor last 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; 20
But one, 'tis best light to contemplate you.

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

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee, 25
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 specular stone,
Through which all things within without were shown. 30

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

But as our Soules of growth and Soules of sense
Have birthright of our reason's Soule, yet hence 35
They fly not from that, nor seeke preference:

Nature's first lesson, so, discretion,
Must not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keepe none,
Not banish it selfe, nor religion.

Discretion is a wifeman's Soule, and so 40
Religion is a Christians, and you know
How these are one; her *yea*, is not her *no*.

Nor may we hope to fodder still and knit
These two, and dare to breake them; nor must wit
Be colleague to religion, but be it. 45

In those poor types of God (round circles) so
 Religion's tips the peecelesse 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. 50

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

TO THE COUNTESS 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 refurrections waken mee.
 That thankfullnesse your favours have begot 5

In mee, embalmes mee, that I doe not rot.

This season as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,
 Must both to growth and to confession bring
 My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence; so,
 These verses bud, so these confessions grow. 10

First I confesse I have to others lent
 Your flock, and over prodigally spent
 Your treasure, for since I had never knowne
 Vertue or beautie, but as they are growne
 In you, I should not thinke or say they shine, 15
 (So as I have) in any other Mine.

Next I confesse this my confession,
 For, 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
 Your praise to you, where half rights seeme too much,
 And make your mind's sincere complexion blush. 20

Next I confesse my impenitence, for I
 Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby

Remote low Spirits, which fhall ne'r read you,
 May in leffe leffons finde enough to doe,
 By studying copies, not Originals, 25
Defunt cætera.

A LETTER TO THE LADY CAREY, & M^{RS} ESSEX RICHE,
 FROM AMYENS⁶⁴



ADAME,
 Here where by All All Saints invoked are,
 'Twere too much schifme to be fingular,
 And 'gainft a practife generall to warre.

Yet turning to Saints, fhould my'humility
 To other Sainct then you directed bee, 5
 That were to make my fchifme, herefie.

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

Where, becaufe Faith is in too low degree, 10
 I thought it fome Apoflefhip in mee
 To fpeake things which by faith alone I fee.

That is, of you, who are a firmament
 Of virtues, where no one is growne, or fpent,
 They're your materials, not your ornament. 15

Others whom wee call vertuous, are not fo
 In their whole fubftance, but, their vertues grow
 But in their humours, and at feafons fhew.

For when through taffeffe flat humilitie
 In dow bak'd men fome harmeleffenes we fee, 20
 'Tis but his *flegme*⁶⁵ that's *Vertuous*, and not Hee:

64 - [EN] Amiens, France.

65 - [EN] Composure, someone who is not easily rattled.

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

So doyfterall men, who, in pretence of feare
 All contributions to this life forbear,
 Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and only there. 25

Spirituell *Cholerique* Crytiques, which in all
 Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
 Have, through this zeale, Vertue but in their Gall. 30

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

Vertue's but aguifh, when 'tis severall,
 By occasion wak'd, and circumstantiall. 35
 True vertue is *Soule*, Alwaies in all deeds *All*.

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 lesse then soule, as she could do,
 And so hath made your beauty, Vertue too. 40

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts,
 As Others, with prophane and sensuall Darts,
 But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts. 45

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

What must I thinke that influence must doe,
 Where it findes sympathie and matter too,
 Vertue, and beauty of the same stufte, as you? 50

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

I should write here, as in short Galleries 55
 The Master at the end large glasses ties,
 So to present the roome twice to our eyes,

So I should give this letter length, and say
 That which I said of you; there is no way
 From either, but by the other, not to stray. 60

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

TO THE COUNTESSE OF SALISBURY. AUGUST 1614.



aire, great, and good, since seeing you, wee see
 What Heaven can doe, and what any Earth can be:
 Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sunne
 Growne stale, is to so low a value runne,
 That his dishevel'd beames and scattered fires 5

Serve but for Ladie's Periwigs⁶⁶ and Tyres⁶⁷
 In lovers Sonnets: you come to repaire
 God's 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, 10

All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
 Where every man thinks by himselfe to stand,
 Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
 (Ciments of greatnes) being vapor'd hence,
 And narrow man being fill'd with little shares, 15
 Court, Citie, Church, are all shops of small-wares,

66 - [EN] Or wig, an alteration of French word *perruque*.

67 - [EN] A Tyre-maker, or Attire-maker; a woman that makes Perriwigs, or Attires.
 (Randle Cotgrave *A Dictionary of the French and English Tongues*. 1611)

All having blowne to sparkes their noble fire,
 And drawne their found gold-*ingot* into wyre;
 All trying by a love of littleneffe
 To make abridgments, and to draw to leffe, 20
 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 25
 So much as to accuse, much leffe mend it,
 (For who can judge, or witnesse of those times
 Where all alike are guiltie of the crimes?)
 Where he that would be good, is thought by all
 A monster, or at best fantastical; 30
 Since now you durst be good, and that I doe
 Discerne, 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 shewne 35
 Any small sparke of these, call it your owne.
 And if things like these, have been said by mee
 Of others; call not that Idolatrie.
 For had God made man first, and man had seene
 The third daies fruits, and flowers, and various greene, 40
 He might have said the best that he could say
 Of those faire creatures, which were made that day;
 And when next day he had admir'd the birth
 Of Sun, Moone, Stars, fairer then late-prais'd earth,
 Hee might have said the best that he could say, 45
 And not be chid for praising yesterday;
 So though some things are not together true,
 As, that another is worthiest, and, that you:
 Yet, to say so, doth not condemne a man,
 If when he spoke them, they were both true than. 50
 How faire a prooffe of this, in our soule growes?
 Wee first have soules of growth, and sense, and those,
 When our last soule, our soule immortal came,
 Were swallowed into it, and have no name.
 Nor doth he injure those soules, which doth cast 55
 The power and praise of both them, on the last;

No more doe I wrong any; I adore
 The same things now, which I ador'd before,
 The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
 In a low comfortable, and in the King 60
 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 soule's thanks, that they 65
 For my last soule did fit and mould my day,
 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. 70
 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 75
 To have profest all Arts, was one borne blinde:
 He lackt those eyes beafts have as well as wee,
 Not those, by which Angells are seene and see;
 So, though I'am borne without those eyes to live,
 Which fortune, who hath none her selfe, doth give, 80
 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.

TO THE LADY BEDFORD



ou 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, 5
 Which were to be so, when they were not yet;

Twinnes, though their birth *Cusco*, and *Musco* take,
 As divers starres one Constellation make;
 Pair'd like two eyes, have equall motion, fo
 Both but one meanes to see, one way to goe. 10
 Had you dy'd first, a carcaffè 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 day.
 And since you act that part, As men say, here 15
 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, 20
 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, 25
 Shall recollect, and in one All unite:
 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 spheare,
 Returne to dwell with you, of whom they were: 30
 As perfect motions are all circular,
 So they to you, their sea, whence lesse streames are.
 Shee was all spices, you all metall; fo
 In you two wee did both rich Indies know.
 And as no fire, nor rust can spend or waste 35
 One dramme of gold, but what was first shall last,
 Though it bee forc'd in water, earth, salt, aire,
 Expans'd in infinite, none will impaire;
 So, to your selfe you may additions take,
 But nothing can you lesse, or changed make. 40
 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 *Iudith* no such booke as shee.

AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD

Wherein, By occasion of the untimely death of Miftris Elizabeth Drvry, the frailty and the decay of this whole World is represented.

The first Anniverfary.

TO THE PRAISE OF THE DEAD, & THE ANATOMIE



ell dy'd the World, that we might live to see
 This world of wit, in his Anatomie:
 No evill wants his good; fo 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 consent the world is dead
 While this Muse lives? which in his spirits stead
 Seemes to informe a World; and bids it bee,
 In spight of losse or fraile mortalitie? 10
 And thou the subject of this welborne thought,
 Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor fought
 A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate,
 Then whiles this spirit lives, that can relate
 Thy worth so well to our last Nephew's eyne, 15
 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; 20
 Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,
 And say, that but enough those prayfes bee,
 Which hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearfull head

From th'angry checkings of thy modeft red:
 Death barres reward and fhame: when envy's gone, 25
 And gaine, 'tis fafe to give the dead their owne.
 As then the wife Egyptians wont to lay
 More on their Tombes, then houfes: thefe of clay,
 But thofe of braffe, or marble were: fo wee
 Give more unto thy Ghofte, then unto thee. 30
 Yet what wee give to thee, thou gav'ft to us,
 And may'ft but thanke thy felfe, for being thus:
 Yet what thou gav'ft, and wert, O happy maid,
 Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repayd.
 So thefe high fongs that to thee fuited bin 35
 Serve but to found thy Maker's praife, in thine,
 Which thy deare foule as fweetly fings to him
 Amid the Quire of Saints, and Seraphim,
 As any Angel's tongue can fing of thee;
 The fubjects differ, though the skill agree: 40
 For as by infant-yeares men judge of age,
 Thy early love, thy vertues, did preface
 What an high part thou bear'ft in thofe beft fongs,
 Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
 Sing on thou virgin Soule, whose lossfull gaine 45
 Thy lovefick parents have bewail'd in vaine;
 Never may thy Name be in our fongs forgot,
 Till wee fhall fing thy ditty and thy note.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY⁶⁸

hen that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone,
 Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one,
 (For who is fure he hath a Soule, unleffe
 It fee, and judge, and follow worthineffe,
 And by Deedes praife it? hee who doth not this, 5

May lodge an In-mate foule, but 'tis not his.)
 When that Queene ended here her progresse time,
 And, as t'her ftanding houfe to heaven did dimbe,

⁶⁸ - The entrie into the worke.

Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
 She's now a part both of the Quire, and Song, 10
 This World, in that great earthquake languish'd;
 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, 15
 (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; 20
 And, as men thinke, that Agues physick are,
 And th'Ague being spent, give over care,
 So thou sicke World, mistak'st thy selfe to bee
 Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Lethargie.
 Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than 25
 Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sunne, or Man.
 That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery,
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
 'Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of mone,
 But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne. 30
 Thou hast forgot thy name, thou hadst; thou wast
 Nothing but shee, and her thou hast o'rpast.
 For as a child kept from the Font, untill
 A prince, expected long, come to fulfill
 The ceremonies, thou unnam'd had'st laid, 35
 Had not her comming, thee her Palace made:
 Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme, and frame,
 And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name.
 Some moneths she hath beene dead (but being dead,
 Measures of times are all determin'd) 40
 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 sickness without remedie empaires
 The present Prince, they're loth it should be said, 45
 The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead:
 So mankinde feeling now a generall thaw,
 A strong example gone, equall to law,

The Cyment which did faithfully compact,
 And glue all vertues, now resolv'd, and slack'd, 50
 Thought it some blasphemy to say sh'was dead,
 Or that our weaknesse was discovered
 In that confession; therefore spoke no more
 Then tongues, the Soule being gone, the losse deplore.
 But though it be too late to succour thee, 55
 Sicke World, yea, dead, yea putrified, since shee
 Thy'intrinsique balme, and thy preservative,
 Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
 I (since no man can make thee live) will try,
 What wee may gaine by thy Anatomy. 60
 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 world's infirmities, since there is none 65
 Alive to study this dissection⁶⁹;
 For there's a kinde of World remaining still,
 Though shee which did inanimate and fill
 The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
 Her Ghost doth walke; that is, a glimmering light, 70
 A faint weake love of vertue, and of good,
 Reflects from her, on them which understood
 Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
 The twilight of her memory doth stay;
 Which, from the carcasse of the old world, free, 75
 Creates a new world, and new creatures bee
 Produc'd: the matter and the stufte of this,
 Her vertue, and the forme our practice is:
 And though to be thus elemented, arme
 These creatures, from home-borne intrinsique harme, 80
 (For all assum'd unto this dignitie,
 So many weedlesse Paradises bee,
 Which of themselves produce no venomous sinne,
 Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)
 Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake, 85
 And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,

69 - What life the world hath stil.

This new world may be fafer, being told⁷⁰
 The dangers and difeafes of the old:
 For with due temper men doe then forgoe,
 Or covet things, when they their true worth know⁷¹. 90
 There is no health; Phyficians fay that wee,
 At beft, enjoy but a neutralitie.
 And can there bee worfe fickneffe, then to know
 That we are never well, nor can be fo?
 Wee are borne ruinous: poore mothers cry, 95
 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 100
 Even God's purpofe; and made woman, fent
 For man's reliefe, caufe of his languifhment.
 They were to good ends, and they are fo fill,
 But accessory, and principall in ill;
 For that firft marriage was our funerall: 105
 One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,
 And fingly, one by one, they kill us now.
 We doe delightfully our felves allow
 To that confumption; and profufely blinde,
 Wee kill our felves to propagate our kinde. 110
 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 feeme to ftrive,⁷²
 (Joynt tenants of the world) who fhould furvive;
 When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree, 115
 Compar'd with man, dy'd in minoritie;
 When, if a flow pac'd ftarre had ftolne away
 From the obferver's marking, he might ftay
 Two or three hundred yeares to fee't againe,
 And then make up his obfervation plaine; 120
 When, as the age was long, the life was great;
 Mans growth confess'd, and recompenc'd the meat;

70 - The sicknesses of the World.

71 - Impossibility of health.

72 - Shortnesse of life.

So spacious and large, that every Soule
 Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule:
 And when the very stature, thus erect, 125
 Did that foule a good way towards heaven direct.
 Where is this mankinde now? who lives to age,
 Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page?
 Alas, we scarce live long enough to try
 Whether a true made clocke run right, or lie. 130
 Old Grandfires talke of yesterday with forrow,
 And for our children wee reserve to morrow.
 So short is life, that every peasant strives,
 In a torne house, or field, to have three lives.
 And as in lasting, so in length is man⁷³ 135
 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 hastily assaile 140
 A thing so equal to him: now alas,
 The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may passe
 As credible; mankinde decayes so soone,
 We're scarce our Father's shadowes cast at noone:
 Onely death addes t'our length: nor are wee growne 145
 In stature to be men, till we are none.
 But this were light, did our lesse volume hold
 All the old Text; or had wee chang'd to gold
 Their silver; or dispos'd into lesse glasse
 Spirits of vertue, which then scatter'd was. 150
 But 'tis not so: ware not retir'd, but damp't;
 And as our bodies, so our mindes are cramp't:
 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,
 In minde, and body both bedwarf'd⁷⁴ us.
 Wee seeme ambitious, God's whole worke t'undo; 155
 Of nothing hee made us, and we strive too,
 To bring our selves to nothing backe; and wee
 Doe what wee can, to do't so soone as hee.
 With new diseases on our selves we warre,
 And with new Physicke, a worse Engin farre. 160

73 - Smalnesse of stature.

74 - [EN] Or shrunk.

Thus man, this world's Vice-Emperour, in whom
 All faculties, all graces are at home;
 And if in other creatures they appeare,
 They're but man's Minifters, and Legats there,
 To worke on their rebellions, and reduce 165
 Them to Civility, and to man's ufe:
 This man, whom God did woove, 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! 170
 If man were any thing, he's nothing now:
 Helpe, or at least fome 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 seem'd to prophesie, 175
 When they call'd vertues by the name of *fhee*;
 Shee in whom vertue was fo much refin'd,
 That for Allay unto fo pure a minde
 Shee tooke the weaker Sex; fhee that could drive
 The poyfonous tincture, and the ftaine of *Eve*, 180
 Out of her thoughts, and deeds; and purifie
 All, by a true religious Alchymie;
 Shee, fhee is dead; fhee's dead: when thou knoweft this,
 Thou knoweft how poore a trifling thing man is.
 And learn'ft thus much by our Anatomie, 185
 The heart being perifh'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 leffe then an Ant. 190
 Then, as mankinde, fo is the world's whole frame
 Quite out of joynt, almost created lame:
 For, before God had made up all the reft,
 Corruption entred, and deprav'd the beft:
 It feis'd the Angels, and then firft of all 195
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,
 And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maim,
 Wronging each joynt of th'univerfall frame.
 The nobleft part, man, felt it firft; and than

Both beafts and plants, curft in the curfe of man⁷⁵. 200
 So did the world from the firft houre decay⁷⁶,
 That evening was beginning of the day,
 And now the Springs and Sommers which we fee,
 Like fonne's of women after fiftie bee.
 And new Philofophy calls all in doubt, 205
 The Element of fire is quite put out;
 The Sun is loft, and th'earth, and no man's wit
 Can well direct him where to looke for it.
 And freely men confeffe that this world's fpent,
 When in the Planets, and the Firmament 210
 They feeke fo many new; they fee that this
 Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies.
 'Tis all in peeces, all cohaerence gone;
 All juft fupply, and all Relation:
 Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot, 215
 For every man alone thinks 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 world's condition now, and now
 She that fhould all parts to reunion bow, 220
 She that had all Magnetique force alone,
 To draw, and faften fundred parts in one;
 She whom wife nature had invented then
 When fhe observ'd that every fort of men
 Did in their voyage in this world's Sea ftray, 225
 And needed a new compaffe for their way;
 She that was beft, and firft originall
 Of all faire copies, and the generall
 Steward to Fate; fhe whofe rich eyes, and breft
 Guilt the Weft Indies, and perfum'd the Eaft; 230
 Whofe having breath'd in this world, did beftow
 Spice on thofe Iles, and bad them ftill fmell fo,
 And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,

75 - Decay of nature in other parts.

76 - [EN] Donne echoes Scripture's view of the Fall:

For the creation was subjected to vanity, not of its own will, but by reason of him who subjected it, in hope that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. (Rom. 8: 20-22)

Is but as single money, coyn'd from her:
 She to whom this world muſt it ſelfe refer, 235
 As Suburbs, or the Microcoſme of her,
 Shee, ſhee is dead; ſhee's dead: when thou knowſt this,
 Thou knowſt how lame a cripple this world is.
 And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
 That this world's generall ſickenefſe doth not lie 240
 In any humour, or one certaine part;
 But as thou ſaweſt it rotten at the heart,
 Thou ſeeſt a Hectique feaver hath got hold
 Of the whole ſubſtance, not to be contrould,
 And that thou haſt but one way, not t'admit 245
 The world's infection, to be none of it.
 For the world's ſubtilſt immateriall parts
 Feele this conſuming wound, and ages darts.
 For the world's beauty is decaid, or gone⁷⁷,
 Beauty, that's colour, and proportion. 250
 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, 255
 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 ariſe
 New ſtarres, and old doe vaniſh from our eyes: 260
 As though heav'n ſuffered earthquakes, peace or war,
 When new Towers riſe, and old demolish't are.
 They have impal'd within a Zodiake
 The free-borne Sun, and keepe twelve Signes awake
 To watch his ſteps; the Goat and Crab controule, 265
 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 roſe to-day 270
 He comes no more, but with a couzening line,

77 - Diſformity of parts.

Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:
 And seeming weary with his reeling thus,
 He meanes to sleepe, being now false nearer us.
 So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne 275
 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. 280
 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
 They're diversly content t'obey our pace.
 But keeps the earth her round proportion still? 285
 Doth not a Tenarif⁷⁸, or higher Hill
 Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke
 The floating Moone would shipwracke there, and sinke?
 Seas are so deepe, that Whales being fbrooke to day,
 Perchance to morrow, scarce at middle way 290
 Of their wish'd journies end, the bottome, die.
 And men, to sound 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, 295
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we
 Invent another torment, that there must
 Millions into a straight hot roome be thrust)
 Then solidnesse, and roundnesse have no place.
 Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face 300
 Of th'earth? Thinke so: but yet confesse, in this
 The world's proportion disfigured is⁷⁹;
 That those two legges whereon it doth rely,
 Reward and punishment are bent awry.
 And, Oh, it can no more be questioned, 305
 That beauties best, proportion, is dead,
 Since even grieffe it selfe, which now alone
 Is left us, is without proportion.

78 - [EN] Tenerife is the largest and most populated island of the Canary Islands. Tenerife includes a volcano, Mount Teide, a useful landmark for sailors.

79 - Disorder in the world.

Shee by whose lines proportion should bee
 Examin'd, meafure of all Symmetree, 310
 Whom had that Ancient fœn, who thought foules made
 Of Harmony, he would at next have faid
 That Harmony was fhee, and thence infer,
 That foules were but Refultances from her,
 And did from her into our bodies goe, 315
 As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow:
 Shee, who if thofe great Doctors truly faid
 That the Arke to man's proportions was made,
 Had been a type for that, as that might be
 A type of her in this, that contrary 320
 Both Elements, and Paffions liv'd at peace
 In her, who caus'd all Civill war to ceafe.
 Shee, after whom, what forme fo'er we fee,
 Is difcord, and rude incongruitie;
 Shee, fhee is dead, fhee's dead; when thou knowft this 325
 Thou knowft how ugly a monfter this world is:
 And learn'ft thus much by our Anatomie,
 That here is nothing to enamour thee:
 And that, not only faults in inward parts,
 Corruptions in our braines, or in our hearts, 330
 Poyfoning the fountaines, whence our actions fpring,
 Endanger us: but that if every thing
 Be not done fitly'and in proportion,
 To fatisfie wife, and good lookers on,
 (Since moft men be fuch as moft thinke they bee) 335
 They're lothfome too, by this Deformitee.
 For good, and well, muft in our actions meete;
 Wicked is not much worfe than indifcreet.
 But beautie's other fecond Element,
 Colour, and luftre now, is as neere fpend. 340
 And had the world his juft proportion,
 Were it a ring ftill, yet the ftone is gone.
 As a compaffionate Turcoyfe which doth tell
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
 As gold falls ficke being ftung with Mercury, 345
 All the world's parts of fuch complexion bee.
 When nature was moft bufie, the firft weeke,
 Swadling the new borne earth, God feem'd to like

That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play,
 To mingle, and vary colours every day: 350
 And then, as though shee could not make inow,
 Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow.
 Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
 Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
 And colour is decay'd: summers robe growes 355
 Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment shoves.
 Our blushing red, which us'd in cheekes to spread,
 Is inward funke, and only our foules are red.
 Perchance the world might have recovered,
 If she whom we lament had not beene dead: 360
 But shee, in whom all white, and red, and blew
 (Beautie's ingredients) voluntary grew,
 As in an unvext Paradise; from whom
 Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
 Whose composition was miraculous, 365
 Being all colour, all Diaphanous,
 (For Ayre, and Fire but thick grosse bodies were,
 And liveliest stones but drowsie, and pale to her,)
 Shee, shee, is dead; shee's dead: when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how wan a Ghost this our world is: 370
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 That it should more affright, then pleasure thee.
 And that, since all faire colour then did sinke,
 'Tis now but wicked vanitie, to thinke⁸⁰
 To colour vicious deeds with good pretence, 375
 Or with bought colors to illude men's sense.
 Nor in ought more this world's decay appeares,
 Then that her influence the heav'n forbears,
 Or that the Elements doe not feele this,
 The father, or the mother barren is. 380
 The cloudes conceive not raine, or doe not powre,
 In the due birth time, downe the balmy showre;
 Th'Ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth,
 To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombes; 385
 And false-conceptions fill the generall wombes;

80 - Weaknesse in the want of correspondence of heaven and earth.

Th'Ayre shoves fuch Meteors, as none can fee,
 Not only what they meane, but what they bee;
 Earth fuch new wormes, as would have troubled much
 Th'Ægyptian *Mages* to have made more fuch. 390
 What Artift now dares boaft that he can bring
 Heaven hither, or conftellate any thing,
 So as the influence of thofe ftarres may bee
 Imprifon'd in an Hearbe, or Charme, or Tree,
 And doe by touch, all which thofe ftars could doe? 395
 The art is loft, and correſpondence too.
 For heaven gives little, and the earth takes leſſe,
 And man leaft knowes their trade and purpoſes.
 If this commerce twixt heaven and earth were not
 Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot, 400
 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 405
 It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
 And all the world would be one dying Swan,
 To ſing her funerall praife, and vaniſh than.
 But as ſome Serpents poyſon hurteth not,
 Except it be from the live Serpent ſhot, 410
 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, 415
 But, by Receiver's impotencies, lame,
 Who, though ſhe could not tranſubſtantiate
 All ſtates to gold, yet guided every ſtate,
 So that ſome Princes have ſome temperance;
 Some Counſellers ſome purpoſe to advance 420
 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 graines of chaſtitie.
 She that did thus much, and much more could doe, 425
 But that our age was Iron, and ruſtie too,

Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead; when thou knowst this,
 Thou knowst how drie a Cinder this world is.
 And learn't thus much by our Anatomy,
 That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie 430
 It with thy teares, or sweat, or blood: nothing
 Is worth our travaile, grieffe, or perishing,
 But those rich joyes, which did possessè her heart,
 Of which she's now partaker, and a part.⁸¹
 But as in cutting up a man that's dead, 435
 The body will not last out, to have read
 On every part, and therefore men direct
 Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
 So the world's carcasè would not last, if I
 Were punctuall in this Anatomy; 440
 Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell
 Them their diseasè, 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, 445
 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, 450
 That is, thy death; for though the soule of man
 Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than
 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, 455
 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 praises thus rehearse,
 As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse; 460
 Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make
 A last, and lasting't peece, a song. He spake
 To *Moses* to deliver unto all,
 That song, because hee knew they would let fall

81 - Conclusion.

The Law, the Prophets, and the History, 465
 But keepe the fong ftill in their memory:
 Such an opinion (in due meafure) made
 Me this great Office boldly to invade:
 Nor could incomprehenfibleneffe deterre
 Mee, from thus trying to emprifon her, 470
 Which when I faw that a ftrict grave could doe,
 I faw not why verfe might not do fo too.
 Verfe hath a middle nature: heaven keepes Soules,
 The Grave keepes bodies, Verfe the Fame enrouples.



A FUNERALL ELEGIE



is lost, to trust a Tombe with such a guest,
 Or to confine her in a marble chest.
 Alas, what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie,
 Priz'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,
 Or with those Pearles, and Rubies, which shee was? 5

Joyned the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glasse;
 And so is all to her materials,
 Though every inch were ten Escurials,
 Yet she's demolish'd: can wee keepe her then
 In works of hands, or of the wits of men? 10
 Can these memorials, ragg'd of paper, give
 Life to that name, by which name they must live?
 Sickly, alas, short-liv'd, aborted bee
 Those carcassee verbes, whose soule is not shee.
 And can shee, who no longer would be shee, 15
 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, 20
 For her death wounded it. The world contains
 Princes for armes, and Counsellors for braines,
 Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,
 The Rich for stomackes, and for backs, the Poore;
 The Officers for hands, Merchants for feet, 25
 By which, remote and distant Countries meet.
 But those fine spirits which do tune, and set
 This Organ, are those peeces which beget
 Wonder and love; and these were shee; and shee
 Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee; 30
 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, 35

Because ſhee cannot ſuch another ſhow.
 But muſt wee ſay ſhe's dead? may't not be ſaid
 That as a ſundred clocke is peecemeale laid,
 Not to be loſt, but by the maker's hand
 Repoliſh'd, without error then to ſtand, 40
 Or as the Affrique Niger ſtreamẽ enwombs
 It ſelfe into the earth, and after comes
 (Having firſt made a naturall bridge, to paſſe
 For many leagues) farre greater then it was,
 May't not be ſaid, that her grave ſhall reſtore 45
 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? 50
 Wee loſe by't: and as aged men are glad
 Being taſtleſſe growne, to joy in joyes they had,
 So now the ſick ſtarv'd world muſt feed upon
 This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
 Rejoyce then Nature, and this World, that you, 55
 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 deare body was ſo pure and thinne,
 Because it need diſguiſe no thought within. 60
 'Twas but a through-light ſcarfe, her minde t'inroule;
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule.
 One, whom all men who durſt no more, admir'd:
 And whom, who ere had worth enough, deſir'd;
 As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate 65
 To which of them, it ſhall be conſecrate.
 But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes,
 Thoſe new ſtarres every Artiſt exerciſe,
 What place they ſhould aſſigne to them they doubt,
 Argue, and agree not, till thoſe ſtarres goe out: 70
 So the world ſtudied whoſe this peece ſhould be,
 Till ſhee can be no bodies elſe, nor ſhee:
 But like a Lampe of Baſamum, deſir'd
 Rather t'adorne, then laſt, ſhe ſoone expir'd,
 Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie, 75

For marriage, though it doe not staine, doth dye.
 To scape th'infirmities which wait upon
 Woman, she went away, before sh'was one;
 And the world's busie noyse to overcome,
 Tooke so much death, as serv'd for *opium*; 80
 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 chaff, humble, and high she'ad been, 85
 Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fiftene,
 And measuring future things, by things before,
 Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more,
 Would thinke that either destiny mistooke,
 Or that some leaves were torne out of the booke. 90
 But 'tis not so; Fate did but usher her
 To yeares of reasons use, and then inferre
 Her destiny to her selfe, which liberty
 She tooke but for thus much, thus much to die.
 Her modestie not suffering her to bee 95
 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. 100
 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, 105
 To see how well the good play her, on earth.



OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE

Wherein, By occasion of the Religious death of Mistris Elizabeth Drvry, 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

5

The world's last day, thy glories full degree:

Like as those starres which thou o'r-lookest farre,
Are in their place, and yet still moved are:

No soule (whiles with the luggage of this day

It dogged is) can follow thee halfe way;

10

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 soule besides thine owne

Can tell thy joyes, or say he can relate

15

Thy glorious Journals in that blessed state?

I envie thee (Rich soule) I envy thee,

Although I cannot yet thy glory see:

And thou (great spirit) which hers follow'd hast

So fast, as none can follow thine so fast;

20

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 hadst lost the vulgar fight,

And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they

25

Can see thee less'ned in thine ayery way;
 So while thou mak'st her soule by progresse knowne
 Thou mak'st a noble progresse of thine owne,
 From this world's carkaffe having mounted high
 To that pure life of immortalitie; 30
 Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raife
 That more may not befeeme a creatures praise,
 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 Maker's praise 35
 Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy laies.
 And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
 Oh let her never stoope below the clouds:
 And if those glorious fainted soules may know
 Or what wee doe, or what wee sing below, 40
 Those acts, those songs shall still content them best
 Which praise those awfull Powers that make them blest.

OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARIE⁸²

Nothing could make me sooner to confesse
 That this world had an everlastingness,
 Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,
 Since both this lower world's, and the Sunne's Sunne,
 The Lustre, and the vigor of this All, 5

Did set; 'twere blasphemie to say, did fall.
 But as a ship which hath strooke saile, 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, 10
 One from the Trunke, another from the Head,
 His soule be sail'd, to her eternall bed,
 His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
 As though he beckned, and cal'd backe his soule,

82 - The entrance.

He grafpes his hands, and he pulls up his feet, 15
 And feemes to reach, and to ftep forth to meet
 His foule; when all thefe motions which we faw,
 Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:
 Or as a Lute, which in moift weather, rings
 Her knell alone, by cracking of her ftrings: 20
 So ftruggles this dead world, now fhee is gone;
 For there is motion in corruption.
 As fome daies are at the Creation nam'd,
 Before the Sunne, the which fram'd daies, was fram'd,
 So after this Sunne's fet, fome fheew appeares, 25
 And orderly viciffitude of yeares.
 Yet a new Deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
 Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
 Forgetting her, the maine referve of all.
 Yet in this deluge, groffe and generall, 30
 Thou feeff me ftrive for life; my life fhall bee,
 To be hereafter prais'd, for praying thee;
 Immortall Maid, who though thou would'ft refufe
 The name of Mother, be unto my Mufe
 A Father, fince her chafte Ambition is, 35
 Yearely to bring forth fuch a child as this.
 Thefe Hymnes may worke on future wits, and fo
 May great Grand children of thy prayfes grow.
 And fo, though not revive, embalme and fpeice
 The world, which elfe would putrifie with vice. 40
 For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,
 Untill man doe but vanifh, and not die.
 Thefe Hymnes thy iffue, may encrease fo long,
 As till God's great *Venite* change the fong.⁸³
 Thirft for that time, O my infatiate foule, 45
 And ferve thy thirft, with God's fafe-fealing Bowle.
 Be thirftie ftill, and drinke ftill till thou goe
 To th'only Health, to be Hydroptique fo.
 Forget this rotten world; And unto thee
 Let thine owne times as an old ftorie bee. 50
 Be not concern'd: ftudie not why, nor when;
 Doe not fo much as not beleeve a man.

83 - A iust difeftimation[2] of this world.

For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth,
 Is far more businesse, then this world is worth.
 The world is but a carkaffe; thou art fed 55
 By it, but as a worme, that carkaffe bred;
 And why should'st thou, poore worme, consider more,
 When this world will grow better then before,
 Then those thy fellow wormes doe thinke upon
 That carkaffe's last resurrection. 60
 Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so,
 As of old clothes, cast off a yeare agoe.
 To be thus stupid is Alacritie;
 Men thus Lethargique have best Memory.
 Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state 65
 We now lament not, but congratulate.
 Shee, to whom all this world was but a stage,
 Where all sat harkning how her youthfull age
 Should be employ'd, because in all shee did,
 Some Figure of the Golden times was hid. 70
 Who could not lacke, what e'r this world could give,
 Because shee was the forme, that made it live;
 Nor could complaine, that this world was unfit
 To be staid in, then when shee was in it;
 Shee that first tried indifferent desires 75
 By vertue, and vertue by religious fires,
 Shee to whose person Paradise adher'd,
 As Courts to Princes, shee whose eyes ensphear'd
 Star-light enough, t'have made the South controule,
 (Had shee beene there) the Star-full Northerne Pole, 80
 Shee, shee is gone; shee 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.⁸⁴
 Thinke then, my soule, that death is but a Groome, 85
 Which brings a Taper to the outward roome,
 Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,
 And after brings it nearer to thy sight:
 For such approaches doth heaven make in death.
 Thinke thy selfe labouring now with broken breath, 90

84 - Contemplation of our state in our death-bed.

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. 95
 Thinke thy selfe parch'd with fever's violence,
 Anger thine ague more, by calling it
 Thy Physicke; chide the slacknesse of the fit.
 Thinke that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,
 But that, as Bels call'd thee to Church before, 100
 So this, to the Triumphant Church, calls thee.
 Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,
 And thinke that but for Legacies they thrust;
 Give one thy Pride, to another give thy Lust:
 Give them those finnes which they gave thee before, 105
 And trust th'immaculate blood to wash thy score.
 Thinke thy friends weeping round, and thinke that they
 Weepe but because they goe not yet thy way.
 Thinke that they close thine eyes, and thinke in this,
 That they confesse much in the world, amisse, 110
 Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that,
 Which they from God, and Angels cover not.
 Thinke that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
 They reinvest thee in white innocence.
 Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so low, 115
 Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts can goe,)
 Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create
 Wormes which insensibly devoure their State.
 Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right
 Laies thee to sleepe but a Saint Lucie's night. 120
 Thinke these things cheerefully: and if thou bee
 Drowisie or slacke, remember then that shee,
 Shee whose Complexion was so even made,
 That which of her Ingredients should invade
 The other three, no Feare, no Art could guesse: 125
 So far were all remov'd from more or lesse.
 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. 130

And as, though all doe know, that quantities
 Are made of lines, and lines from Points arife,
 None can these lines or quantities unjoynt,
 And say this is a line, or this a point,
 So though the Elements and Humors were 135
 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 difuniting subject were. 140
 To whose proportions if we would compare
 Cubes, thare unstable; Circles, Angular;
 She who was such a chaine as Fate employes
 To bring mankinde all Fortunes it enjoyes;
 So fast, so even wrought, as one would thinke, 145
 No Accident could threaten any linke;
 Shee, shee 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, 150
 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 heaven's workes do)
 Though hee had right and power and place, before, 155
 Yet Death must usher, and unlocke the doore.⁸⁵
 Thinke further on thy selfe, my Soule, and thinke
 How thou at first wast made but in a sinke;
 Thinke that it argued some infirmitie,
 That those two soules, which then thou foundst in me, 160
 Thou fedst upon, and drewst into thee, both
 My second soule of sense, and first of growth.
 Thinke but how poore thou wast, how obnoxious;
 Whom a small lump of flesh could poyson thus.
 This curded milke, this poore unlittered whelpe 165
 My body, could, beyond escape or helpe,
 Infect thee with Originall sinne, and thou
 Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.

85 - Incommodities of the Soule in the Body.

Thinke that no stubborne fullen Anchorit,
 Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit 170
 Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels
 So fowly as our Soules in their first-built Cels.
 Thinke in how poore a prifon thou didst lie
 After, enabled but to suck, and crie.
 Thinke, when 'twas growne to most, 'twas a poore Inne, 175
 A Province pack'd up in two yards of skinne,
 And that usurp'd or threatned with the rage
 Of sickneffes, or their true mother, Age.
 But thinke that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,⁸⁶
 Thou hast thy expansion now, and libertie; 180
 Thinke that a rustie Peece, discharg'd, is flowne
 In peeces, 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 foule, 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 staves not in the ayre,
 To looke what Meteors there themselves prepare; 190
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
 Whether th'ayres middle region be intense;
 For th'Element of fire, she doth not know,
 Whether she pass by such a place or no;
 She baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie 195
 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; 200
 Who, if she meet the body of the Sunne,
 Goes through, not staying till his course be runne;
 Who findes in *Mars* his Campe no corps of Guard;
 Nor is by *Love*, nor by his father barr'd;
 But ere she can consider how she went, 205
 At once is at, and through the Firmament.

86 - Her liberty by death.

And as these starres were but so many beads
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
 Her through those Spheares, as through the beads, a string,
 Whose quick succession makes it still one thing: 210
 As doth the pith, which, left our bodies slacke,
 Strings fast the little bones of necke, and backe;
 So by the Soule doth death string Heaven and Earth;
 For when our Soule enjoys this her third birth,
 (Creation gave her one, a second, grace,) 215
 Heaven is as neare, and present to her face,
 As colours are, and objects, in a roome
 Where darknesse was before, when Tapers come.
 This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progressse bee;
 To advance these thoughts, remember then, that she, 220
 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; 225
 Shee, in whose body (if we dare preferre
 This low world, to so high a marke as shee,)
 The Westerne treasure, Easterne spicerie,
 Europe, and Afrique, and the unknowne rest
 Were easily found, or what in them was best; 230
 And when whave 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 235
 The Tutelar Angels, and assign'd one, both
 To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
 To Functions, Offices, and Dignities,
 And to each severall man, to him, and him,
 They would have given her one for every limbe; 240
 She, of whose soule, if wee may say, 'twas Gold,
 Her body was th'Electrum, and did hold
 Many degrees of that; wee understood
 Her by her sight; her pure, and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought, 245
 That one might almost say, her body thought;

Shee, fhee, thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone:
 And chides us slow-pac'd snailes who crawle upon
 Our prifon's prifon, earth, nor thinke us well,
 Longer, then whil'ft wee beare our brittle fhell⁸⁷. 250
 But 'twere but little to have chang'd our roome,
 If, as we were in this our living Tombe
 Oppress'd with ignorance, wee ffill were fo.
 Poore foule, in this thy flefh what doft thou know?
 Thou know'ft thy felfe fo little, as thou know'ft not, 255
 How thou didft die, nor how thou wafte begot.
 Thou neither know'ft, how thou at firft cam'ft in,
 Nor how thou took'ft the poyfon of man's finne⁸⁸.
 Nor doft thou, (though thou know'ft, that thou art fo)
 By what way thou art made immortal, know. 260
 Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
 Even thy felfe: yea though thou wouldft but bend
 To know thy body. Have not all foules thought
 For many ages, that our body'is wrought
 Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Elements? 265
 And now they thinke of new ingredients,
 And one Soule thinkes one, and another way
 Another thinkes, and 'tis an even lay.
 Knowft thou but how the ftone doth enter in
 The bladders cave, and never breake the skinne? 270
 Know'ft thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
 Doth from one ventride to th'other goe?
 And for the putrid ftuffe, which thou doft fpit,
 Know'ft thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
 There are no paffages, fo that there is 275
 (For ought thou know'ft) piercing of fubftances.
 And of thofe many opinions which men raife
 Of Nailes and Haires, doft thou know which to praife?
 What hope have wee to know our felves, when wee
 Know not the leaft things, which for our ufe be? 280
 Wee fee in Authors, too ftiffe to recant,
 A hundred controversies of an Ant;

87 - Her ignorance in this life and knowledge in the next.

88 - [ENJ The fallen sons of Adam and the fallen daughters of Eve, even thos we most admire, are ALLafflicted with the darkness in our hearts called *sin*. Only Christ himself can take away this *poyson*...

And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
 To know but Catechismes and Alphabets
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact; 285
 How others on our stage their parts did Act;
 What *Cæsar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said.
 Why grassè is greene, or why our blood is red,
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto.
 In this low forme, poore soule, what wilt thou doe? 290
 When wilt thou shake off this Pedantery,
 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: 295
 Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eyes,
 Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares, nor learne
 By circuit, or collections to discernè.
 In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it,
 And what concerns it not, shalt straight forget. 300
 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: 305
 Shee whose example they must all implore,
 Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse
 That all the vertuous Actions they expresse,
 Are but a new, and worse edition
 Of her some one thought, or one action: 310
 She who in th'art of knowing Heaven, was growne
 Here upon earth, to such perfection,
 That she hath, ever since to Heaven she came,
 (In a far fairer print,) but read the same:
 Shee, shee not satisfied with all this waight, 315
 (For so much knowledge, as would over-fraight
 Another, did but ballast 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 booke⁸⁹. 320

89 - Of our company in this life, and in the next.

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 325
 Canst thou choose out, free from infection,
 That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?
 Shalt thou not finde a spongie slacke Divine
 Drinke and sucke in th'instructions of Great men,
 And for the word of God, vent them agen? 330
 Are there not some Courts (and then, no things bee
 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 poyson's gone through all, poysons affect 335
 Chiefly the chiefeft parts, but some effect
 In nailes, and haire, yea excrements, will show;
 So lyes the poyson of sinne in the most low.
 Up, up, my drowisie Soule, where thy new eare
 Shall in the Angel's songs no discord heare; 340
 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 345
 Expecting Christ, then they have enjoy'd him yet.
 Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see
 Their Prophecies growne to be Historie.
 Up to th'Apostles, who did bravely runne
 All the Sun's course, with more light then the Sunne. 350
 Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
 Oyle to th'Apostle's Lamps, dew to their feed.
 Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost
 They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost,
 If they to any should his Temple give. 355
 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, enjoy'd
 All royalties which any State employ'd; 360

For shee made warres, and triumph'd; reafon still
 Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will:
 And shee made peace, for no peace is like this,
 That beauty, and chafity together kiffe:
 Shee did high justice, for shee crucified 365
 Every first motion of rebellious pride:
 And shee gave pardons, and was liberall,
 For, onely her selfe except, shee pardon'd all:
 Shee coy'nd, in this, that her impressions gave
 To all our actions all the worth they have: 370
 Shee gave protections; the thoughts of her brest
 Satan's 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. 375
 Shee who was all this All, and could not fall
 To worfe, by company, (for shee 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 380
 The more, because shee's there, he doth not know
 That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow.
 But pause, my soule; And study, ere thou fall
 On accidentall joyes, th'essential^o.
 Still before Accessories doe abide 385
 A triall, must the principall be tride.
 And what essentiall joy can'st thou expect
 Here upon earth? what permanent effect
 Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
 Beauty? (And beauty worthy't is to move) 390
 Poore cousened cousenor, *that* shee, and *that* thou,
 Which did begin to love, are neither now;
 You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
 Next day repaires, (but ill) last daye's decay.
 Nor are, (although the river keepe the name) 395
 Yesterdaie's waters, and to daie's the same.
 So flowes her face, and thine eyes, neither now
 That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow

Concern'd, remains; but whil'ft you thinke you bee
 Conftant, you'are hourelly in inconfancie. 400
 Honour may have pretence unto our love,
 Becaufe that God did live fo long above
 Without this Honour, and then lov'd it fo,
 That he at laft made Creatures to beftow
 Honour on him; not that he needed it, 405
 But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit.
 But fince all Honours from inferiours flow,
 (For they doe give it; Princes doe but fhew
 Whom they would have fo honor'd) and that this
 On fuch opinions, and capacities 410
 Is built, as rife and fall, to more and leffe:
 Alas, 'tis but a cafuall happineffe.
 Hath ever any man to'himfelfe assign'd
 This or that happineffe to'arrest his minde,
 But that another man which takes a worfe, 415
 Thinks him a foole for having tane⁹¹ that courfe?
 They who did labour Babel's tower to'erect,
 Might have confidered, that for that effect,
 All this whole folid Earth could not allow
 Nor furnifh forth materialls enow; 420
 And that this Center, to raife fuch a place,
 Was farre too little, to have beene the Bafe;
 No more affords this world, foundation
 To erect true joy, were all the meanes in one.
 But as the Heathen made them feveral gods, 425
 Of all God's Benefits, and all his Rods,
 (For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are
 God's unto them, fo Agues bee, and Warre)
 And as by changing that whole precious Gold
 To fuch fmall Copper coynes, they loft the old, 430
 And loft their only God, who ever muft
 Be fought alone, and not in fuch a thruft:
 So much mankinde true happineffe miftakes;
 No Joy enjoyes that man, that many makes.
 Then, Soule, to thy firft pitch worke up againe; 435
 Know that all lines which circles doe containe,
 For once that they the Center touch, doe touch
 91 - [EN] Taken?

Twice the circumference; and be thou such;
 Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth employd;
 All will not serve; Only who have enjoy'd 440
 The sight of God, in fulnesse, 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; 445
 Had th' Angels once look'd on him, they had stood.
 To fill the place of one of them, or more,
 Shee whom wee celebrate, is gone before.
 She, who had Here so much essentiall joy,
 As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy; 450
 Who with God's presence was acquainted so,
 (Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
 His face in any naturall Stone, or Tree,
 Better then when in Images they bee:
 Who kept by diligent devotion, 455
 God's Image, in such reparation,
 Within her heart, that what decay was growne,
 Was her first Parents fault, and not her owne:
 Who being sollicit to any act,
 Still heard God pleading his safe precontract; 460
 Who by a faithfull confidence, was here
 Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
 Whose twilights were more deare, then our mid-day;
 Who dreamt devoutlier, then most use to pray;
 Who being here fil'd with grace, yet strove to bee, 465
 Both where more grace, and more capacitie
 At once is given: she to Heaven is gone,
 Who made this world in some proportion
 A heaven, and here, became unto us all,
 Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiall.⁹² 470
 But could this low world joyes essentiall touch,
 Heaven's accidentall joye's would passe them much.
 How poore and lame, must then our casual bee?
 If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than, 475

92 - Of accidentall joys in both places.

By being greater, growne to bee leffe Man.
 When no Phyfition of redrefle can fpeake,
 A joyfull cafuall violence may breake
 A dangerous Apoftem in thy breaft;
 And whil'ft thou joyeft in this, the dangerous reft, 480
 The bag may rife up, and fo ftrangle thee.
 What e'r was cafuall, may ever bee.
 What fhould the nature change? Or make the fame
 Certaine, which was but cafuall, when it came?
 All cafuall joy doth loud and plainly fay, 485
 Only by comming, that it can away.
 Only in Heaven joye's ftrength is never fpent;
 And accidentall things are permanent.
 Joy of a foule's arrivall ne'r decays;
 For that foule ever joyes and ever ftaies. 490
 Joy that their laft great Confummation
 Approaches in the refurrection;
 When earthly bodies more celeftiall
 Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall;
 This kinde of joy doth every day admit 495
 Degrees of growth, but none of lofing it.
 In this fresh joy, 'tis no fmall part, that fhee,
 Shee, in whofe goodneffe, he that name's degree,
 Doth injure her; ('Tis loffe to be cal'd beft,
 There where the ftuffe is not fuch as the reft) 500
 Shee, who left fuch a bodie, as even fhee
 Only in Heaven could learne, how it can bee
 Made better; for fhee rather was two foules,
 Or like to full on both fides written Rols,
 Where eyes might reade upon the outward skin, 505
 As ftrong Records for God, as mindes within;
 Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
 Peeces a Circle, and ftill keepes it fo,
 Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
 Where fhee receives, and gives addition⁹³. 510
 Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames
 A thoufand Prayers to Saints, whofe very names
 The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet:

And where, what lawes of Poetry admit,
 Lawes of Religion have at least the same, 515
 Immortall Maide, I might invoke thy name.
 Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
 Thou here should'st make me a French convertite.
 But thou would'st not; nor would'st thou be content,
 To take this, for my second yeare's true Rent, 520
 Did this Coine beare any other stampe, then his,
 That gave thee power to doe, me, to say this.
 Since his will is, that to posteritie,
 Thou should'st for life, and death, a patterne bee,
 And that the world should notice have of this, 525
 The purpose, and th'authoritie is his;
 Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
 The Trumpet, at whose voyce the people came.



EPICEDES & 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 waight one center, one of greatnesse is;
 And Reason is that center, Faith is this;
 For into'our reason flow, and there do end

5

All, that this naturall world doth comprehend:

Quotidian⁹⁴ things, and equidistant hence,
 Shut in, for man, in one circumference.

But for th'enormous greatnesse, which are

So disproportion'd, and so angulare,

10

As is God's essence, place and providence,

Where, how, when, what soules do, departed hence,

These things (eccentrique else) on faith do strike;

Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.

For reason, put to'her best extension,

15

Almost meetes faith, and makes both centers one.

And nothing ever came so neare to this,

As contemplation of that Prince, wee misse.

For all that faith might credit mankinde could,

Reason still seconded, that this prince would.

20

If then least moving of the center, make

More, then if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,

What must this do, centers distracted so,

That wee see not what to beleev'e or know?

Was it not well beleev'd till now, that hee,

25

Whose reputation was an extasie

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 tried,

94 - [EN] Ordinary, everyday.

Met a *Torpedo*, and were stupified; 30
 And others studies, how he would be bent;
 Was his great father's greatest instrument,
 And activ'ft spirit, to convey and tie
 This soule of peace, through Christianity?
 Was it not well beleev'd, that hee would make 35
 This generall peace, th'Eternall overtake,
 And that his times might have stretch'd out so farre,
 As to touch those, of which they emblems are?
 For to confirme this just beleeve, that now
 The last dayes came, wee saw heav'n did allow, 40
 That, but from his aspect and exercise,
 In peacefull times, Rumors of war did rise.
 But now this faith is heresie: we must
 Still stay, and vexee our great-grand-mother, Dust.
 Oh, is God prodigall? hath he spent his store 45
 Of plagues, on us; and onely now, when more
 Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery;
 And will not let's enjoy our curse; to dy?
 As, for the earth throwne lowest downe of all,
 Twere an ambition to desire to fall, 50
 So God, in our desire to dye, doth know
 Our plot for ease, in being wretched so.
 Therefore we live; though such a life wee have,
 As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
 What had his growth, and generation done, 55
 When, what we are, his putrefaction
 Sustaines in us; Earth, which griefes animate?
 Nor hath our world now, other Soule then that.
 And could grieffe get so high as heav'n, that Quire,
 Forgetting this their new joy, would desire 60
 (With grieffe to see him) hee had staid below,
 To rectifie our errours, They foreknow.
 Is th'other center, Reason, faster then?
 Where should we looke for that, now we are not men?
 For if our Reason be our connexion 65
 Of causes, now to us there can be none.
 For, as, if all the substances were spent,
 Twere madnesse, to enquire of accident,
 So is't to looke for reason, hee being gone,

The onely subject reason wrought upon. 70
 If Fate have such a chaine, whose divers links
 Industrious man discerneth, as hee thinks;
 When miracle doth come, and so steale in
 A newlinke, man knowes not, where to begin:
 At a much deader fault must reason bee, 75
 Death having broke off such a linke as hee.
 But now, for us, with busie proofe 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. 80
 So, if our griefs wee do not well dedare,
 We have double excuse; he is not dead; and we are.
 Yet I would not dy yet; for though I bee
 Too narrow, to thinke him, as hee is hee,
 (Our Soule's best baiting, and midd-period, 85
 In her long journey, of considering God)
 Yet, (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
 As he 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, 90
 I pardon Fate, my life: Who ere thou bee,
 Which hast 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 95
 These lines, you wish, I knew your history.
 So much, as you, two mutuall heav'ns were here,
 I were an Angell, finging what you were.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD



ADAME,

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 expresse it: But, Madame, since your noble brother's fortune being yours, the evidences also concerning it are yours, so his vertue being yours, the evidences concerning it, belong also to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one peece, in which quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how intirely your familie possesseth.

Your Ladiship's most humble and thankfull servant

JOHN DONNE.

OBSEQUIES TO THE LORD HARRINGTON, BROTHER TO
THE LADY LUCY, COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD



aire soule, which wast, not onely, as all foules bee,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But did'st continue so; and now dost beare
A part in God's great organ, this whole Spheare:
If looking up to God; or downe to us,

5

Thou finde that any way is pervious,
Twixt heav'n and earth, and that man's 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.

10

Thou seest mee here at midnight, now all rest; 15
 Time's dead-low water; when all mindes devote
 To morrow's 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 dyent, whose last hearing is 20
 To morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,
 (Who when hee opes his eyes, must shut them than
 Again by death,) although sad watch hee keepe,
 Doth practice dying by a little sleepe,
 Thou at this midnight seest mee, and as soone 25
 As that Sunne rises to mee, midnight's noone,
 All the world growes transparent, and I see
 Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee;
 And I discern by favour of this light,
 My selfe, the hardest object of the sight. 30
 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 wayes, and end.
 Though God be our true glasse, through which we see 35
 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, seeme to be neare. 40
 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 45
 Those Spirits, humors, blood I did last yeare,
 And, as if on a streame I fixe mine eye,
 That drop, which I looked on, is presently
 Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone,
 So in this sea of vertues, can no one 50
 Bee'insifted on; vertues, as rivers, passe,
 Yet still remains that vertuous man there was.
 And as if man feed on man's flesh, and so
 Part of his body to another owe,

Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise, 55
 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 Deffinie, 60
 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 purest parts that can be nam'd,
 Honours not spirits halfe so much, as hee 65
 Which sayes, they have no parts, but simple 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; 70
 So, then that vertue in season, and then this,
 We might have seene, and said, that now he is
 Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
 In good short lives, vertues are faine to thrust,
 And to be sure betimes to get a place, 75
 When they would exercise, lacke time, and space.
 So was it in this person, forc'd to bee
 For lack of time, his owne epitome:
 So to exhibit in few yeares as much,
 As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch. 80
 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 when he's come, we know he did repaire 85
 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 amassing severall formes of things,
 Which he successively to order brings; 90
 When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot goe
 So fast as hee, thinke that he doth not so;
 Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell,
 On every syllable, nor stay to spell,

Yet without doubt, hee doth distinctly see 95
 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. 100
 O why should then these men, these lumps of Balme
 Sent hither, this world's tempests to becalme,
 Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,
 And so make us alive, themselves be dead?
 O Soule, O circle, why so quickly bee 105
 Thy ends, thy birth and death, clos'd up in thee?
 Since one foot of thy compass still was plac'd
 In heav'n, the other might securely have pac'd
 In the most large extent, through every path,
 Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath. 110
 Thou knowst, that though the tropique circles have
 (Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,)
 All the same roundness, evenness, and all
 The endlessness of the equinoctial;
 Yet, when we come to measure distances, 115
 How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,
 When he doth faintly worke, and when prevaile,
 Onely great circles, than can be our scale:
 So, though thy circle to thy selfe expresse
 All, tending to thy endless happiness, 120
 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, 125
 Zeale's agues, and hydroptique avarice,
 Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
 As well as lust, and ignorance of youth;
 Why didst thou not for these give medicines too,
 And by thy doing tell us what to doe? 130
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele
 Doth each mismotion and distemper feele,
 Whose *band* gets shaking palsies, and whose *string*
 (His sinewes) slackens, and whose *Soule*, the spring,

Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the *flye*, 135
 Either beates not, or beates 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; 140
 So, youth is easiest to destruction,
 If then wee follow all, or follow none.
 Yet, as in great docks, which in steeples chime,
 Plac'd to informe whole towns, to'mploy their time,
 An error doth more harme, being generall, 145
 When, small docks faults, only on the wearer fall;
 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 dock so true, as might the Sunne controule, 150
 And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
 Instructions, such as it could never be
 Disorderd, stay here, as a generall
 And great Sun-dyall, to have set us All?
 O why wouldst thou be any instrument 155
 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? 160
 Though her flood was blowne in, by thy first breath,
 All is at once funke in the whirle-poole death.
 Which word I would not name, but that I see
 Death, else a desert, growne a Court by thee.
 Now I grow sure, that if a man would have 165
 Good companie, his entry is a grave.
 Mee thinks 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; 170
 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 fuburbs, and from thence

Begins God's City, New Jerusaleme, 175
 Which doth extend her utmost gates to them.
 At that gate then Triumphant soule, dost thou
 Begin thy Triumph; But since lawes allow
 That at the Triumph day, the people may,
 All that they will, 'gainst the Triumpher say, 180
 Let me here use that freedome, and expresse
 My griefe, though not to make thy Triumph lesse.
 By law, to Triumphs none admitted bee,
 Till they as Magistrates get victorie;
 Though then to thy force, all youthe's foes did yield, 185
 Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
 To which thy ranke in this state destin'd thee,
 That there thy counsailes might get victorie,
 And so in that capacitie remove
 All jealousies 'twixt Prince and subjects love, 190
 Thou could'st no title, to this triumph have,
 Thou didst intrude on death, usurp'dst a grave.
 Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
 But with thine owne affections, with the heate
 Of youth's desires, and colds of ignorance, 195
 But till thou should'st successefully advance
 Thine armes 'gainst forraine enemies, which are
 Both Envy, and acclamations popular,
 (For, both these engines equally defeate,
 Though by a divers Mine, those which are great,) 200
 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 expresse;
 Before men triumph, the dominion 205
 Must 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 fate,
 Of which he gave thee the vicariate, 210
 (Which is thy soule and body) as intire
 As he, who takes endeavours, doth require,
 But didst not stay, t'enlarge his kingdome too,
 By making others, what thou didst, to doe;

Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more 216
 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 220
 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 225
 Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is,
 And he was joynd 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 230
 With this, that it might never reference have
 Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
 Men might at Pompey jeast, but they might not
 At that authoritie, by which he got
 Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might; 235
 So, though, triumphant foule, I dare to write,
 Mov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus,
 That thou so earely wouldst abandon us;
 Yet I am farre from daring to dispute
 With that great soveraigntie, whose absolute 240
 Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee,
 'Gainst nature's lawes, which just impugners bee
 Of early triumphs; And I (though with paine)
 Lessen our losse, to magnifie thy gaine
 Of triumph, when I say, It was more fit, 245
 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 soldurii did; 250
 And though in no degree I can expresse
 Griefe in great Alexander's great excessse,
 Who at his friend's death, made whole townes devest
 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 griefe, great as thy worth, being cast
 Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

255

ELEGIE ON THE LADY MARCKHAM



an is the World, and death th' Ocean,
 To which God gives the lower parts of man.
 This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
 God hath set markes, and bounds, twixt us and it,
 Yet doth it rore, and gnaw, and still pretend, 5
 And breaks our bankes, when ere it takes a friend.
 Then our land waters (teares of passion) vent;
 Our waters, then, above our firmament,
 (Teares which our Soule doth for her sins let fall)
 Take all a brackish taft, and Funerall, 10
 And even these teares, which should wash sin, are sin.
 We, after God's *Noe*, drowne our world againe.
 Nothing but man of all invenom'd things
 Doth worke upon it selfe, with inborne stings.
 Teares are false Spectades, we cannot see 15
 Through passion's mist, what wee are, or what shee.
 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. 20
 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 soule shall inspire 25
 Flesh of such stuffe, as God, when his last fire
 Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall,
 Make and name then, th'Elixar of this All.
 They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too;
 If carnall Death (the yonger brother) doe 30

Ufurpe 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 hath buried both; 35
 For, none to death finnes, that to sinne is loth⁹⁵,
 Nor doe they die, which are not loth to die;
 So hath she this, and that virginity.
 Grace was in her extremely diligent,
 That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent. 40
 Of what small spots pure white complaines! Alas,
 How little poyson cracks a christall glasse!
 She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
 That God's word must be true, All, sinners be.
 Soe much did zeale her conscience rarefie 45
 That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,
 Making omiffions, acts; laying the touch
 Of sinne, on things that sometimes may be such.
 As *Mose's* Cherubines, whose natures doe
 Surpasse all speed, by him are winged too: 50
 So would her foule, already in heaven, seeme then,
 To dyme by teares, the common staires 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, 55
 How good in all her titles, and how meet⁹⁶,
 To have reform'd this forward herefie,
 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: 60
 And left we take Death's part, and make him glad
 Of such a prey, and to his tryumph adde.

95 - [EN] To abhor, to contemne, to scorne. (John Florio *A World of Words*. 1598)

96 - [EN] Good, orderly, fit; right. (Randle Cotgrave *A Dictionary of the French and English Tongues*. 1611).

ELEGIE ON M^{TRIS} BOULSTRED⁹⁷

Leath I recant, and say, unsaid by mee
 What ere hath slip'd, that might diminish thee.
 Spiritual treason, atheisme tis, to say,
 That any can thy Summons disobey.
 Th'earth's face is but thy Table; there are set 5
 Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eate.
 In a rude hunger now hee millions draws
 Into his bloody, or plaguy, or sterv'd jaws.
 Now hee will seeme to spare, and doth more wast,
 Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last. 10
 Now wantonly he spoiles, and eates us not,
 But breakes off friends, and lets us peecemeale rot.
 Nor will this earth serve him; he sinkes the deepe
 Where harmeleffe fish monastique silence keepe,
 Who (were Death dead) by Roes of living sand, 15
 Might sponge that element, and make it land.
 He rounds the aire, and breakes the hymnique notes
 In birds (Heaven's choristers,) organique throats,
 Which (if they did not dye) might seeme to bee
 A tenth ranke in the heavenly hierarchie. 20
 O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'st thou in?
 And how without Creation didst begin?
 Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest,
 All the foure Monarchies, and Antichrist.
 How could I thinke thee nothing, that see now 25
 In all this All, nothing else is, but thou.
 Our births and lives, vices, and vertues, bee
 Wastfull consumptions, and degrees of thee.
 For, wee to live, our bellows weare, and breath,
 Nor are wee mortall, dying, dead, but death. 30
 And though thou beest, O mighty bird of prey,
 So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
 All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth hee
 Reserve but few, and leaves the most to thee.
 And of those few, now thou hast overthrowne 35
One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own.

97 - [EN] Died in 1609 at Twick'n'am in Middlesex, the earl of Bedford's house.

She was more stories high: hopelesse to come
 To her Soule, thou' hast offer'd at her lower roome.
 Her Soule and body was a King and Court:
 But thou hast both of Captaine mist and fort. 40
 As houses fall not, though the King remove,
 Bodies of Saints rest for their soules above.
 Death gets 'twixt soules and bodies such a place
 As sinne inuicates 'twixt just men and grace,
 Both worke a separation, no divorce. 45
 Her Soule is gone to usher up her corse
 Which shall be almost another soule, for there
 Bodies are purer, then best Soules are here,
 Because in her, her virtues did outgoe
 Her yeares, would' st thou, O emulous death, do so? 50
 And kill her young to thy losse? must the cost
 Of beauty, and wit, apt to doe harme, be lost?
 What though thou found' st her prooffe 'gainst sins of youth?
 Oh, every age a diverse sinne pursueth.
 Thou should' st have stay'd, and taken better hold, 55
 Shortly, ambitious; covetous, when old,
 She might have prov'd: and such devotion
 Might once have stray'd to superstition.
 If all her vertues must have growne, yet might
 Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight. 60
 Had she persever'd just, there would have bin
 Some that would sinne, mis-thinking she did sinne.
 Such as would call her friendship, love, and faine
 To sociableness, a name profane;
 Or sinne, by tempting, or, not daring that, 65
 By wishing, though they never told her what.
 Thus might' st thou have slain more soules, had' st thou not crost
 Thy selfe, and to triumph, thine army lost.
 Yet though these wayes be lost, thou hast left one,
 Which is, immoderate griefe that she is gone. 70
 But we may scape that sinne, yet weepe as much,
 Our teares are due, because we are not such.
 Some teares, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
 Because the chaine is broke, though no linke lost.

ELEGIE

DEATH



language thou art too narrow, and too weake
 To ease us now; great sorrow cannot speake;
 If we could sigh out accents, and weepe words,
 Griefe weares, and lessens, that tears breath affords.
 Sad hearts, the lesse they seeme the more they are, 5

(So guiltiest men stand mute at the barre)
 Not that they know not, feele not their estate,
 But extreme sense hath made them desperate.
 Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we bee;
 Tyrant, in the first and greatest Monarchy, 10
 Was't, that shee did possess all hearts before,
 Thou hast kil'd her, to make thy Empire more?
 Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
 As in a deluge perish th'innocent?
 Was't not enough to have that palace wonne, 15
 But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
 Had'st thou staid there, and look'd out at her eyes,
 All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies,
 For they let out more light, then they tooke in,
 They told not when, but did the day beginne. 20
 Shee was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee;
 Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;
 Alas, shee 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 25
 Th'ha'st lost thy end, for in her perish all;
 Or if we live, we live but to rebell,
 They know her better now, that knew her well.
 If we should vapour out, and pine, and die;
 Since, shee first went, that were not miserie. 30
 Shee chang'd our world with hers; now shee is gone,
 Mirth and prosperity is oppression;

For of all morall vertues she was all,
 The Ethicks speake of vertues Cardinall.
 Her soule was Paradise; the Cherubin 35
 Set to keepe it was grace, that kept out sinne.
 Shee had no more then let in death, for wee
 All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree.
 God tooke her hence, lest some of us should love
 Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above, 40
 And when wee teares, hee mercy shed in this,
 To raise our mindes to heaven where now she is;
 Who if her vertues would have let her stay
 Wee had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
 Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire, 45
 Religion, did not consume, but inspire
 Such piety, so chaste use of Gods day,
 That what we turne to *feast*, she turn'd to *pray*,
 And did prefigure here, in devout taste,
 The rest of her high Sabaoth, which shall last. 50
 Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
 (For she was of that order whence most fell)
 Her body left with us, lest some had said,
 Shee could not die, except they saw her dead;
 For from lesse vertue, and lesse beautiounesse, 55
 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 christfall in a wooden Tombe,
 Shall be tooke up spruce, fill'd with diamond; 60
 And we her sad glad friends all beare a part
 Of griefe, for all would waste a Stoick's heart.

ELEGIE ON THE L. C.⁹⁸

orrow, who to this house scarce knew the way:
 Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey.
 This strange chance claimes strange wonder, and to us
 Nothing can be so strange, as to weepe thus.
 'Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve, 5
 And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve:
 'Tis well, hee kept teares from our eyes before,
 That to fit this deepe ill, we might have store.
 Oh, if a sweet briar, dimbe up by'a tree,
 If to a paradise that transplanted bee, 10
 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 foule for heaven's discoverie
 With whom more Venturers more boldly dare 15
 Venture their states, with him in joy to share.
 Wee lose what all friends lov'd, him; he gainses now
 But life by death, which worst foes would allow,
 If hee could have foes, in whose practise grew
 All vertues, whose names subtile Schoolmen knew. 20
 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, senselesse, cold as he.
 Here needs no marble Tombe, since hee is gone, 25
 He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

98 - [EN] Undertermined. Perhaps, the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere (d. 1617). An island in the Canadian arctic may be named after him. Perhaps Lord Chandos, William Bridges (d. 1602). Could also be Lionel Cranfield, a friend of Donne.

AN HYMNE TO THE SAINTS, & TO MARQUESSE
HAMILTON - TO SIR ROBERT CARR.

SIR,

I Prefume 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 Chriſt Jeſus

I. D.



Whether that foule 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 ſelſe, and *order* more
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 acceſſe;
But, by his loſſe grow all our *orders* leſſe; 10
The name of *Father*, *Maſter*, *Friend*, the name
Of *Subject* and of *Prince*, in one are lame;
Faire mirth is damp't, and converſation black,
The *houſehold* widdow'd, and the *garter* ſlack;
The *Chappell* wants an eare, *Councell* a tongue; 15
Story, a theame; and *Muſicke* lacks a ſong;
Bleſt *order* that hath him! the loſſe of him
Gangreend all *Orders* here; all loſt a limbe.
Never made body ſuch haſt to confeſſe

What a foule was; All former comelineffe 20
 Fled, in a minute, when the foule was gone,
 And, having loft that beauty, would have none;
 So fell our *Monasteries*, in one infant growne
 Not to leffe houfes, but, to heapes of ftone;
 So lent this body that faire forme it wore, 25
 Unto the fphere of formes, and doth (before
 His foule fhall fill up his fepulchrall ftone,)
 Anticipate a Refurrection;
 For, as in his fame, now, his foule is here,
 So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there. 30
 And if, faire foule, not with firft *Innocents*
 Thy ftation be, but with the *Penitents*,
 (And, who fhall dare to afke then when I am
 Dy'd fcarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,
 Whether that colour, which is fcarlet then, 35
 Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
 When thou rememb'reft what fins thou didft finde
 Amongft thofe many friends now left behinde,
 And feeft fuch finners as they are, with thee
 Got thither by repentance, Let it bee 40
 Thy wifh to wifh all there, to wifh them cleane;
 Wifh him a *David*, her a *Magdalen*.



EPITAPHS

EPITAPH ON HIMSELFE

TO THE COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD



ADAME,

That I might make your Cabinet my tombe,
 And for my fame which I love next my soule,
 Next to my soule provide the happieft roome,

Admit to that place this laft funerall Scrowle.

Others by Wills give Legacies, but I

5

Dying, of you doe beg a Legacie.

My fortune and my will this custome breake,
 When we are senselesse grown to make stones speak,

Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou

In my grave's inside see what thou art now:

10

Yet th'art not yet so good; till us death lay

To ripe and mellow there, w'are stubborne clay,

Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie

Us to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie;

Whilft in our soules sinne bred and pampered is,

15

Our soules become worme-eaten Carkasses.

OMNIBUS



My Fortune and my choice this custome break,
 When we are speechlesse grown, to make stoncs speak,
 Though no stonc tell thee what I was, yet thou
 In my grave's inside seeest what thou art now:
 Yet thou'art not yet so good, till death us lay

5

To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborne Clay.

Parents make us earth, and foules dignifie

Vs to be glasse; here to grow gold we lie.

Whilst in our foules sinne bred and pamper'd is,

Our foules become wormeaten carkases;

10

So we our selves miraculously destry.

Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoy

Such priviledges, enabled here to scale

Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale.

Heare this, and mend thy selfe, and thou mendst me,

15

By making me being dead, doe good to thee,

And thinke me well compos'd, that I could now

A last-ficke houre to syllables allow.



INFINITATI SACRUM, 16. AUGUSTI 1601

METEMPSYCHOSIS - PŒMA SATYRICON

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 sticke, and doe not say quickly, good. I censure much and taxe; And this liberty costs mee more then others, by how much my owne things are worfe then others. Yet I would not be so rebellious againt my selfe, as not to doe it, since I love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it *sine 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 Councell forbids not bookes, but Authors, damning what ever such a name hath or shall write. None writes so ill, that he gives not some thing exemplary, to follow, or flie. Now when I beginne this booke, I have no purpose to come into any man's debt[1]; how my stocke will hold out I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use; if I doe borrow any thing of Antiquitie, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much and as good: You shall still finde mee to acknowledge it, and to thanke not him onely that hath digg'd out treasure for mee, but that hath lighted mee a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no such Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pithagorian doctrine doth not onely carry one soule from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also: and therefore you must not grudge to finde the same soule in an Emperour, in a Post-horse, and in a Mucheron,[2] since no unreadiness in the soule, but an indisposition in the organs workes this. And therefore though this soule could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and now tell mee,[3] at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd. And though it could not speake, when it was a spider, yet it can remember and now tell me, who used it for poyson to attaine dignitie. How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her owne, which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making

when ſhee was that apple[4] which Eve
 eate,[5] to this time when ſhee is
 hee,[6] whoſe life you ſhall
 finde in the end of
 this booke.

THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE

FIRST SONG

I.

I ſing the progresſe⁹⁹ 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; 5
 From infant morne, 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 *Seth's* pillars, bricke and ſtone,
 And (holy writt excepted) made to yeeld to none. 10

II.

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soule envies not,
 By thy male force, is all wee have, begot.
 In the firſt Eaſt, thou now beginſt to ſhine,

99 - [EN] The concept of *the progress or ascent of the soul*, lifted from the philosophy of Plotinus and Porphyry, may well be the seed, transferred into the biological realm, from which grew the earliest forms of the theory of evolution put forward initially by Erasmus Darwin (Charle's grandfather) and the comte de Buffon.

Suck't early balme, and lland spices there,
 And wilt anon in thy loofe-rein'd careere 15
 At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,
 And see at night thy Westerne land of Myne,
 Yet hast thou not more nations seene then shee,
 That before thee, one day beganne to bee,
 And thy fraile light being quenchr'd, shall long,
 long out live thee. 20

III.

Nor, holy *Ianus*, 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 beafts, in whose wombe, Destinie 25
 Us, and our lateft nephewes did infall
 (From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All,)
 Did't thou in that great stewardship embarke
 So diverse shapes into that floating parke,
 As have beene moved, and inform'd by this heavenly sparke. 30

IV.

Great Destiny the Commiffary of God,
 That hast mark'd out a path and period
 For every thing; who, where wee of-spring tooke,
 Our wayes and ends seeft at one instant; Thou
 Knot of all causes, thou whose changelesse brow 35
 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 understand
 So much my selfe, as to know with what hand,
 How scant, or liberall this my life's race is spend. 40

V.

To my fixe lustres almost now outwore,
 Except thy booke owe mee so many more,
 Except my legend be free from the letts

Of steepe ambition, sleepe povertie,
 Spirit-quickning sicknesse, dull captivitie, 45
 Distracting businesse, and from beautie's 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 ſelfe; for I will through the wave, and fome,
 And ſhall, in ſad lone wayes a lively ſpright, 55
 Make my darke heavy Poëm light, and light.
 For though through many ſtreights, and lands I roame,
 I launch at paradife, and I ſaile towards home;
 The courſe I there began, ſhall here be ſtaid,
 Sailes hoisted there, ſtroke here, and anchors laid
 In Thames, which were at Tigrys, and Euphrates waide. 60

VII.

For the great ſoule which here amongſt us now
 Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
 Which, as the Moone the ſea, moves us; to heare
 Whoſe ſtory, with long patience you will long;
 (For 'tis the crowne, and laſt ſtraine of my ſong) 65
 This ſoule to whom *Luther*, and *Mabomet* were
 Priſons of fleſh; this ſoule which oft did teare,
 And mend the wracks of th'Empire, and late Rome,
 And liv'd when every great change did come,
 Had firſt in paradife, a low, but fatall roome. 70

VIII.

Yet no low roome, nor then the greateſt, leſſe,
 If (as devout and ſharpe men fitly gueſſe)
 That Croſſe, our joy, and griefe, where nailes did ty
 That All, which alwayes was all, every where;

Which could not sinne, and yet all sinnes did beare; 75
 Which could not die, yet could not chuse but die;
 Stood in the selfe same roome in Calvarie,
 Where first grew the forbidden learned tree,
 For on that tree hung in security
 This Soule, made by the Maker's will from pulling free. 80

IX.

Prince of the orchard, faire as dawning morne,
 Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soone as borne
 That apple grew, which this Soule did enlive,
 Till the then diming serpent, that now creeps
 For that offence, for which all mankinde weepes, 85
 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. 90

X.

Man all at once was there by woman flaine,
 And one by one we are here flaine o'er againe
 By them. The mother poison'd the well-head,
 The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets;
 No smalnesse scapes, no greatnesse breaks their nets; 95
 She thrust us out, and by them we are led
 Afray, from turning, to whence we are fled.
 Were prifoners Judges, 'twould seeme rigorous,
 Shee sinn'd, we beare; part of our paine is, thus
 To love them, whose fault to this painfull love yoak'd us. 100

XI.

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
 That now wee dare aske why wee should be so.
 Would God (disputes the curious Rebell) make
 A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
 His creature's will, croffe his? Of every man 105

For one, will God (and be juſt) vengeance take?
 Who ſinn'd? t'was 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 worne and ſhe, and he, and wee endure for it. 110

XII.

But ſnatch mee heavenly Spirit from this vaine
 Reckoning their vanities, leſſe is their gaine
 Then hazard ſtill, to meditate on ill,
 Though with good minde; their reaſons, like thoſe toys
 Of glaſſie bubbles, which the gameſome boyes 115
 Stretch to ſo nice a thinnes through a quill
 That they themſelves breake, doe themſelves ſpill:
 Arguing is heretique's game, and Exercife
 As wrafflers, perfects them; Not liberties
 Of ſpeech, but ſilence; hands, not tongues, end hereſies. 120

XIII.

Juſt in that infant when the ſerpents gripe,
 Broke the flight veines, and tender conduit-pipe,
 Through which this ſoule from the trees root did draw
 Life, and growth to this apple, fled away
 This looſe ſoule, old, one and another day. 125
 As lightning, which one ſcarce dares ſay, he ſaw,
 'Tis ſo ſoone gone, (and better prooffe the law
 Of ſenſe, then faith requires) ſwiftly ſhe flew
 To a darke and foggie Plot; Her, her fates threw
 There through th'earth's pores, and in a Plant hous'd her anew. 130

XIV.

The plant thus abled, to it ſelfe did force
 A place, where no place was; by natures courſe
 As aire from water, water fleets away
 From thicker bodies, by this root thronged ſo
 His ſpungie confines gave him place to grow: 135
 Juſt as in our ſtreets, when the people ſtay

To see the Prince, and have so fill'd the way
 That weefels scarce could passe, when she comes nere
 They throng and cleave up, and a passage cleare,
 As if, for that time, their round bodies flatned were. 140

XV.

His right arme he thrust out towards the East,
 West-ward his left; th'ends did themselves digest
 Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were:
 And as a slumberer stretching on his bed,
 This way he this, and that way scattered 145
 His other legge, which feet with toes upbears.
 Grew on his middle parts, the first day, haire,
 To show, that in love's businesse hee should still
 A dealer bee, and be us'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 haire;
 A young *Colossus* there hee stands upright,
 And as that ground by him were conquered
 A leafie garland weares he on his head 155
 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 possesse,
 Did this foule's second Inne, built by the gueste,
 This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest. 160

XVII.

No lustfull woman came this plant to grieve,
 But 'twas because there was none yet but Eve:
 And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite;
 Her sinne had now brought in infirmities,
 And so her cradled child, the moist red eyes 165
 Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light;
 Poppie she knew, she knew the mandrakes might,

And tore up both, and so could her child's blood;
 Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood;
 But hee's short liv'd, that with his death can doe most good. 170

XVIII.

To an unfetterd soules quick nimble haft
 Are falling stars, and heart's thoughts, but slow 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 175
 Thoughtlesse of change, when her firme destiny
 Confin'd, and enjoyld her, that seem'd so free,
 Into a small blew shell, the which a poore
 Warne bird orespread, and sat still evermore,
 Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pick'd it selfe a dore. 180

XIX.

Outcrept a sparrow, this soule's moving Inne,
 On whose raw armes stiffe feathers now begin,
 As children's teeth through gummes, to breake with paine,
 His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threds,
 All a new downy mantle overspreads, 185
 A mouth he opes, which would as much containe
 As his late house, and the first houre 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. 190

XX.

In this world's youth wife nature did make haft,
 Things ripened sooner, and did longer last;
 Already this hot cocke, in bush and tree,
 In field and tent, oreflutters his next hen;
 He asks her not, who did so tast, nor when, 195
 Nor if his sister, or his neece shee be;
 Nor doth she 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. 200

XXI.

Men, till they tooke laws which made freedome lesse,
 Their daughters, and their sisters did ingresse;
 Till now unlawfull, therefore ill, 'twas not.
 So jolly, that it can move, this foule is,
 The body so free of his kindnesse, 205
 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 years ends. 210

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. 215
 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 streightned twenty yeares
 To live, and to encrease his race, himselfe outweares. 220

XXIII.

This cole with overblowing quench'd and dead,
 The Soule from her too active organs fled
 T'a brooke. A female fishes sandie Roe
 With the male's jelly, newly lev'ned was,
 For they had intertouch'd as they did passe, 225
 And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
 This foule inform'd, and abled it to rowe
 It selfe with finnie oares, which she did fit:
 Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
 Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it. 230

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,

A swan, so white that you may unto him
 Compare all whiteneſſe, but himſelfe to none,
 Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
 And with his arched necke this poore fiſh catch'd. 235
 It mov'd with ſtate, as if to looke upon
 Low things it ſcorn'd, and yet before that one
 Could thinke he fought it, he had ſwallowed cleare
 This, and much ſuch, and unblam'd devour'd there
 All, but who too ſwift, too great, or well armed were. 240

XXV.

Now ſwome a priſon in a priſon put,
 And now this Soule in double walls was ſhut,
 Till melted with the Swans digeſtive fire,
 She left her houſe the fiſh, and vapour'd forth;
 Fate not affording bodies of more worth 245
 For her as yet, bids her againe retire
 T'another fiſh, to any new deſire
 Made a new prey; For, he that can to none
 Reſiſtance make, nor complaint, ſure is gone.
 Weakneſſe invites, but ſilence feaſts oppreſſion. 250

XXVI.

Pace with her native ſtreame, this fiſh doth keepe,
 And journeyes 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 255
 As now, with curious greedineſſe to let
 None ſcape, but few, and fit for uſe, to get,
 As, in this trap a ravenous pike was tane,
 Who, though himſelfe diſtreſt, would faine have ſlain
 This wretch; So hardly are ill habits left again. 260

XXVII.

Here by her ſmallneſſe ſhee two deaths orepaſt,
 Once innocence ſcap'd, and left the oppreſſor faſt.

The net through-swome, she keeps the liquid path,
 And whether she leape up sometimes to breath
 And suck in aire, or finde it underneath, 265
 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. 270

XXVIII.

So farre from hiding her guefts, water is,
 That she shoves them in bigger quantities
 Then they are. Thus doubtfull of her way,
 For game and not for hunger a fea Pie
 Spied through this traitorous spectacle, from high, 275
 The feely fish where it disputing lay,
 And t'end her doubts and her, beares her away:
 Exalted she is, but to the exalter's good,
 As are by great ones, men which lowly food.
 It's rais'd, to be the Raifer's instrument and food. 280

XXIX.

Is any kinde subject to rape like fish?
 Ill unto man, they neither doe, nor wish:
 Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake,
 They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
 Of beasts, nor their yong sonnes to beare away; 285
 Foules they pursue not, nor do undertake
 To spoile the nests 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. 290

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 295
 That many leagues at sea, now tir'd hee lyes,
 And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies:
 The foules no longer foes, two wayes did erre,
 The fish I follow, and keepe no calender
 Of the other; he lives yet in some great officer. 300

XXXI.

Into an embrion fish, our Soule is throwne,
 And in due time throwne out againe, and growne
 To such vastnesse as, if unmanac'd
 From Greece, Morea were, and that by some
 Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swome, 305
 Or seas from Africk's 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. 310

XXXII.

At every stroake his brazen finnes do take,
 More circles in the broken sea they make
 Then cannon's voices, when the aire they teare:
 His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd rooffe
 Of barke that blunts best steele, is thunder-prooffe: 315
 Swimme in him swallow'd Dolphins, without feare,
 And feele no sides, as if his vast wombe were
 Some Inland sea, and ever as hee went
 Hee spouted rivers up, as if he ment
 To joyne our seas, with seas above the firmament. 320

XXXIII.

He hunts not fish, but as an officer,
 Stays in his court, at his owne net, and there
 All suitors of all forts themselves enthrall;
 So on his backe lyes this whale wantoning,

And in his gulfe-like throat, fucks every thing 325
 That passeth neare. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
 Flyer and follower, in this whirlepoole fall;
 O might not states of more equality
 Confit? and is it of necessity
 That thousand guiltlesse smals, to make one great, must die? 330

XXXIV.

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks,
 He justles llands, and he shakes firme rockes.
 Now in a roomefull house this Soule doth float,
 And like a Prince she sends her faculties
 To all her limbes, distant as Provinces. 335
 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. 340

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 eat
 His flesh, nor suck those oyles, which thence outftreat) 345
 Conspir'd against him, and it might undoe
 The plot or all, that the plotters were two,
 But that they fishes were, and could not speake.
 How shall a Tyran wife strong projects breake,
 If wretches can on them the common anger wreake? 350

XXXVI.

The flaile-finn'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-fish
 Onely attempt to doe, what all doe wish.
 The Thresher backs him, and to beate begins;
 The sluggard Whale yeelds to oppression,
 And t'hide himselfe from shame 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 tyran dyes,
 And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all companies. 360

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
 Those to account, that thought, and wrought his fall?
 The heires of flaine kings, wee see are often so
 Transported with the joy of what they get,
 That they, revenge and obsequies forget, 365
 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 subjects love, that of their own
 They thinke they lose, if love be to the dead Prince shown. 370

XXXVIII.

This Soule, now free from prison, and passion,
 Hath yet a little indignation
 That so small hammers should so soone downe beat
 So great a caffle. And having for her house
 Got the streight doyster of a wretched mouse 375
 (As basest men that have not what to eate,
 Nor enjoy ought, doe farre more hate the great
 Then they, who good repos'd estates possesse)
 This Soule, late taught that great things might by lesse
 Be slaine, to gallant mischiefes doth herselfe addressse. 380

XXXIX.

Nature's great master-peece, an Elephant,
 The onely harmlesse great thing; the giant
 Of beasts; who thought, no more had gone, to make one wife
 But to be just, and thankful, loth to offend,
 (Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend) 385
 Himselfe he up-props, on himselfe relies,

And foe to none, suspects no enemies,
 Still sleeping food; vex't not his fantasie
 Blacke dreames; like an unbent bow, carelesly
 His finewy Proboscis did remissly lie: 390

XL.

In which as in a gallery this mouse
 Walk'd, and surveid the roomes of this vast house,
 And to the braine, the soule's bedchamber, went,
 And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole towne
 Cleane undermin'd, the flaine beaft tumbled downe; 395
 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 Wolfe's yet unborne whelp,
 Till the best mid wife, Nature, gave it helpe,
 To issue. It could kill, as soone as goe.
 Abel, as white, and milde as his sheepe were,
 (Who, in that trade, of Church, and kingdomes, there 405
 Was the first type) was still infested foe,
 With this wolfe, that it bred his losse and woe;
 And yet his bitch, his fentinell attends
 The flocke so neere, so well warnes and defends,
 That the wolfe, (hopelesse else) to corrupt her, intends. 410

XLII.

Hee tooke a course, which since, succesfully,
 Great men have often taken, to espie
 The counsels, or to breake the plots of foes.
 To Abel's tent he stealeth in the darke,
 On whose skirts the bitch slept; ere she could barke, 415
 Attach'd her with streight gripes, yet hee call'd those,
 Embracements of love; to loves worke he goes,

Where deeds move more then words; nor doth she show,
 Nor <make> resist, nor needs hee streighten so
 His prey, for, were shee loose, she would nor barke, nor goe. 420

XLIII.

Hee hath engag'd her; his, she wholly bides;
 Who not her owne, none other's secrets hides.
 If to the flocke he come, and Abell there,
 She faines hoarse barkings, but she biteth not,
 Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot. 425
 At last a trap, of which some every where
 Abell had plac'd, ends all his losse, and feare,
 By the Wolfe's death; and now just time it was
 That a quicke soule should give life to that masse
 Of blood in Abel's bitch, and thither this did passe. 430

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,
 But in the lives of Emperours you shall not
 Reade of a lust the which may equal this;
 This wolfe begot himselfe, and finished
 What he began alive, when hee was dead; 435
 Sonne to himselfe, and father too, hee is
 A ridling lust, for which Schoolemen would misse
 A proper name. The whelp of both these lay
 In Abel's tent, and with soft Moaba,
 His sister, being yong, it us'd to sport and play. 440

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. 445
 Five yeares he liv'd, and cosened with his trade,
 Then hopelesse that his faults were hid, betrayd
 Himselfe by flight, and by all followed,

From dogges, a wolfe; from wolves, a dogge he fled;
 And, like a spie to both sides false, he perished. 450

XLVI.

It quickned next a toyfull Ape, and so
 Gamefome it was, that it might freely goe
 From tent to tent, and with the children play.
 His organs now so like theirs hee doth finde,
 That why he cannot laugh, and speake his minde, 455
 He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
 With Adam's fift daughter *Siphatecia*,
 Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, passe,
 Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grasse,
 And wisest of that kinde, the first true lover was. 460

XLVII.

He was the first that more desir'd to have
 One then another; first that ere did crave
 Love by mute signes, and had no power to speake;
 First that could make love faces, or could doe
 The valters somberfalts, or us'd to wooe 465
 With hoiting gambolls, his owne bones to breake
 To make his mistresse merry; or to wreake
 Her anger on himselfe. Sinnes against kinde
 They easily doe, that can let feed their minde
 With outward beauty; beauty they in boyes and beafts do find 470

XLVIII.

By this misled, too low things men have prov'd,
 And too high; beafts and angels have bene lov'd.
 This Ape, though else through-vaine, in this was wise,
 He reach'd at things too high, but open way
 There was, and he knew not she would say nay; 475
 His toyes prevaile not, likelier meanes he tries,
 He gazeth on her face with teare-shot eyes,
 And up lifts subtly with his ruffet pawe
 Her kidskinne apron without feare or awe

Of nature; nature hath no gaole, though shee hath law. 480

XLIX.

First she was filly 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 <loth>, 485
 She neither puls nor pushes, but outright
 Now cries, and now repents; when *Tethlemite*
 Her brother, entred, and a great stone threw
 After the Ape, who, thus prevented, flew.
 This house thus batter'd downe, the Soule possesse a new. 490

L.

And whether by this change she lose or win,
 She comes out next, where the Ape would have gone in.
Adam and *Eve* had mingled bloods, and now
 Like Chimiques equall fires, her temperate wombe
 Had stew'd and form'd it: and part did become 495
 A spungie 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. 500

LI.

Another part became the well of sense,
 The tender well-arm'd feeling braine, from whence,
 Those sinowie strings which do our bodies tie,
 Are ravel'd out; and fast there by one end,
 Did this Soule limbes, these limbes a soule attend; 505
 And now they joyn'd: keeping some quality
 Of every past shape, she knew treachery,
 Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow
 To be a woman. *Tibemeh* she is now,
 Sister and wife to *Caine*, *Caine* that first did plow. 510

LII.

Who ere thou beest that read'st this fullen Writ,
Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it,
Let me arrest thy thoughts; wonder with mee,
Why plowing, building, ruling and the rest,
Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest, 515
By cursed *Cain's* race invented be,
And blest *Seth* vext us with Astronomic.
Ther's nothing simply good, nor ill alone,
Of every quality comparifon,
The onely measure is, and judge, opinion. 520



TO S^R THO. ROE 1603.



Dear Thom:

Tell her if she to hired servants shew
Dislike, before they take their leave they goe;
When nobler spirits start at no disgrace,

For who hath but one minde, hath but one face:
If then why I tooke not my leave she aske, 5
Aske her againe why she did not unmaske?
Was she or proud or cruell, or knew shee
'Twould make my losse more felt, and pittied me?
Or did she feare one kisse might stay for moe?
Or else was she unwilling I should goe? 10
I thinke the best, and love so faithfully
I cannot chuse but thinke that she loves mee.
If this prove not my faith, then let her trie
How in her service I would fructifie.
Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew 15
That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true.
Then he whose wit and verse goes now so lame,
With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.
Howe'r, I'll weare the black and white ribband,
White for her fortunes, blacke for mine shall stand. 20
I doe esteeme her favours, not their stuffe;
If what I have was given, I have enough:
And all's well; for had she lov'd, I had had
All my friend's hate; for now, departing sad
I feele not that; Yet as the Rack the Gout 25
Cures, so hath *this* worse griefe *that* quite put out:
My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
Which (which I dare foresee) nought cures but death.
Tell her all this before I am forgot,
That not too late shee grieve shee lov'd me not. 30
Burden'd with this, I was to depart lesse
Willing, then those which die, and not confesse.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF HUNTINGTON.



That unripe side of earth, that heavy dime
That gives us man up now, like *Adam's* time
Before he ate; man's shape, that would yet bee
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beafts companie)
So naked at this day, as though man there

5

From Paradise so great a distance were,
As yet the newes could not arrived bee
Of *Adam's* tasting the forbidden tree;
Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet beare the sinne.

10

But, as from extreme hights who downward looks,
Sees men at childrens shapes, Rivers at brookes,
And lofeth younger formes; so, to your eye,
These (Madame) that without your distance lie,
Must either mist, or nothing seeme to be,
Who are at home but wits mere *Atomi*.

15

But, I who can behold them move, and stay,
Have found my selfe to you, just their midway;
And now must pittie them; for, as they doe
Seeme sick to me, just so must I to you.

20

Yet neither will I vexe your eyes to see
A fighting Ode, nor crosse-arm'd Elegie.
I come not to call pittie from your heart,
Like some white-liver'd dotard that would part
Else from his slipperie soule with a faint groane,
And faithfully, (without you smil'd) were gone.

25

I cannot feele the tempest of a frowne,
I may be rais'd by love, but not throwne down.
Though I can pittie those sigh twice a day,
I hate that thing whispsers it selfe away.

30

Yet since all love is fever, who to trees
Doth talke, doth yet in loves cold ague freeze.
'Tis love, but, with such fatall weaknesse made,

That it deſtroyes it ſelfe with its owne ſhade.
 Who firſt look'd ſad, griev'd, pin'd, and ſhew'd his paine, 35
 Was he that firſt taught women, to diſdaine.
 As all things were one nothing, dull and weake,
 Vntill this raw diſordered heape did breake,
 And ſeverall deſires led parts away,
 Water dedin'd with earth, the ayre did ſtay, 40
 Fire roſe, and each from other but unty'd,
 Themſelves unprifon'd were and purify'd:
 So was love, firſt in vaſt confuſion hid,
 An unripe willingneſſe which nothing did,
 A thirſt, an Appetite which had no eaſe, 45
 That found a want, but knew not what would pleaſe.
 What pretty innocence in thoſe dayes mov'd?
 Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd;
 Both ſigh'd and enterchang'd a ſpeaking eye,
 Both trembled and were ſick, both knew not why. 50
 That naturall fearefulneſſe that ſtruck man dumbe,
 Might well (thoſe times conſider'd) man become.
 As all diſcoverers whoſe firſt affay
 Findes but the place, after, the neareſt way:
 So paſſion is to woman's love, about, 55
 Nay, farther off, than when we firſt ſet out.
 It is not love that ſueth, or doth contend;
 Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
 Man's better part conſiſts of purer fire,
 And findes it ſelfe allow'd, ere it deſire. 60
 Love is wiſe here, keepes home, gives reaſon ſway,
 And journeyes not till it finde ſummer-way.
 A weather-beaten Lover but once knowne,
 Is ſport for every girle to practiſe on.
 Who ſtrives through womans ſcornes, women to know, 65
 Is loſt, and ſeekes his ſhadow to outgoe;
 It muſt bee ſickneſſe, after one diſdaine,
 Though he be call'd aloud, to looke againe.
 Let others ſigh, and grieve; one cunning ſleight
 Shall freeze my Love to Chriſtall in a night. 70
 I can love firſt, and (if I winne) love ſtill;
 And cannot be remov'd, unleſſe ſhe will.
 It is her fault if I unſure remaine,

Shee onely can untie, and binde againe.
 The honesties of love with ease I doe, 75
 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. 80
 You are at first hand all that's faire and right,
 And others good reflects but backe your light.
 You are a perfectnesse, so curious hit,
 That youngest flatteries doe scandal it.
 For, what is more doth what you are refraine, 85
 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. 90
 These are your pictures to the life. From farre
 We see you move, and here your *Zani's* are:
 So that no fountaine good there is, doth grow
 In you, but our dimme actions faintly shew.
 Then finde I, if mans noblest part be love, 95
 Your purest luster must that shadow move.
 The foule with body, is a heaven combin'd
 With earth, and for mans ease, but nearer joyn'd.
 Where thoughts the starres of foule we understand,
 We guesse not their large natures, but command. 100
 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 foule we finde too earthly to ascend,
 'Till slow accessse hath made it wholly pure, 105
 Able immortall clearenesse to endure.
 Who dare aspire this journey with a staine,
 Hath waight will force him headlong backe againe.
 No more can impure man retaine and move
 In that pure region of a worthy love: 110
 Then earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,
 And leave his nature to converse with fire:
 Such may have eye, and hand; may sigh, may speak;

But like swoln bubbles, when they are high't they break.
 Though far removed Northerne fleets scarce finde 115
 The Sunnes comfort; others thinke him too kinde.
 There is an equall diftance 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 last opposite: 120
 So able men, blest with a vertuous Love,
 Remote or neare, or howfoe'r they move;
 Their vertue breakes all clouds that might annoy,
 There is no Emptinesse, but all is loy.
 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 fain'd, which only tempts mans appetite.
 Why love among the vertues is not knowne
 Is, that love is them all contract in one. 130





EDITOR'S OBSERVATIONS



o avoid any misunderstanding, we have cut from this Ebook a few poems contained in Grierson's edition, but written to or dedicated to one of Donne's mistresses or praising adultery. The issue is **NOT** eroticism *per se*, but it's context. The Bible is clear that sex within marriage is honourable. In Genesis, sex was deemed among the things declared **VERY GOOD**¹. Scripture does not support any nonsense about sex being the *forbidden fruit*. There certainly is no hint at all of this in the *Song of Songs*. This view only comes in much later among Christians tainted by platonic influence which viewed matter and the human body as *base*, or *inferior* to the spirit or soul. In this view, a Christian seeking God **MUST** distance him/herself, through various ascetic disciplines, from the body, it's needs and pleasures. While the poems dedicated to his mistresses apparently circulated in manuscript form during Donne's lifetime, how he may have felt about these poems in later life (when he had meditated more profoundly about the Bible), I have not been able to ascertain. Had King David written a poem about his first night with Bathsheba, no doubt it would have been of high artistic quality, but what David did in fact leave us is Psalm 51, a song of repentance, recognizing his sin... Of course after Donne's death, publishers were quite aware that anything written under Donne's name would sell, so...

Some readers may of course be shocked or *offended* at any hint of censoring/restricting an artist such as Donne. It is to be expected that those with with no commitment to Christian doctrine or ethics should be indifferent to such issues. They will confidently tell us: *Art is above such matters*. But to a Christian committed to the Sola Scriptura principle, neither Pope, nor preacher nor artist stand above the demands of God's Word. One day **ALL** will have to account for their works before God (James 3: 1), even the great artists. Inevitably there are limitations in such judgments. One cannot have absolute knowledge of the context in which a specific poem

1 - "And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." (Gen. 1: 31)

was written nor absolute knowledge of Donne's intentions. At times even Donne specialists may disagree about such matters. We will have to wait to ask Donne himself one day...

DONNE, THE NEO-PLATONIST?

While poems such as *the Extasie* or *Of The Progresse of The Soule* betray neo-Platonic influence the question remains, does this mean Donne was a neo-Platonist? *Ecstasy* is of course a concept put forward in the works of the 4th century neo-Platonist, Plotinus. Because, under Platonism, the divine is conceived to be on a higher plane than the material body, humans must seek *illumination*, which can only occur if the soul leaves the body (and the senses) behind to commune with the spiritual and the divine. The theme of ecstasy is common among Renaissance writers (as well as Christian mystics). The *progress of the soul* concept is certainly neo-platonic², which conceives of the soul gradually working it's way up to the divine, as opposed to the Christian concept of the Incarnation, where the Divine, reaches down and takes bodily form to bring us revelation and redemption, a Door allowing escape out of the Fallen World.

The American Donne scholar, Frank A. Doggett, accepted the widespread influence of neo-platonic themes in writers of Donne's era (1934: 274-275)

A predominant strain in English poetry of the late Elizabethan age was a modified form of Platonism that came to England by way of Italy". Few poets of that day ignore Platonism; none could have been entirely ignorant of it. For many years it was a fashion for court lovers to dress their aims, moral or otherwise, in the phrases of the Platonists.

One expression of a neo-platonic theme in Donne³ is the concept of spiritual love, unaffected either by time or space, or even death, as the lover carries the *idea* of his beloved in his soul. Doggett also points out that another likely source of neo-platonic influence for Donne would be in the reading of the works of the Church Fathers, such as Augustine of Hippo (author of the *Confessions*) or Aquinas. That said, Doggett (1934: 279) rejects the idea that Donne himself was a full-fledged neo-Platonist and provides some evidence that Donne viewed man as a unit, body and soul.

2 - IENJ Often appearing gnostic works, through trials and initiations.

3 - Cf. *The Extasie; The Dissolution or A Valediction: forbidding mourning.*

WORLDVIEWS AND ART

While many Western scholars view the Renaissance solely as a cultural/aesthetic movement, with influence in sculpture, literature and architecture, one must not neglect to take into account it was also an ideologico-religious movement, an attempt to develop a holistic belief system or religion (and establish a civilisation on this basis), thus an alternative (and replacement) to Christianity.

Western intellectuals typically view the Middle Ages as a *Christian era*, but the West has never been purely Christian at any point in its history. The West has ALWAYS been schizophrenic in terms of religion, with, even in the Middle Ages, Western elites harbouring elements of pagan Greek and Roman thinking while the masses harboured elements of European pre-Christian religions. In historical terms it must be pointed out that Greek philosophy has in fact deeper roots in the West than does Christianity. In this view then, at its core what we call the *Renaissance* was primarily preoccupied with the issue of epistemology⁴, that is an attempt by some Western elites to set up Greek (and some Roman) philosophy as the ultimate *Truth* and, inevitably, to push aside the authority of Scripture. But, clearly this attempt failed (while leaving behind diverse cultural artifacts). This was in large part due to the fact that science which had come on the scene was eroding away much of the great cultural and intellectual prestige previously enjoyed by Greek philosophy. By the 17th century it had become obvious that Western neo-pagan elites had bet on the wrong horse.

Realizing that the prestige of Greek philosophy was in irreversible decline, Western neo-pagan elites needed a new horse to bet on. Western elites slowly became aware that the rising prestige of science offered just the opportunity they were looking for. This opened the door to the *Enlightenment*. Early scientists (then known as *natural philosophers*) for the most part had no motive to attack the authority of Scripture⁵, but the *Two Books* view put forward by Francis Bacon (with Scripture as the authority in the spiritual realm and science in the material realm, becoming Science) directly ech-

4 - Which attempt to answer the question: Where is Truth?

5 - Describing Isaac Newton's cosmological views, the mathematician Bertrand Russell admitted (1935/1997: 52-53):

Newton's work — the Copernican system having been accepted — did nothing to shake religious orthodoxy. He was himself a deeply religious man, and a believer in the verbal inspiration of the Bible. His universe was not one in which there was development, and might well, for aught that appeared in his teaching, have been created all of a piece. To account for the tangential velocities of the planets, which prevent them from falling into the sun, he supposed that, initially, they had been hurled by the hand of God; what had happened since was accounted for by the law of gravitation. ... so far as his public and official utterances were concerned, he seemed to favour a sudden creation of the sun and planets as we know them, and to leave no room for cosmic evolution.

oes a much later view proposed by S.J. Gould, the NOMA concept and opened the door to setting up science as a source of TRUTH. One predictable result was the appearance of the *Higher Criticism* movement in 19th and 20th century theology, basically an application of Enlightenment (materialistic) principles to the Bible. In CS Lewis' view, this transition to the Enlightenment worldview had the following repercussions among Western elites (1946/1986: 62):

A revolution in the education of the most highly educated classes.

This education was formerly based throughout Europe on the Ancients. If only the learned were Platonists or Aristotelians, the ordinary aristocrat was a Virgilian or, at the very least, a Horatian. Thus in Christian and skeptic alike there was a strong infusion of the better elements of Paganism. Even those who lacked piety had some sympathetic understanding of 'pietas'. It was natural to men so trained to believe that valuable truth could still be found in an ancient book. It was natural to them to reverence tradition. Values quite different from those of modern industrial civilization were constantly present to their minds. Even where Christian belief was rejected there was still a standard against which contemporary ideals could be judged. The effect of removing this education has been to isolate the mind in its own age; to give it, in relation to time, that disease which, in relation to space, we call Provincialism. The mere fact that St Paul wrote so long ago is, to a modern man, presumptive evidence against his having uttered important truths.

Donne himself, in his poem *The Progresse of the Soule/First Song*, provides an insider's view of the HUGE prestige enjoyed by Greek philosophy in the West during the Renaissance, and more specifically by the neo-Platonic concept of the progress of the soul.

I sing the progresse of a deathleffe soule,
 Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controule,
 Plac'd in most fhapes; all times before the law
 Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing.
 And the great world to his aged evening; 5
 From infant morne, through manly noone I draw.
 What the gold Chaldee, or silver Perfian saw,
 Greeke brasse, or Roman iron, is in this one;
 A worke t'outweare *Seth's* pillars, bricke and stone,
 And (holy writ excepted) made to yeeld to none.

Donne seems to have been completely carried away in his admiration of the progress

of the soul concept and as result the last line appears to have been added as an afterthought, as if to say, *No I didn't really mean that I was putting Plato or Plotinus on the same level as the Bible, that's not what I meant...* But while Lewis points out, regarding Renaissance man, that "It was natural to men so trained to believe that valuable truth could still be found in an ancient book", this would soon change with the Enlightenment. In fact as the Enlightenment worldview became dominant, the reverse would be the case. Within the Enlightenment mind-set, it was expected that nothing useful or true could be expected to be found in old books... There is another area where there is a radical reversal of views from the Renaissance to the Enlightenment. It is the matter of Time. For the Renaissance, the accomplishments of the Ancients were so highly revered that the past was looked upon as the apex of human accomplishment, never to be equalled⁶. With the Enlightenment, this view is precisely reversed. The remote past now becomes the Primitive, the most crude and uncivilized. If the apex of human accomplishment is to be sought, it must be sought in the Future. While the Enlightenment/Modern view lead to a scientific/materialistic view of the world, for a long time it lacked a believable origins myth. It was hard to get rid of the Creator/God, an unavoidable annoyance, as there was no other logical explanation for the origin of the cosmos or of life. This Gordian knot took quite a while to cut through. In his *Pensées*, Blaise Pascal ironically jibed at Descartes in this regard, saying

I cannot forgive Descartes. In all his philosophy he would have been quite willing to dispense with God. But he had to make Him give a fillip to set the world in motion; beyond this, he has no further need of God.

This same painful issue provoked Dawkins' famous statement regarding this era in *The Blind Watchmaker* (1986: 5-6):

Although atheism might have been logically tenable before Charles Darwin, Darwin made it possible to be an intellectually fulfilled atheist.

Though the Enlightenment/Modern view rose to its most dominant position in the first half of the twentieth century, in the latter part of this century its influence began to erode, opening the door to the Postmodern belief system. While the Modern view rejected the authority of Scripture, it did not reject the concept of Truth (and expected science could provide that, thus Science with a capital s...). Postmoderns, however, reject not only Scripture, but the concept of Truth itself, even one appar-

6 - [EN] One sees an echo of this sentiment in J.R.R. Tolkien's *Silmarillion* and *Lord of the Rings* Trilogy, where the Elves constantly lament for the greatness that was lost and has passed away, never to return...

ently based in science⁷. That said, the postmodern is not only a reaction to the modern world view but it remains at its core, like the Enlightenment, a reaction, not to Islam or Hinduism, but primarily to the Judeo-Christian world view. On a subliminal level, this is how it (negatively) defines itself.

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7 - IENJ - Typically postmoderns use the relativistic and more restrictive expression, *Western science*.

