Poems

(1633)

John Donne
Foreword

This volume reproduces the first published edition of Donne’s work, from 1633, with the original spelling—the long S (ſ), ligatures (¢), abbreviations (e.g. whē for when), swash characters (Æ), elisions (where the spaces between apostrophes and both preceding and succeeding words are missing), and all. Some original features that appear to be errors—very few, and mainly elisions—have been silently amended.

With regard to the long S, we have tried to follow the original in all respects here, despite the occasionally erratic usage. The house rule at the original printer’s seems to have been to use the normal S at the ends of words, in the upper-case, before an F (no doubt to avoid the inevitable visual confusion arising from the combination, ſf) and before an apostrophe—in the event of a double SS before an apostrophe, this usually becomes ſs. One other minor peculiarity is that S tends to be retained before K: thus we apply ask, rather than aſk. The inconsistent use of more decorative upper-case letters—swash characters—follows the original edition also: these usually appear in titling, but do also occur occasionally in the body of a poem.

Alongside the canonical poems included in 1633, the reader will find two poems that are not by Donne at all (‘Epitaph on Shakespeare’, page 137, which was dropped from the second edition of the book in 1635, and is thought to be by George Basse, and ‘Psalm 137’, pages 131-133, which is almost certainly by Francis Davison). In addition, some of Donne’s letters are included, one of them in Latin, together with a number of poems of commendation by the late author’s admirers. The guide for this edition is the Scolar Press facsimile edition of 1969, itself a reproduction of the copy in the British Library.

The sole exclusion from the edition in question is the opening text ‘The Printer to the Understanders’ and the following six-line poem ‘Hexastichon Bibliopole’, signed Jo. Mar.—which is assumed to be John Marriott, the publisher listed on the edition’s title page (see the flyleaf of this edition for a reproduction of that title page). These have been excluded partly because they are of little interest, but, more importantly, because they were not present in all copies of the 1633 edition. The current volume thus begins with ‘Infinitati Sacrum’. A contents page and index of first lines may be found at the end of the volume.

Tony Frazer
THE
PROGRESSE
OF THE SOULE.

First Song

I.

Sing the progresse of a deathlesse soule,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controule,
Plac’d in most shapes; all times before the law
Yoak’d us, and when, and since, in this I sing.
And the great world to his aged evening;
From infant 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’outrawe Seths pillars, bricke and stone,
   And (holy writs excepted) made to yeeld to none.

II.

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soule envies not,
By thy male force, is all wee have, begot,
In the first Eaft, thou now begins to shine,
Suck’st early balme, and Iland spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein’d careere
At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danon dine.
And see at night thy Westerne land of Myne,
Yet hast thou not more nations seeene then shee,
That before thee, one day beganne to bee,
   And thy fraile light being quench’d, I shall long, long out live thee.
III.

Nor holy Janus in whose soveraigne boate
The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate;
That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall
Of all mankinde, that cage and vivarie
Of fowles, and beasts, in whose wombe, Deftinie
Us, and our latest nephewes did install
(From thence are all deriv’d, that fill this All)
Did’st thou in that great stewardship embarke
So diverse shapes into that floating parke,
As have beene moved, and inform’d by this heavenly sparke.

IV.

Great Deftiny the Commiffary of God,
That haft mark’d out a path and period
For every thing, who, where wee of-spring tooke,
Our wayes and ends feest at one instant; Thou
Knot of all causes, thou whose changelesse brow
Ne’r smiles nor frownes, O vouch-safe thou 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 lifes race is spand.

V.

To my fixe luftres 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-quenching sicknesse, dull captivitie,
Distracting businesse, and from beauties nets,
And all that calls from this, and to others whets,
O let me not launch out, but let mee fave
Th’expence of braine and spirit; that my grave
    His right and due, a whole unwafted man may have.

VI.

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,
In vaine this sea shall enlarge, or enough
It selfe; for I will through the wave, and sone,
And shall in sad love wayes, a lively fright
Make my darke heavy Poëm light, and light.
For though through many strights, & lands I roame,
I launch at paradise, and I saile towards home;
The course I there began, shall here be staide,
Sailes hoised there, stroke here, and anchors laid
    In Thames, which were at Tigrys, and Euphrates waide.

VII.

For the great foule which here amongst us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, & brow,
Which as the Moone the sea, moves us, to heare
Whole story, with long patience you will long;
(For ’tis the crowne, and last straine of my song)
This foule to whom Luther, and Mahomet were
Prifons of flesh; this foule 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 paradise, a low, but fatall roome.

VIII.

Yet no low roome, nor then the greatest, lesse,
If (as devout and sharpe men fitly guesse)
That Cross, our joy, and griefe, where nailes did tye
That All, which alwayes was all, every where
Which could not finne, and yet all finnes did beare;
Which could not die, yet could not chufe but die;
Stood in the selfe fame roome in Calvarie,
Where firft grew the forbidden learned tree,
For on that tree hung in security
   This Soule, made by the Makers will from pulling free.

IX.

Prince of the orchard, faire as dawning morne,
Fenc’d with the law, and ripe as soone as borne
That apple grew, which this Soule did enlive
Till the then climing serpent, that now creeps
For that offence, for which all mankinde weepes,
Tooke it, and t’her whom the firft 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 treafon taints the blood) thence die and sweat.

X.

Man all at once was there by woman slaine,
And one by one we’are here slaine o’er againe
By them. The mother poifoned the well-head,
The daughters here corrupts us,
No finalnesse escapes, no greatnesse breaks their nets,
She thrusts us out, and by them we are led
Aftray, from turning, to whence we are fled.
Were prisoners Judges, ‘twould feeme rigorous,
Shee finnd, we here, part of our paine is, thus
   To love them, whose fault to this painfull love yoak’d us.
XI.

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
That now we dare ask why we should be so.
Would God (disputes the curious Rebell) make
A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
His creatures will, cross his? Of every man
For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take?
Who sinn’d? ’twas not forbidden to the snake
Nor her, who was not then made; nor if writ
That Adam cropt, or knew the apple; yet
The worme and she, and he, and we endure for it.

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 toyes
Of glasse bubbles, which the gamefome boyes
Stretch to so nice a thinnes through a quill
That they themselves break, doe themselves spill,
Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercise
As wranglers, perfects them; Not liberties
Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end herefies.

XIII.

Just in that instant 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,
As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he saw,
’Tis so foone gone, (and better proofe 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 hou’d her a new.

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 spunge confinens gave him place to grow,
Just as in our streets, when the people stay
To see the Prince, and so fill’d the way
That weesels scarce could passe, when she comes nere
They throng and cleave up, and a passage cleare,
As if, for that time, their round bodies flatned were.

XV.

His right arme he thruft out towards the East,
West-ward his left; th’ends did themselves digest
Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were:
And as a flumberer stretching on his bed;
This way he this, and that way scattered
His other legge, which feet with toes upbeare;
Grew on his middle parts, the first day, haire,
To show, that in loves businesse hee shoul’d still
A dealer bee, and be uf’d well, or ill:
His apples kinde, his leaves, force of conception kill.

XVI.

A mouth, but dumbe, he hath; blinde eyes, deafe eares,
And to his shoulders dangle subtile haires;
A young *Colossus* there hee standes upright,
And as that ground by him were conquered
A leafie garland weares he on his head
Encha'd with little fruits, so red and bright
That for them you would call your Loves lips white;
So, of a lone unhaunted place posseft,
Did this soules second Inne, built by the guest
   This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

XVII.

No lustfull woman came this plant to grieve,
But t'was because there was none yet but Eve:
And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite;
Her sinne had now brought in infirmities,
And so her cradled child, the moist red eyes
Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light,
Poppie she knew, she knew the mandrakes might;
And tore up both, and so coold her childs blood;
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood;
   But hee's short liv'd, that with his death can doe most good.

XVIII.

To an unfetterd soules quick nimble haft
Are falling stars, and hearts 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
Thoughtlesse of change, when her firme destiny
Confin'd, and enjayld her, that seem'd so free,
Into a small blew shell, the which a poore
Warme bird orefpread, and flat still evermore,
   Till her uncloath'd child kickt, and pick'd it selfe a dore.
Holy Sonnets.

I.

As due by many titles I resigne
My selfe to thee, O God, first I was made
By thee, and for thee, and when I was decay’d
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine,
I am thy sonne, made with thy selfe to shine,
Thy servant, whose paines thou hast still repaid,
Thy sheepe, thine Image, and till I betray’d
My selfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine;
Why doth the devill then usurpe on mee?
Why doth he steale nay ravish that’s thy right?
Except thou rise and for thine owne worke fight,
Oh I shall soone despair, when I doe see
That thou lov’st mankind well, yet wilt not chuse me.
And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to lose mee.

II.

Oh my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned
By fickneffe, deaths herald, and champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,
Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,
Wisheth himselfe delivered from prison;
But damn’d and hal’d to execution,
Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned;
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
But who shall give thee that grace to beginne?
Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,
And red with blushing, as thou art with finne;
Or wash thee in Chrifts blood, which hath this might
That being red, it dyes red soules to white.
III.

This is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimages last mile; and my race
Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,
My span last inch, my minutes last point,
And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt
My body, and my soule, and I shall sleepe a space,
But my’ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose feare already shakes my every joynt:
Then, as my soule, to heaven her first seate, takes flight,
And earth borne body, in the earth shall dwell,
So, fall my finnes, that all may have their right,
To where they’are bred, and would press me, to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg’d of evill,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh the devill.

IV.

At the round earths imagin’d corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angells, and arife, arife
From death, you numberlesse infinites
Of soules, and to your scattered bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o’erthrow,
All whom warre, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Defpair, law, chance, hath flaine, and you whose eyes,
Shall behold God, and never tast deaths woe,
But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,
For, if above all these, my finnes abound,
’Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
When wee are there; here on this lowly ground,
Teach mee how to repent; for that’s as good
As if thou’hadst seal’d my pardon, with thy blood.
V.

If poysonous mineralls, and if that tree,
WhoSE fruit threw death on else immortall us,
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why shoulde I bee ?
Why shoulde intent or reasone, borne in mee,
Make finnes, else equal, in mee, more heinous ?
And mercy being easie, and glorious
To God, in his sterne wrath, why threatens hee ?
But who am I, that dare dispute with thee ?
O God, Oh! of thine onely worthy blood,
And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
And drowne in it my finnes blacke memorie,
That thou remember them, some claime as debt,
I thinke it mercy, if thou wilt forget,

VI.

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee;
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Reft of their bones, and soules deliverie
Thou art slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And doth with poyson, warre, and ficknesse dwell.
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
And better then thy stroake; why stwell'st thou then ?
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And death shall be no more, death thou shalt die.
VII.

Spit in my face you Jewes, and pierce my side,  
Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie mee,  
For I have sinn’d, and sinn’d, and onely hee,  
Who could do no iniquitie, hath dyed:  
But by my death can not be satisfied  
My sinnes, which passe the Jewes impiety:  
They kill’d once an inglorious man, but I  
Crucifie him daily, being now glorified;  
Oh let mee then, his strange love still admire:  
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishement.  
And Iacob came cloth’d in vile harsh attire  
But to supplant, and with gainfull intent  
God cloth’d himselfe in vile mans flesh, that so  
Hee might be weake enough to suffer woe.

VIII.

Why are wee by all creatures waited on?  
Why doe the prodigall elements supply  
Life and food to mee, being more pure then I,  
Simple, and further from corruption?  
Why brook’st thou, ignorant horfe, subjection?  
Why dost thou bull, and bore so seelily  
Disssemble weaknesse, and by’one mans stroke die,  
Whose whole kinde, you might swallow & feed upon?  
Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worfe then you,  
You have not sinn’d, nor need be timorous,  
But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us  
Created nature doth these things subdue,  
But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature tyed,  
For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.
F

Ond woman which would’st have thy husband die,
And yet complain’st of his great jealouse;
If wolleth with penyson, he lay in his last bed,
His body with a sere-barke covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and short, as can
The nimblest crocheting Musitian,
Ready with loathsome vomiting to spue
His Soule out of one hell, into a new,
Made deafe with his poore kindreds howling cries,
Begging with few feign’d teares, great legacies,
Thou would’st not weepe, but jolly, and frolicke bee,
As a slave, which to morrow should be free,
Yet weep’st thou, when thou feest him hungerly
Swallow his owne death, hearts-bane jealouse.
O give him many thanks, he’is courteous,
That in suspecting kindly warneth us.
Wee must not, as wee us’d, flout openly,
In scoffing ridles, his deformatie;
Nor at his boord together being fatt,
With words, nor touch, scarce looks adulterate.
Nor when he wolleth, and pamper’d with great fare
Sits downe, and snorts, cag’d in his basket chaire,
MUST wee usurpe his owne bed any more,
Nor kissle and play in his houfe, as before.
Now I see many dangers; for it is
His realme, his caule, and his diocesse.
But if, as envious men, which would revile
Their Prince, or coyne his gold, themselves exile
Into another countrie,’and doe it there,
Wee play’in another houfe, what should we feare ?
There we will sorne his household policies,
His feely plots, and pensionary spies,
As the inhabitants of Thames right side
Do Londons Major, or Germans, the Popes pride.
Elegie II.

Marry, and love thy Flavia, for, shee
Hath all things, whereby others beautious bee,
For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,
Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat,
Though they be dimme, yet she is light enough,
And though her harsh haire fall, her skinne is rough;
What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire’s red,
Give her thine, and she hath a maydenhead.
These things are beauties elements, where these
Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.
If red and white and each good quality
Be in thy wench, ne’r aske where it doth lye.
In buying things perfum’d, we aske; if there
Be muske and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in th’usuall place,
She’thath yet an Anagram of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In the leane dearth of words, what could wee say?
When by the Gamut some Musitions make
A perfect song, others will undertake,
By the fame Gamut chang’d, to equall it.
Things simply good, can never be unfit;
She’s faire as any, if all be like her,
And if none bee, then she is singular.
All love is wonder; if wee justly doe
Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty, soone as beauty, dies,
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,
Like to good Angels, nothing can impaire:
’Tis leffe griefe to be foule, then to’have beene faire.
For one nights revels, filke and gold we chuse,
But, in long journeyes, cloth, and leather use.
Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say
There is best land, where there is foulest way.
Oh what a soveraine Plaister will shee bee
If thy past finnes have taught thee jealoufie!
Here needs no spies, nor eunuches; her commit
Safe to thy foes; yea, to a Marmosit.
When Belgiae citties, the round countries drowne,
That dutry foulenesse guards, and armes the towne:
So doth her face guard her; and so, for thee,
Which, forcd by businesse, absent oft must bee,
Shee, whose face, like clouds, turns the day to night,
Who, mightier the the sea, makes Moores seem white,
Who, though heaven yeares, she in the Stews had laid,
A Nunnery durst receive, and thinke a maid,
And though in childbeds labour she did lie,
Midwives would swear, twere but a tympanie,
Whom, if shee accuse her selfe, I credit leffe
Then witches, which impossibles confesse.
One like none, and lik’d of none, fittest were,
For, things in fashion every man will weare.

Elegie III.

Although thy hand and faith, and good workes too,
Have seal’d thy love which nothing shoulde undoe,
Yea though thou fall backe, that apostasie
Confirme thy love; yet much, much I feare thee.
Women, are like the Arts, forcd unto none,
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.
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
Chained to a galley, yet the galley’s free;
Who hath a plow-land, casts all his feed corne there,
And yet allows his ground more corne should beare;
Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po.
By nature, which gave it, this liberty
Thou lov’st, but Oh! canst thou love it and mee?
Likeneffe glues love: and if that thou so doe,
To make us like and love, must I change too?
More then thy hate, I hate’it, rather let mee
Allow her change, then change as oft as shee,
And see not teach, but force my’opinion
To love not any one, nor every one.
To live in one land, is captivitie,
To runne all countries, a wild roguery;
Waters stincke soone, if in one place they bide,
And in the vast sea are more putrifi’d:
But when they kisfe one banke, and leaving this
Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kisse,
Then are they purest; Change’is the nursery
Of musicke, joy, life, and eternity.

Elegie IV.

Once, and but once found in thy company,
All thy suppos’d ecapes are laid on mee;
And as a thiefe at barre, is question’d there
By all the men, that have beene rob’d that yeare,
So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz’d)
By thy Hydroptique father catechiz’d.
Though hee hath oft sworne, that hee would remove
Thy beauties beautie, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seene,
Yet close and secret, as our soules, we’have beene.
Though thy immortall mother which doth lye
Still buried in her bed, yet will not dye,
Takes this advantage to sleepe out day-light,
And watch thy entries, and returns all night,
And, when she takes thy hand, and would seeme kind,
Doth search what rings, and armelets she can finde,
And kisling notes the colour of thy face,
And fearing leaft thou’art swolne, doth thee embrace;
To trie if thou long, doth name strange meates.
And notes thy paleness, blushing, sighs, and sweats;
And politiquely will to thee confesse
The sinnes of her owne youths ranke lustinesse;
Yet love these Sorceries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine owne mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like Faiery Sprights
Oft kipt into our chamber, those sweet nights,
And kisf, and ingled on thy fathers knee,
Were brib’d next day, to tell what they did see.
The grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound serving-man,
That oft names God in oathes, and onely than,
He that to barre the first gate, doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
Which, if in hell no other paines there were,
Makes mee feare hell, because he must be there:
Though by thy father he were hir’d to this,
Could never witnesse any touch or kisse;
But Oh, too common ill, I brought with mee
That, which betray’d mee to my enemie:
A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed
Even at thy fathers nofe, so were wee spied.
When, like a tyran King, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered;
Had it beene some bad smell, he would have thought
That his owne feet, or breath, that smell had wrought.
But as wee in our Ile emprifoned,
Where cattell onely, and diverse dogs are bred,
The pretious Vnicornes, strange monsters, call,
So thought he good, strange, that had none at all.
I taught my filkes, their whistling to forbear,
Even my opprest shoes, dumbe and speechlesse were,
Onely, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
Next mee, mee traiterously haft betrayd,
And unsuspected haft invisibly
At once fled unto him, and staid with mee.
Safe excrement of earth, which dost confound
Sensē, from distinguiſhing the fieke from found;
By thee the feely Amorous fucks his death
By drawing in a leprous harlots breath,
By thee, the greatefť staine to mans estate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,
There, things that feeme, exceed substantiall.
Gods, when yee fum'd on altars, were pleaſ'd well,
Because you'were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell,
You'are loathome all, being taken simly alone,
Shall wee love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth soone decay;
And you are rare, that takes the good away.
All my perfumes, I give moſť willingly
To'embalme thy fathers corſe; What? will hee die?

Elegie V.

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

Elegie VI.

Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way:
Is, Oh, heir of it, our All is his prey.
This strange chance claims strange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be so strange, as to weep thus;
’Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve,
And give prais too, our cold tongues could not serve:
’Tis well, hee kept teares from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill, we might have store.
Oh, if a sweet brier, climbe up by’a tree,
If to a paradise that transplanted bee,
Or fell’d, and burnt for holy sacrificie,
Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,
As wee for him dead: though no familie
Ere rigg’d a soule for heavens discoverie
With whom more Venturers more boldly dare
Venture their states, with him in joy to share
Wee lose what all friends lov’d, him, he gains now
But life by death, which worst foes would allow,
If hee could have foes, in whose practise grew
All vertues, whose names subtile Schoolmen knew;
What ease, can hope that we shall see’him, beget,
When we must die first, and cannot dye yet?
His children are his pictures, Oh they bee
Pictures of him dead, senseless, cold as he,
Here needs no marble Tombe, since hee is gone,
He, and about him, his, are turn’d to stone.

_Elegie VII._

Oh, let me not serve so, as those men serve
Whom honours smokes at once fatten and serve;
Poorely enrich’t with great mens words or lookes;
Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes
As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still
Their Princes titles, which many Realms fulfill
Whence they no tribute have, and where no sway.
Such services I offer as shall pay
Themselves, I hate dead names: Oh then let me
Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite bee.
When my Soule was in her owne body sheath’d,
Nor yet by othes betroth’d, nor kisles breath’d
Into my Purgatory, faithlesse thee,
Thy heart seem’d waxe, and steele thy constancie.
So, carelesse flowers strow’d on the waters face,
The curled whirlpoolses suck, smack, and embrace,
Yet drowne them; so, the tapers beampie eye
Amorously twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,
Yet burnes his wings; and such the devill is,
Scarce visiting them, who are intirely his.
When I behold a ftreame, which, from the spring,
Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,
Or in a speechlesse flumber, calmly ride
Her wedded channels bofome, and then chide
And bend her browes, and swell if any bough
Do but stoop downe, or kiss her upmost brow:
Yet, if her often gnawing kisses winne
The traiterous banks to gape, and let her in,
She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native, and her long-kept course,
And rores, and braves it, and in gallant scorn,
In flattering eddies promising returne,
She flouts the channell, who thenceforth is drie;
Then say I; that is sée, and this am I.
Yet let not thy deep bitteresse beget
Carelesse despair in mee, for that will whet
My minde to scorn; and Oh, love dull’d with paine
Was ne’er so wise, nor well arm’d as disdain.
Then with new eyes I shall survay thee,’and spie
Death in thy cheeke, and darknesse in thine eye;
Though hope bred faith and love; thus taught, I shall
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall.
My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
Am the Recusant, in that resolute state,
What hurts it mee to be’excommunicate?

_Elegie VIII._

Natures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
And in that sophistry, Oh, thou dost prove
Too subtile: Foole, thou didst not understand
The mystique language of the eye nor hand:
Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the aire
Of sighes, and say, this lies, this sounds despeare.
Nor by the’eyes water call a maladie
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
Of flowers, how they devisefully being set
And bound up, might with speechlesse secrecie
Deliver arrands mutely, and mutually.
Remember since all thy words us'd to bee
To every suitor; I, if my friends agree.
Since, household charmes, thy husbands name to teach,
Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach;
And since, an hours discourse could scarce have made
One answer in thee, and that ill arraid
In broken proverbs, and torn sentences.
Thou art not by so many duties his,
That from the worlds Common having sever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be seene, nor se,
As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
Refin'd thee into a bliss-full paradise.
Thy graces and good words my creatures bee,
I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee,
Which Oh, shall strangers taste? Must I alas
Frame and enamell Plate, and drink in glass? 
Chafe waxe for others seales? breake a colts force
And leave him then, being made a ready horse?
THE STORME.

To Mr Christopher Brooke.

THou which art I, (‘tis nothing to be foe)
Thou which art still thy selfe, by these shalt know
Part of our passege; And, a hand, or eye
By Hilliard drawne, is worth an history,
By a worse painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignifi’d,
My lines are such. ’Tis the preheminence
Of friendship onely to’impute excellence.
England to whom we’owe, what we be, and have,
Sad that her sonnes did seeke a forraine grave
(For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can Southfay,
Honour and misery have one face and way.)
From out her pregnant intrailes sigh’d a winde
Which at th’ayres middle marble roome did finde
Such strong resistanse, that it selfe it threw
Downeward againe; and so when it did view
How in the port, our fleet deare time did leese,
Withering like prisoners, which lye but for fees,
Mildly it kist our failes, and, fresh, and sweet,
As, to a stomack stervd, whose insides meete,
Meate comes, it came; and soke our failes, when wee
So joyd, as Sara’her swelling joy’d to see.
But ’twas, but fo kinde, as our countrimen,
Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them then.
Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre
Afunder, meet against a third to warre,
The South and West winds joyn’d, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
Sooner then you read this line, did the gale,
Like shot, not fear’d, till felt, our failes affaile;
And what at first was call’d a gust, the fame
Hath now a stormes, anon a tempefts name.
Ionas, I pitty thee, and curfe those men,
Who when the storm rag’d most, did wake thee then;
Sleepe is paines easiest false, and doth fullfill
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I wak’t, I saw, that I saw not.
I, and the Sunne, which shold teach mee’had forgot
East, West, day, night, and I could onely say,
If the world had lafted, now it had beene day.
Thouands our noyces were, yet wee’mongst all
Could none by his right name, but thunder call:
Lightning was all our light, and it rain’d more
Then if the Sunne had drunke the sea before;
Some coffin’d in their cabbins lye,’equally
Griev’d that they are not dead, and yet must dye.
And as fin-burd’ned foules from grave 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.
Some sitting on the hatches, would seeme there,
With hideous gazing to feare away feare.
Then note they the ships sicknesses, the Maft
Shak’d with this ague, and the Hold and Waft
With a salt drop’sie clog’d, and all our tacklings
Snapping, like too-high-stretched treble strings.
And from our totterd failes, ragges drop downe so,
As from one hang’d in chains, a yeare agoe.
Even our Ordinance plac’d for our defence,
Strive to breake loose, and scape away from thence.
Pumping hath tir’d our men, and what’s the gaine?
Seas into seas throwne, we fink 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 storms, death is but a qualme,
Hell somewhat lightsome, and the’ Bermuda calme.
Darkneffe, lights eldest brother, his birth-right
Claim’d o’r this world, and to heaven hath chas’d light.
All things are one, and that one none can be,
Since all formes, uniforme deformity
Doth cover, so that wee, except God say
Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day.
So violent, yet long these furies bee,
That though thine absence serve me, I wish not thee.

THE CALME.

Our storme is past, and that storms tyrannous rage,
A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth fwrite.
The fable is inverted, and farre more
A blocke afflicts, now, then a storke before.
Stormes chafe, and soone weare out themselves, or us;
In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As steady’as I can wish, that my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy misty gle ame, or what shines there,
The sea is now. And, as the Iles which wee
Seeke, when wee can move, our ships rooted bee.
As water did in storms, now pitch runs out
As lead, when a fir’d Church becomes one spout.
And all our beauty, and our trimme, decayes,
Like courts removing, or like ended playes.
The fighting place now seamens ragges supply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanthornes; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to day and yeasterday.
Earths hollownesses, which the worlds lungs are,
Have no more winde then the upper valt of aire.
We can nor lost friends, nor sought foes recover,
But meteorlike, fave that wee move not, hover.
Onely the Calenture together drawes
Deare friends, which meet dead in great fishes jawes:
And on the hatches as on Altars lyes
Each one, his owne Priest, and owne Sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiply
Where walkers in hot Ovens, doe not dye.
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Good wee must love, and must hate ill

Haile Bishop Valentine, whose day this is
Haft thee harth verfe, as faft as thy lame measure
He is starke mad, who ever fayes
Hee that would write an Epitaph for thee [C.B. of O.]

Heere lies Deane Donne; Enough; Thofe words alone [Anon.]
Here’s no more newes, then vertue, I may as well
Here take my Picture; though I bid farewell
Here where by All All Saints invoked are
Honour is fo sublime perfection
How fits this citie, late moft populous

I am two fooles, I know,
I am unable, yonder begger cries
I can love both faire and browne,
I cannot blame thofe men, that knew thee well [Hyde]
I fixe mine eye on thine, and there
I have done one braver thing
I’ll tell thee now (deare Love) what thou fhalt doe
I long to talke with fome old lovers ghofť
I never stoop’d fo low, as they
I scarce beleeve my love to be fo pure
I finge the progresfle of a deathlesse foule
I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
If, as mine is, thy life a fummer be
If in his Studie he hath fo much care
If poyfonous mineralls, and if that tree
If yet I have not all thy love
If you from fpoyle of th’old worlds farthest end
Image of her whom I love, more then the
Immenfitie cloyftered in thy deare woombe
In what torne fhip forever I embarke
Is Donne, great Donne deceas’d? then England say [Walton]
Is not thy sacred hunger of science

Kinde pitty choses my fpleene; brave scorn forbids
Klockius fo deeply hath sworne, ne’t more to come
Language thou art too narrow, and too weake  
Let mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this  
Let me powre forth  
Like Efops fellow-flaves, O Mercury  
Like one who’in her third widdowhood doth professe  
Little think’st thou, poore flower  
Looke to mee faith, and looke to my faith, God  
Love, any devill els but you

Mad paper stay, and grudge not here to burne  
Man is a lurnpe, where all beafts kneaded bee  
Man is the World, and death th’Ocean  
Man to Gods image; Eve, to mans was made  
Marke but this flea, and marke in this  
Marry, and love thy Flavia, for, thhee  
Moyft with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule  
My name engrav’d herein

Natures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love  
No Lover faith, I love, nor any other  
No Spring, nor Summer Beauty harh such grace  
Nothing could make me sooner to confesse  
Now thou haft lov’d me one whole day

O Thou which to search out the secret parts  
Of that short Roll of friends writ in my heart  
Oh do not die, for I shall hate  
Oh, let mee not serve so, as those men serve  
Oh my blacke Soul! now thou art summoned  
Once, and but once found in thy company  
Our storme is past, and that storms tyrannous rage  
Out of a fired ship, which, by no way

Philo, with twelve yeares study, hath beene griev’d  
Poets attend, the Elegie I fing [Cary]  
Pregnant again with th’old twins Hope, and Feare

Reafon is Our Soules left hand, Faith her right  
Renowned Chaucer lie a thought more nigh [Basse]

Salute the laft and everlafting day  
Salvation to all that will is nigh  
See Sir, how as the Suns hot Masculine flame
Send home my long strayd eyes to mee
Shee’s dead; And all which die
Since Chriſt embrac’d the Croſſe it felſe, dare I
Sir, more then kifſes, letters mingle Soules
Sir; though (I thanke God for it) I do hate
Sleep sleep old Sun, thou canſt not have repaſt
So, fo breake off this laſt lamenting kifſe
Some man unworthy to be poſſeſſor
Some that have deeper digg’d loves Myne then I
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This decent Urne a faſt inscription weares [Porter]
This is my playes laſt ſcene, here heavens appoint
This twilight of two yeares, not paſt nor next
Thou art not fo black, as my heart
Thou art reprov’d old yeare, thou ſhalt not die
Thou ſhalt not laugh in this leafe, Muse, nor they
Thou which art I, ’tis nothing to be ſoe)
Though I be dead, and buried, yet I have
Thy father all from thee, by his laſt Will
Thy flattering picture, Phryne, is like thee
Thy friend, whom thy deſerts to thee enchaine
Thy ſinnes and ſaires may no man equall call
’Tis loft, to truſt a Tombe with ſuch a guet
’Tis the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes
’Tis true, ’tis day; what though it be?
To have liv’d eminent, in a degree [King]
’T’have written then, when you writ, ſeem’d to mee
To make the doubt cleare, that no woman’s true
To what a comberſome unwieldineſſe
Twice or thrice had I loved thee
Two, by themselves, each other, love and feare
Two foules move here, and mine (a third) muſt move

Vnder an undermin’d, and ſhot-bruis’d wall
Unſeasonable man, ſtatue of ice
Vpon this Primrose hill
Well dy’d the World, that we might live to see
Well; I may now receive, and die; My sinne
What if this present were the worlds last night?
When by thy scorne, O murdresse, I am dead
When I am dead, and Doctors know not why
When I dyed last, and, Deare, I dye
When my grave is broke up againe
When that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone
When thy Loofe raptures, Donne, shall meet with Thofoe [Browne]
Where is that holy fire, which Verfe is said
Where, like a pillow on a bed
Whether that soule which now comes up to you
Who dares say thou art dead, when he doth see [Wilson]
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Who ever guesles, thinks, or dreams he knowes
Who makes the Past, a patternc for next yeare
Who shall presume to mourn thee, Donne, unleffe [Mayne]
Why are wee by all creatures waited on?
Why this man gelded Martiali I muse
Wilt thou forgive that finn, where I begunn
Wilt thou love God, as he thee! then digest
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You have refin’d mee, and to worthyest things
You that are she and you, that’s double shee
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