

Poems

(1633)

John Donne

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FOREWORD

This volume reproduces the first published edition of Donne's work, from 1633, with the original spelling—the long S (f), ligatures (&), abbreviations (e.g. whē for *when*), swash characters (*ſ*), 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, ff) and before an apostrophe—in the event of a double SS before an apostrophe, this usually becomes fs. 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 photo-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
P R O G R E S S E
OF THE SOULE.

Firft Song

I.

I Sing the progreffe of a deathleffe foule,
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'outweare *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 Eaſt, thou now begins to ſhine,
Suck't 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 ſcene then thee,
That before thee, one day beganne to bee,
And thy fraile light being quenched, ſhall long, long out live thee.

III.

Nor holy *Ianus* in whose foveraigne boate
The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate;
That swimming Colledge, and free Hofpittall
Of all mankinde, that cage and vivarie
Of fowles, and beafts, in whose wombe, Deftinie
Us, and our lateft nephewes did inftall
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All)
Did'ft thou in that great ftewardfhip embarke
So diverfe fhapes into that floating parke,
As have beene moved, and inform'd by this heavenly fparke.

IV.

Great Deftiny the Commiffary of God,
That haft mark'd out a path and period
For every thing, who, where wee of-fpring tooke,
Our wayes and ends feeft at one instant; Thou
Knot of all caufes, thou whose changeleffe brow
Ne'r fmiles nor frownes, O vouch-fafe thou to looke
And fhew my ftory, in thy eternall booke.
That (if my prayer be fit) I may 'underftand
So much my felfe, as to know with what hand,
How fcant, or liberall this my lifes race is fpend.

V.

To my fixe luftres almoft now outwore,
Except thy booke owe mee fo many more,
Except my legend be free from the letts
Of fteepe ambition, fleepie povertie,
Spirit-quenching fickneffe, dull captivitie,
Diftrafting bufineffe, 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' expenſe of braine and ſpirit; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwaſted man may have.

VI.

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,
In vaine this ſea ſhall enlarge, or enrough
It ſelfe; for I will through the wave, and ſome,
And ſhall in ſad love wayes, a lively ſpright
Make my darke heavy Poëm light, and light.
For though through many ſtreights, & lands I roame,
I launch at paradise, and I faile towards home;
The courſe I there began, ſhall here be ſraid,
Sailes hoisted 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
Whoſe ſtory, with long patience you will long;
(For 'tis the crowne, and laſt ſtaine of my ſong)
This foule to whom *Luther*, and *Mahomet* were
Priſons 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 Croffe, our joy, and grieve, 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 chuse but die;
Stood in the selfe same roome in Calvarie,
Where first grew the forbidden learned tree,
For on that tree hung in security
 This Soule, made by the Makers will from pulling free.

IX.

Prince of the orchard, faire as dawning morne,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soone as borne
That apple grew, which this Soule did enlive
Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps
For that offence, for which all mankinde weepes,
Tooke it, and t'her whom the first man did wive
(Whom and her race, only forbiddings drive)
He gave it, she, t'her husband, both did eate;
So perished the eaters, and the meate:
 And wee (for treason taints the blood) thence die and sweat.

X.

Man all at once was there by woman flaine,
And one by one we're here flaine o'er againe
By them. The mother poisoned the well-head,
The daughters here corrupts us,
No smalnesse escapes, no greatnesse breaks their nets,
She thrusts us out, and by them we are led
Afray, from turning, to whence we are fled.
Were prisoners Judges, t'would seeme rigorous,
Shee sinn'd, we here, part of our paine is, thus
 To love them, whose fault to this painfull love yoke'd us.

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 creatures will, crosse his ? Of every man
 For one, will God (and be iust) vengeance take ?
 Who sinn'd ? t'was not forbidden to the snake
 Nor her, who was not then made; nor i't writ
 That Adam cropt, or knew the apple; yet
 The worme and she, and he, and wee endure for it.

XII.

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

XIII.

Iust in that instant when the serpents gripe,
 Broke the slight veines, and tender conduit-pipe,
 Through which this foule from the trees root did draw
 Life, and growth to this apple, fled away
 This loose foule, old, one and another day,
 As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he saw,
 'Tis so soone gone, (and better prooue the law

Of fenſe, then faith requires) ſwiftly ſhe flew
To a darke and foggie Plot; Her, her fates threw
There through th'earthſ-pores, and in a Plant 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 ſpungie confines gave him place to grow,
Juſt as in our ſtreets, when the people ſtay
To ſee the Princeſſe, and 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.

XV.

His right arme he thruſt out towards the Eaſt,
Weſt-ward his left; th'ends did themſelves digeſt
Into ten leſſer frings, 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 ſhould ſtill
A dealer bee, and be uſ'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 haire;

A young *Coloffus* there hee stands upright,
And as that ground by him were conquered
A leafie garland weares he on his head
Enchaf'd with little fruits, fo red and bright
That for them you would call your Loves lips white;
So, of a lone unhaunted place poffeft,
Did this foules fecond Inne, built by the gueft
 This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, reft.

XVII.

No luftfull woman came this plant to grieve,
But t'was becaufe there was none yet but Eve:
And fhe (with other purpofe) kill'd it quite;
Her finne had now brought in infirmities,
And fo her cradled child, the moift red eyes
Had never fhut, nor fleep't fince it faw light,
Poppie fhe knew, fhe knew the mandrakes might;
And tore up both, and fo coold her childs blood;
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have ftood;
 But hee's fhort liv'd, that with his death can doe moft good.

XVIII.

To an unfetterd foules quick nimble haft
Are falling ftars, and hearts thoughts, but flow pac'd:
Thinner then burnt aire flies this foule, and fhe
Whom foure new comming, and foure parting Suns
Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runnes
Thoughtleffe of change, when her firme deftiny
Confin'd, and enjayld her, that feem'd fo free,
Into a fmall blew fhell, the which a poore
Warme bird orefpread, and fat ftill evermore,
 Till her uncloath'd child kickt, and pick'd it felfe a dore.

Holy Sonnets.

I.

AS due by many titles I resigne
My felfe 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 felfe to shine,
Thy servant, whose paines thou hast still repaid,
Thy sheepe, thine Image, and till I betray'd
My felfe, 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 despaire, 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 sicknesse, 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 felfe with holy mourning blacke,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;
Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
That being red, it dyes red foules to white.

III.

This is my playes laft fcene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimages laft mile; and my race
Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this laft pace,
My fpans laft inch, my minutes lateft point,
And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt
My body, and my foule, and I fhall sleepe a fpace,
But my'ever-waking part fhall fee that face,
Whofe feare already fhakes my every joynt:
Then, as my foule, to'heaven her firft feate, takes flight,
And earth borne body, in the earth fhall dwell,
So, fall my finnes, that all may have their right,
To where they're bred, and would preffe me, to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
For thus I leave the world, the flefh the devill.

IV.

At the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angells, and arife, arife
From death, you numberleffe infinities
Of foules, and to your fcattred bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire fhall o'erthrow,
All whom warre, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Defpaire, law, chance, hath flaine, and you whofe eyes,
Shall behold God, and never taft deaths woe,
But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a fpace,
For, if above all thefe, my finnes abound,
'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
When wee are there; here on this lowly ground,
Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou'hadft feal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

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 ſhould I bee ?
 Why ſhould intent or reaſon, borne in mee,
 Make finnes, elſe equall, in mee, more heinous ?
 And mercy being eaſie, and glorious
 To God, in his ſterne wrath, why threatens hee ?
 But who am I, that dare diſpute with thee ?
 O God, Oh! of thine onely worthy blood,
 And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
 And drowne in it my 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 foe,
 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 ſooner our beſt men with thee doe goe,
 Reſt of their bones, and ſoules deliverie
 Thou art ſlave to Fate, chance, kings, and deſperate men,
 And doth with poyſon, warre, and ſickneſſe dwell.
 And poppie, or charmes can make us ſleepe as well,
 And better then thy ſtroake; why ſwell'ſt thou then ?
 One ſhort ſleepe paſt, wee wake eternally,
 And death ſhall be no more, death thou ſhalt die.

VII.

Spit in my face you Jewes, and pierce my fide,
Buffet, and ſcoffe, ſcourage, and crucifie mee,
For I have ſinn'd, and ſinn'd, and onely hee,
Who could do no iniquitie, hath dyed:
But by my death can not be ſatiſfied
My finnes, which paſſe the Jewes impiety:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucifie him daily, being now glorified;
Oh let mee then, his ſtrange love ſtill admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our puniſhment.
And *Iacob* came cloth'd in vile 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 horſe, ſubjection ?
Why doſt thou bull, and bore ſo feelily
Diſſemble weakneſſe, and by'one mans ſtroke die,
Whoſe whole kinde, you might ſwallow & feed upon ?
Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worſe then you,
You have not ſinn'd, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us
Created nature doth theſe things ſubdue,
But their Creator, whom ſin, nor nature tyed,
For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

ELEGIE I.

FOND woman which would'ft have thy husband die,
And yet complain'ft of his great jealousie;
If fwolne with poyfon, hee lay in'his laft bed,
His body with a fere-barke covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and fhort, as can
The nimbleft crocheting Mufitian,
Ready with loathfome vomiting to fpue
His Soule out of one hell, into a new,
Made deafe with his poore kindreds howling cries,
Beggings with few feign'd teares, great legacies,
Thou would'ft not weepe, but jolly,'and frolicke bee,
As a flave, which to morrow fhould be free,
Yet weep'ft thou, when thou feeft him hungerly
Swallow his owne death, hearts-bane jealousie.
O give him many thanks, he's courteous,
That in fufpecting kindly warneth us.
Wee muft not, as wee us'd, flout openly,
In fcoffing ridles, his deformities;
Nor at his boord together being fatt,
With words, nor touch, fcarce lookes adulterate.
Nor when he fwolne, and pamper'd with great fare
Sits downe, and fnorts, cag'd in his basket chaire,
Muft wee ufurpe his owne bed any more,
Nor kiffe and play in his houfe, as before.
Now I fee many dangers; for it is
His realme, his caftle, and his dioceffe.
But if, as envious men, which would revile
Their Prince, or coyne his gold, themfelves exile
Into another countrie,'and doe it there,
Wee play'in another houfe, what fhould we feare ?
There we will fcorne his houfhould policies,
His feely plots, and pensionary fpies,
As the inhabitants of Thames right fide
Do Londons Major, or Germans, the Popes pride.

Elegie II.

Marry, and love thy *Flavia*, for, shee
Hath all things, whereby others beautilous 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'hath yet an Anagram of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In the leane dearth of words, what could wee say ?
When by the Gamut some Musitions make
A perfect song, others will undertake,
By the same Gamut chang'd, to equall it.
Things simply good, can never be unfit;
She's faire as any, if all be like her,
And if none bee, 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 worfe; but such as shee,
Like to good Angels, nothing can impaire:
'Tis lesse grieve 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 ſoveraigne Plaifter will ſhee bee
 If thy paſt finnes have taught thee jealousie!
 Here needs no ſpies, nor eunuches; her commit
 Safe to thy foes; yea, to a Marmoset.
 When Belgiaes citties, the round countries drowne,
 That durty fouleneſſe 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, turnes the day to night,
 Who, mightier thē 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,
 Midwives would ſweare, 'twere but a tympanie,
 Whom, if ſhee accuſe her ſelfe, I credit leſſe
 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 ſhould undoe,
 Yea though thou fall backe, that apoſtaſie
 Confirme thy love; yet much, much I feare thee.
 Women, are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
 Open to'all ſearchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne.
 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
 Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free;
 Who hath a plow-land, cafts all his feed corne there,
 And yet allowes his ground more corne ſhould beare;
 Though Danuby into the ſea muſt flow,
 The ſea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po.
 By nature, which gave it, this liberty
 Thou lov'ſt, but Oh! canſt thou love it and mee ?
 Likeneſſe glues love: and if that thou ſo doe,
 To make us like and love, muſt I change too ?
 More then thy hate, I hate'it, rather let mee
 Allow her change, then change as oft as ſhee,
 And 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;
 Waters ſtincke foone, if in one place they bide,
 And in the vaſt ſea are more putrifid:
 But when they kiſſe one banke, and leaving this
 Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kiſſe,
 Then are they pureſt; Change's the nurſery
 Of muſicke, joy, life, and eternity.

Elegie IV.

Once, and but once found in thy company,
 All thy ſuppoſ'd eſcapes are laid on mee;
 And as a thiefe at barre, is queſtion'd there
 By all the men, that have beene rob'd that yeare,
 So am I, (by this traiterous meanes ſurpriz'd)
 By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
 Though 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 clofe and fecret, as our foules, we'have beene.
 Though thy immortall mother which doth lye
 Still buried in her bed, yet will not dye,
 Takes this advantage to sleepe out day-light,
 And watch thy entries, and returns all night,
 And, when ſhe takes thy hand, and would ſeeme kind,
 Doth ſearch what rings, and armelets ſhe can finde,
 And kiſſing notes the colour of thy face,
 And fearing leaſt thou'art fwolne, doth thee embrace;
 To trie if thou long, doth name ſtrange meates.
 And notes thy paleneſſe, bluſhing, ſighs, and ſweats;
 And politiquely will to thee confeſſe
 The finnes 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 Faيري Sprights
 Oft ſkipt into our chamber, thoſe ſweet nights,
 And kiſt, and ingled on thy fathers knee,
 Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did ſee.
 The grim- eight- foot- high- iron- bound ſerving- man,
 That oft names God in oathes, and onely than,
 He that to barre the firſt gate, doth as wide
 As the great Rhodian Coloffus ſtride,
 Which, if in hell no other paines there were,
 Makes mee feare hell, becauſe he muſt be there:
 Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
 Could never witneſſe any touch or 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 noſe, 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, ftrange monfters, call,
 So thought he good, ftrange, that had none at all.
 I taught my filkes, their whiftling to forbear,
 Even my oppreffed fhoes, dumbe and fpeechleffe were,
 Onely, thou bitter fweet, whom I had laid
 Next mee, mee traiteroufly haft betraid,
 And unfufpected haft invifibly
 At once fled unto him, and ftaid with mee.
 Bafe excrement of earth, which doft confound
 Senfe, from diftinguifhing the ficke from found;
 By thee the feely Amorous fucks his death
 By drawing in a leprous harlots breath,
 By thee, the greateft ftaine to mans eftate
 Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
 Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,
 There, things that feeme, exceed fubftantiall.
 Gods, when yee fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
 Becaufe you were burnt, not that they lik'd your fmell,
 You are loathfome all, being taken fingly alone,
 Shall wee love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one ?
 If you were good, your good doth foone decay;
 And you are rare, that takes the good away.
 All my perfumes, I give moft willingly
 To embalme thy fathers corfe; What ? will hee die ?

Elegie V.

Here take my Picture, though I bid farewell;
 Thine, in my heart, where my foule dwels, fhall dwell.
 'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
 When wee are fhadowes 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 hairecloth, and my head
 With cares rafh fodaine ftormes, being o'rfpread,

My body'a sack of bones, broken within,
And powders blew stains scatter'd on my skinne;
If rivall fooles taxe thee to'have lov'd a man,
So foule, and course, as, Oh, I may seeme than,
This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
Doe his hurts reach mee ? doth my worth decay ?
Or doe they reach his judging minde, that hee
Should now love 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 disus'd tafts seemes tough.

Elegie VI.

Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way:
Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey.
This strange chance claimes strange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be so strange, as to weepe thus;
'Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve,
And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve:
'Tis well, hee kept teares from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill, we might have store.
Oh, if a sweet briar, climbe up by'a tree,
If to a paradise that transplanted bee,
Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,
As wee for him dead: though no familie
Ere rigg'd a foule 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 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, fenfelesse, 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 mee not serve so, as those men serve
Whom honours smoakes at once fatten and fterve;
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 stiles, which many Realmes fulfill
Whence they no tribute have, and where no fway.
Such services I offer as shall pay
Themselves, I hate dead names: Oh then let mee
Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite bee.
When my Soule was in her owne body sheath'd,
Nor yet by oathes betroth'd, nor kisses 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 whirlepooles suck, smack, and embrace,
Yet drowne them; so, the tapers beamie eye
Amorously twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,
Yet burnes his wings; and such the devill is,
Scarce visiting them, who are intirely his.
When I behold a streame, which, from the spring,
Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,
Or in a speechlesse slumber, calmly ride
Her wedded channels bosome, and then chide
And bend her browes, and swell if any bough
Do but stoop downe, or kisse her upmost brow:

Yet, if her often gnawing kisses winne
 The traitorous banks to gape, and let her in,
 She rufheth violently, and doth divorce
 Her from her native, and her long-kept course,
 And rores, and braves it, and in gallant scorne,
 In flattering eddies promising retorne,
 She flouts the channell, who thenceforth is drie;
 Then say I; that is shee, and this am I.
 Yet let not thy deepe bitterneffe beget
 Carelesse despaire in mee, for that will whet
 My minde to scorne; and Oh, love dull'd with paine
 Was ne'r so wise, nor well arm'd as disdaine.
 Then with new eyes I shall survey thee, and spie
 Death in thy cheekes, 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 sophistrie, Oh, thou dost prove
 Too subtle: 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 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
 And bound up, might with speechlesse secrecie
 Deliver arrands mutely, and mutually.

Remember since all thy words us'd to bee
To every fuitor; *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 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,
That from the worlds Common having sever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be seene, nor see,
As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
Refin'd thee'into a blif-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 drinke in glasse ?
Chafe waxe for others seales ? breake a colts force
And leave him then, beeing 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 passage; And, a hand, or eye
By *Hilliard* drawne, is worth an history,
By a worse painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd,
My lines are such. 'Tis the 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
(For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can Southsay,
Honour and misery have one face and way.)
From out her pregnant intrailes sigh'd a winde
Which at th'ayres middle marble roome did finde
Such strong resistance, that it selfe it threw
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 failes, and, fresh, and sweet,
As, to a stomack sterv'd, whose insides meete,
Meate comes, it came; and swole our failes, when wee
So joyd, as *Sara*'her 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
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 same
Hath now a stormes, anon a tempests name.
Jonas, I pittie thee, and curse those men,

Who when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then;
 Sleepe is paines easiest salve, and doth fullfill
 All offices of death, except to kill.
 But when I wakt, I saw, that I saw not.
 I, and the Sunne, which should teach mee'had forgot
 East, West, day, night, and I could onely say,
 If the world had lasted, now it had beene day.
 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
 Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must dye.
 And as sin-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 sickneses, the Mast
 Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Waft
 With a salt droppe 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 chaines, a yeare agoe.
 Even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
 Strive to breake loose, and scape away from thence.
 Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine ?
 Seas into seas throwne, we 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 lightsome, and the' Bermuda calme.
 Darknesse, 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.

O Ur storme is past, and that forms tyrannous rage,
A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage.
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 mistress glasse, or what shines there,
The sea is now. And, as the Isles which wee
Seeke, when wee can move, our ships rooted bee.
As water did in 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;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanthornes; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.
Earths hollownes, which the worlds lungs are,
Have no more winde then the upper vault of aire.
We can nor lost friends, nor fought foes recover,
But meteorlike, save that wee move not, hover.
Onely the Calenture together drawes
Deare friends, which meet dead in great fishes jaws:
And on the hatches as on Altars lyes
Each one, his owne Priest, and owne Sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiply
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