The Poems of John Donne, Volume 1

by John Donne

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Transcriber's Note

This is the first Volume of two.

Volume I contains the Poems and Line Notes, showing textual and punctuaton differences between the various MSS. and Editons and the Index of First Lines. Volume II contains the Introduction and Commentary, Annotational Notes for the Poems of Vol. I, and the Index of First Lines for poems quoted in Vol. II. There are links between the Poems and the Commentary Notes, with various References back and forth.

The rest of the Transcriber's Note is at the end of the book.

THE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE

EDITED FROM THE OLD EDITIONS AND NUMEROUS MANUSCRIPTS,

WITH INTRODUCTIONS & COMMENTARY

BY

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CHALMERS PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN

VOL. I

THE TEXT OF THE POEMS

WITH APPENDIXES

OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

1912

Title Page

HENRY FROWDE, M.A. PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD LONDON, EDINBURGH, NEW YORK TORONTO AND MELBOURNE

PREFACE

The present edition of Donne's poems grew out of my work as a teacher. In the spring of 1907, just after I had published a small volume on the literature of the early seventeenth century, I was lecturing to a class of Honours students on the 'Metaphysical poets'. They found Donne difficult alike to understand and to appreciate, and accordingly I undertook to read with them a selection from his poems with a view to elucidating difficult passages and illustrating the character of his 'metaphysics', the Scholastic and scientific doctrines which underlie his conceits. The only editions which we had at our disposal were the modern editions of Donne's poems by Grosart and Chambers, but I did not anticipate that this would present any obstacle to the task I had undertaken. About the same time the Master of Peterhouse asked me to undertake the chapter on Donne, as poet and prose-artist, for the Cambridge History of English Literature. The result was that though I had long been interested in Donne, and had given, while at work on the poetry of the seventeenth century, much thought to his poetry as a centre of interest and influence, I began to make a more minute study of the text of his poems than I had yet attempted.

The first result of this study was the discovery that there were several passages in the poems, as printed in Mr. Chambers' edition, of which I could give no satisfactory explanation to my class. At the close of the session I went to Oxford and began in the Bodleian a rapid collation of the text of that edition with the older copies, especially of 1633. The conclusion to which I came was that, excellent in many ways as that edition is, the editor had too often abandoned the reading of 1633 for the sometimes more obvious but generally weaker and often erroneous emendations of the later editions. As he records the variants this had become clear in some cases already, but an examination of the older editions brought out another fact,—that by modernizing the punctuation, while preserving no record of the changes made, the editor had corrupted some passages in such a manner as to make it impossible for a

student, unprovided with all the old editions, to recover the original and sometimes quite correct reading, or to trace the error to its fountainhead.

My first proposal to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press was that I should attempt an edition of Donne's poems resting on a collation of the printed texts; that for all poems which it contains the edition of 1633 should be accepted as the authority, to be departed from only when the error seemed to be obvious and certain, and that all such changes, however minute, should be recorded in the notes. In the case of poems not contained in the edition of 1633, the first edition (whether 1635, 1649, 1650, or 1669) was to be the authority and to be treated in the same fashion. Such an edition, it was hoped, might be ready in a year. I had finished my first collation of the editions when a copy of the Grolier Club edition came into my hands, and I included it in the number of those which I compared throughout with the originals.

While the results of this collation confirmed me in the opinion I had formed as to the superiority of the edition of 1633 to all its successors, it showed also that that edition was certainly not faultless, and that the text of those poems which were issued only in the later editions was in general very carelessly edited and corrupt, especially of those poems which were added for the first time in 1669. This raised the question, what use was to be made of the manuscript copies of the poems in correcting the errors of the edition? Grosart had based his whole text on one or two manuscripts in preference to the editions. Mr. Chambers, while wisely refusing to do this, and adopting the editions as the basis of his text, had made frequent reference to the manuscripts and adopted corrections from them. Professor Norton made no use of the manuscripts in preparing the text of his edition, but he added in an Appendix an account of one of these which had come into his hands, and later he described some more and showed clearly that he believed corrections were to be obtained from this source. Accordingly I resolved to examine tentatively those which were accessible in the British Museum, especially the transcript of three of the Satyres in Harleian MS. 5110.

A short examination of the manuscripts convinced me that it would be very unsafe to base a text on any single extant manuscript, or even to make an eclectic use of a few of them, taking, now from one, now from another, what seemed a probable emendation. On the other hand it became clear that if as wide a collation as possible of extant manuscripts were made one would be able to establish in many cases what was, whether right or wrong, the traditional reading before any printed edition appeared.

A few experiments further showed that one, and a very important, result of this collation would be to confirm the trustworthiness of 1633, to show that in places where modern editors had preferred the reading of some of the later editions, generally 1635 or 1669, the text of 1633 was not only intrinsically superior but had the support of tradition, i.e. of the majority of the manuscripts. If this were the case, then it was also possible that the traditional, manuscript text might afford corrections when 1633 had fallen into error. At the same time a very cursory examination of the manuscripts was sufficient to show that many of them afforded an infinitely more correct and intelligible text of those poems which were not published in 1633 than that contained in the printed editions.

Another possible result of a wide collation of the manuscripts soon suggested itself, and that was the settlement of the canon of Donne's poems. One or two of the poems contained in the old editions had already been rejected by modern editors, and some of these on the strength of manuscript ascriptions. But on the one hand, no systematic attempt had been made to sift the poems, and on the other, experience has shown that nothing is more unsafe than to trust to the ascriptions of individual, unauthenticated manuscripts. Here again it seemed to the present editor that if any definite conclusion was to be obtained it must be by as wide a survey as possible, by the accumulation of evidence. No such conclusion might be attainable, but it was only thus that it could be sought.

The outcome of the investigation thus instituted has been fully discussed in the article on the Text and Canon of Donne's Poems in the second volume, and I shall not attempt to summarize it here. But it may be convenient for the student to have a quite brief statement of what it is that the notes in this volume profess to set forth.

Their first aim is to give a complete account of the variant readings of the original editions of 1633, 1635, 1639, 1649-50-54 (the text in these three is identical), and 1669. This was the aim of the edition as originally planned, and though my opinion of the value of many of the variants of the later editions has undergone considerable abatement since I was able to study them in the light afforded by the manuscripts, I have endeavoured to complete my original scheme; and I trust it may be found that nothing more important has been overlooked than an occasional misprint in the later editions. But I know from the experience of examining the work of my precursors, and of revising my own work, that absolute correctness is almost unattainable. It has been an advantage to me in this part of the work to come after Mr. Chambers and the Grolier Club editors, but neither of these editions records changes of punctuation.

The second purpose of the notes is to set forth the evidence of the manuscripts. I have not attempted to give anything like a full account of the variant readings of these, but have recorded so much as is sufficient for four different purposes.

(1) To vindicate the text of 1633. I have not thought it necessary to detail the evidence in cases where no one has disputed the 1633 reading. If the note simply records the readings of the editions it may be assumed that the manuscript evidence, so far as it is explicit (the manuscripts frequently abound in absurd errors), is on the side of 1633. In other cases, when there is something to be said for the text of the later editions, and especially when modern editors have preferred the later reading (though I have not always called attention to this) I have set forth the evidence in some detail. At times I have mentioned each manuscript, at others simply all the MSS., occasionally just MSS. This last means generally that all the positive

evidence before me was in favour of the reading, but that my collations were silent as to some of the manuscripts. My collators, whether myself or those who worked for me, used Mr. Chambers' edition because of its numbered lines. Now if Mr. Chambers had already adopted a 1635 or later reading the tendency of the collator—especially at first, before the importance of certain readings had become obvious—was to pass over the agreement of the manuscript with this later reading in silence. In all important cases I have verified the reading by repeated reference to the manuscripts, but in some of smaller importance I have been content to record the general trend of the evidence. I have tried to cite no manuscript unless I had positive evidence as to its reading.

(2) The second use which I have made of the manuscript evidence is to justify my occasional departures from the text of the editions, whether 1633 (and these are the departures which call for most justification) or whatever later edition was the first to contain the poem. In every such case the reader should see at a glance what was the reading of the first edition, and on what authority it has been altered. My aim has been a true text (so far as that was attainable), not a reprint; but I have endeavoured to put the reader in exactly the same position as I was myself at each stage in the construction of that text. If I have erred, he can (in a favourite phrase of Donne's) 'control' me. This applies to spelling and punctuation as well as to the words themselves. But two warnings are necessary. When I note a reading as found in a number of editions, e.g. 1635 to 1654 (1635-54), or in all the editions (1633-69), it must be understood that the spelling is not always the same throughout. I have generally noted any variation in the use of capitals, but not always. The spelling and punctuation of each poem is that of the first edition in which it was published, or of the manuscript from which I have printed, all changes being recorded. Again, if, in a case where the words and not the punctuation is the matter in question, I cite the reading of an edition or some editions followed by a list of agreeing manuscripts, it will be understood that any punctuation given is that of the editions. If a list of

manuscripts only is given, the punctuation, if recorded, is that of one or two of the best of these.

In cases where punctuation is the matter in question the issue lies between the various editions and my own sense of what it ought to be. Wherever it is not otherwise indicated the punctuation of a poem is that of the first edition in which it appeared or of the manuscript from which I have printed it. I have not recorded every variant of the punctuation of later editions, but all that affect the sense while at the same time not manifestly absurd. The punctuation of the manuscripts is in general negligible, but of a few manuscripts it is good, and I have occasionally cited these in support of my own view as to what the punctuation should be.

(3) A third purpose served by my citation of the manuscripts is to show clearly that there are more versions than one of some poems. A study of the notes to the Satyres, The Flea, The Curse, Elegy XI: The Bracelet, will make this clear.

(4) A fourth, subordinate and occasional, purpose of my citation of the manuscripts is to show how Donne's poems were understood or misunderstood by the copyists. Occasionally a reading which is probably erroneous throws light upon a difficult passage. The version of P at p. 34, ll. 18-19, elucidates a difficult stanza. The reading of Q in The Storme, l. 38,

Yea, and the Sunne

for the usual

I, and the Sunne

suggests, what is probably correct but had not been suspected by any editor, that 'I' here, as often, is not the pronoun, but 'Aye'.

The order of the poems is that of the editions of 1635 onwards with some modifications explained in the Introduction. In Appendix B I have placed all those poems which were printed as Donne's in the old editions (1633 to 1669), except Basse's Epitaph on Shakespeare, and a few found in manuscripts connected with the

editions, or assigned to Donne by competent critics, all of which I believe to be by other authors. The text of these has been as carefully revised as that of the undoubted poems. In Appendix C I have placed a miscellaneous collection of poems loosely connected with Donne's name, and illustrating the work of some of his fellow-wits, or the trend of his influence in the occasional poetry of the seventeenth century.

The work of settling the text, correcting the canon, and preparing the Commentary has been done by myself. It was difficult to consult others who had not before them all the complex mass of evidence which I had accumulated. On some five or six places in the text, however, where final question to be decided was the intrinsic merits of the readings offered by the editions and by the manuscripts, or the advisability of a bolder emendation, I have had the advantage of comparing my opinion with that of Sir James Murray, Sir Walter Raleigh, Dr. Henry Bradley, Mr. W. A. Craigie, Mr. J. C. Smith, or Mr. R. W. Chapman.

For such accuracy as I have secured in reproducing the old editions, in the text and in the notes, I owe much to the help of three friends, Mr. Charles Forbes, of the Post Office, Aberdeen, who transcribed the greater portion of my manuscript; Professor John Purves, of University College, Pretoria, who during a visit to this country read a large section of my proofs, comparing them with the editions in the British Museum; and especially to my assistant, Mr. Frederick Rose, M.A., now Douglas Jerrold Scholar, Christ Church, Oxford, who has revised my proofs throughout with minute care.

I am indebted to many sources for the loan of necessary material. In the first place I must acknowledge my debt to the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland for allowing me a grant of £40 in 1908-9, and of £30 in 1909-10, for the collation of manuscripts. Without this it would have been impossible for me to collate, or have collated for me, the widely scattered manuscripts in London, Petworth, Oxford,

Cambridge, Manchester, and Boston. Some of my expenses in this connexion have been met by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, who have also been very generous in the purchase of necessary books, such as editions of the Poems and the Sermons. At the outset of my work the Governing Body of Christ Church, Oxford, lent me the copy of the edition of 1633 (originally the possession of Sir John Vaughan (1603-1674) Chief Justice of the Common Pleas) on which the present edition is based, and also their copies of the editions of 1639, 1650, and 1654. At the same time Sir Walter Raleigh lent me his copy of the edition of 1669. At an early stage of my work Captain C. Shirley Harris, of 90 Woodstock Road, Oxford, communicated with me about Donne's use of the word 'Mucheron', and he was kind enough to lend me both his manuscript, P, and the transcript which he had caused to be made. By the kindness of Lord Ellesmere I was permitted to collate his unique copy of the 1611 edition of the Anatomy of the World and Funerall Elegie. While I was doing so, Mr. Strachan Holme, the Librarian, drew my attention to a manuscript collection of Donne's poems (B), and with his kind assistance I was enabled to collate this at Walkden, Manchester, and again at Bridgewater House. Mr. Holme has also furnished a photograph of the title-page of the edition of 1611. To the authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, and of Trinity College, Cambridge, I am indebted not only for permission to collate their manuscripts on the spot, but for kindly lending them to be examined and compared in the Library at King's College, Aberdeen; and I am indebted for a similar favour to the authorities of Queen's College, Oxford. In Dublin I met Professor Edward Dowden, and no one has been a kinder friend to my enterprise. He put at my disposal his interesting and valuable manuscript (D) and all his collection of Donne's works. He drew my attention to a manuscript (O'F) in Ellis and Elvey's catalogue for 1903. Mr. Warwick Bond was good enough to lend me the notes he had made upon this manuscript, which ultimately I traced to Harvard College Library. With Professor Dowden, Mr. Edmund Gosse has given me the most generous and whole-hearted assistance. He

lent me, as soon as ever I applied to him, his valuable and unique Westmoreland MS., containing many poems which were not included in any of the old editions. Some of these Mr. Gosse had already printed in his own delightful Life and Letters of John Donne (1899), but he has allowed me to reprint these and to print the rest of the unpublished poems for the first time. From his manuscript (G) of the Progresse of the Soule, or Metempsychosis, I have also obtained important emendations of the text. This is the most valuable manuscript copy of this poem. It will be seen that Mr. Gosse is a very material contributor to the completeness and interest of the present edition.

To the Marquess of Crewe I am indebted for permission to examine the manuscript M, to which a note of Sir John Simon's had called my attention; and to Lord Leconfield for a like permission to collate a manuscript in his possession, of which a short description is given in the Hist. MSS. Commission, Sixth Report, p. 312, No. 118. With Mr. Whitcomb's aid I was enabled to do this carefully, and he has subsequently verified references. Another interesting manuscript (JC) was lent me by Mr. Elkin Mathews, who has also put at my disposal his various editions of the Lives of Walton and other books connected with Donne. Almost at the eleventh hour, Mr. Geoffrey Keynes, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, discovered for me a copy of the 1612 edition of the Anniversaries, for which I had asked in vain in Notes and Queries. I owe to him, and to the kind permission of Mr. Edward Huth and the Messrs. Sotheby, a careful collation and a photograph of the title-page.

For the Commentary Dr. Norman Moore supplied me with a note on the Galenists and Paracelsians; and Dr. Gaster with the materials for a note on Donne's use of Jewish Apocrypha. Professor Picavet, of the Sorbonne, Paris, was kind enough to read in proof my notes on Donne's allusions to Scholastic doctrines, and to make suggestions. But I have added to these notes as they passed through the Press, and he must not be made responsible for my errors. Mr. W. Barclay Squire and Professor C. Sanford Terry have revised my transcripts and proofs of the music.

I desire lastly to express my gratitude to the officials of the Clarendon Press for the care with which they have checked my proofs, the patience with which they have accepted my changes and additions, and the trouble they have taken to secure photographs, music, and other details. Whatever faults may be found—and I doubt not they will be many—in my part of the work, I think the part for which the Press is responsible is wellnigh faultless.

H. J. C. GRIERSON.

Langcroft,

Dinnet, Aberdeenshire.

July 15, 1912.

NOTE

The typography of the edition of 1633 has been closely followed, in its use for example of 'u' and 'v'; and of long 's', which is avoided in certain combinations, e.g. 'sk' (but P. 12, l. 27. 'askes' 1633) and frequently 'sb'; nor is it generally used when the letter following 's' is elided; but there are one or two exceptions to this.

In the following places I have printed a full 'and' where 1633 contracts to '&' owing to the length of the line:

Page 12, l. 4. & whõ; P. 15, l. 40. & drove; P. 65, l. 8. & nought; P. 153, l. 105. & almes; P. 158, l. 101. & name; do., l. 107. & rockes, &; P. 159, l. 30. & black; P. 171, l. 83. & lawes; P. 183, l. 18. & Courts; P. 184, l. 29. & God; P. 205, l. 2. & pleasure; P. 240, l. 288. & sinke; P. 254, l. 107. & thinke; do., l. 113. & think; P. 280, l. 24. & Mines; P. 297, l. 56. & lands; do., l. 62. & brow; P. 306, l. 290. & lents; P. 327 (xii), l. 8. & feed; P. 337, l. 35. & thou; P. 360, l. 188. & turn'd; P. 384, l. 78. & face.

In the following places 'm' or 'n', indicated by a contraction, has been printed in full:

Page 12, l. 4. Her whõ; do. & whõ; P. 37, 1. 17. whẽ (bis); P. 82, l. 46. thẽ; P. 90, l. 2. frõ; P. 128, l. 28. Valẽtine; P. 141, l. 8. whẽ; P. 150, l. 16. thẽ; P. 159, l. 30. strãge; P. 169, l. 31. whõ; P. 257, l. 210. successiõ; P. 266, l. 513. anciẽt; P. 305, l. 255. thẽ; P. 336, l. 10. whẽ; P. 343, l. 126. Frõ; P. 345, l. 169. thẽ; P. 387, l. 71. Pẽbrooke.

There are a few examples of the same changes in the poems printed from the later editions, but I have not reproduced any of these editions so completely as 1633, every poem in which, with the exception of Basse's An Epitaph upon Shakespeare (1633. p. 149 i.e. 165) has been here reprinted.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I

LIST OF EDITIONS REGULARLY CITED IN NOTES.

1633, 1635, 1639, 1650, 1654, 1669.

Contractions: 1633-54 i.e. All editions between and including these dates. 1633-69 i.e. All the editions. Etc.

EDITIONS OCCASIONALLY CITED.

1649, in lists of editions and MSS. appended to poems first published in that edition. Textually it is identical with 1650-54.

1719, Tonson's edition.

1855, The Boston edition of that year—cited once.

Grosart, A. B. Grosart's edition of 1872-3.

Grolier, The Grolier Club edition of Professor Norton and Mrs. Burnett, 1895.

Chambers, Mr. E. K. Chambers' edition of 1896.

LIST OF MS. SIGLA

A10 Additional MS. 10,309, British Museum. A11 " " 11,811, " A18 " " 18,646, " A23 " " 23,229, " A25 " " 25,707, " A34 " " 34,744, " Ash 38 Ashmole MS. 38, Bodleian Library. B Bridgewater MS., Bridgewater House. Bur Burley MS., formerly at Burley-on-the-Hill House, Rutland. C Cambridge University Library MS. Cy Carnaby MS., Harvard College. D Dowden MS., belonging to Professor Edward Dowden. E20 Egerton MS. 2013, British Museum. E22 " " 2230, " G Gosse MS. of Metempsychosis, belonging to Mr. Edmund Gosse. H39 Harleian MS. 3910, British Museum. H40 " " 4064, " H49 " " 4944, " H51 " " 5110, " HN Hawthornden MS., Library of Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh. JC John Cave MS., belonging to Mr. Elkin Mathews. L74 Lansdowne MS. 740, British Museum. L77 " " 777, " Lec Leconfield MS., at Petworth House. M Monckton-Milnes MS., belonging to the Marquis of Crewe. N Norton MS., Harvard College. O'F O'Flaherty MS., Harvard College. P Phillipps MS., belonging to Captain C. Shirley Harris. Q Queen's College MS., Queen's College, Oxford. RP31 Rawlinson Poetical MS. 31, Bodleian Library, Oxford. RP61 " " " 61 " " " S Stephens MS., Harvard College. S96 Stowe MS. 961, British Museum. TCC Trinity College, Cambridge, MS. TCD Trinity College, Dublin, MS. G. 2. 21. TCD (II) A second collection of poems in the same MS. W Westmoreland MS., belonging to Mr. Edmund Gosse.

The following groups are important:—

D, H49, Lec,

and

A18, N, TC, where TC represents TCC and TCD

Note

THE

PRINTER

TO THE

UNDERSTANDERS.

F

FOR this time I must speake only to you: at another, Readers may perchance serve my turne; and I thinke this a way very free from exception, in hope that very few will have a minde to confesse themselves ignorant.

If you looke for an Epistle, as you have before ordinary publications, I am sory that I must deceive you; but you will not lay it to my charge, when you shall consider that this is not ordinary, for if I should say it were the best in this kinde, that ever this Kingdome hath yet seene; he that would doubt of it must goe out of the Kingdome to enforme himselfe, for the best judgments, within it, take it for granted.

You may imagine (if it please you) that I could endeare it unto you, by saying, that importunity drew it on; that had it not beene presented here, it would have come to us from beyond the Seas; (which perhaps is true enough,) That my charge and paines in procuring of it hath beene such, and such. I could adde hereto, a promise of more correctnesse, or enlargement in the next Edition, if you shall in the meane time content you with this. But these things are so common, as that I should profane this Peece by applying them to it; A Peece which who so takes not as he findes it, in what manner soever, he is unworthy of it, sith a scattered limbe of this Author, hath more amiablenesse in it, in the eye of a discerner, then a whole body of some other; Or, (to expresse him best by himselfe)

In the Storme.

—A hand, or eye,

By Hilyard drawne, is worth a history

By a worse Painter made;—

If any man (thinking I speake this to enflame him for the vent of the Impression) be

of another opinion, I shall as willingly spare his money as his judgement. I cannot lose so much by him as hee will by himselfe. For I shall satisfie my selfe with the conscience of well doing, in making so much good common.

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

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

The Printer &c. 1633-49: om. 1650-69, which substitute Dedication To the &c. (p. 4)

2 you: 1635-49: you, 1633

The Printer to the Vnderstanders. 1635-69: The Printer to the Reader. 1633. See note 28 here 1635-69: om. 1633 (... you shall here finde them in the end,...)

Note

Hexastichon Bibliopolae.

I SEE in his last preach'd, and printed Booke,

His Picture in a sheet; in Pauls I looke,

And see his Statue in a sheete of stone,

And sure his body in the grave hath one:

Those sheetes present him dead, these if you buy,

You have him living to Eternity.

Jo. Mar.

Hexastichon Bibliopolae. 1633-69

Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam.

Incerti.

I N thy Impression of Donnes Poems rare,

For his Eternitie thou hast ta'ne care:

'Twas well, and pious; And for ever may

He live: Yet shew I thee a better way;

Print but his Sermons, and if those we buy,

He, We, and Thou shall live t' Eternity.

Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam. 1635-69

Note

Dedication to the Edition of 1650.

To the Right Honourable

William Lord Craven Baron of

Hamsted-Marsham.

My Lord,

M

MANY of these Poems have, for severall impressions, wandred up and down trusting (as well they might) upon the Authors reputation; neither do they now

complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindnesse of the Printer, or the curtesie of the Reader; the one by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned, the other by putting such an estimation upon the wit & fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own: as if a man should dig out the stones of a royall Amphitheatre to build a stage for a countrey show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I finde none so prodigious, as the Poets of these later times, wherein men as if they would level understandings too as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and Judgements, pretend as indifferently to the chaire of wit as to the Pulpit, & conceive themselves no lesse inspired with the spirit of Poetry then with that of Religion: so it is not onely the noise of Drums and Trumpets which have drowned the Muses harmony, or the feare that the Churches ruine wil destroy their Priests likewise, that now frights them from this Countrey, where they have been so ingenuously received, but these rude pretenders to excellencies they unjustly own who profanely rushing into Minervaes Temple, with noysome Ayres blast the lawrell wch thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition these learned sisters are fled over to beg your Lps. protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and armes, and who in this generall confusion have so intirely preserved your Honour, that in your Lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what England was in all her pompe and greatnesse, so that although these poems were formerly written upon severall occasions, and to severall persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your Lordships statue upon, where you may stand like Armed Apollo the defendor of the Muses, encouraging the Poets now alive to celebrate your great Acts by affording your countenance to his poems that wanted onely so noble a subject.

My Lord,

Your most humble servant

John Donne.

To the &c. 1650-69

Note

To John Donne.

Note (Supp.)

D ONNE, the delight of Phoebus, and each Muse,

Who, to thy one, all other braines refuse;

Whose every work, of thy most early wit,

Came forth example, and remaines so, yet:

Longer a knowing, than most wits doe live;

And which no'n affection praise enough can give!

To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,

Which might with halfe mankind maintain a strife;

All which I mean to praise, and, yet, I would;

But leave, because I cannot as I should!

B. Jons.

To John Donne. 1650-69, following the Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam.

Note (Supp.)

To Lucy, Countesse of Bedford, with M. Donnes Satyres.

L VCY, you brightnesse of our Spheare, who are

Life of the Muses day, their morning Starre!

If works (not th'Authors) their own grace should look

Whose poems would not wish to be your book?

But these, desir'd by you, the makers ends
Crown with their own. Rare Poems ask rare friends.
Yet, Satyres, since the most of mankind bee
Their unavoided subject, fewest see:
For none ere took that pleasure in sins sense,
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.
They, then, that living where the matter is bred,
Dare for these Poems, yet, both ask, and read,
And like them too; must needfully, though few,
Be of the best: and 'mongst those best are you;
Lucy, you brightnefle of our Spheare, who are
The Muses evening, as their morning-Starre.
B. Jon.

To John Donne.

W HO shall doubt, Donne, where I a Poet bee,
When I dare send my Epigrammes to thee?
That so alone canst judge, so'alone do'st make:
And, in thy censures, evenly, dost take
As free simplicity, to dis-avow,
As thou hast best authority, t'allow.
Read all I send: and, if I finde but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,
My title's seal'd. Those that for claps doe write,
Let punees, porters, players praise delight,

And, till they burst, their backs, like asses load:

A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

B. Jon.

To Lucy &c. To John Donne &c. 1650-69, in sheets added 1650.

See Text and Canon &c.

Note (Supp.)

JOHN DONNE

JOHN DONNE

Note

ANNO DNI. 1591. ÆTATIS SVÆ. 18.

ANTES MVERTO QUE MVDADO.

This was for youth, Strength, Mirth, and wit that Time

Most count their golden Age; but t'was not thine.

Thine was thy later yeares, so much refind

From youths Drosse, Mirth, & wit; as thy pure mind

Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise

Of thy Creator, in those last, best Dayes.

Witnes this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins

With Love; but endes, with Sighes, & Teares for sins.

iz: wa:

Will: Marshall sculpsit

From the engraving prefixed to the Poems in the Editions of 1635, 1639, 1649, 1650, 1654

Note

SONGS AND SONETS.

Note

The good-morrow.

I 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.
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 soules,
Which watch not one another out of feare;
For love, all love of other sights controules,
And makes one little roome, an every where.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,
Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one.
My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,
And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,
Where can we finde two better hemispheares
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.

SONGS AND SONETS. 1635-69: no division into sections, 1633

The good-morrow. 1633-69, A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD: no title, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S: Elegie. S96

2 lov'd? 1639-69: lov'd, 1633-35

3 countrey pleasures, childishly? 1633-54, D, H40, H49, Lec: childish pleasures seelily? 1669, A18, A25, B, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC

4 snorted 1633-54, D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F, S96: slumbred 1669, A18, A25, JC, L74, N, P, TC seaven sleepers 1633: seven-sleepers 1635-69

5 this,] as 1669

10 For 1633-69, D, H40, H49, Lec: But rest of MSS.

13 to other, worlds on 1633-54: to other worlds our 1669: to others, worlds on D, H49, Lec, and other MSS.

14 one world 1633-69, D, H49, Lec: our world rest of MSS.

17 better 1633, D, H40, H49, Lec: fitter 1635-69, and rest of MSS.

19 was not] is not 1669

20-1 or, thou and I ... can die. 1633, D, H40, H49, Lec: or, thou and I ... can slacken, ... can die. Chambers:

both thou and I

Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

1635-69, JC, O'F, P:

or thou and I

Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

A18, A25, B, L74, S96, TC

As thou and I &c.

H40:

And thou and I &c.

S

Song.

Note Music

G OE, and catche a falling starre,

Get with child a mandrake roote,

Tell me, where all past yeares are,

Or who cleft the Divels foot,

5Teach me to heare Mermaides singing,

Or to keep off envies stinging,

And finde

What winde

Serves to advance an honest minde.

10If thou beest borne to strange sights,

Things invisible to see,

Ride ten thousand daies and nights,

Till age snow white haires on thee,

Thou, when thou retorn'st, wilt tell mee

15All strange wonders that befell thee,

And sweare

No where

Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou findst one, let mee know,

Such a Pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
Though at next doore wee might meet,
Though shee were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet shee
Will bee
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

Song. 1633-69: Song, A Songe, or no title, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD

3 past yeares] times past 1669: past times P

11 to see] go see 1669, S, S96: see most other MSS.

20 sweet; 1669: sweet, 1633-54

24 last, till] last so till O'F, S, S96

27 False, ... three] False, ere she come to two or three. 1669]

Womans constancy.

N 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?
Or, that oathes made in reverentiall feare
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forsweare?
Or, as true deaths, true maryages untie,

So lovers contracts, images of those,

Binde but till sleep, deaths image, them unloose?

Or, your owne end to Justifie,

For having purpos'd change, and falsehood; you

Can have no way but falsehood to be true?

Vaine lunatique, against these scapes I could

Dispute, and conquer, if I would,

Which I abstaine to doe,

For by to morrow, I may thinke so too.

Womans constancy. 1633-69, A18, L74, N, O'F, TCC, TCD: no title, B, D, H40, H49, Lec, P, S

8 Or, 1633, 1669: For, 1635-54 (ll. 8-10 in brackets)

Note

The undertaking.

I HAVE done one braver thing

Then all the Worthies did,

And yet a braver thence doth spring,

Which is, to keepe that hid.

It were but madnes now t'impart

The skill of specular stone,

When he which can have learn'd the art

To cut it, can finde none.

So, if I now should utter this,

Others (because no more

Such stuffe to worke upon, there is,)

Would love but as before.

But he who lovelinesse within

Hath found, all outward loathes,

For he who colour loves, and skinne,

Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also doe

Vertue'attir'd in woman see,

And dare love that, and say so too,

And forget the Hee and Shee;

And if this love, though placed so,

From prophane men you hide,

Which will no faith on this bestow,

Or, if they doe, deride:

Then you have done a braver thing

Then all the Worthies did;

And a braver thence will spring,

Which is, to keepe that hid.

The undertaking. 1635-69: no title, 1633, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S: Platonique Love. A18, N, TCC, TCD

2 Worthies] worthies 1633

3 And yet] Yet B, D, H49, Lec

7-8 art ... it, 1669: art, ... it 1633-54

16 their] her B

18 Vertue'attir'd in 1633, A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC: Vertue in 1635-69, O'F, Chambers

26 did; Ed: did. 1633-39: did, 1650-69

27 spring,] spring 1633-39

Note

The Sunne Rising.

BUSIE old foole, unruly Sunne,

Why dost thou thus,

Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us?

Must to thy motions lovers seasons run?

5Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide

Late schoole boyes, and sowre prentices,

Goe tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,

Call countrey ants to harvest offices;

Love, all alike, no season knowes, nor clyme,

10Nor houres, dayes, moneths, which are the rags of time.

Thy beames, so reverend, and strong

Why shouldst thou thinke?

I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,

But that I would not lose her sight so long:

15If her eyes have not blinded thine,

Looke, and to morrow late, tell mee,

Whether both the'India's of spice and Myne

Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with mee.

Aske for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,

20And thou shalt heare, All here in one bed lay.

She'is all States, and all Princes, I,

Nothing else is.

Princes doe but play us; compar'd to this,

All honor's mimique; All wealth alchimie.

25Thou sunne art halfe as happy'as wee,

In that the world's contracted thus;

Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee

To warme the world, that's done in warming us.

Shine here to us, and thou art every where;

30This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare.

The Sunne Rising. 1633-69: Sunne Rising. A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD: Ad Solem. A25, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, S96: To the Sunne. Cy, Lec, O'F (as a second title): no title, B

3 call] look 1669

6 and] or 1669

sowre] slowe B, Cy, P

8 offices;] offices, 1633

11-14 Thy beames, ... so long: 1633 and all MSS.:

Thy beames so reverend, and strong

Dost thou not thinke

I could eclipse and cloude them with a winke,

But that I would not lose her sight so long? 1635-69

17 spice] space 1650-54

18 leftst 1633: left 1635-69

23 us;] us, 1633

24 wealth] wealth's A25, C, P

alchimie. Ed: alchimie; 1633-69

26 thus; Ed: thus. 1633-69

Note

The Indifferent.

I CAN love both faire and browne,
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betraies,
Her who loves lonenesse best, and her who maskes and plaies,
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,
Her who beleeves, and her who tries,
Her who still weepes with spungie eyes,
And her who is dry corke, and never cries;
I can love her, and her, and you and you,
I can love any, so she be not true.
Will no other vice content you?
Wil it not serve your turn to do, as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices spent, and now would finde out others?
Or doth a feare, that men are true, torment you?
Oh we are not, be not you so,
Let mee, and doe you, twenty know.
Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe.

Must I, who came to travaile thorow you,

Grow your fixt subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song,

And by Loves sweetest Part, Variety, she swore,

She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no more.

She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,

And said, alas, Some two or three

Poore Heretiques in love there bee,

Which thinke to stablish dangerous constancie.

But I have told them, since you will be true,

You shall be true to them, who'are false to you.

The Indifferent. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: A Songe, Songe, or no title, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96: Sonnet. P

3 lonenesse] lovers 1669

maskes] sports 1669, S

and 1669: & 1633-39: om. 1650-54

12 spent] worn 1669

15 mee, 1633: me; 1635-69

17 travaile] spelt travell, travel 1635-69

19 sigh] sing 1669

20 sweetest Part,] sweetest sweet, 1669, P, S

21 and that it 1633, B, D, H49, Lec, S: it 1635-69, H40, P: and it A18, JC, N, O'F, S96, TC

Note

Loves Vsury.

F OR every houre that thou wilt spare mee now,
I will allow,
Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my browne, my gray haires equall bee;
Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let
Mee travell, sojourne, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last yeares relict: thinke that yet
We'had never met.
Let mee thinke any rivalls letter mine,
And at next nine
Keepe midnights 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 cities quelque choses, let report
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.
Doe thy will then, then subject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,
Spare mee till then, I'll beare it, though she bee

One that loves mee.

Loves Vsury. 1633-69, L74: no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F, P, S: Elegie. S96

5 raigne, 1633, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, P, S: range, 1635-69, O'F, S96. See note

6 snatch, 1633, 1669: match, 1635-54

7 relict] relique 1669

12 that] her 1669

13 sport; 1669: sport 1633-54: sport, most MSS.

15 let report 1633, 1669, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, P, S: let not report 1635-54, O'F, S96, Chambers. See note

19 or paine 1633, 1669, and most MSS.: and paine 1635-54, O'F

22 fruit] fruites B, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96

24 loves 1633, 1669 and all the MSS.: love 1635-54

Note

The Canonization.

F OR Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love,

Or chide my palsie, or my gout,

My five gray haires, or ruin'd fortune flout,

With wealth your state, your minde with Arts improve,

5Take you a course, get you a place,

Observe his honour, or his grace,

Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face

Contemplate, what you will, approve,

So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?

What merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?

Who saies my teares have overflow'd his ground?

When did my colds a forward spring remove?

When did the heats which my veines fill

Adde one more to the plaguie Bill?

Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out still

Litigious men, which quarrels move,

Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, wee are made such by love;

Call her one, mee another flye,

We'are Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,

And wee in us finde the'Eagle and the Dove.

The Phœnix ridle hath more wit

By us, we two being one, are it.

So to one neutrall thing both sexes fit,

Wee dye and rise the same, and prove

Mysterious by this love.

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;

And if no peece of Chronicle wee prove,

We'll build in sonnets pretty roomes;

As well a well wrought urne becomes

The greatest ashes, as halfe-acre tombes,

And by these hymnes, all shall approve

Us Canoniz'd for Love:

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love

Made one anothers hermitage;

You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;

Who did the whole worlds soule contract, and drove

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!

The Canonization. 1633-39, A18, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, TCC, TCD: Canonization. 1650-69, S: Canonizatio. S96: no title, B, H40, JC

3 five 1633, 1669: true 1635-54

fortune] fortunes 1669

4 improve, 1650-69: improve 1633-39

7 reall] Roiall Lec

14 veines] reynes 1669

15 more, 1633-54, Lec: man 1669, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC

17 which] whom 1669

18 Though] While 1669

22 Dove. Ed: dove, 1633-69

24 are it. 1633-69: are it; Chambers and Grolier

25 So 1650-69: So, 1633-39. See note

fit, D, H49, Lec: fit. 1633-69. See note

29 tombes and 1633-54: tomb or 1669

30 legend] legends 1633

35 these 1633: those 1635-69

36 Love:] Love. 1633

39 rage; Ed: rage, 1633-69

40 contract] extract A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC

41 eyes 1633-69: eyes; Chambers

42-3 brackets, Ed

44 Courts: Beg] Courts Beg 1669: courts beg Chambers. See note

from] frow 1633

45 your 1669, A18, B, H40, JC, N, O'F, P, S96, TC: our 1633-54, D, H49, Lec

love! Ed: love. 1633-69

Note

The triple Foole.

I AM two fooles, I know,

For loving, and for saying so

In whining Poëtry;

But where's that wiseman, that would not be I,

5If she would not deny?

Then as th'earths inward narrow crooked lanes

Do purge sea waters fretfull salt away,

I thought, if I could draw my paines,

Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay,

10Griefe brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,

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,

15And, by delighting many, frees againe

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:

20For both their triumphs so are published,

And I, which was two fooles, do so grow three;

Who are a little wise, the best fooles bee.

The triple Foole. 1633-69, A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD: Song or no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, HN, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96

4 the wiser man, 1669

5 If he should not deny? P

6 narrow om. P: crooked om. B

lanes] vaines Cy, P

9 allay, 1633-39: allay. 1650-69, Chambers

10 numbers] number 1669

11 For, he tames it] He tames it much B

13 and] or 1669

Note

Lovers infinitenesse.

I F yet I have not all thy love,
Deare, I shall never have it all,
I cannot breath one other sigh, to move,
Nor can intreat one other teare to fall,
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, teares, and oathes, and letters I have spent.
Yet no more can be due to mee,
Then at the bargaine made was ment,
If then thy gift of love were partiall,
That some to mee, some should to others fall,
Deare, I shall never have Thee All.
Or if then thou gavest mee all,
All was but All, which thou hadst then;
But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall,
New love created bee, by other men,
Which have their 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,

The ground, thy heart is mine, what ever shall

Grow there, deare, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,

Hee that hath all can have no more,

And since my love doth every day admit

New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store;

Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,

If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it:

Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,

It stayes at home, and thou with losing savest it:

But wee will have a way more liberall,

Then changing hearts, to joyne them, so wee shall

Be one, and one anothers All.

Lovers infinitenesse. 1633-69: Mon Tout. A25, C: no title, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S: Elegie. S96

Query Loves infinitenesse.

3 move, Ed: move; 1633-69

4 fall, Ed: fall. 1633: fall; 1635-69

6 teares,] teares 1633

spent. Ed: spent, 1633-69 and Grolier: spent; Chambers

8 Then 1633-35, 1669: That 1639-54

9 were] was 1669

partiall] generall A25, C

11 Thee 1633: It 1635-69 (it 1669)

12 gavest] givest 1669

13 then; 1635-54: then, 1633

17 and letters 1633: in letters 1635-69

19 thee. 1639-69: thee, 1633-35

20 it] is 1633

21 is 1633, 1669: was 1635-54

25-6 And since my heart doth every day beget New love, &c. A25.

29-30

Except mine come when thine doth part

And in such giving it, thou savest it: A25, C

Perchance mine comes, when thine doth parte,

And by such losing it, &c. JC

31 have] love 1669: find A25, C

32 them] us 1669

Song.

Note

S WEETEST love, I do not goe,

For wearinesse of thee,

Nor in hope the world can show

A fitter Love for mee;

5But since that I

Must dye at last, 'tis best,

To use my selfe in jest

Thus by fain'd deaths to dye;

Yesternight the Sunne went hence,
And yet is here to day,
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor halfe so short a way:
Then feare not mee,
But beleeve that I shall make
Speedier journeyes, since I take
More wings and spurres then hee.
O how feeble is mans power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot adde another houre,
Nor a lost houre recall!
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 sigh'st, thou sigh'st not winde,
But sigh'st my soule away,
When thou weep'st, unkindly kinde,
My lifes blood doth decay.
It cannot bee
That thou lov'st mee, as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
Thou art the best of mee.

Let not thy divining heart

Forethinke me any ill,

Destiny may take thy part,

And may thy feares fulfill;

But thinke that wee

Are but turn'd aside to sleepe;

They who one another keepe

Alive, ne'r parted bee.

Song. 1633-69: Song. or no title, A18, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD: in A18, N, TCC, TCD, this with Send home my long stray'd eyes and The Bait are given as Songs which were made to certain ayres which were made before.

1-4 In most MSS. these lines are written as two long lines, and so with ll. 9-12, 17-20, 25-28, 33-36

4 mee; 1650-69: mee, 1633-39

5-8 But since ... dye; 1633, A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC:

At the last must part 'tis best,

Thus to use my selfe in jest

By fained deaths to dye; 1635-54, O'F:

Must dye at last, 'tis best,

Thus to use my self in jest

By fained death to dye; 1669

15 Speedier] Hastier 1669

20 recall! Ed: recall? 1633-69

25 not wind 1633: no wind 1635-69

32 Thou 1633 and MSS. generally: That 1635-54: Which 1669

best 1633-54: life 1669

36 may 1633-35, 1669: make 1639-54

fulfill; Ed: fulfill, 1633-69

38 turn'd] lai'd 1669

Note

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
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 anon,
That my selfe, (that is you, not I,)
Did kill me, and when I felt mee dye,
I bid mee send my heart, when I was gone,
But I alas could there finde none,
When I had ripp'd me,'and search'd where hearts did lye;
It kill'd mee againe, that I who still was true,
In life, in my last Will should cozen you.
Yet I found something like a heart,

But colours it, and corners had,

It was not good, it was not bad,

20It was intire to none, and few had part.

As good as could be made by art

It seem'd; and therefore for our losses sad,

I meant to send this heart in stead of mine,

But oh, no man could hold it, for twas thine.

The Legacie. 1633-69: Legacie. L74: Song. or no title, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96: Elegie. A18, N, TCC, TCD

1 When I dyed last,] When last I dyed, 1669

1-4 (and deare ... eternity) Grolier.

7 sent 1633, 1669: meant 1635-54

should be] might be 1669

10 that is 1635-69: that's 1633: brackets from A18, N, TC

13 none, 1633-69: none. Chambers and Grolier

14 When ... did 1633, A25 (doe), D, H40, H49, Lec, S, S96: When I had ripp'd, and search'd where hearts should 1635-69, A18, L74, N, TC lye; Ed: lye, 1633-69, Chambers and Grolier. See note

18 But] For 1650-69

20 part. 1633-39: part: 1650-69

22 seem'd; Ed: seem'd, 1633-69, Grolier, and Chambers

our losses sad, 1633-54, A18, A25, L74, N, O'F, P, S96, TC: our loss be sad, 1669: our loss be ye sad. B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, S: our losses sad; Grolier: our loss be sad. Chambers

23 meant] thought A18, L74, N, O'F, TC

this 1633: that 1635-69

Note

A Feaver.

O H doe not die, for I shall hate
All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember, thou wast one.
But yet thou canst not die, I know;
To leave this world behinde, is death,
But when thou from this world wilt goe,
The whole world vapors with thy breath.
Or if, when thou, the worlds soule, goest,
It stay, tis but thy carkasse then,
The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
But corrupt wormes, the worthyest men.
O wrangling schooles, that search what fire
Shall burne this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her feaver might be it?
And yet she cannot wast by this,
Nor long beare this torturing wrong,
For much corruption needfull is
To fuell such a feaver long.
These burning fits but meteors bee,

Whose matter in thee is soone spent.

Thy beauty,'and all parts, which are thee,

Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet t'was of my minde, seising thee,

Though it in thee cannot persever.

For I had rather owner bee

Of thee one houre, then all else ever.

A Feaver. 1633-69, D, H40, H49, Lec, S96: Of a fever. L74: The Fever. B, Cy, O'F, P: Fever. A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, JC

5 know; Ed: know, 1633-69

8 with] in 1669

16 might] must TCC

18 beare] endure 1669

torturing] tormenting JC, O'F (corr. from torturing)

19 For much 1633, A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, S96, TC: For more 1635-69, O'F: Far more Cy, P

22 is soon] soon is 1669

24 Are] Are an 1669, P, S96

25 Yet 'twas of 1633-54: And here as 1669

27 For] Yet 1669

Note

Aire and 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,
Some lovely glorious nothing I did see.
But since my soule, whose child love is,
Takes limmes of flesh, and else could nothing doe,
More subtile then the parent is,
Love must not be, but take a body too,
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid Love aske, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.
Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
And so more steddily to have gone,
With wares which would sinke admiration,
I saw, I had loves pinnace 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 womens love, and mens will ever bee.

Aire and Angels. 1633-69, A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD: no title, B, H40

4 bee; Ed: bee, 1633-69

5 came,] came 1633

6 I did] did I 1669

see. Ed: see, 1633-69

7 since Ed: since, 1633-69

11 who, Ed: who 1633-69

14 lip, eye,] lips, eyes, 1669, Chambers

19 Ev'ry thy 1633-39, A18, B (Even), D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S (Ever), S96, TC: Thy every 1650-69

22 scatt'ring Ed: scattring, 1633-35: scattering 1639-69

27 Aire 1633-54 and all MSS.: Airs 1669, Chambers

Note Music

Breake of day.

'T IS true, 'tis day; what though it be?

O wilt thou therefore rise from me?

Why should we rise, because 'tis light?

Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?

5Love which in spight of darknesse brought us hether,

Should in despight of light keepe us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;

If it could speake as well as spie,

This were the worst, that it could say,

That being well, I faine would stay,

And that I lov'd my heart and honor so,

That I would not from him, that had them, goe.

Must businesse thee from hence remove?

Oh, that's the worst disease of love,

The poore, the foule, the false, love can

Admit, but not the busied man.

He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe

Such wrong, as when a maryed man doth wooe.

Breake of day, 1633-69, A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD: no title or Sonnet, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96: A Songe. A25

1 day;] day, 1633

5 in spight of 1633-39, 1669, A25, JC, S96: in dispight 1650-54, A18, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, S, TC

6 in despight 1633, 1650-69: in spight 1635-39

keepe] holde A18, L74, N, S96, TC

9 were] is A18, L74, N, O'F, S TC

11 I lov'd] I love JC, N, O'F, TC

12 him, that had them 1633-54, D, H49, Lec, S: him that had them (or it) A25, B, C, L74, N, O'F, TC: her, that had them, 1669: her that hath them B, JC (it), S96

15 foule,] foole, H40

18 as when ... doth 1633, 1669, A25, C, D, H40, H49, Lec, S, S96: as if ... should A18, B, JC, L74, N, O'F, TC: as when ... should 1635-54

Note

The Anniversarie.

A LL Kings, and all their favorites,
All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as they passe,
Is elder by a yeare, now, then it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things, to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday,
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keepes his first, last, everlasting day.
Two graves must hide thine and my coarse,
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas, as well as other Princes, wee,
(Who Prince enough in one another bee,)
Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and eares,
Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt teares;
But soules 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, soules from their graves remove.
And then wee shall be throughly blest,
But wee no more, then all the rest;

Here upon earth, we'are Kings, and none but wee

Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects bee.

Who is so safe as wee? where none can doe

Treason to us, except one of us two.

True and false feares let us refraine,

Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe

Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attaine

To write threescore: this is the second of our raigne.

The Anniversarie. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S: Ad Liviam. S96

3 times, as they passe, 1633, 1669 (which brackets which ... pass), MSS.: times, as these pass, 1635-54: time, as they pass, Chambers, who attributes to 1633, 1669

12 divorce. Ed: divorce, 1633-69

17 love Ed: love; 1633-69

20 to their graves] to their grave 1635-39

22 wee A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: now 1633-69. See note

rest; Ed: rest. 1633-69

23 none om. 1669, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96

24 None are such Kings, 1669, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96

nor] and D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96, bee. Ed: bee; 1633-69

27 refraine,] refraine. 1669

30 threescore: Grolier: threescore, 1633-69

Note

A Valediction: of my name, in the window.

I.

MY name engrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmnesse to this glasse,
Which, ever since that charme, hath beene
As hard, as that which grav'd it, was;
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that Glasse should bee
As all confessing, and through-shine as I,
'Tis more, that it shewes thee to thee,
And cleare reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules, loves magique can undoe,
Here you see mee, and I am you.

III.

As no one point, nor dash,
Which are but accessaries to this name,
The showers and tempests can outwash,
So shall all times finde mee the same;
You this intirenesse better may fulfill,
Who have the patterne with you still.

IIII.

Or, if too hard and deepe

This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
It, as a given deaths head keepe,
Lovers mortalitie to preach,
Or thinke this ragged bony name to bee
My ruinous Anatomie.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

So, since this name was cut
When love and griefe their exaltation had,
No doore 'gainst this names influence shut;
As much more loving, as more sad,

'Twill make thee; and thou shouldst, till I returne,

Since I die daily, daily mourne.

VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand

Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,

To looke on one, whose wit or land,

New battry to thy heart may frame,

Then thinke this name alive, and that thou thus

In it offendst my Genius.

IX.

And when thy melted maid,

Corrupted by thy Lover's gold, and page,

His letter at thy pillow'hath laid,

Disputed it, and tam'd thy rage,

And thou begin'st to thaw towards him, for this,

May my name step in, and hide his.

X.

And if this treason goe

To an overt act, and that thou write againe;

In superscribing, this name flow

Into thy fancy, from the pane.

So, in forgetting thou remembrest right,

And unaware to mee shalt write.

XI.

But glasse, and lines must bee,

No meanes our firme substantiall love to keepe;

Neere death inflicts this lethargie,

And this I murmure in my sleepe;

65Impute this idle talke, to that I goe,

For dying men talke often so.

A Valediction: Of &c. D, H49: A Valediction of &c. 1633-69, H40, Lec; Valediction of &c. A18, N, TCC, TCD: A Valediction of my name in the Glasse Window Cy: A Valediction to &c. B: Valediction 4: of Glasse O'F: Valediction in Glasse P: The Diamond and Glasse S: Vpon the ingravinge of his name with a Diamonde in his mistris windowe when he was to travel. S96 (This is added to the title in O'F.): similarly, JC

4 was; Ed: was, 1633-69

5 eye] eyes A18, B, Cy, JC, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC

8 I, 1633-54: I 1669

12 am you.] see you. 1669

14 accessaries 1633-69, O'F, S: accessary A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S96, TC

15 tempests 1633, 1669: tempest 1635-54

19 Or, Ed: Or 1633-69

32 so. 1633-35: so, 1639-69, Chambers. See note

34 flow Ed: flow, 1633-69

36 these 1633: those 1635-69

have] had 1669

supremacie: 1633-69: supremacie. 1650-69. See note

37 So, Ed: So 1633-69

39 shut; Ed: shut, 1633-69

44 ope 1633-69, O'F, S96: out A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S, TC

48 offendst] offends 1669

50 and] or 1669, JC, O'F, S96

52-3

Disputed thou it, and tame thy rage.

If thou to him begin'st to thaw for this, 1669

55 goe] growe JC, O'F, S

56 againe; 1633: againe: 1635-69

57 this] my 1669

58 pane. 1633: Pen, 1635-69, O'F, S

60 unaware] unawares B, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC

64 this] thus 1635-69, O'F, P, S, S96

Note

Twicknam garden.

BLASTED with sighs, and surrounded with teares,

Hither I come to seeke the spring,

And at mine eyes, and at mine eares,

Receive such balmes, as else cure every thing;

But O, selfe traytor, I do bring

The spider love, which transubstantiates all,

And can convert Manna to gall,

And that this place may thoroughly be thought

True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'Twere wholsomer for mee, that winter did

Benight the glory of this place,

And that a grave frost did forbid

These trees to laugh, and mocke mee to my face;

But that I may not this disgrace

Indure, nor yet leave loving, Love let mee

Some senslesse peece of this place bee;

Make me a mandrake, so I may groane here,

Or a stone fountaine weeping out my yeare.

Hither with christall vyals, lovers come,

And take my teares, which are loves wine,

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 womans thoughts by teares,

Then by her shadow, what she weares.

O perverse sexe, where none is true but shee,

Who's therefore true, because her truth kills mee.

Twicknam garden. 1633-69: do. or Twitnam Garden. A18, L74 (in margin), N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD: In a Garden. B: no title, A25, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, P

3 eares] years 1669

4 balms ... cure 1633, A25, D, H49: balm ... cures 1635-69, A18, B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC

thing; Ed: thing, 1633: thing: 1635-69

6 spider] spiders 1669

8 thoroughly 1633-39: throughly 1650-69

12 did] would A18, A25, N, TC

13 laugh,] laugh 1633

14 that I may not] since I cannot 1669

15 nor yet leave loving, 1633: om. D, H40, H49, Lec: nor leave this garden, 1635-69, A18, A25, Cy, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC

17 groane A18, D, H40, H49, N, TC: grow 1633-69, B, L74, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96

18 my yeare, 1633, 1669, D, H40, H49, Lec: the yeare. 1635-54, A18, A25, L74, N, O'F, P, TC

20 loves] lovers 1639

24 womans A18, D, H40, H49, L74, N, TC: womens 1633-69, Lec, P, S96

Note

A Valediction: of the booke.

I'LL tell thee now (deare Love) what thou shalt doe

To anger destiny, as she doth us,

How I shall stay, though she Esloygne me thus

And how posterity shall know it too;

5How thine may out-endure

Sybills glory, and obscure

Her who from Pindar could allure,

And her, through whose helpe Lucan is not lame,

And her, whose booke (they say) Homer did finde, and name.

Study our manuscripts, those Myriades
Of letters, which have past twixt thee and mee,
Thence write our Annals, and in them will bee
To all whom loves subliming fire invades,
Rule and example found;
There, the faith of any ground
No schismatique 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 worlds forme, this all-graved tome
In cypher writ, or new made Idiome,
Wee for loves clergie only'are instruments:
When this booke is made thus,
Should againe the ravenous
Vandals and Goths inundate us,
Learning were safe; in this our Universe
Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Musick, Angels Verse.
Here Loves Divines, (since all Divinity
Is love or wonder) may finde all they seeke,
Whether abstract spirituall love they like,
Their Soules exhal'd with what they do not see,
Or, loth so to amuze
Faiths 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.
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 womankinde,
Who though from heart, and eyes,
They exact great subsidies,
Forsake him who on them relies,
And for the cause, honour, or conscience give,
Chimeraes, vaine as they, or their prerogative.
Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can reade,)
May of their occupation finde the grounds:
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to consider what 'tis, one proceed,
In both they doe excell
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,
As he removes farre off, that great heights takes;
How great love is, presence best tryall makes,

But absence tryes how long this love will bee;

To take a latitude

60Sun, or starres, are fitliest view'd

At their brightest, but to conclude

Of longitudes, what other way have wee,

But to marke when, and where the darke eclipses bee?

A Valediction: of &c. Ed: A Valediction of the Booke A18, N, TCC, TCD: Valediction of the booke. D, H49, Lec: Valediction 3: Of the Booke O'F: The Booke Cy, P: Valediction to his booke. 1633-69, S: A Valediction of a booke left in a windowe. JC

18 Records, 1633-69: records, Grolier

20 tome 1633-35: to me 1639-54: Tomb. 1669, A18, Cy, Lec, N, S

21 Idiome, Ed: Idiome; 1633-69

22 instruments: Ed: instruments, 1633-69. See note

25 and Goths inundate us, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, TC: and the Goths invade us, 1633-54, S: and Goths invade us, 1669, H40, JC (or), O'F, P

26 were safe; 1633: rest omit semicolon.

Universe 1633-39: Universe, 1650-69

30 abstract] abstracted 1669

32 Or, ... amuze Ed: Or ... amuze, 1633-69

33 infirmitie,] infirmities, 1669, D, H49, Lec

38 titles] titles, 1663

39 these states] those rites A18, N, TC

40 womankinde, Ed: womankinde. 1633-54: womankinde: 1669

43 relies, Ed: relies 1633: relies; 1635-69

44 give,] give; 1635-69

46 Statesmen] Tradesmen Cy, P

47 grounds: Ed: grounds, 1633-69

49 'tis, one] 'tis on 1669

53 their nothing 1635-54, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC (nothings), Lec, N, O'F, S, TC (but the MSS. waver between their and there): there something 1633, 1669, P

55 vent 1633, 1669: went 1635-54

thoughts; abroad] thoughts abroad: 1669

56 great heights] shadows O'F

63 1669 omits darke

Communitie.

GOOD wee must love, and must hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good still,
But there are things indifferent,
Which wee may neither hate, nor love,
But one, and then another prove,
As wee shall finde our fancy bent.
If then at first wise Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then some wee might hate, and some chuse,
But since shee did them so create,
That we may neither love, nor hate,
Onely this rests, All, all may use.
If they were good it would be seene,

Good is as visible as greene,

And to all eyes it selfe betrayes:

If they were bad, they could not last,

Bad doth it selfe, and others wast,

So, they deserve nor blame, nor praise.

But they are ours as fruits are ours,

He that but tasts, he that devours,

And he that leaves all, doth as well:

Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat,

And when hee hath the kernell eate,

Who doth not fling away the shell?

Communitie. 1635-69: no title, 1633, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD

3 there 1635-69, A18, B, N, O'F, S, TC, &c.: these 1633, D, Cy, H49, Lec

7 had Ed: had, 1633-39

12 All, all 1633-54: All men 1669

15 betrayes: 1650-69: betrayes, 1633-39

21 well: Ed: well, 1633-69

Note

Loves growth.

ISCARCE beleeve my love to be so pure

As I had thought it was,

Because it doth endure

Vicissitude, and season, as the grasse;

Me thinkes I lyed all winter, when I swore,
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 stuffes, paining soule, or sense,
And of the Sunne his working vigour borrow,
Love's not so pure, and abstract, as they use
To say, which have no Mistresse but their Muse,
But as all else, being elemented too,
Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.
And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the spring is growne;
As, in the firmament,
Starres by the Sunne are not inlarg'd, but showne.
Gentle love deeds, as blossomes on a bough,
From loves awakened root do bud out now.
If, as in water stir'd more circles bee
Produc'd by one, love such additions take,
Those like so many spheares, but one heaven make,
For, they are all concentrique unto thee.
And though each spring doe adde to love new heate,
As princes doe in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter shall abate the springs encrease.

Loves growth. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: The Spring. or Spring. B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96: no title, JC

9 paining 1633, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S96, TC: vexing 1635-69, Cy, O'F, P, S

10 working 1633 and MSS. as above: active 1635-69 and MSS. as above

11 pure, and] pure an 1669, O'F

14 do.] do 1633

18-19 Starres ... showne. Gentle love Ed: Starres ... showne, Gentle love 1633-69: Stars are not by the sunne enlarg'd; but showne
Greater; Loves deeds P. See note

24 thee. Ed: thee, 1633-69

28 the 1633, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S96, TC: this 1635-69, Cy, O'F, P, S

Note

Loves exchange.

LOVE, any devill else but you,
Would for a given Soule give something too.
At Court your fellowes every day,
Give th'art of Riming, Huntsmanship, or Play,
For them which were their owne before;
Onely I have nothing which gave more,
But am, alas, by being lowly, lower.
I aske no dispensation now
To falsifie a teare, or sigh, or vow,
I do not sue from thee to draw
A non obstante on natures law,

These are prerogatives, they inhere
In thee and thine; none should forsweare
Except that hee Loves minion were.
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, least that so
A tender shame make me mine owne new woe.
If thou give nothing, yet thou'art just,
Because I would not thy first motions trust;
Small townes which stand stiffe, till great shot
Enforce them, by warres law condition not.
Such in loves warfare is my case,
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at last to shew this face.
This face, by which he could command
And change the Idolatrie of any land,
This face, which wheresoe'r it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from tombes,
And melt both Poles at once, and store
Deserts with cities, and make more
Mynes in the earth, then Quarries were before.

For this, Love is enrag'd with mee,

Yet kills not. If I must example bee

To future Rebells; If th'unborne

Must learne, by my being cut up, and torne:

40Kill, and dissect me, Love; for this

Torture against thine owne end is,

Rack't carcasses make ill Anatomies.

Loves exchange. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P

4 or] and most MSS.

Play D: play 1633-69

9 or sigh, or vow, 1633-54: a sigh, a vow, 1669

18 is; Ed: is. 1633-69

20 paines] paine A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, TC

21 1669 omits new

28 Love D: love 1633-69

this] his 1669

36 For this, Ed: For, this 1633-69

Love D: love 1633-69

37 not. If Ed: not; if 1633-39: not: if 1650-69

Note

Confined Love.

SOME man unworthy to be possessor

Of old or new love, himselfe being false or weake,

Thought his paine and shame would be lesser,

If on womankind he might his anger wreake,

And thence a law did grow,

One might but one man know;

But are other creatures so?

Are Sunne, Moone, or Starres by law forbidden,

To smile where they list, or lend away their light?

Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden

If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a night?

Beasts doe no joyntures lose

Though they new lovers choose,

But we are made worse then those.

Who e'r rigg'd faire ship to lie in harbors,

And not to seeke new lands, or not to deale withall?

Or built faire houses, set trees, and arbors,

Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?

Good is not good, unlesse

A thousand it possesse,

But doth wast with greedinesse.

Confined Love 1635-69: no title, 1633, A18, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, TCC, TCD: To the worthiest of all my lovers. Cy: To the of all my loves my virtuous mistriss. P

3 his] this 1669

lesser] the lesser A18, Cy, JC, P

6 might 1633-69: should B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, O'F, S, TC

9 lend] bend 1669

11 mate, 1633-39: meate, 1650: meat, 1669

a night (i.e. a-night) 1633-54: all night 1669

12 Beasts] Beast 1635

15 ship] ships 1669, Chambers

16 seeke new lands 1633-35 and MSS.: seeke lands 1639-69, Chambers, whose note is incorrect

withall 1633: with all 1635-69

17 built 1633-35: build 1639-69

Note

The Dreame.

Note (Supp.)

D EARE love, for nothing lesse then thee

Would I have broke this happy dreame,

It was a theame

For reason, much too strong for phantasie,

5Therefore thou wakd'st me wisely; yet

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 thoughtst it best,

10Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest.

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,
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.
Comming and staying show'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,
If mixture it of Feare, Shame, Honor, have.
Perchance as torches which must ready bee,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with mee,
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; Then I
Will dreame that hope againe, but else would die.

The Dreame. 1633-69: do. or similarly, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, RP31, S, S96, TCC, TCD

6 brok'st ... continued'st] breakest ... continuest 1669, A25, C, P, S

7 so truth, 1633, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC: so true, 1635-69, A25, B, C, Cy, O'F, P, S. See note

10 act] doe A25, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96

14 an Angell,] but an Angell, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC

16 thoughts,] om. comma Grolier and Chambers. See Note

17 then thou knew'st when 1669

19 must] doe A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC

20 Prophane,] Profaness A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S96, TC

24 feare's as strong 1635-54, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, TCC: feares are strong 1669, B, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96: feare is strong, N, TCD

26 have. 1669: have; 1633-54

29 cam'st] com'st 1669

Then I] Thus I A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC (RP31 agrees with this group throughout)

Note

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,

5For thus they bee

Pregnant of thee;

Fruits of much griefe they are, emblemes of more,

When a teare falls, that thou falst which it bore,

So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.

10On a round ball

A workeman that hath copies by, can lay

An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,

And quickly make that, which was nothing, All,

So doth each teare,

Which thee doth weare,

A globe, yea world by that impression grow,

Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow

This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolved so.

O more then Moone,

Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy spheare,

Weepe me not dead, in thine armes, but forbeare

To teach the sea, what it may doe too soone;

Let not the winde

Example finde,

To doe me more harme, then it purposeth;

Since thou and I sigh one anothers breath,

Who e'r sighes most, is cruellest, and hasts the others death.

A Valediction: of &c. Ed: A Valediction of weeping. 1633-69: Valediction of Weeping. A18, N, TCC, TCD: A Valediction. B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec: A Valediction of Teares. Cy, S, S96: Valediction 2. Of Tears. O'F: no title, JC

3 beare, 1633: beare; 1635-69

6 thee; Ed: thee, 1633-69

8 falst 1633-69: falls A18, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, TC

9 shore.] shore, 1633

13 All, 1633: All 1635: All. 1639: All: 1650-69

16 world] would 1669

20 up seas] thy seas 1669

22 soone; Ed: soone, 1633-69

25 purposeth; Ed: purposeth, 1633-69

Note

Loves Alchymie.

SOME that have deeper digg'd loves Myne then I,
Say, where his centrique happinesse doth lie:
I have lov'd, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not finde that hidden mysterie;
Oh, 'tis imposture all:
And as no chymique yet th'Elixar got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall,
So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summers night.
Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day,
Shall we, for this vaine Bubles shadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man,
Can be as happy'as I can; If he can
Endure the short scorne of a Bridegroomes play?

That loving wretch that sweares,

'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,

20Which he in her Angelique findes,

Would sweare as justly, that he heares,

In that dayes rude hoarse minstralsey, the spheares.

Hope not for minde in women; at their best

Sweetnesse and wit, they'are but Mummy, possest.

Loves Alchymie. 1633-69: Mummye. A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74 (or Alchymy. added in a later hand), Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD: Elegie. P: no title, A25

14 Bubles

Bubless 1669]

15 my 1633-69 and MSS.: any S96, 1855, and Grolier (perhaps from some copy of 1633)

23-4 punctuation from MSS:

at their best,

Sweetnesse, and wit they'are, but, Mummy, possest. 1633-54:

1669 omits all punctuation in these lines

Note

The Flea.

MARKE but this flea, and marke in this,

How little that which thou deny'st me is;

It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,

And in this flea, our two bloods mingled bee;

Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sinne, nor shame, nor losse of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoyes before it wooe,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more then wee would doe.
Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where wee almost, yea more then maryed are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our mariage bed, and mariage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
And cloysterd in these living walls of Jet.
Though use make you apt to kill mee,
Let not to that, selfe murder added bee,
And sacrilege, three sinnes in killing three.
Cruell and sodaine, hast thou since
Purpled thy naile, in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty bee,
Except in that drop which it suckt from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and saist that thou
Find'st not thy selfe, nor mee the weaker now;
'Tis true, then learne how false, feares bee;
Just so much honor, when thou yeeld'st to mee,
Will wast, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

The Flea is placed here in the 1633 edition: 1635-69 place it at beginning of Songs

and Sonets: The Flea. or no title, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD

3 It suckt mee first, 1633-54, D, H49, Lec, S96: Mee it suck'd first, 1669, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, L74, N, P, S, TC

and now sucks] and now it sucks 1669

5 Thou know'st that 1633-54, D, H49, Lec: Confess it. This cannot be said 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC

6 nor shame, nor losse 1633-54 (shame 1633), D, H49, Lec: or shame, or loss 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, TC

9 would] could 1669

11 yea, 1633-54, D, H49, Lec: nay, 1669, A18, A25, B, C, H40, L74, N, O'F, S, TC

16 you] thee A18, Cy, N, O'F, S, S96, TC

21 Wherein] In what A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TC

22 drop] blood 1669

Note

The Curse.

WHO ever guesses, thinks, or dreames he knowes

Who is my mistris, wither by this curse;

His only, and only his purse

May some dull heart to love dispose,

5And shee yeeld then to all that are his foes;

May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorne,

Forsweare to others, what to her he'hath sworne,

With feare of missing, shame of getting, torne:

Madnesse his sorrow, gout his cramp, may hee
Make, by but thinking, who hath made him such:
And may he feele no touch
Of conscience, but of fame, and bee
Anguish'd, not that'twas sinne, but that'twas shee:
In early and long scarcenesse may he rot,
For land which had been his, if he had not
Himselfe incestuously an heire begot:
May he dreame Treason, and beleeve, that hee
Meant to performe it, and confesse, and die,
And no record tell why:
His sonnes, which none of his may bee,
Inherite nothing but his infamie:
Or may he so long Parasites have fed,
That he would faine be theirs, whom he hath bred,
And at the last be circumcis'd for bread:
The venom of all stepdames, gamsters gall,
What Tyrans, and their subjects interwish,
What Plants, Mynes, Beasts, Foule, Fish,
Can contribute, all ill which all
Prophets, or Poets spake; And all which shall
Be annex'd in schedules unto this by mee,
Fall on that man; For if it be a shee
Nature before hand hath out-cursed mee.

The Curse. 1633-69: A Curse. or The Curse. A18, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD: Dirae. P, Q

2 curse] course 1669

3 His only, and only his purse 1633-54, A18, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S, TC: Him, only for his purse 1669, Chambers: His one and his onely purse P

4 heart 1633-54 and MSS.: whore 1669 and Chambers

5 And she yeeld then to 1633-54 and MSS.: And then yield unto 1669, Chambers

8 getting, Ed: getting 1633-69

torne: Ed: torne; 1633-54: torne. 1669. Compare 16 and 24

9 cramp,] cramps, 1669, Chambers, and most MSS.

10 him 1633-54 and MSS.: them 1669, Chambers

12 fame,] shame; A18, A25, N, P, TC

14-16 In early and long scarceness ... an heire begot: 1633, B, D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F (which gives alternate version in margin), S:

Or may he for her vertue reverence

One that hates him onely for impotence,

And equall Traitors be she and his sense.

1635-69, A18, A25, C, JC, N, P, Q, S, TC

18 Meant] Went A18, N, TC

26 Tyrans, 1633-35: Tyrants, 1639: tyrants, 1650-69

27 Mynes, A18, A25, B, H40, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TC: Myne, 1633-69, D, H49, Lec

28 ill 1669: ill, 1633-54

Note

The Message.

S END home my long strayd eyes to mee,
Which (Oh) too long have dwelt on thee;
Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions,
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, 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.
Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know, and see thy lyes,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguish
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,

Or prove as false as thou art now.

The Message. 1635-69: no title, 1633: Song. or no title, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96: Sonnet. P: Songes wch were made to &c. (vid. sup. p. 18) A18, N, TCC, TCD

2 thee; Ed: thee, 1633-69

3 But if they there 1669, S

10 staine;] staine, 1633-69

11 But 1635-69: Which 1633, A18, A25, D, H49, Lec, N, TC

14 crosse, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: breake 1633-69

16 Keep it still 'tis 1669

19 And may laugh, when that Thou D, H49, Lec

24 art now.] dost now. 1669

Note

A nocturnall upon S. Lucies day,

Being the shortest day.

TIS the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes,

Lucies, who scarce seaven houres herself unmaskes,

The Sunne is spent, and now his flasks

Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes;

5The worlds whole sap is sunke:

The generall balme th'hydroptique earth hath drunk,

Whither, as to the beds-feet, life is shrunke,

Dead and enterr'd; yet all these seeme to laugh,

Compar'd with mee, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers bee
At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:
For I am every dead thing,
In whom love wrought new Alchimie.
For his art did expresse
A quintessence even from nothingnesse,
From dull privations, and leane emptinesse:
He ruin'd mee, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darknesse, death; things which are not.
All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
Life, soule, forme, spirit, whence they beeing have;
I, by loves limbecke, am the grave
Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have wee two wept, and so
Drownd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
To be two Chaosses, when we did show
Care to ought else; and often absences
Withdrew our soules, and made us carcasses.
But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing, the Elixer grown;
Were I a man, that I were one,
I needs must know; I should preferre,
If I were any beast,
Some ends, some means; Yea plants, yea stones detest,

And love; All, all some properties invest;

If I an ordinary nothing were,

As 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,

Enjoy your summer all;

Since shee enjoyes her long nights festivall,

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.

A nocturnal &c. 1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD

7 beds-feet,] beds-feet 1633-69

12 every 1633, A18, N, O'F (altered to a very), TC: a very 1635-69

16 emptinesse: 1719: emptinesse; Chambers and Grolier: emptinesse 1633-54: emptinesse, 1669. See note

20 have; Ed: have, 1633-69.

31 know;] know, 1633

32 beast,] beast; Grolier

34 love; All, all Ed: love, all, all 1633-69

invest; Ed: invest, 1633: invest 1635-69

37 renew. 1633: renew, 1635-69

41 all; Ed: all, 1633-69 and Chambers, who places a full stop after festivall

44 Eve, 1650-69: eve, 1633-39

Witchcraft by a picture.

I FIXE mine eye on thine, and there

Pitty my picture burning in thine eye,

My picture drown'd in a transparent teare,

When I looke lower I espie;

5Hadst thou the wicked skill

By pictures made and mard, to kill,

How many wayes mightst thou performe thy will?

But now I have drunke thy sweet salt teares,

And though thou poure more I'll depart;

10My picture vanish'd, vanish feares,

That I can be endamag'd by that art;

Though thou retaine of mee

One picture more, yet that will bee,

Being in thine owne heart, from all malice free.

Witchcraft &c. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: The Picture. or Picture. Cy, JC, O'F, P, S96: A Songe. B

4 espie; Ed: espie, 1633-69

6 to kill, Ed: to kill? 1633-39: to kill; 1650-69

9 And though] Although 1669 And though thou therefore poure more will depart; B, H40

10 vanish'd, vanish feares, 1633, A18, B, Cy, H40, JC, N, P, S96, TC: vanished, vanish all feares 1635-54, O'F: vanish, vanish fears, 1669

11 that] thy JC, O'F, S96

14 all] thy B, H40, S96

Note: Music Music

The Baite.

C OME live with mee, and bee my love,
And wee will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and christall brookes,
With silken lines, and silver hookes.
There will the river whispering runne
Warm'd by thy eyes, more then the Sunne.
And there the'inamor'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.
When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channell hath,
Will amorously to thee swimme,
Gladder to catch thee, then thou him.
If thou, to be so seene, beest loath,
By Sunne, or Moone, thou darknest both,
And if my selfe have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.
Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legges, with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poore fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowie net:

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest

The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,

Or curious traitors, sleavesilke flies

Bewitch poore fishes wandring eyes.

For thee, thou needst no such deceit,

For thou thy selfe art thine owne bait;

That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,

Alas, is wiser farre then I.

The Baite. 1635-69: no title, 1633: Song. or no title, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S96, Walton's Compleate Angler: Fourth Day: Chap. XII.: Songs that were made &c. (vid. sup. p. 18) A18, N, TCC, TCD

2 some new] all the P

3 brookes, Ed: brookes: 1633-69

5 whispering 1633: whispring 1635-69

6 thy] thine 1669, A18, N, TC

7 inamor'd] enamelled Walton

stay] play 1669

11 to] unto JC, O'F, P: to see N: Most amoroussly to thee will swim Walton

15 my selfe] mine eyes Walton: my heart A18, N, TC

18 with] which 1633

20 snare,] snares, Walton

windowie] winding 1669. See note

23 Or 1633-69: Let Walton

sleavesilke 1635: sleave silke 1639-69 and Walton: sleavesicke 1633

24 To witch poor wandring fishes eyes. Walton

25 thou needst] there needs D, H49, Lec, S96

26 bait; Ed: bait, 1633-69

27 catch'd 1633-69: catch't Walton: caught P

28 Is wiser far, alas Walton

Note

The Apparition.

WHEN by thy scorne, O murdresse, I am dead,
And that thou thinkst thee free
From all solicitation from mee,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, fain'd vestall, in worse armes shall see;
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,
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,
Lest that preserve thee'; and since my love is spent,
I'had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Then by my threatnings rest still innocent.

The Apparition. 1633-69: do. or An Apparition. A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD

2 that thou thinkst] thou shalt think 1669

3 solicitation] solicitations JC, O'F

5 thee, ... vestall, Ed: thee ... vestall 1633-39: thee ... Vestall 1650-69

7 then] 1669 omits

10 in false sleepe will from 1633, Cy, D, H49, Lec, S: in false sleepe from 1635-54: in a false sleepe even from 1669: in a false sleepe from A25, P: in a false sleepe will from A18, N, TC

13 I;] I, 1633, some copies

17 rest still] keep thee A25, Cy, JC, O'F, P

Note

The broken heart.

HE is starke mad, who ever sayes,
That he hath beene in love an houre,
Yet not that love so soone decayes,
But that it can tenne in lesse space devour;
Who will beleeve mee, if I sweare
That I have had the plague a yeare?
Who would not laugh at mee, if I should say,
I saw a flaske of powder burne a day?
Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
If once into loves hands it come!
All other griefes allow a part

To other griefes, and aske themselves but some;
They come to us, but us Love draws,
Hee swallows us, and never chawes:
By him, as by chain'd shot, whole rankes doe dye,
He is the tyran Pike, our hearts the Frye.
If 'twere not so, what did become
Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the roome,
But from the roome, I carried none with mee:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show
More pitty unto mee: but Love, alas,
At one first blow did shiver it as glasse.
Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I thinke my breast hath all
Those peeces still, though they be not unite;
And now as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
My ragges of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love, can love no more.

The broken heart. 1633-69: Broken Heart. L74: Song. or no title, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD: Elegie. P, S96

8 flaske 1633, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, Lec, O'F (corrected from flash), P, S: flash

1635-69, A18, H49, N, TC

10 come! Ed: come? 1633-69

12 some; Ed: some, 1633-69

15 chain'd shot] chain-shott A18, A25, N, TC

16 tyran] Tyrant 1669

our hearts] and we 1669

17 did] could A18, A25, B, C, L74, O'F, N, TC: would B, Cy, M, S

20 mee: 1650-69: mee; 1633-39

23 alas,] alas 1633

24 first] fierce A18, B, N, TC

30 hundred] thousand A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, M, N, P, S, TC

Note

A Valediction: forbidding mourning.

A S virtuous men passe mildly away,
And whisper to their soules, 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,
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,
But trepidation of the spheares,

Though greater farre, is innocent.
Dull sublunary lovers love
(Whose soule is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.
But we by a love, so much refin'd,
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care lesse, eyes, lips, and hands to misse.
Our two soules therefore, which are one,
Though I must goe, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to ayery thinnesse beate.
If they be two, they are two so
As stiffe twin compasses are two,
Thy soule 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.
Such wilt thou be to mee, who must
Like th'other foot, obliquely runne;
Thy firmnes makes my circle just,

35And makes me end, where I begunne.

A Valediction: forbidding &c. Ed: A Valediction forbidding &c. 1633-69: Valediction forbidding &c. A18, N, TCC, TCD: Valediction agaynst &c. A25, C: A Valediction. B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec: Vpon the partinge from his Mistris. O'F, S96: To his love upon his departure from her. JC: Elegie. L74, P: also in Walton's Life of Donne (1675)

4 The breath goes now, 1633-54, and all the MSS.: Now his breath goes, 1669, Chambers

no: Ed: no. 1633-54: No; 1669

30 the other] my other Walton

31 It] Thine Walton

32 that] mine Walton

34 runne; Ed: runne. 1633-69

35 circle] circles 1639-54

36 makes me] me to Walton

Note

The Extasie.

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,

A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest

The violets reclining head,

Sat we two, one anothers best.

5Our hands were firmely cimented

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.
As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate
Suspends uncertaine victorie,
Our soules, (which to advance their state,
Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee.
And whil'st our soules negotiate there,
Wee like sepulchrall statues lay;
All day, the same our postures were,
And wee said nothing, all the day.
If any, so by love refin'd,
That he soules 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.
This Extasie doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love,
Wee see by this, it was not sexe,

Wee see, we saw not what did move:
But as all severall soules containe
Mixture of things, they know not what,
Love, these mixt soules, doth mixe againe,
And makes both one, each this and that.
A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size,
(All which before was poore, and scant,)
Redoubles still, and multiplies.
When love, with one another so
Interinanimates two soules,
That abler soule, which thence doth flow,
Defects of lonelinesse controules.
Wee then, who are this new soule, know,
Of what we are compos'd, and made,
For, th'Atomies of which we grow,
Are soules, whom no change can invade.
But O alas, so long, so farre
Our bodies why doe wee forbeare?
They are ours, though they are not wee, Wee are
The intelligences, they the spheare.
We owe them thankes, because they thus,
Did us, to us, at first convay,
Yeelded their forces, sense, to us,

Nor are drosse to us, but allay.
On man heavens influence workes not so,
But that it first imprints the ayre,
Soe soule into the soule may flow,
Though it to body first repaire.
As our blood labours to beget
Spirits, as like soules as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtile knot, which makes us man:
So must pure lovers soules descend
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;
Loves mysteries in soules doe grow,
But yet the body is his booke.
And if some lover, such as wee,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still marke us, he shall see
Small change, when we'are to bodies gone.

The Extasie. 1633-69: do. or Extasie. A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD

3 reclining 1633-54: declining 1669

4 best. Ed: best; 1633-54

Sate we on one anothers breasts. 1669

6 With 1633, A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, P, S, TC: By 1635-69, Chambers

8 string; Ed: string, 1633-69

9 to'entergraft 1633, A18, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, P, S, TC: to engraft 1635-69, A25, JC, O'F, Chambers

11 in 1633-69, P: on A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, TC

15 their 1633 and most MSS.: our 1635-69, O'F, P

18 lay; Ed: lay, 1633-69

25 knew 1635-69, A18, A25, B, H40, H49, JC, N, P, TC: knowes 1633, D, Lec

29 doth] do 1669

31 sexe, 1669: sexe 1633-54

42 Interinanimates A18, A25, B, H40, H49, JC, N, O'F, P, TC: Interanimates 1633-69, D, Lec

44 loneliness] loveliness 1669

46 made, 1633-39: made: 1650-69

47 Atomies 1633-54: Atomes 1669

48 are soules, 1633, 1669: are soule, 1635-54

51 though they are not A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC: though not 1633-69

52 spheare. A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: spheares. 1633-69

55 forces, sense, A18, A25, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC: senses force 1633-69

59 Soe A18, A25, B, H40, JC, N, P, S, S96, TC: For 1633-69, D, H49, Lec

64 makes] make 1635-39

72 his] the 1669

76 gone. 1633, A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, TC: growne. 1635-69, P, S96

Loves Deitie.

I LONG to talke with some old lovers ghost,
Who dyed before the god of Love was borne:
I cannot thinke that hee, who then lov'd most,
Sunke so low, as to love one which did scorne.
But since this god produc'd a destinie,
And that vice-nature, custome, lets it be;
I must love her, that loves not mee.
Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,
Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it;
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives. Correspondencie
Only his subject was; It cannot bee
Love, till I love her, that loves mee.
But every moderne god will now extend
His vast prerogative, as far as Jove.
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlewe of the God of Love.
Oh were wee wak'ned by this Tyrannie
To ungod this child againe, it could not bee

I should love her, who loves not mee.

Rebell and Atheist too, why murmure I,

As though I felt the worst that love could doe?

Love might make me leave loving, or might trie

25A deeper plague, to make her love mee too,

Which, since she loves before, I'am loth to see;

Falshood is worse then hate; and that must bee,

If shee whom I love, should love mee.

Loves Deitie. 1633-69, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD: Elegye. P

8 much, 1639-69: much: 1633: much? 1635

9 it; Ed: it. 1633-69

13 subject] Subject 1669

14 Love, ... mee. 1633, 1669, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40 (who), H49, JC, L74, N, P, S (lov'd), TCD: Love, if I love, who loves not me. 1635-54, O'F

19 Oh ... wak'ned] Were we not weak'ned 1669

21 That I should love, who loves not me. A18, A25, C, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC: O'F reads as these but alters to as in printed edd.

24 might make A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, N, P, S, S96, TC: may make 1633-69, Lec

26 Which,] Which 1633

Note

Loves diet.

TO 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
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 she sigh from my mistresse heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'Twas neither very sound, nor meant to mee.
If he wroung from mee'a teare, I brin'd it so
With scorne or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
If he suck'd hers, I let him know
'Twas not a teare, which hee had got,
His drinke was counterfeit, as was his meat;
For, eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but sweat.
What ever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters; When she writ to me,
And that that favour made him fat,
I said, if any title bee
Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it availe,
To be the fortieth name in an entaile?
Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flye

At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse;

Now negligent of sport I lye,

And now as other Fawkners use,

I spring a mistresse, sweare, write, sigh and weepe:

30And the game kill'd, or lost, goe talke, and sleepe.

Loves diet. 1633-69, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCC (torn out of TCD): Amoris Dieta. S96

12 mee. Ed: mee; 1633-35: mee: 1639-69

18 For,] Her 1669

19 Whatever ... that, 1633-39, 1669: Whate'er might him distast I still writ that, 1650-54: Whatsoever hee would distast I writt that, A18, N, TC

20 But burnt my letters; When she writ to me, 1633: But burnt her letters when she writ to me, 1635: But burnt her letters when she writ to me; 1639-54, Chambers: But burnt my letters which she writ to me; 1669

21 that that 1633: if that 1635-69. See note

24 name] man 1669

25 reclaim'd 1635-69, A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, N, O'F, S, TCC: redeem'd 1633, Lec

26 chuse] chose 1669

27 sport 1635-69, A18, B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, S, S96, TCC: sports, 1633

30 and 1633 and most MSS.: or 1635-69, Cy, O'F, S

Note

The Will.

BEFORE I sigh my last gaspe, let me breath,

Great love, some Legacies; Here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see,
If they be blinde, then Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to'Embassadours mine eares;
To women or the sea, my teares.
Thou, Love, 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 constancie I to the planets give;
My truth to them, who at the Court doe live;
Mine ingenuity and openesse,
To Jesuites; to Buffones my pensivenesse;
My silence to'any, who abroad hath beene;
My mony to a Capuchin.
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 Schismaticks
Of Amsterdam; 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

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;
My sicknesse 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,
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 writen rowles
Of Morall counsels, I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; To them which passe among
All forrainers, mine English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making mee love one
Who thinkes her friendship a fit portion
For yonger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.
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;

50And all your graces no more use shall have

Then a Sun dyall in a grave.

Thou Love taughtst mee, by making mee

Love her, who doth neglect both mee and thee,

To'invent, and practise this one way, to'annihilate all three.

The Will. 1633-69: do. or A Will. A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, M, O'F, P: Loves Will. L74: Loves Legacies. A18, N, TCC (torn out of TCD), S: Testamentum. S96: His Last Will and Testament. JC

2 Here I 1633-54: I here 1669, Chambers

6 teares. Ed: teares; 1633-69

8 serve her] love her 1669

10 give; Ed: give, 1633-69

10-27 These stanzas printed without a break, 1669

14 hath] have 1669

18 an incapacitie.] no good Capacity. 1669

19-27 omitted, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74 (added later), Lec, M (added later), N, P, TCC: given in O'F, S, and all editions

33 wit. Ed: wit; 1633-69

34 Love, 1650-69: love, 1633-39

36 did 1633 and MSS.: do 1635-69, O'F

45 gifts 1633-35, 1669: gift 1639-54

46 more; But 1633: more, but 1635-69

49-51 forth; ... grave. 1669: forth ... grave, 1633-39 by interchange: forth ... grave. 1650-54

54 all three. 1633-39, three being below the line in 1633 and above in 1635-39: al.

three 1650-54, the full stop having fallen from three to all below it: annihilate thee. 1669

Note

The Funerall.

WHO ever comes to shroud me, do not harme
Nor question much
That subtile wreath of haire, which crowns my arme;
The mystery, the signe you must not touch,
For 'tis my outward Soule,
Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,
Will leave this to controule,
And keepe these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolution.
For if the sinewie thread my braine lets fall
Through every part,
Can tye those parts, and make mee one of all;
These haires which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better braine,
Can better do'it; Except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they'are condemn'd to die.
What ere shee meant by'it, bury it with me,
For since I am
Loves martyr, it might breed idolatrie,
If into others hands these Reliques came;

As'twas humility

To afford to it all that a Soule can doe,

So,'tis some bravery,

That since you would save none of mee, I bury some of you.

The Funerall. 1633-69, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD

3 which ... arme;] about mine arm; 1669

6 then to A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: unto 1633-69

12 These A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, N, S (The), S96, TC: Those 1633-69, Lec, O'F grew, 1633-39: grow, 1650-69

16 condemn'd] condem'nd 1633

17 with me, 1635-69 and MSS.: by me, 1633

24 save A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, N, P, TC: have 1633-69, Lec, O'F, S96: om. S

Note

The Blossome.

LITTLE think'st thou, poore flower,

Whom I have watch'd sixe or seaven dayes,

And seene thy birth, and seene what every houre

Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,

5And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,

Little think'st thou

That it will freeze anon, and that I shall

To morrow finde thee falne, or not at all.

Little think'st thou poore heart

10That labour'st yet to nestle thee,

And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffenesse by long siege to bow:
Little think'st thou,
That thou to morrow, ere that Sunne doth wake,
Must with this Sunne, and mee a journey take.
But thou which lov'st to bee
Subtile to plague thy selfe, wilt say,
Alas, if you must goe, what's that to mee?
Here lyes my businesse, and here I will stay:
You goe to friends, whose love and meanes present
Various content
To your eyes, eares, and tongue, and every part.
If then your body goe, what need you a heart?
Well then, stay here; but know,
When thou hast stayd and done thy most;
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman, but a kinde of Ghost;
How shall shee know my heart; or having none,
Know thee for one?
Practise may make her know some other part,
But take my word, shee doth not know a Heart.
Meet mee at London, then,
Twenty dayes hence, and thou shalt see

Mee fresher, and more fat, by being with men,

Then if I had staid still with her and thee.

For Gods sake, if you can, be you so too:

I would give you

There, to another friend, whom wee shall finde

As glad to have my body, as my minde.

The Blossome. 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD: no title, A25

9-13 poore heart ... bow:] in brackets 1650-69

10 labour'st A18, N, TC: labourest 1635-69: labours 1633

15 that Sunne 1633: the Sunne 1635-69

18 wilt] will 1669

23 tongue A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC: om. S: tast 1633-69

24 need you a heart? A25, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC: need you have a heart? JC: need your heart? 1633-69

38 I would A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, O'F, S, S96, TC: I will 1633-69, Lec

Note

The Primrose, being at Montgomery Castle, upon the hill, on which it is situate.

V 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

Make a terrestriall Galaxie,
As the small starres doe in the skie:
I walke to finde a true Love; and I see
That'tis not a mere woman, that is shee,
But must, or more, or lesse then woman bee.
Yet know I not, which flower
I wish; a sixe, 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.
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
Each woman may take halfe us men;
Or if this will not serve their turne, Since all
Numbers are odde, or even, and they fall

30First into this, five, women may take us all.

The Primrose. 1633, A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD: The Primrose, being at &c. 1635-69

16 sexe, 1633: sexe; 1635-69

17 and not] and om. 1635-39, A18, N, S, TC

23 women] woman Chambers

25 number; Ed: number, 1633-69

26 Belonge all the MSS.: Belongs 1633-69. See note

27 men; Ed: men, 1633-39: men: 1650-69

28 their 1633-39: the 1650-69

29 and 1633: since 1635-69

30 this, Ed: this 1633, A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, S, S96, TC: om. 1635-69, O'F, Chambers

Note

The Relique.

WHEN my grave is broke up againe

Some second ghest to entertaine,

(For graves have learn'd that woman-head

To be to more then one a Bed)

5And he that digs it, spies

A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,

Will he not let'us alone,

And thinke that there a loving couple lies,

Who thought that this device might be some way

To make their soules, at the last busie day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?
If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mis-devotion doth command,
Then, he that digges us up, will bring
Us, to the Bishop, and the King,
To make us Reliques; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men;
And since at such time, miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles wee harmelesse lovers wrought.
First, we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what wee lov'd, nor why,
Difference of sex no more wee knew,
Then our Guardian Angells doe;
Comming and going, wee
Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales;
Our hands ne'r toucht the seales,
Which nature, injur'd by late law, sets free:
These miracles wee did; but now alas,
All measure, and all language, I would passe,
Should I tell what a miracle shee was.

The Relique. 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD: no title, A25

13 mis-devotion 1633-54, A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC: mass-devotion 1669, Chambers

15 and 1633-54 and MSS.: or 1669, Chambers

17 Thou shalt be] You shal be A25, D, H49, JC, Lec, S. See note

20 time] times JC, O'F

21 have that age] that age were A18, N, TC

25-26 Difference ... doe, 1633, A18, N, TC:

Difference of Sex we never knew,

No more then Guardian Angells do, 1635-69:

Difference of Sex we never knew,

More then our Guardian Angells do. A25, B, D, H49, JC,

Lec, S, S96 (No more then our &c. B, S96)

26 doe; Ed: doe, 1633-69

27 wee Ed: wee, 1633-69

28 not] yet 1669

meales; Ed: meales. 1633: meales 1635-69, following some copies of 1633

30 sets] set 1669 free: 1650-69: free, 1633-39

The Dampe.

WHEN I am dead, and Doctors know not why,

And my friends 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
Will through all their senses move,
And worke on them as mee, and so preferre
Your murder, to the name of Massacre.
Poore victories! But if you dare be brave,
And pleasure in your conquest have,
First kill th'enormous Gyant, your Disdaine,
And let th'enchantresse Honor, next be slaine,
And like a Goth and Vandall rize,
Deface Records, and Histories
Of your owne arts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then.
For I could muster up as well as you
My Gyants, and my Witches too,
Which are vast Constancy, and 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.

The Dampe. 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD

4 When] And 1669

my 1633-39: mine 1650-69

9 victories! 1650-69: victories; 1633-39

10 your] the 1669

conquest] conquests JC

13 and Vandall 1633-54, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: or Vandall 1669, Chambers

15 arts] acts 1669, JC

20 professe; Ed: professe, 1633-69

24 In that 1633, A18, N, TC: Naked 1635-69, B, D, H49, Lec, JC, O'F, P, S

Note

The Dissolution.

SHEE'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,

And those things whereof I consist, hereby

In me abundant grow, and burdenous,

And nourish not, but smother.

My fire of Passion, sighes of ayre,

Water of teares, and earthly sad despaire,

Which my materialls bee,

But neere worne out by loves securitie,

Shee, to my losse, doth by her death repaire,

And I might live long wretched so

But that my fire doth with my fuell grow.

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.

And so my soule more earnestly releas'd,

Will outstrip hers; As bullets flowen before

A latter bullet may o'rtake, the pouder being more.

The Dissolution. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD

10 earthly 1633, A18, N, TC: earthy 1635-69

12 neere 1635-69 (But ... securitie bracketed 1669): ne'r 1633

24 latter] later 1669

A Ieat Ring Sent.

THOU art not so black, as my heart,

Nor halfe so brittle, as her heart, thou art;

What would'st thou say? shall both our properties by thee bee spoke,

Nothing more endlesse, nothing sooner broke?

Marriage rings are not of this stuffe;

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,

Circle this fingers top, which did'st her thombe.

Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell with me,

She that, Oh, broke her faith, would soon breake thee.

A Ieat Ring sent. 1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD: To a Jeat Ring sent to me. W (among the Epigrams)

7 loves] love O'F say, Ed: say 1633-69

Note

Negative love.

I NEVER stoop'd so low, as they

Which on an eye, cheeke, lip, can prey,

Seldome to them, which soare no higher

Then vertue or the minde to'admire,

For sense, and understanding may

Know, what gives fuell to their fire:

My love, though silly, 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 deciphers 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.

Negative love. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Negative Love: or the Nothing. O'F: The Nothing. A25, C

4 to'admire, 1633-39: to'admire; 1650-69

5 For] Both A25, C

11 way] means 1669, O'F

16 nothing; 1633: nothing. 1635-69

Note

The Prohibition.

TAKE 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;

But, so great Joy, our life at once outweares,

Then, least thy love, by my death, frustrate bee,

If thou love mee, take heed of loving mee.

Take heed of hating mee,

Or too much triumph in the Victorie.

Not that I shall be mine owne officer,

And hate with hate againe retaliate;

But thou wilt lose the stile of conquerour,

If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate.

Then, least my being nothing lessen thee,

If thou hate mee, take heed of hating mee.

Yet, love and hate mee too,

So, these extreames shall neithers office doe;

Love mee, that I may die the gentler way;

20Hate mee, because thy love is too great for mee;

Or let these two, themselves, not me decay;

So shall I, live, thy Stage, not triumph bee;

Lest thou thy love and hate and mee undoe,

To let mee live, O love and hate mee too.

The Prohibition. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, O'F, S96: in B first two verses headed J. D., last verse T. R.: in A18, N, S96, TCC, TCD the last stanza is omitted

3 repaire my'unthrifty wast] repay in unthrifty a wast, 1669

5 By ... wast; Ed: By ... wast, 1635-69, B, Cy, H40, O'F, P, RP31, S96 (mee for thee B, P): By being to mee then that which thou wast; 1633: om. A18, D, H40, H49, N, TC

18 neithers Ed: neythers D, H40, H49, JC: neyther O'F, RP31: neyther their Cy: ne'r their 1633-69, B

20 thy 1635-69: my 1633 (thy in some copies)

22 I, live, Ed: I live 1633-69

Stage, 1635-69, B, Cy, H40, O'F: stay, 1633, JC: staye, D, H49

not] and H40

23-4

Lest thou thy love and hate and mee undoe

To let mee live, Oh (of in some copies) love and hate mee too.

1633, B

Then lest thou thy love hate, and mee thou undoe

O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

1635-54, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, O'F (MSS. omitting first thou and some with Oh for yet)

Lest thou thy love, and hate, and me thou undo,

O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

1669.

Note

The Expiration.

SO, 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,

5We ask'd none leave to love; nor will we owe

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

Goe; and if that word have not quite kil'd thee,

Ease mee with death, by bidding mee goe too.

Oh, if it have, let my word worke on mee,

10And a just office on a murderer doe.

Except it be too late, to kill me so,

Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe.

The Expiration. 1633-69: An Expiration. A18, N, TCC, TCD: Valediction. B: Valedictio. O'F: Valedictio Amoris. S: Valedico. P: no title, A25, C, JC

1 So, so,] So, go 1669

5 ask'd A18, A25, B, C JC, N, O'F, S96, TC: aske 1633-69, P, S

9 Oh, 1633, A18, A25, JC, N, TC: Or, 1635-69, B, O'F, S, S96

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.

5Teares drown'd one hundred, and sighes blew out two,

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

10Am, by being dead, Immortall; Can ghosts die?

The Computation. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, B, O'F, S

1 For 1633-54: From 1669

the 1633, A18, N, TC: my 1635-69, B, O'F, S, Chambers

3 For] And 1669

6 One thousand I did think nothing nor doe, S, O'F (nothing think) doe, 1635-69: doe. 1633

7 divide, 1633, 1669: deem'd, 1635-54, O'F

8 a] one O'F, S: line dropped A18, N, TC

forgot] forget 1669, A18, N, O'F, S, TC

Note

The Paradox.

NO Lover saith, I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect Lover;
Hee thinkes that else none can, nor will agree
That any loves but hee:
I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say
Hee was kill'd yesterday?
Love with excesse of heat, more yong then old,
Death kills with too much cold;
Wee dye but once, and who lov'd last did die,
Hee that saith twice, doth lye:
For though hee seeme to move, and stirre a while,
It doth the sense beguile.
Such life is like the light which bideth yet
When the lights life is set,
Or like the heat, which fire in solid matter
Leaves behinde, two houres after.
Once I lov'd and dy'd; and am now become
Mine Epitaph and Tombe.
Here dead men speake their last, and so do I;
Love-slaine, loe, here I lye.

The Paradox. 1635-69: no title, 1633, A18, H40, L74, N, O'F, S, S96 TCC, TCD

3 can, nor will agree A18, H40, N, O'F, S, TC: can or will agree, 1633-69

6 yesterday?] yesterday. 1633-39

14 lights life H40, L74, RP31, S: lifes light 1633-69, A18, N, O'F, S96, TC

15 which Ed: which, 1633-69

17 lov'd A18, H40, L74, N, O'F, S, TC: love 1633-69

dy'd] dyed 1633-69

20 lye. H40, RP31, S, S96: dye. 1633-69, A18, L74, N, O'F, TC

Note

Farewell to Love.

WHILST yet to prove,
I thought there was some Deitie in love
So did I reverence, and gave
Worship; as Atheists at their dying houre
Call, what they cannot name, an unknowne power,
As ignorantly did I crave:
Thus when
Things not yet knowne are coveted by men,
Our desires give them fashion, and so
As they waxe lesser, fall, as they sise, grow.
But, from late faire
His hignesse sitting in a golden Chaire,
Is not lesse cared for after three dayes
By children, then the thing which lovers so
Blindly admire, and with such worship wooe;
Being had, enjoying it decayes:
And thence,

What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense,
And that so lamely, as it leaves behinde
A kinde of sorrowing dulnesse to the minde.
Ah cannot wee,
As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,
After such pleasures? Unlesse wise
Nature decreed (since each such Act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day)
This, as shee would man should despise
The sport;
Because that other curse of being short,
And onely for a minute made to be,
(Eagers desire) to raise posterity.
Since so, my minde
Shall not desire what no man else can finde,
I'll no more dote and runne
To pursue things which had indammag'd me.
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men doe when the summers Sunne
Growes great,
Though I admire their greatnesse, shun their heat;
Each place can afford shadowes. If all faile,
'Tis but applying worme-seed to the Taile.

Farewell to love. 1635-69 (following Soules joy: p. 429), O'F, S96

4 Worship; Ed: Worship, 1635-69

10 sise, 1635-69, O'F: rise S96

23 pleasures? Ed: pleasures, 1635-69

26 This, Ed: This; 1635-69

27 sport; Ed: sport, 1635-69

29 to be, Ed: to be 1635-69

30 (Eagers desire) Ed: Eager, desires 1635-69. See note

36 summers 1635-69: summer 1650-1669

Note

A Lecture upon the Shadow.

STAND still, and I will read to thee
A Lecture, Love, in loves philosophy.
These three houres that we have spent,
Walking here, Two shadowes went
Along with us, which we our selves produc'd;
But, now the Sunne is just above our head,
We doe those shadowes tread;
And to brave clearnesse all things are reduc'd.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did, and shadowes, flow,
From us, and our cares; but, now 'tis not so.
That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see.
Except our loves at this noone stay,

We shall new shadowes make the other way.
As the first were made to blinde
Others; these which come behinde
Will worke upon our selves, and blind our eyes.
If our loves faint, and westwardly decline;
To me thou, falsly, thine,
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadowes weare away,
But these grow longer all the day,
But oh, loves day is short, if love decay.
Love is a growing, or full constant light;
And his first minute, after noone, is night.

A Lecture &c. 1650-69: Lecture &c, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Song. 1635-39 (following Dear Love continue: p. 412): The Shadowe. O'F, P: Shadowe. S96: Loves Lecture. S: Loves Lecture upon the Shaddow. L74: Loves Philosophy. JC: no title, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, Lec

4 Walking 1635-69, A18, A25, N, TC: In walking B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S96

here, 1719: here; 1635-39: here: 1650-69

9 loves 1635-54, A18, L74, N, TC: love 1669, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S

12 high'st] least B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96

14 loves 1635-69, A18, A25, L74, N, TC: love B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96

19 If our loves faint 1635-69, A25, O'F (love), P, S96 (love), TC: If once love faint B, D, H40, H49, JC, S

26 first A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC: short 1635-69

Sonnet. The Token.

S END 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,
To knit our loves in the fantastick straine
Of new-toucht youth; nor Ring to shew the stands
Of our affection, that as that's round and plaine,
So should our loves meet in simplicity;
No, nor the Coralls which thy wrist infold,
Lac'd up together in congruity,
To shew our thoughts should rest in the same hold;
No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
And most desir'd, because best like the best;
Nor witty Lines, which are most copious,
Within the Writings which thou hast addrest.
Send me nor this, nor that, t'increase my store,
But swear thou thinkst I love thee, and no more.

Sonnet. The Token. 1649-69 (following Vpon Mr. Thomas Coryats Crudities. at close of Epicedes): Ad Lesbiam. S96: no title, B, Cy: Sonnet. O'F: Elegie. P

1 token B, O'F, S96: Tokens 1650-69, P

4 passion S96: passions 1650-69, B, P

5 noe B, O'F, P, S96: nor 1650-69

9 simplicity; Ed: simplicity. 1650-69

11 in 1650-69: with B, O'F, S96

12 hold; Ed: hold. 1650-69

14 desir'd because ... best; B, O'F, S96: desired 'cause 'tis like thee best; 1650-54: desired 'cause 'tis like the best; 1669, Chambers

17 store, B, O'F, P, S96: score, 1650-69

Selfe Love.

H E that cannot chuse but love,
And strives against it still,
Never shall my fancy move;
For he loves 'gaynst his will;
Nor he which is all his own,
And can att pleasure chuse,
When I am caught he can be gone,
And when he list refuse.
Nor he that loves none but faire,
For such by all are sought;
Nor he that can for foul ones care,
For his Judgement then is nought:
Nor he that hath wit, for he
Will make me his jest or slave;
Nor a fool, for when others...,
He can neither....
Nor he that still his Mistresse payes,

For she is thrall'd therefore:

Nor he that payes not, for he sayes

Within, shee's worth no more.

Is there then no kinde of men

Whom I may freely prove?

I will vent that humour then

In mine own selfe love.

Selfe Love. title given by Chambers: no title, 1650-69 (in appendix), JC, O'F

4 'gaynst JC, O'F: against 1650-69

6 And can ... chuse, JC: And cannot pleasure chuse, 1650-69: And can all pleasures chuse, O'F

11 foul ones] fouleness O'F

14 slave; 1719: slave 1650-69

15 fool, 1719: fool 1650-69

17 payes, JC, O'F: prays, 1650-69

19 payes not,] payes, not, 1650-69

20 Within, Ed: Within 1650-69

The end of the Songs and Sonets.

Note

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and Leander.

BOTH rob'd of aire, we both lye in one ground,

Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drownd.

Hero and Leander. 1633-69, A18, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

Note

Pyramus and Thisbe.

TWO, by themselves, each other, love and feare

Slaine, cruell friends, by parting have joyn'd here.

Pyramus and Thisbe. 1633-69, A18, Cy, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

1: feare] feare, Chambers, and Grolier (which drops all the other commas)

Niobe.

BY childrens births, and death, I am become

So dry, that I am now mine owne sad tombe.

Niobe. 1633-69, A18, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

2: mine owne sad tombe. 1633-69: mine owne tombe. A18, N, TC: made mine owne tombe. HN, W

Note

A burnt ship.

O UT 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.

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

Note

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.

Fall of a wall. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Caso d'un muro. O'F, W

4 towne 1633 and MSS.: towre 1635-69

bones 1633-69, A18, N, TC: corpse B, HN, O'F, W

Note

A lame begger.

I am unable, yonder begger cries,

To stand, or move; if he say true, hee lies.

A lame begger. 1633-69, A18, N, TC: A beggar. HN: no title, P: Zoppo. O'F, W

Note

Cales and Guyana.

I F you from spoyle of th'old worlds 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.

Cales and Guyana. O'F: Calez &c. W: first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne (1899)

Note

Sir Iohn Wingefield.

BEYOND th'old Pillers many have travailed

Towards the Suns cradle, and his throne, and bed:

A fitter Piller our Earle did bestow

In that late Island; for he well did know

Farther then Wingefield no man dares to goe.

Sir Iohn Wingefield. Ed: Il Cavalliere Gio: Wingef: W: On Cavallero Wingfield. O'F: first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne (1899)

2 throne W: grave O'F

4 late W: Lady O'F

A selfe accuser.

YOUR mistris, that you follow whores, still taxeth you:

'Tis strange that she should thus confesse it, though'it be true.

A selfe accuser. 1633-69: A Mistrisse. HN: no title, B, O'F, W

2 that] om. HN, O'F, W

thus] om. HN, O'F, W

it] om. HN, O'F

A licentious person.

THY sinnes and haires may no man equall call,

For, as thy sinnes increase, thy haires doe fall.

A licentious person. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Whore. HN: no title, O'F, RP31, W

1 Thy] His and so throughout, RP31

Note

Antiquary.

I F in his Studie he hath so much care

To'hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

Antiquary. 1633-69, A18, N, P, TCC, TCD, W: Hammon. HN: no title, Bur, Cy, O'F: Epigram. S96

1 he hath so much 1633-69: he have such A18, N, TC: Hamon hath such B, Cy, HN (have), O'F, S96, W

2 strange om. B, HN, O'F all om. Bur]

Disinherited.

THY father all from thee, by his last Will,

Gave to the poore; Thou hast good title still.

Disinherited. 1633-69: One disinherited. HN: no title, Cy, O'F, P, W

1 Will, Ed: Will 1633-69

Note

Phryne.

THY flattering picture, Phryne, is like thee,

Onely in this, that you both painted be.

Phryne. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, O'F

1 like thee,] like to thee, 1650-69

An obscure writer.

PHILO, with twelve yeares study, hath beene griev'd

To be understood; when will hee be beleev'd?

An obscure writer. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, O'F

1 griev'd Ed: griev'd, 1633-69

2 To be Ed: To'be 1633-69

understood; Ed: understood, 1633-69

beleev'd?] beleev'd. 1633

Klockius.

K LOCKIUS so deeply hath sworne, ne'r more to come

In bawdie house, that hee dares not goe home.

Klockius. HN: no title, 1633-69, Bur, O'F

1 Klockius] Rawlings Bur

2 In bawdie] In a bawdie HN

Note

Raderus.

Why this man gelded Martiall I muse,

Except himselfe alone his tricks would use,

As Katherine, for the Courts sake, put downe Stewes.

Raderus. 1633-69, A18, N, TCD: Randerus. TCC: Martial: castratus. W

1 Martiall I muse, 1633-54: Martiall, I amuse, 1669

Note

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

L ike Esops fellow-slaves, O Mercury,

Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I

Like Esops selfe, which nothing; I confesse

I should have had more faith, if thou hadst 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.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus. 1633-69, A18, B, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD, W

8 but lyest 1633-69: and lyest B, W

Ralphius.

C OMPASSION in the world againe is bred:

Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

Ralphius. HN: no title, 1633-69, O'F

Note

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 sallet worse then Spanish dieting.

The Lier. HN: no title, B, Bur, Cy, O'F, P, W

2 swear'st HN, W: say'st B, Cy, O'F

3 grass] hearbes Bur

supp'd like] supp'd and like HN

Note

ELEGIES.

Note

ELEGIE I.

Iealosie.

FOND woman, which would'st have thy husband die,
And yet complain'st of his great jealousie;
If swolne with poyson, hee 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 seest him hungerly
Swallow his owne death, hearts-bane jealousie.
O give him many thanks, he'is courteous,
That in suspecting kindly warneth us.
Wee must not, as wee us'd, flout openly,
In scoffing ridles, his deformitie;
Nor at his boord together being fatt,

With words, nor touch, scarce lookes adulterate.
Nor when he swolne, and pamper'd with great fare,
Sits downe, and snorts, cag'd in his basket chaire,
Must wee usurpe his owne bed any more,
Nor kisse and play in his house, as before.
Now I see many dangers; for that is
His realme, his castle, 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 house, what should we feare?
There we will scorne his houshold policies,
His seely plots, and pensionary spies,
As the inhabitants of Thames right side
Do Londons Major; or Germans, the Popes pride.

Elegie I. Iealosie. 1635-54: Elegie I. 1633 and 1669: no title or Elegie (numbered variously, according to scheme adopted) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W

1 woman,] woman 1633

4 sere-barke 1633-54, B, Cy, H49, Lec, O'F, S, W: sere-cloth 1669, D, P: sore barke A18, A25, JC, N, TC

10 few] some few A18, N, TC

12 free; Ed: free, 1633-69: free. D

16 us. 1633-35: us, 1639-69

21 great 1633-54, A18, A25, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC, W: high 1669, B, O'F, P, S96: his Cy

fare, Ed: fare 1633-69

25 Now ... dangers;] Now do I see my danger; 1669

that all MSS.: it 1633-69

26 diocesse] Diocys D: Diocis W

27-29 (as envious ... do it there,) 1669

30 another] anothers 1669 We into some third place retired were B, O'F, P, S96

34 Major; 1650-54: Major, 1633-39: Mayor; 1669

Note

ELEGIE II.

The Anagram.

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'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 worse; but such as shee,
Like to good Angels, nothing can impaire:
'Tis lesse griefe to be foule, then to have beene faire.
For one nights revels, silke 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 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.
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 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,
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,
For, things in fashion every man will weare.

Eleg. II. The Anagram. 1635-54: Elegie II. 1633, 1669: Elegie. (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W

4 they] theirs 1669, S96

teeth be 1633-69, D, H49, JC, Lec: teeth are A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, M, N, O'F, S, TC, W

6 hair fall] hair's foul 1669

is rough 1633, 1669, A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, TC, W: is tough 1635-54, O'F, Chambers

16 an Anagram] the Anagrams 1669

18 the 1633: that 1635-69

words 1633-69, A25, B, L74, M, N, O'F, P, S, TC: letters D, Cy, H49, W

22 unfit. D: unfit; 1633-69

28 deformities.] deformities; 1633

29 faire] fairer S, S96

35 say,] say, 1633

37 bee,] bee 1633

41-2 When Belgiaes ... towne: 1633-54: Like Belgia's cities when the Country is drown'd, That ... towns; 1669: Like Belgia's cities the round country drowns, That ... towns, Chambers: MSS. agree with 1633-54, but before countries read variously round (A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, P, TC, W), lowe (B), foul (O'F, S, S96, which read country drowns ... towns)

49 childbeds 1633-54, Lec, W: childbirths 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, O'F, P, S, S96, TC

52 confesse, Ed: confesse. 1633-69

53-4 Whom ... Joseph was: 1669 and all MSS [or a Velvet 1669]: om. 1633-54

Note

ELEGIE III.

Change.

A lthough 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'are our clogges, not their owne; if a man bee
Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley'is free;
Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed 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 soone, if in one place they bide,
And in the vast sea are more putrifi'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
Of musicke, joy, life, and eternity.

Eleg. III. Change. 1635-54: Elegie III. 1633, 1669: no title or Elegye (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W

1 workes] word 1669

4 Confirme] Confirms 1669, A25, L74, P

5 Women] Women, 1633

forc'd unto none] forbid to none B

8 these 1633-54, D, H49, Lec: those 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, JC, L74, N, P, TC, W

11 Foxes and goats; all beasts 1633-54: Foxes, goats and all beasts 1669

13 did] bid 1669

17 a plow-land] plow-lands P

18 corne] seed P

20 Rhene,] Rhine, 1669

Po. 1633: Po, 1635-69

21 liberty 1633: libertie. 1635-69

23 and ... doe,] then if so thou do, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC, W

24 like i.e. alike as in A18, N, TC

31 bide] abide 1669

32 more putrifi'd 1633-39: more purifi'd 1650-54: worse purifi'd 1669: worse putrifi'd A18, A25, Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W: worst putrifi'd B, H49, JC

Note

ELEGIE IV.

The Perfume.

ONCE, and but once found in thy company,
All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on mee;
And as a thiefe at barre, is question'd there
By all the men, that have beene rob'd that yeare,
So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz'd)
By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
As though he came to kill a Cockatrice,
Though hee hath oft sworne, that hee would remove
Thy beauties beautie, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seene,
Yet close and secret, as our soules, we'have beene.

Though thy immortall mother which doth lye
Still buried in her bed, yet will not dye,
Takes this advantage to sleepe out day-light,
And watch thy entries, and returnes 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 swolne, doth thee embrace;
To trie if thou long, doth name strange meates,
And notes thy palenesse, blushing, sighs, and sweats;
And politiquely will to thee confesse
The sinnes of her owne youths ranke 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 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 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 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 emprisoned,
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 silkes, their whistling to forbeare,
Even my opprest shoes, dumbe and speechlesse were,
Onely, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
Next mee, mee traiterously hast betraid,
And unsuspected hast invisibly
At once fled unto him, and staid with mee.
Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
Sense, from distinguishing the sicke from sound;
By thee the seely Amorous sucks his death
By drawing in a leprous harlots breath;

By thee, the greatest staine to mans estate

Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;

Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,

There, things that seeme, exceed substantiall;

65Gods, when yee fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well

Because you'were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell;

You'are loathsome all, being taken simply alone,

Shall wee love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?

If you were good, your good doth soone decay;

70And you are rare, that takes the good away.

All my perfumes, I give most willingly

To'embalme thy fathers corse; What? will hee die?

Eleg. IV. The Perfume. 1635-54: Elegie IV. 1633, 1669: Elegie. (numbered variously) A18, A25, C, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W: Discovered by a Perfume. B: no title, Cy, HN

2 suppos'd escapes] supposed scapes 1669, P

4 By] For P

7-8 1635-69 and MSS. generally: om. 1633, D, H49, Lec

9 hath] have A18, A25, L74, N, P, TC, W

15 Takes] Take A18, A25, N, P, TC, W

21 To trie &c. 1633, D, H49, S (dost long): And to trie &c. 1635-69, A18, A25, L74, N, O'F, S96 (longest), TC

meates, 1635-69: meates. 1633

22 blushing 1633-54, A18, A25, JC, N, TC: blushes 1669: blushings B, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, O'F, P, W

29 ingled] dandled 1669

30 see: 1635-69: see. 1633

31 grim eight-foot-high iron-bound Ed: grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound 1633-69

37 to 1633-69: for MSS.

38 kisse.] kisse; 1633

40 my 1633: mine 1635-69

44 Smelt] Smells 1669 shivered. A18, D, H49, L74, N, TC, W: shivered; 1633-69: shivered, Chambers and Grolier. See note

46 that smell] the smell 1669

49 monsters Ed: monsters, 1633-69

50 good,] sweet 1669

53 bitter sweet, 1633-39: bitter-sweet, 1650-69

60 breath; 1650-69: breath, 1633-39

64 substantiall; Ed: substantiall. 1633-69

66 you'were] you'er 1669

smell; 1635-39: smell, 1633, 1669: smel 1650-54

71 All] And Chambers

Note

ELEGIE V.

His Picture.

H ERE 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 brest of hairecloth, and my head
With cares rash sodaine stormes, being o'rspread,
My body'a sack of bones, broken within,
And powders blew staines 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 disused tasts seemes tough.

Eleg. V. His Picture. 1635-54: Elegie V. 1633, 1669: Elegye. (numbered variously) A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W: The Picture. P: Travelling he leaves his Picture with his mystris. B

1 Picture; ... farewell, Ed: Picture, ... farewell; 1633: rest semicolon or colon after each

8 With cares rash sodaine stormes, being o'rspread, 1633, A18, N, TC: With cares rash, cruel, sudden storms o'erspread P: With cares rash-sudden cruel-storms o'erprest B: With cares rash sudden storms o'erpressed S, S96: With cares rash sudden storms o'erspread Cy, D, H49, Lec: With cares rash sodaine horiness

o'erspread A25, JC, W: With cares harsh sodaine horinesse o'rspread, 1635-69, O'F

16 now love lesse, 1633-69, A18, N, TC: like and love less A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96, W

19 nurse] nourish A18, N, P, S, TC

strong] tough P

20 disused Ed: disus'd 1633-39, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W: weake 1650-69

tough.] rough. P

Note

ELEGIE VI.

OH, let mee not serve so, as those men serve
Whom honours smoakes at once fatten and sterve;
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, with many Realmes 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 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, calmely 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 traiterous banke to gape, and let her in,
She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native, and her long-kept course,
And rores, and braves it, and in gallant scorne,
In flattering eddies promising retorne,
She flouts the channell, who thenceforth is drie;
Then say I; that is shee, and this am I.
Yet let not thy deepe bitternesse 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 survay thee,'and spie

40Death 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

45Am the Recusant, in that resolute state,

What hurts it mee to be'excommunicate?

Eleg. VI. 1635-69: Elegie VII. 1633 (Elegie VI. being Sorrow who to this house &c. See Epicedes &c., p. 287): Elegie. (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W

2 fatten] flatter 1669, A18, B, Cy, L74, N, TC

3 or] and A18, Cy, L74, N, P, TC

6 stiles, 1633-69, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S96, TC, W: style A25, O'F, S, Chambers and Grosart

with all MSS., Chambers and Grosart: which (probably by confusion of wch and wth) 1633-69

Realmes] names 1669

7 where] bear 1669

14 constancie: 1635-69: constancie. 1633

24 then 1633, B, D, H49, Lec, S, S96, W: there 1635-69, A18, A25, Cy, JC, N, O'F, P, TC, Chambers

26 upmost 1633 and most MSS: utmost 1635-69, O'F, Chambers brow; Ed: brow: 1633-39: brow. 1650-69

28 banke A18, D, H49, JC, N, S, TC, W: banks 1633-69, Lec, O'F

33 the 1633, D, H49, Lec: her 1635-69, A18, N, TC

who 1633, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, JC, H49, L74, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC: which 1635-69, O'F

37 Oh,] Ah, 1669

39 thee,'] om. 1669

40 eye. Ed: eye; 1633-54: eye: 1669: eye, Chambers

41 Though ... love; 1633: Though ... breed ... love: 1635-39: Though ... breed ... love 1650-69 (Through ... 1669)

42 fall. 1633-35: fall 1639-69

43 outgrow] o'ergrow Cy, P

Note

ELEGIE VII.

NATURES lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
And in that sophistrie, Oh, thou dost prove
Too subtile: Foole, thou didst not understand
The mystique language of the eye nor hand:
Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the aire
Of 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 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 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 blis-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?

Elegie VII. 1635-69: Elegie VIII. 1633: Elegye. (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD, W

2 Oh, ... prove] Oh, how ... prove 1669

6 despaire: 1635-69: despaire. 1633

7 call 1633, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O'F (corrected from know), P, TC, W: know 1635-69: cast S, Chambers and Grosart

10 they devisefully being set] their devise in being set Cy, P

12 arrands 1633: errands 1635-69: meet errands B

14 agree; Ed: agree. 1633-69

21-2 That ... nor see,] in brackets 1669

24 Paradise] paradise 1633

25 words 1633-54, A25, B, Cy, JC, N, O'F, P, W: works 1669, A18, D, H49, Lec, TC

bee; Ed: bee, 1633-69

26 thee, 1633: thee: 1635-69

28 Glasse? Ed: glasse. 1633-69

Note

ELEGIE VIII.

The Comparison.

A S the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still,

As that which from chaf'd muskats pores doth trill,

As the Almighty Balme of th'early East,

Such are the sweat drops of my Mistris breast,

5And on her brow her skin such lustre sets,

They seeme no sweat drops, but pearle coronets.

Ranke sweaty froth thy Mistresse's brow defiles,

Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boiles,

Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawlesse law

10Enforc'd, Sanserra's starved men did draw

From parboild shooes, and bootes, and all the rest

Which were with any soveraigne fatnes blest,
And like vile lying stones in saffrond tinne,
Or warts, or wheales, they hang upon her skinne.
Round as the world's her head, on every side,
Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide,
Or that whereof God had such jealousie,
As, for the ravishing thereof we die.
Thy head is like a rough-hewne statue of jeat,
Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set;
Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
Of Cynthia, when th'earths shadowes her embrace.
Like Proserpines white beauty-keeping chest,
Or Joues best fortunes urne, is her faire brest.
Thine's like worme eaten trunkes, cloth'd in seals skin,
Or grave, that's dust without, and stinke within.
And like that slender stalke, at whose end stands
The wood-bine quivering, are her armes and hands.
Like rough bark'd elmboughes, or the russet skin
Of men late scurg'd for madnes, or for sinne,
Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the citie gate,
Such is thy tann'd skins lamentable state.
And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand
The short swolne fingers of thy gouty hand.
Then like the Chymicks masculine equall fire,

Which in the Lymbecks warme wombe doth inspire
Into th'earths worthlesse durt a soule of gold,
Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gunne,
Or like hot liquid metalls newly runne
Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna
Where round about the grasse is burnt away.
Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
As a worme sucking an invenom'd sore?
Doth not thy fearefull hand in feeling quake,
As one which gath'ring flowers, still feares a snake?
Is not your last act harsh, and violent,
As when a Plough a stony ground doth rent?
So kisse good Turtles, so devoutly nice
Are Priests in handling reverent sacrifice,
And such in searching wounds the Surgeon is
As wee, when wee embrace, or touch, or kisse.
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
She, and comparisons are odious.

Eleg. VIII. The Comparison. 1635-54: Elegie VIII. 1669: Elegie. 1633: Elegie. (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, C, Cy, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W

2 muskats] muskets 1669

4 breast, 1635-69: breast. 1633

5 brow Ed: necke 1633-69 and MSS. See note

6 coronets. 1633-69, A18, B, Cy, L74, M, N, O'F, S96, TC: carcanets. A25, C, JC, S, W: carolettes. P

8 boiles, Ed: boiles. 1633-69: in MSS. generally spelt as pronounced, biles or byles

13 vile lying stones 1635-54 and MSS.: vile stones lying 1633, 1669

14 they hang A18, B, JC, L74, M, N, O'F (altered to it), S, TC, W: it hangs 1633-69

19 a] om. 1635-39

26 grave] grav'd 1669

dust 1633-69, W: durt A18, A25, JC, M, N, O'F, P, S, TC

28 hands. W: hands, 1633-69

34 thy gouty hand. 1635-69, A18, A25, B, L74, N, O'F, P, S96, TC, W (hand; 1635-69): her gouty hand; 1633, JC, S: thy mistress hand; 1669

37 durt 1635-69: part 1633, from next line

46 feares] fear'd A18, L74, N, O'F, TC, W

48 when 1635-69 and MSS.: where 1633

50 Are Priests ... sacrifice,] A Priest is in his handling Sacrifice, 1669

51 such A18, A25, B, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W: nice 1633-69

Note

ELEGIE IX.

The Autumnall

NO Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,

As I have seen in one Autumnall face.

Yong Beauties force our love, and that's a Rape,

This doth but counsaile, yet you cannot scape.

If t'were a shame to love, here t'were no shame,
Affection here takes Reverences name.
Were her first yeares the Golden Age; That's true,
But now shee's gold oft tried, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her tolerable Tropique clyme.
Faire eyes, who askes more heate then comes from hence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles, graves; If graves they were,
They were Loves graves; for else he is no where.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit
Vow'd to this trench, like an Anachorit.
And here, till hers, which must be his death, come,
He doth not digge a Grave, but build a Tombe.
Here dwells he, though he sojourne ev'ry where,
In Progresse, yet his standing house is here.
Here, where still Evening is; not noone, nor night;
Where no voluptuousnesse, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at Revels, you at Counsaile, sit.
This is loves timber, youth his under-wood;
There he, as wine in Iune, enrages blood,
Which then comes seasonabliest, 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,
Or else because, being yong, nature did blesse
Her youth with ages 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,
Age must be lovelyest at the latest day.
But name not Winter-faces, whose skin's slacke;
Lanke, as an unthrifts purse; but a soules sacke;
Whose Eyes seeke light within, for all here's shade;
Whose mouthes are holes, rather worne out, then made;
Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone,
To vexe their soules at Resurrection;
Name not these living Deaths-heads unto mee,
For these, not Ancient, but Antique be.
I hate extreames; yet I had rather stay
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.

Eleg. IX. The Autumnall. 1635-54: Elegie. The Autumnall. 1633: Elegie IX. 1669: Elegie. A18, N, TCC, TCD: Elegie Autumnall. D, H40, H49, JC, Lec: An autumnall

face: On the Ladie Sr Edward Herbart mothers Ladie Danvers. B: On the Lady Herbert afterwards Danvers. O'F: Widdow. M, P: A Paradox of an ould Woman. S: Elegie Autumnall on the Lady Shandoys. S96: no title, L74

1 Summer 1633: Summers 1635-69

2 face. Ed: face, 1633-69

3 our love, 1633, D, H49, Lec, S: our Loves, 1669: your love, 1635-54, A18, A25, B, H40, L74, M, N, O'F, P, S96, TC

6 Affection ... takes A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, S96, TC: Affections ... take 1633-69, JC, O'F

8 shee's 1635-69, A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: they'are 1633

10 tolerable 1633, D, H40, H49, Lec, S: habitable 1635-69, A18, A25, L74, M, N, O'F, P, TC

14 for 1633: or 1635-69

15 Love] love 1633

22 Where] Where's O'F, S

23 unto all] to all her P

24 Counsaile, Ed: counsaile, 1633-54: counsails 1669

26 enrages] bringes D, H49: breeds Lec

27 seasonabliest, 1633: seasonablest, 1635-69

28 past.] past; 1633

30 large 1633: old 1635-69

37 not] noe several MSS.

38 soules sacke; 1633, 1669, and MSS.: fooles sack; 1635-54

40 made; Ed: made 1633-54: made, 1669

42 their soules] the soul 1669

43 Deaths-heads 1633: Death-heads 1635-69, Chambers: death-shades H40

44 Ancient, ... Antique 1633, 1669, D, H49, Lec: Ancients, ... Antiques 1635-54, B, O'F, S: ancient ... antiques A18, A25, H40, L74, M, N, TC

be. Ed: be; 1633

46 a] the 1669, M, P

47 naturall lation A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, M, N, P, S, TC (sometimes thus, natural-lation): motion naturall 1633: naturall station 1635-69, Lec, O'F

50 ebbe out 1633: ebbe on 1635-69, A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, TC

Note

ELEGIE X.

The Dreame.

IMAGE of her whom I love, more then she,
Whose faire impression in my faithfull heart,
Makes mee her Medall, and makes her love mee,
As Kings do coynes, to which their stamps impart
The value: goe, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is growne too great and good for me:
Honours oppresse weake spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the lesse wee see.
When you are gone, and Reason gone with you,
Then Fantasie is Queene and Soule, and all;
She can present joyes meaner then you do;

Convenient, and more proportionall.

So, if I dreame I have you, I have you,

For, all our joyes are but fantasticall.

And so I scape the paine, for paine is true;

And sleepe which locks up sense, doth lock out all.

After a such fruition I shall wake,

And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;

And shall to love more thankfull Sonnets make,

Then if more honour, teares, and paines were spent.

But dearest heart, and dearer image stay;

Alas, true joyes at best are dreame enough;

Though you stay here you passe too fast away:

For even at first lifes Taper is a snuffe.

Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown

Mad with much heart, then ideott with none.

Eleg. X. The Dreame. 1635-54: Elegie X. 1669: Elegie. 1633: Picture. S96: Elegie. or no title, A18, B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD

7 sense] sense, 1633

8 dull; 1635-69: dull, 1633

16 out] up B, P, S

17 a such 1633-54: such a 1669

22 dreame] dreams 1669

Note

ELEGIE XI.

Note (Supp.)

The Bracelet.

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

NOT that in colour it was like thy haire,
For Armelets of that thou maist let me weare:
Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kist,
For so it had that good, which oft I mist:
Nor for that silly old moralitie,
That as these linkes were knit, our love should bee:
Mourne I that I thy seavenfold chaine have lost;
Nor for the luck sake; but the bitter cost.
O, shall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet
No leaven of vile soder did admit;
Nor yet by any way have straid or gone
From the first state of their Creation;
Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithfull guide;
To gaine new friends, t'appease great enemies;
To comfort my soule, when I lie or rise;
Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe
Sentence (dread judge) my sins great burden beare?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace throwne,
And punisht for offences not their owne?
They save not me, they doe not ease my paines,

When in that hell they'are burnt and tyed in chains.
Were they but Crownes of France, I cared not,
For, most of these, their naturall Countreys rot
I think possesseth, they come here to us,
So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous;
And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,
Their Crownes are circumcis'd most Iewishly.
Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling,
That are become as Catholique as their King,
Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistolets
That (more than Canon shot) availes or lets;
Which negligently left unrounded, looke
Like many angled figures, in the booke
Of some great Conjurer that would enforce
Nature, as these doe justice, from her course;
Which, as the soule quickens head, feet and heart,
As streames, like veines, run through th'earth's every part,
Visit all Countries, and have slily made
Gorgeous France, ruin'd, ragged and decay'd;
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day:
And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia.
Or were it such gold as that wherewithall
Almighty Chymiques from each minerall,
Having by subtle fire a soule out-pull'd;

Are dirtely and desperately gull'd:
I would not spit to quench the fire they'are in,
For, they are guilty of much hainous Sin.
But, shall my harmlesse angels perish? Shall
I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?
Much hope which they should nourish will be dead,
Much of my able youth, and lustyhead
Will vanish; if thou love let them alone,
For thou wilt love me lesse when they are gone;
And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer
Well-pleas'd with one leane thred-bare groat, for hire,
May like a devill roare through every street;
And gall the finders conscience, if they meet.
Or let mee creepe to some dread Conjurer,
That with phantastique scheames fils full much paper;
Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
And with whores, theeves, and murderers stuft his rents,
So full, that though hee passe them all in sinne,
He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in.
But if, when all his art and time is spent,
Hee say 'twill ne'r be found; yet be content;
Receive from him that doome ungrudgingly,
Because he is the mouth of destiny.
Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remaine,

Though it be chang'd, and put into a chaine;
So in the first falne angels, resteth still
Wisdome and knowledge; but,'tis turn'd to ill:
As these should doe good works; and should provide
Necessities; but now must nurse thy pride.
And they are still bad angels; Mine are none;
For, forme gives being, and their forme is gone:
Pitty these Angels; yet their dignities
Passe Vertues, Powers, and Principalities.
But, thou art resolute; Thy will be done!
Yet with such anguish, as her onely sonne
The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Vnto the fire these Martyrs I betray.
Good soules, (for you give life to every thing)
Good Angels, (for good messages you bring)
Destin'd you might have beene to such an one,
As would have lov'd and worship'd you alone:
One that would suffer hunger, nakednesse,
Yea death, ere he would make your number lesse.
But, I am guilty of your sad decay;
May your few fellowes longer with me stay.
But ô thou wretched finder whom I hate
So, that I almost pitty thy estate:
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,

May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
95Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
First mayst thou bee; then chaind to hellish paines;
Or be with forraine gold brib'd to betray
Thy Countrey, and faile both of that and thy pay.
May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, containe
100Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist braine;
Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring.
Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itching desire, and no abilitie.
105May all the evils that gold ever wrought;
All mischiefes that all devils ever thought;
Want after plenty; poore and gouty age;
The plagues of travellers; love; marriage
Afflict thee, and at thy lives last moment,
110May thy swolne sinnes themselves to thee present.
But, I forgive; repent thee honest man:
Gold is Restorative, restore it then:
But if from it thou beest loath to depart,
Because 'tis cordiall, would twere at thy heart.

Elegie XI. &c. Ed.: Eleg. XII. The Bracelet. &c. 1635 (Eleg. XI. being Death, for which see p. 284): Eleg. XII. Vpon &c. 1639-54 (Eleg. IV. 1650-54, a misprint): Elegie XII. 1669: Elegie (numbered variously). The Bracelett. or The Chaine. A25,

B, C, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD, W

2 For ... weare:] Armelets of that thou maist still let me weare: 1669

6 were knit, 1635-69: are knit Cy: are tyde A25, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, R212, S, S96, TCD, W: were tyde L74

love] loves 1669

11 way 1635-69: taynt S96, O'F, W: taynts B: fault A25, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, TCD

15 great] old 1669

16 rise; Ed: rise. 1635-69

22 chains. Ed.: chains: 1635-69

24 these 1635-54: them 1669

their naturall Countreys Cy, O'F: their Countreys naturall 1635-54, P: their naturall Countrey 1669, and rest of MSS.

26 ruinous; Ed: ruinous. 1635-69

28 Iewishly. Ed: Iewishly; 1635-69

35 great] dread 1669

36 course; Ed: course. 1635-69

38 streames, Ed: streames 1635-69

40 ruin'd, ragged and decay'd; 1669, and MSS., but end stop varies: ruin'd: ragged and decay'd 1635: ruin'd: ragged and decay'd, 1639-54

42 Belgia. Ed: Belgia: 1635-69

45 soule] Mercury B

47 they'are in, 1635-69: therein, Cy, P: they were in, rest of MSS.

51 dead, Ed: dead. 1635-69

52 lustyhead Ed: lusty head 1635-69

53 vanish; Ed: vanish, 1635-69

if thou love let them alone, 1635-39: if thou Love let them alone, 1650-69: if thou, Love, let them alone; Grolier (conjecturing atone)

54-5 gone; And Ed: gone, And 1635-69, Cy, P: gone. Oh, rest of MSS.

58 conscience, if they meet. 1669 and MSS.: conscience, if hee meet. 1635-54, JC, L74, P

60 scheames D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S96, W: scenes 1635-69, Cy, L74, P, TCD

63 passe] place 1669

65 new par. 1635-69 But 1635-69, Cy, P: And rest of MSS.

66 yet 1635-69, Cy, P: Oh rest of MSS.

67 that 1635-54, Cy, P: the 1669 and rest of MSS.

70 chaine; Ed: chaine, 1635-69

74 pride. Ed: pride, 1635-69

76 being, Ed: being: 1635-69

77 Angels; yet Cy, D, H49, N, P, S, TCD: Angels yet; 1635-69, W

79 done! Ed: done; 1635-39: done: 1650-54: done? 1669

90 few fellowes] few-fellowes 1635-69

92 So, that 1635-69, Cy, P: So much that A25, D, H49, JC (as), L74, Lec, N, S, S96 (as), TCD, W (as): So much B

estate] state D, H49, &c.

93 metal amongst all,] amongst metals all, 1669, Cy

95 Here] Her 1639

98 that MSS.: it 1635-69

thy] om. 1669

104 Itching] Itchy MSS.

105 evils that gold ever 1635-69, P: hurt that ever gold hath rest of MSS.

106 mischiefes all MSS.: mischiefe 1635-69

108 love; marriage 1635-54, Cy, P: love and marriage 1669, and rest of MSS.

109 at] that 1669

110 thee] thou 1669

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

Note

ELEGIE XII.

His parting from her.

SINCE she must go, and I must mourn, come Night,
Environ me with darkness, whilst I write:
Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
I am to suffer when my Love is gone.
Alas the darkest Magick cannot do it,
Thou and greate Hell to boot are shadows to it.
Should Cinthia quit thee, Venus, and each starre,
It would not forme one thought dark as mine are.
I could lend thee obscureness now, and say,
Out of my self, There should be no more Day,
Such is already my felt want of sight,
Did not the fires within me force a light.
Oh Love, that fire and darkness should be mixt,

Or to thy Triumphs soe strange torments fixt?
Is't because thou thy self art blind, that wee
Thy Martyrs must no more each other see?
Or tak'st thou pride to break us on the wheel,
And view old Chaos in the Pains we feel?
Or have we left undone some mutual Right,
Through holy fear, that merits thy despight?
No, no. The falt was mine, impute it to me,
Or rather to conspiring destinie,
Which (since I lov'd for forme before) decreed,
That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed:
And therefore now, sooner then I can say,
I saw the golden fruit, 'tis rapt away.
Or as I had watcht one drop in a vast stream,
And I left wealthy only in a dream.
Yet Love, thou'rt blinder then thy self in this,
To vex my Dove-like friend for my amiss:
And, where my own sad truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate:
So blinded Justice doth, when Favorites fall,
Strike them, their house, their friends, their followers all.
Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires
Into our blouds, inflaming our desires,
And made'st us sigh and glow, and pant, and burn,

And then thy self into our flame did'st turn?
Was't not enough, that thou didst hazard us
To paths in love so dark, so dangerous:
And those so ambush'd round with houshold spies,
And over all, thy husbands towring eyes
That flam'd with oylie sweat of jealousie:
Yet went we not still on with Constancie?
Have we not kept our guards, like spie on spie?
Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?
Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
Shadow'd with negligence our most respects?
Varied our language through all dialects,
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards
Spoak dialogues with our feet far from our words?
Have we prov'd all these secrets of our Art,
Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
And, after all this passed Purgatory,
Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
First let our eyes be rivited quite through
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
Let our armes clasp like Ivy, and our fear
Freese us together, that we may stick here,
Till Fortune, that would rive us, with the deed

Strain her eyes open, and it make them bleed:
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accus'd, should such a mischief doe.
Oh Fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclame,
And plague enough thou hast in thy own shame.
Do thy great worst, my friend and I have armes,
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harmes.
Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide
Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd,
And we can love by letters still and gifts,
And thoughts and dreams; Love never wanteth shifts.
I will not look upon the quickning Sun,
But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
The ayre shall note her soft, the fire most pure;
Water suggest her clear, and the earth sure.
Time shall not lose our passages; the Spring
How fresh our love was in the beginning;
The Summer how it ripened in the eare;
And Autumn, what our golden harvests were.
The Winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
But count it a lost season, so shall shee.
And dearest Friend, since we must part, drown night
With hope of Day, burthens well born are light.
Though cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,

Yet Phoebus equally lights all the Sphere.

And what he cannot in like Portions pay,

The world enjoyes in Mass, and so we may.

Be then ever your self, and let no woe

Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: so

Declare your self base fortunes Enemy,

No less by your contempt then constancy:

That I may grow enamoured on your mind,

When my own thoughts I there reflected find.

For this to th'comfort of my Dear I vow,

My Deeds shall still be what my words are now;

The Poles shall move to teach me ere I start;

And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart;

Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,

Think, heaven hath motion lost, and the world, fire:

Much more I could, but many words have made

That, oft, suspected which men would perswade;

Take therefore all in this: I love so true,

As I will never look for less in you.

Elegie. XII. &c. Ed: Eleg. XIIII &c. 1635-54 (Eleg. XIII. being Come, Fates, &c., p. 407): Elegie XIIII. 1669: At her Departure. A25: At his Mistris departure. B: Elegie. H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD (II)

1 Night, Ed: night 1635-69

4 Love] soule 1635-54

5-44 omit, 1635-54, A25, B

6 Thou and greate Hell H40, O'F, P, S96: And that great Hell 1669

to boot are 1669, H40, O'F: are nought but P, S96

7 thee, Ed: thee 1669

9 thee H40: them 1669, P, S96, TCD

10 Day, Ed: Day. 1669

11 felt want H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD: self-want, 1669

sight, Ed: sight 1669

12 fires H40, S96, TCD: fire 1669, P

14 Or] Are S96: And TCD

soe H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD: such 1669

17 the H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD: thy 1669

20 Through holy fear, that merits (causes S96) thy despight (meriteth thy spight P) H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD: That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spight? 1669

21 was H40, S96: is 1669, P, TCD

23 Which ... decreed, H40, O'F, S96: Which (since I lov'd) for me before decreed, 1669, P, TCD: Which, since I lov'd in jest before, decreed H-K, which Chambers follows

25 now, sooner all the MSS.: sooner now 1669

rapt] wrapt 1669

27 a vast H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD: the vast 1669

29 thy self] myself Chambers

31 my own H40, O'F, P, S96: one 1669

sad 1669: glad H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD

32 fate: Ed: fate. 1669

33 blinded] blindest H40

34 followers H40, P, TCD: favourites 1669, S96

37 glow H40, S96, P, TCD: blow 1669

38 flame H40, S96, P, TCD: flames 1669

40 so dangerous H40, P, S96, TCD: and dangerous 1669

42 all, Ed: all 1669

towring 1669, TCD: towred O'F, P, S96: lowering Grolier

the towred husbands eyes H40: the Loured, husbandes eyes RP31

43 That flam'd with oylie H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD: Inflam'd with th'ouglie 1669

jealousie: Ed: jealousie, 1669

44 with H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD: in 1669

45 Have we not kept our guards, H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD: Have we for this kept guards, 1669

on 1669: o'r 1635-54

49 most 1635-69, H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD: best 1669

50 our] thy RP31

52 from our words? 1669: from words? 1635-54

53 these secrets MSS.: the secrets 1635-69

our] thy RP31

54 Yea ... panting heart? 1635-69, A25: Yea thy pale colours inward as thy heart? H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD

56 sad] rude P, TCD

57-66 om. 1635-54, A25, B

58 brains] beams P: brain Chambers

61 Fortune, Ed: fortune, 1669

would rive us, with H40, O'F, S96, TCD: would ruine us with 1669

62 her H40: his 1669

it] yet 1669

bleed: Ed: bleed. 1669

65 Oh Fortune,] Oh fortune, 1669, S96: And Fortune H40, P

66 shame. H40, O'F, P, S96: name. 1669

67 Do thy great worst &c. 1669: Fortune, doe thy worst &c. 1635-54 (after 56 the vulgar story?)

armes, 1635-69, H40, O'F, P, S, TCD: charmes H-K (Grosart and Chambers)

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

72 shifts. 1635: shifts, 1639-69

76 Water H40, P, TCD: Waters 1635-69, A25, S96

sure. Ed: sure; 1635-69

77 Time] Times H40, TCD

Spring Ed: spring 1635-69

79 ripened in the eare; B, H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD: ripened in the yeare; 1635: inripened the yeare; 1639-69

83-94 omit 1635-54, A25, B

85 Though H40, P, TCD: The 1669, S96

87 he ... Portions Ed: he ... portions H40: he ... portion O'F, P, TCD: we ... Portion 1669: he can't in like proportion H-K (Grosart)

88 enjoyes] yet joys H40

89 ever your] your fayrest H40, TCD

92 by your contempt then constancy: H40, S96: be your contempt then constancy: O'F, H-K (Grosart), P, TCD: be your contempt then her inconstancy: 1669

94 there reflected H40, O'F, P, S, TCD: here neglected 1669: there neglected H-K (Grosart, probably wrongly)

95-104 om. TCD

95 For H40, S96: And 1635-69

96 my words are now; H40, P: my deeds are now; 1635-69, O'F, S96: my thoughts are now; A25

102 oft, 1633-54: oft 1669

would 1635-54, A25, B, H40, O'F, S96: most 1669

Note

ELEGIE XIII.

Iulia.

HARKE newes, ô 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,

5Is her continuall practice; does her best,

To teare opinion even out of the brest

Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vilde)

Sticks jealousie in wedlock; her owne childe

Scapes not the showres of envie, To repeate

10The 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 fœmall Mastix, to limme with his penne
This she Chymera, that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger, anger feeds desire,
Tongued like the night-crow, whose ill boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries,
Her breath like to the juice in Tenarus
That blasts the springs, though ne'r so prosperous,
Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill
The food of others, then her selfe to fill.
But oh her minde, that Orcus, which includes
Legions of mischiefs, countlesse multitudes
Of formlesse curses, projects unmade up,
Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
Mishapen Cavils, palpable untroths,
Inevitable errours, self-accusing oaths:
These, like those Atoms swarming in the Sunne,
Throng in her bosome for creation.
I blush to give her halfe her due; yet say,
No poyson's halfe so bad as Iulia.

Elegie XIII. &c. Ed: Eleg. XV. &c. 1635-54: Elegie XV. 1669: Iulia. B: Elegy. Iulia. O'F

5 practice; Ed: practice, 1635-69

7 vilde) Ed: vile) 1635-69: vilde is the regular spelling of this word in the Donne MSS.

8 in wedlock;] in the sheets of wedlock; B

10 how, 1635: how; 1639-69

That fœmall Mastix, 1635: 1639-69 and Chambers drop comma. But see note

18 injuries, 1635-39: injuries. 1650-69

20 prosperous, Ed: prosperous. 1635-69

24 mischiefs O'F: mischiefe, 1635-69

28 oaths: B, H-K (Grosart): loathes: 1635-69, O'F

31 give but half B: give half her O'F

yet say,] only this say, B: but this say O'F

Note

ELEGIE XIV.

A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.

I sing no harme good sooth to any wight,
To Lord or foole, Cuckold, begger or knight,
To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
Reformed or reduced Captaine, Knave,
5Officer, Iugler, or Iustice of peace,
Iuror or Iudge; I touch no fat sowes grease,
I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
But (like a true man) say there are too many.
I feare not ore tenus; for my tale,

Nor Count nor Counsellour will redd or pale.
A Citizen and his wife the other day
Both riding on one horse, upon the way
I overtooke, the wench a pretty peate,
And (by her eye) well fitting for the feate.
I saw the lecherous Citizen turne backe
His head, and on his wifes lip steale a smacke,
Whence apprehending that the man was kinde,
Riding before, to kisse his wife behinde,
To get acquaintance with him I began
To sort discourse fit for so fine a man:
I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still,
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffique of the Inland seas had marr'd,
Whether the Brittaine Burse did fill apace,
And likely were to give th'Exchange disgrace;
Of new-built Algate, and the More-field crosses,
Of store of Bankerouts, and poore Merchants losses
I urged him to speake; But he (as mute
As an old Courtier worne to his last suite)
Replies with onely yeas and nayes; At last
(To fit his element) my theame I cast
On Tradesmens gaines; that set his tongue agoing:

Alas, good sir (quoth he) There is no doing
In Court nor City now; she smil'd and I,
And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie
In one met thought: but he went on apace,
And at the present time with such a face
He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praise,
To any but my Lord of Essex dayes;
Call'd those the age of action; true (quoth Hee)
There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay downe,
For, put to push of pay, away they runne;
Our onely City trades of hope now are
Bawd, Tavern-keeper, Whore and Scrivener;
The much of Privileg'd kingsmen, and the store
Of fresh protections make the rest all poore;
In the first state of their Creation,
Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
A righteous pay-master. Thus ranne he on
In a continued rage: so void of reason
Seem'd his harsh talke, I sweat for feare of treason.
And (troth) how could I lesse? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wise Lord Major,
And his wise brethrens worships, when one prayeth,
He swore that none could say Amen with faith.

To get him off from what I glowed to heare,
(In happy time) an Angel did appeare,
The bright Signe of a lov'd and wel-try'd Inne,
Where many Citizens with their wives have bin
Well us'd and often; here I pray'd him stay,
To take some due refreshment by the way.
Looke how hee look'd that hid the gold (his hope)
And at's returne found nothing but a Rope,
So he on me, refus'd and made away,
Though willing she pleaded a weary day:
I found my misse, struck hands, and praid him tell
(To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine,
But his kinde wife gave me the very Signe.

Elegie XIV. &c. Ed: Eleg. XVI. A Tale &c. 1635-54: Elegie XVI. 1669: Elegie XV. O'F: no title, B

2 or foole,] to fool, 1669

5 Iugler, 1635-39: Iudge, 1650-69

9 tenus; Ed: tenus, 1635-69

10 will redd or pale. 1669, B, O'F (shall): will looke redd or pale. 1635-54

14 feate. Ed: feate, 1635-69

16 steale] seale O'F

21 Plaguy 1669, B, O'F: Plaguing 1635-54

22 Custome] custome 1635

24 Inland Ed: Iland 1635-54: Midland 1669, O'F: the land, the seas B, but later hand has inserted mid above the line: Island Chambers and Grolier

27 More-field] Moorefields B

32 To fit] To hit O'F

33 agoing: Ed: agoing, 1635-69

35 In ... now; Ed: roman 1635-69

38 time 1669: times O'F

41 those ... (quoth Hee) 1669, B, O'F: that ... (quoth I) 1635-54

46 Bawd, ... Scrivener; B, O'F: Bawds, Tavernkeepers, Whores and Scriveners, 1635-54: Bawds, Tavernkeepers, Whore and Scrivener 1669

47 kingsmen, and the store 1669, B, O'F (kingsman): kinsmen, and store 1635-54

58 him off O'F: off him 1669: him 1635-54

61 have bin B, O'F: had beene, 1635-69

64 the gold (his hope)] his gold, his hope 1669

65 at's 1669: at 1635-54

66 on 1669, B: at 1635-54

me,] me: 1635-54

67 day: 1669, B, O'F: stay. 1635-39: stay: 1650-54

69 dwell; 1635: dwell 1639-54: dwell, 1669

Note

ELEGIE XV.

The Expostulation.

TO make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,

Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?

Thought I, but one had breathed purest aire,
And must she needs be false because she's faire?
Is it your beauties marke, or of your youth,
Or your perfection, not to study truth?
Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes?
Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries?
Are vowes so cheape with women, or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
And blowne away with winde? Or doth their breath
(Both hot and cold at once) make life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Form'd into words, so many sighs should meete
As from our hearts, so many oathes, and teares
Sprinkled among, (all sweeter by our feares
And the divine impression of stolne kisses,
That seal'd the rest) should now prove empty blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfet? signe to breake?
Or must we reade you quite from what you speake,
And finde the truth out the wrong way? or must
Hee first desire you false, would wish you just?
O I prophane, though most of women be
This kinde of beast, my thought shall except thee;
My dearest love, though froward jealousie,
With circumstance might urge thy'inconstancie,

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,
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
That made me cast you guilty, and you me,
Whilst he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word
Wee spake, unto the cunning of a third.
Curst may hee be, that so our love hath slaine,
And wander on the earth, wretched as Cain,
Wretched as hee, and not deserve least pitty;
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,
And not be trusted more on his Soules price;
And after all selfe torment, when hee dyes,
May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
Swine eate his bowels, and his falser tongue
That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung,

And let his carrion coarse be a longer feast
To the Kings dogges, then any other beast.
Now have I curst, let us our love revive;
In mee the flame was never more alive;
I could beginne againe to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes
Of my lifes 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
To like what you lik'd; and at maskes and playes
Commend the selfe same Actors, the same wayes;
Aske how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent;
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtilly catch'd, as a 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 though'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

Elegie XV. Ed: Eleg. XVII. The Expostulation. 1635-54: Elegie XVII. 1669: Elegie. 1633, B, Cy, H40, HN, M, N, O'F, P, RP31, S, S96, TCD, Jonson's Underwoods

2 strong] full Und

3 purest] the purer Und

6 Or your 1633-69: Or of your H40

8 it hath,] she hath B, H40, M, N, P, S96

12 (Both hot and cold at once) RP31: Both ... at once, Und: (Both ... cold) at once 1633-69, S96: Both heate and coole at once M

make] threat Und

14 Form'd into] Tun'd to our Und

15 As] Blowne Und

16-18 (all sweeter ... the rest) 1633, B, Cy, M, N, O'F, P, RP31: (all sweetend &c. 1635, which does not complete the bracket: (all sweetend by our fears) &c. 1639-69, L74 (sweeter), P (sweeter), S96 (sweetned)

22 wish] have P

24 This kinde of beast,] The common Monster, Und

my thought 1633: my thoughts 1635-69, HN, S96

25 though froward] how ever RP31, Und

26 thy'inconstancie,] the contrarie. Und

28 beare, 1633: beare: 1635-69

30 would 1633, Und: will 1635-69

streames, Ed: streames; 1633-69

32 yours.] yours; 1633

34 trust 1633-69: drift Chambers

37 wretch] wrech 1633

38 third. Ed: third; 1633-69

39 love] loves RP31

40 wretched as Cain, 1633-69, B, Cy, N, O'F: as wretched Cain, P: as cursed Cain, S: wretched on the Earth, as Cain: Und

52 dogges, ... beast.] dogges; ... beast; 1633

53 have I] I have 1669

revive] receive Und

58 worke, 1633-39, most MSS.: works, 1650-69, S96, Und

61 and playes] or playes Und

64 be] grow Und

65 soft] lost Und

Note

ELEGIE XVI.

On his Mistris.

BY our first strange and fatall interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
Which my words masculine perswasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned me,
I calmly beg: But by thy fathers wrath,
By all paines, which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee, and all the oathes which I
And thou have sworne to seale joynt constancy,
Here I unsweare, and overswear them thus,
Thou shalt not love by wayes so dangerous.
Temper, ô faire Love, loves impetuous rage,
Be my true Mistris still, not my faign'd Page;

I'll goe, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behinde
Thee, onely worthy to nurse in my minde,
Thirst to come backe; ô if thou die before,
My soule from other lands to thee shall soare.
Thy (else Almighty) beautie cannot move
Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wilde Boreas harshnesse; Thou hast reade
How roughly hee in peeces shivered
Faire Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madnesse to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd; Feed on this flattery,
That absent Lovers one in th'other be.
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy bodies habite, nor mindes; bee not strange
To thy selfe onely; All will spie in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace;
Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soone
Ecclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone.
Men of France, changeable Camelions,
Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
Loves fuellers, and the rightest company
Of Players, which upon the worlds stage be,
Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas!
Th'indifferent Italian, as we passe

His warme land, well content to thinke thee Page,
Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage,
As Lots faire guests were vext. But none of these
Nor spungy hydroptique Dutch shall thee displease,
If thou stay here. O stay here, for, for thee
England is onely a worthy Gallerie,
To walke in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
When I am gone, dreame me some happinesse,
Nor let thy lookes our long hid love confesse,
Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor blesse nor curse
Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse
With midnights startings, crying out, oh, oh
Nurse, ô my love is slaine, I saw him goe
O'r the white Alpes alone; I saw him I,
Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augure me better chance, except dread Iove
Thinke it enough for me to'have had thy love.

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

1 interview, Ed: interview 1635-69

3 starving] striving 1669, B, P: starvling A18, N, TC

7 beg: D: beg. 1635-69

fathers 1635-69, O'F: Parents A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, P, S, TC, W

11 Here I] I here 1669

12 wayes 1635-54, O'F: means 1669, and rest of MSS.

14 still ... faign'd] 1669 om. still and reads faigned

18 My soule ... to thee] From other lands my soule towards thee A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, M(to), N, P, S, TC, W

soare. Ed: soare, 1635-69

21 harshness] rashness P. Compare Elegy V, 8

23 Faire Orithea] The fair Orithea 1669

26 Lovers] friends P

28 mindes; A18, A25, B, JC, N, TC, W: minde, 1635-69, D, H49, Lec, O'F, P

29 onely; A18, D, N, TC: onely. 1635-69

35 Loves fuellers,] Lyves fuellers, 1669, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, S96, P

37 Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas! 1635-54, O'F: Will too too quickly know thee; and alas, 1669: Will quickly know thee, and know thee, and alas A18, N, S (omitting second and), TCD, W: Will quickly know thee, and thee, and alas A25: Will quickly know thee, and alas D, H49, JC, Lec, P, S96, TCC

39 Page, Ed: Page 1635-39

40 hunt 1635-69, O'F: haunt most MSS.

42 hydroptique] Aydroptique 1669

46 greatest 1635-69, B, O'F, P: greate A18, A25, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC

call] doe call A18, N, TC

to] in to A25, JC, S

49 me, nor blesse] me; Blesse A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W

Note

ELEGIE XVII.

Note (Supp.)

Variety.

THE heavens rejoyce in motion, why should I
Abjure my so much lov'd variety,
And not with many youth and love divide?
Pleasure is none, if not diversifi'd:
The sun that sitting in the chaire of light
Sheds flame into what else so ever doth seem bright,
Is not contented at one Signe to Inne,
But ends his year and with a new beginnes.
All things doe willingly in change delight,
The fruitfull mother of our appetite:
Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
Where their fair spreading streames run wide and farr;
And a dead lake that no strange bark doth greet,
Corrupts it self and what doth live in it.
Let no man tell me such a one is faire,
And worthy all alone my love to share.
Nature in her hath done the liberall part
Of a kinde Mistresse, and imploy'd her art
To make her loveable, and I aver
Him not humane that would turn back from her:

I love her well, and would, if need were, dye
To doe her service. But followes it that I
Must serve her onely, when I may have choice
Of other beauties, and in change rejoice?
The law is hard, and shall not have my voice.
The last I saw in all extreames is faire,
And holds me in the Sun-beames of her haire;
Her nymph-like features such agreements have
That I could venture with her to the grave:
Another's brown, I like her not the worse,
Her tongue is soft and takes me with discourse.
Others, for that they well descended are,
Do in my love obtain as large a share;
And though they be not fair, 'tis much with mee
To win their love onely for their degree.
And though I faile of my required ends,
The attempt is glorious and it self commends.
How happy were our Syres in ancient times,
Who held plurality of loves no crime!
With them it was accounted charity
To stirre up race of all indifferently;
Kindreds were not exempted from the bands:
Which with the Persian still in usage stands.
Women were then no sooner asked then won,

And what they did was honest and well done.
But since this title honour hath been us'd,
Our weake credulity hath been abus'd;
The golden laws of nature are repeald,
Which our first Fathers in such reverence held;
Our liberty's revers'd, our Charter's gone,
And we're made servants to opinion,
A monster in no certain shape attir'd,
And whose originall is much desir'd,
Formlesse at first, but goeing on it fashions,
And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.
Here love receiv'd immedicable harmes,
And was dispoiled of his daring armes.
A greater want then is his daring eyes,
He lost those awfull wings with which he flies;
His sinewy bow, and those immortall darts
Wherewith he'is wont to bruise resisting hearts.
Onely some few strong in themselves and free
Retain the seeds of antient liberty,
Following that part of Love although deprest,
And make a throne for him within their brest,
In spight of modern censures him avowing
Their Soveraigne, all service him allowing.
Amongst which troop although I am the least,

Yet equall in perfection with the best,
I glory in subjection of his hand,
Nor ever did decline his least command:
For in whatever forme the message came
My heart did open and receive the same.
But time will in his course a point discry
When I this loved service must deny,
For our allegiance temporary is,
With firmer age returnes our liberties.
What time in years and judgement we repos'd,
Shall not so easily be to change dispos'd,
Nor to the art of severall eyes obeying;
But beauty with true worth securely weighing,
Which being found assembled in some one,
Wee'l love her ever, and love her alone.

Elegie XVII. Variety. Ed: printed for first time without title in appendix to 1650 and so in 1669 and 1719: An Elegie. A10: Elegie 17the. JC

1 motion, why Ed: motion why, 1650-69

3 love divide? MSS.: lov'd divide? 1650-69

4 diversifi'd: Ed: diversifi'd 1650-69

6 what else so ever doth seem 1650-69: what else is not so A10

12 fair-spreading 1650-69, JC: broad silver A10

and farr; A10, JC: and cleare; 1650-69

14 it self and 1650-69: it self, kills A10

16 And only worthy to be past compare; A10

19 aver] ever 1650-69

20 would turn back from 1650-69: could not fancy A10

24 Of other beauties, and in change rejoice? A10: om. 1650-69

25-36 omitted in A10

30 brown, Ed: brown 1650-69

32 are JC: were 1650-69

39 crime! Ed: crime? 1650-69

43 Persian 1650-54, JC: Persians 1669, A10

46 title A10, JC: little 1650-69

50 liberty's Ed: liberty 1650-69, JC

revers'd, our A10: revers'd and 1650-69, JC

51 we're A10: we 1650-69, JC

53 whose originall 1650-69, JC: one whose origin A10

54 goeing on it fashions A10: growing on it fashions JC: growing on its fashions, 1650-69

55 manners and laws to 1650-69, JC: Lawes, Manners unto A10

57 armes. A10: armes, 1650-69

58 is 1650-69: of A10

61 bruise 1650-69 wound A10

hearts. Ed: hearts; 1650-69

63 seeds of antient 1650-69, JC: seed of pristine A10

64 Love] love 1650-69

70 of his 1650-69: under's A10

71 Nor ... decline 1650-69: Never declining from A10

72-7 omitted in A10

73 same. Ed: same: 1650-69: flame JC

75 deny, Ed: deny. 1650-69

79 dispos'd, Ed: dispos'd 1650-69

80 obeying; Ed: obeying, 1650-69

81 securely 1650-69: unpartially A10

82 being 1650-69: having A10

one, Ed: one 1650-69

83 Wee'l love her ever, Ed: Wee'l leave her ever, 1650-69, JC: Would love for ever, A10

Note

ELEGIE XVIII.

Loves Progress.

WHO ever loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick:
Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o're lick
Our love, and force it new strange shapes to take,
We erre, and of a lump a monster make.
Were not a Calf a monster that were grown
Face'd like a man, though better then his own?
Perfection is in unitie: preferr
One woman first, and then one thing in her.

I, when I value gold, may think upon
The ductilness, the application,
The wholsomness, the ingenuitie,
From rust, from soil, from fire ever free:
But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
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?
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
From her to hers, is more adulterous,
Then if he took her maid. Search every spheare
And firmament, our Cupid is not there:
He's an infernal god and under ground,
With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound:
Men to such Gods, their 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,
And virtues; but we love the Centrique part.
Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
For love, then this, as infinite as it.
But in attaining this desired place
How much they erre; that set out at the face?
The hair a Forest is of Ambushes,
Of springes, snares, fetters and manacles:
The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
And when 'tis wrinckled, shipwracks us again.
Smooth, 'tis a Paradice, where we would have
Immortal stay, and 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
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
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 Hellespont betweene
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
Shall at her fair Atlantick Navell stay;
Though thence the Current be thy Pilot made,
Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be embay'd,
Thou shalt upon another Forest set,
Where many Shipwrack, and no further get.
When thou art there, consider what this chace
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
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.
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

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.

Rich Nature hath in women wisely made

Two purses, and their mouths aversely 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,

As who by Clyster gave the Stomack meat.

Elegie XVIII. &c. Ed: Elegie XVIII. 1669, where it is first included among the Elegies. It had already been printed in Wit and Drollery. By Sir J. M., J. S., Sir W. D., J. D., and the most refined Wits of the Age. 1661. It appears in A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, with title Loves Progress., or Elegie. on Loves Progresse., or with no title

4 Love is a 1669: And Love's a MSS.

5 strange 1661 and MSS.: strong 1669

11 I,] I 1669

14 ever 1669: for ever O'F, S, S96

16 (our new nature) use, 1661

17 these 1669 and MSS.: this 1661, Cy, P, Chambers

20 them] om. 1661

25 beauty'is not 1661 and MSS.: beauties no 1669

thus] thus: 1669

27 Then if he took] Then he that took 1661, B (takes), Cy, O'F, P, S

spheare] sphear 1669

30 abound: Ed: abound, 1669

32 in A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, TC: on 1669, A25

holes.] holes: 1669

38 infinite] infinit 1669

40 erre 1661-69, S, S96: stray A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, N, O'F, P, TC

42 springes, H49 and some MSS.: springs, 1669

46 and 1661, A18, A25, B, C, D, H49, Lec, N, P, S96, TC: but 1669

our 1661, MSS.: a 1669

47 first Meridian 1661 and MSS.: sweet Meridian 1669.

52-3 (Not ... Ambrosiall) ... lips &c. 1661 and MSS. (not always with brackets and sometimes with No for Not and Canary): Not ... Ambrosiall. Unto her swelling lips when we are come, 1669

55 For they seem all: there 1669, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC: For they sing all their 1661, Cy, P

57 There 1661 and MSS.: Then 1669

swell, Ed: swell 1669

58 Rhemora 1669

59 the glorious Promontory,] brackets and no comma, 1669

60 Ore past; ... betweene 1661 and MSS.: Being past the Straits of Hellespont between 1669

62 Loves] loves 1669

63 yet] that D, H49, Lec, and other MSS.

65 Sailing] Sailng 1669

66 Navell] Naval 1669

67 thence A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S, S96, TC: there 1661-9, N(?): hence P

thy all MSS.: the 1661-9

68 wouldst A18, A25, B, Cy, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: shouldst 1669

70 many 1669: some doe A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, P

73 my 1669, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD: thy Chambers: thine A18, TCC

80 the] bis 1669

81-2 Civilitie, we see, refin'd the kisse Which at the face begonne, transplanted is D, H49, Lec

83 Imperial] imperial 1669

86 too;] too. 1669

90 elements 1661 and MSS.: enemies 1669

91 hath] Chambers omits

93 owe,] owe 1669

96 Clyster gave A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC: glister gives 1669

Note

ELEGIE XIX.

Going to Bed.

C OME, Madam, come, all rest my powers defie,

Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,
Is tir'd with standing though he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like heavens Zone glittering,
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.
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
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
A heaven like Mahomets Paradise; 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,

Before, behind, between, above, below.
O my America! my new-found-land,
My kingdome, safliest when with one man man'd,
My Myne of precious stones, My Emperie,
How blest am I in this discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds, is to be free;
Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.
Full nakedness! All joyes are due to thee,
As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,
To taste whole joyes. Gems which you women use
Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in mens views,
That when a fools eye lighteth on a Gem,
His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.
Like pictures, or like books gay coverings made
For lay-men, are all women thus array'd;
Themselves are mystick books, which only wee
(Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know;
As liberally, as to a Midwife, shew
Thy self: cast all, yea, this white lynnen hence,
There is no pennance due to innocence.
To teach thee, I am naked first; why than
What needst thou have more covering then a man.

Elegie XIX. &c. Ed: in 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96,

TCC, TCD, W

Appeared in 1669 edition after the Elegies, unnumbered but with the heading To his Mistris going to Bed. The MSS. include it among the Elegies either with no heading, or simply Elegye, or numbered according to the scheme adopted: B gives title which I have adopted as consistent with other titles

4 he 1669: they A18, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, TC

5 glittering] glistering MSS.

8 That I may see my shrine that shines so fair. Cy, P

10 it is 1669: 'tis your MSS.

11 which] whom A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, S, TC, W

14 from MSS.: through 1669

shadow] shadows 1669

16 Diademe ... grow: A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC: Diadem which on your head doth grow: 1669: Diadems which on you do grow. S, Chambers

17 Now ... shooes, 1669, JC, W: Off ... shoes A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC: Off with those hose and shoes S

safely A18, A25, B, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W: softly 1669, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, P

20 Receavd by men; Thou all MSS.: Reveal'd to men; thou 1669

21 Paradise; Ed: Paradice, 1669

22 Ill 1669, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S, S96, TC, W: All B, O'F, P, and Chambers' conjecture

spirits 1669, A18, B, D, H49, N, S: angels O'F, S96

white, Ed: white; 1669

26 below. Ed: below, 1669

28 kingdome, MSS.: Kingdom's 1669

safeliest A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC: safest, 1669

man'd, Ed: man'd. 1669

29 stones, Ed: stones: 1669

30 How blest am I all MSS.: How am I blest 1669

this A18, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC, W: thus 1669, A25, L74, S

discovering] discovery B, O'F

thee! Ed: thee? 1669

be.] be, 1669

35 Gems] Jems 1669: and so 37

36 like 1669: as MSS.

balls, MSS.: ball: 1669

38 covet A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, TC, W: court 1669, Cy, P, S, S96

theirs, A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S96, TC, W: those S: that, 1669, B, O'F

them.] them: 1669

39 pictures, Ed: pictures 1669

made Ed: made, 1669

40 lay-men, Ed: lay-men 1669

array'd; Ed: arrayed 1669

41 Themselves ... only wee A18, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W: Themselves are only mystick books, which we, 1669, B

43 see] be A18, A25, D, H49, Lec, N, TC

reveal'd] revealed 1669

44 a all MSS.: thy 1669

Midwife, Ed: Midwife 1669

45 hence, Ed: hence 1669

46 pennance due to innocence. 1669, B, Cy, JC, O'F, P, S: pennance, much less innocence; A18, A25, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S96, W

47 thee, Ed: thee 1669

first; Ed: first, 1669

Note

ELEGIE XX.

Loves Warre.

TILL I have peace with thee, warr other men,

And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?

All other Warrs are scrupulous; Only thou

O fayr free Citty, maist thyselfe allowe

To any one: In Flanders, who can tell

Whether the Master presse; or men rebell?

Only we know, that which all Ideots say,

They beare most blows which come to part the fray.

France in her lunatique giddines did hate

Ever our men, yea and our God of late;

Yet she relyes upon our Angels well,

Which nere returne; no more then they which fell.

Sick Ireland is with a strange warr possest

Like to an Ague; now raging, now at rest;

Which time will cure: yet it must doe her good
If she were purg'd, and her head vayne let blood.
And Midas joyes our Spanish journeys give,
We touch all gold, but find no food to live.
And I should be in the hott parching clyme,
To dust and ashes turn'd before my time.
To mew me in a Ship, is to inthrall
Mee in a prison, that weare like to fall;
Or in a Cloyster; save that there men dwell
In a calme heaven, here in a swaggering hell.
Long voyages are long consumptions,
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.
Thyne armes imprison me, and myne armes thee;
Thy hart thy ransome 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,
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;

40There men kill men, we'will make one by and by.

Thou nothing; I not halfe so much shall do

In these Warrs, as they may which from us two

Shall spring. Thousands wee see which travaile not

To warrs; But stay swords, armes, and shott

45To make at home; And shall not I do then

More glorious service, staying to make men?

Elegy XX &c. Ed: First published in F.G. Waldron's A Collection of Miscellaneous Poetry, 1802, from a MS. dated 1625; then by Sir J. Simeon in his Philobiblon Society volume of 1856. It is included among Donne's Elegies in A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W. In B it has the title Making of Men. The present text is based on W

7 all A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, O'F, S, S96, TC, W: most JC, Chambers

8 They beare most blows which (or that) A18, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, S, S96, TC, W: They must bear blows, which Chambers

9 giddiness] guidings Sim: giddinge Wald

11 well,] well W

13 a strange] straying Sim

16 head] dead Sim

19 the A18, B, Cy, D, H49, N, S, S96, TC, W: that Chambers, A25, JC, L74, O'F

24 swaggering] swaying Chambers

25 consumptions,] consumptions W: line omitted, Wald

29 lye] spelt ly

W: and so 30 dy

33 gayne;] gayne W

37 There] These Sim

and, that, with, which] contracted throughout, W

Note

HEROICALL EPISTLE.

Sapho to Philænis.

WHERE is that holy fire, which Verse is said
To have? is that inchanting force decai'd?
Verse that drawes Natures workes, from Natures law,
Thee, her best worke, to her worke cannot draw.
Have my teares quench'd my old Poetique fire;
Why quench'd they not as well, that of desire?
Thoughts, my mindes creatures, often are with thee,
But I, their maker, want their libertie.
Onely thine image, in my heart, doth sit,
But that is waxe, and fires environ it.
My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence;
And I am rob'd of Picture, Heart, and Sense.
Dwells with me still mine irksome Memory,
Which, both to keepe, and lose, grieves equally.
That tells me'how faire thou art: Thou art so faire,
As, gods, when gods to thee I doe compare,
Are grac'd thereby; And to make blinde men see,
What things gods are, I say they'are like to thee.

For, if we justly call each silly man
A litle world, What shall we call thee than?
Thou art not soft, and cleare, and strait, and faire,
As Down, as Stars, Cedars, and Lillies are,
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my Phao awhile, but shall be never,
As thou, wast, 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, least Griefe remove
My beauty, and make me'unworthy of thy love.
Plaies some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
A mutuall feeling which should sweeten it.
His chinne, a thorny hairy unevennesse
Doth threaten, and some daily change possesse.
Thy body is a naturall Paradise,
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 showes,
And are as theeves trac'd, which rob when it snows.
But of our dallyance 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,
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?
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,
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,
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.

Heroicall Epistle.] In 1633 Sapho to Philaenis follows Basse's Epitaph upon Shakespeare, and precedes The Annuntiation and Passion. In 1635 it was placed

with some other miscellaneous and dubious poems among the Letters to severall Personages, where it has appeared in all subsequent editions. I have transferred it to the neighbourhood of the Elegies and given it the title which seems to describe exactly the genre to which it belongs. In JC it is entitled Elegie 18th. The other MSS. are A18, A25, O'F, N, P, TCC, TCD. In A25, JC, and P, ll. 31-54 are omitted

2 have? 1650-69: have, 1633-39

3 workes, 1633-39: worke, 1650-69, O'F

8 maker, 1635-69: maker; 1633

17 thereby; And 1635-69: thereby. And 1633, some copies

22 As Down, 1633-69, A18, N, TC: As dowves P: As downs O'F. See note

Cedars,] as Cedars, A18, N, O'F, TC

26 maist be ever. 1633, A18, A25, N, TC: maist thou be ever. 1635-69, O'F: shalt be for ever. P: mayst thou be for ever. JC

33 thorny hairy 1633-69: thorney-hairy TCD: thorny, hairy modern edd.

40 are Ed: are, 1633-69

58 me to mee; thee, 1635-69, A18, A25, JC, N, P, TC (generally mee, in MSS.:) me to mee; shee, 1633: me to thee, thee Chambers

halfe,] harte A25, JC, P

59-60

So may thy cheekes outweare all scarlet dye

May blisse and thee be one eternallye P: om. JC

61 mighty, amazing Ed: mighty amazing 1633-69: almighty amazing P

Note

EPITHALAMIONS,

OR

MARRIAGE SONGS.

An Epithalamion, Or mariage Song on the Lady Elizabeth, and Count Palatine being married on St. Valentines day.

I.

HAILE 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
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;
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
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
(Which was of soules, and beasts, the cage, and park,)
Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee,
Two Phœnixes, whose joyned breasts
Are unto one another mutuall nests,
Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give
Yong Phœnixes, and yet the old shall live.
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine.

III.

Up then faire Phœnix Bride, frustrate the Sunne,
Thy selfe from thine affection
Takest warmth enough, and from thine eye
All 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
Thy selfe a constellation, of them All,
And by their blazing, signifie,
That a Great Princess falls, but doth not die;
Bee thou a new starre, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder; And be Thou those ends.
Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,

May all men date Records, from this thy Valentine.

IIII.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame

Meeting Another, growes the same,

So meet thy Fredericke, and so

To an unseparable union growe.

Since separation

Falls not on such things as are infinite,

Nor things which are but one, can disunite,

You'are twice inseparable, great, and one;

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'are one, by hearts and hands made fast,

You two have one way left, your selves to'entwine,

Besides this Bishops knot, or Bishop Valentine.

V.

But oh, what ailes the Sunne, that here he staies,

Longer to day, then other daies?

Staies he new light from these to get?

And finding here such store, is loth to set?

And why doe you two walke,

So slowly pac'd in this procession?

Is all your care but to be look'd upon,

And be to others spectacle, and talke?
The feast, with gluttonous delaies,
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,
The masquers come too late, and'I thinke, will stay,
Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.
Alas, did not Antiquity assigne
A night, as well as day, to thee, O Valentine?

VI.

They did, and night is come; and yet wee see
Formalities retarding thee.
What meane these Ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in peeces,) goe
So nicely about the Bride;
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?
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,

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 just and rich in that coyne which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs forbeare, nor stay;
Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare,
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No such occasion to be liberall.
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Then all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine.
VIII.
And by this act of these two Phenixes
Nature againe restored is,
For since these two are two no more,
Ther's but one Phenix still, as was before.
Rest now at last, and wee
As Satyres watch the Sunnes uprise, will stay
Waiting, when your eyes opened, let out day,
Onely desir'd, because your face wee see;
Others neare you shall whispering speake,
And wagers lay, at which side day will breake,

And win by'observing, then, whose hand it is

That opens first a curtaine, hers or his;

This will be tryed to morrow after nine,

Till which houre, wee thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

Epithalamions, &c. 1635-69: no general title, 1633. An Epithalamion, &c. 1633-69, A25, B, C, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD (most of the MSS. have the full title but with slight verbal variations)

13 shine, Ed: shine. 1633-69

14 enflame] enflãe 1633

18 Phœnixes; Ed: Phœnixes, 1633: Phœnixes. 1635-69

21 foules, 1633: fowle, 1635-69

22 Thee, 1633, 1650-69: Thee: 1635-39

37 their blazing 1633-69, D, Lec: this blazing A25, B, H49, JC, N, O'F (altered to their), P, TCD

40 ends. 1635-69: ends, 1633

42 this thy 1633-54, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD: this day 1669, A25, JC, Chambers

46 growe. A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD: goe, 1633-69, Lec

49 disunite, Grolier: disunite. 1633-69 and Chambers

56 Bishops knot, or Bishop Valentine. A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P (our), S96, TC Bishops knot, O Bishop Valentine. 1633-54: Bishops knot of Bishop Valentine. 1669: Bishops knot, of Bishop Valentine. Chambers

60 store, 1633, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S96, TCD:

starres, 1635-69, O'F, Chambers

67 come too late, 1633: come late, 1635-69

70 O Valentine? 1633-54, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD: old Valentine? 1669

81 passes 1633-39: passeth 1650-69

Spheare, Ed: Spheare. 1633: Spheare: 1635-69

82 where. 1650-69: where, 1633-39

85 here, 1633-39, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TCD:

there, 1650-69, O'F, P, S96

91 stay;] stay, 1633

92 spare, 1633-54: spare. 1669

94 acquittances, 1635-69: acquittance, 1633

96 such] om. 1669

104 As ... uprise,] brackets 1650-69

105 day,] day. 1633

Note

ECCLOGUE.

Note (Supp.)

1613. December 26.

Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Christmastime, reprehends his absence from court, at the mariage Of the Earle of Sommerset, Idios gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his absence thence.

Allophanes.

VNSEASONABLE man, statue of ice,

What could to countries solitude entice

Thee, in this yeares cold and decrepit time?

Natures instinct drawes to the warmer clime
Even small birds, who by that courage dare,
In numerous fleets, saile through their Sea, the aire.
What delicacie can in fields appeare,
Whil'st Flora'herselfe doth a freeze jerkin weare?
Whil'st windes do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leafes, to furnish roddes enough to whip
Thy madnesse from thee; and all springs by frost
Have taken cold, and their sweet murmure lost;
If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament
With just solemnity, do it in Lent;
At Court the spring already advanced is,
The Sunne stayes longer up; and yet not his
The glory is, farre other, other fires.
First, zeale to Prince and State; then loves desires
Burne in one brest, and like heavens two great lights,
The first doth governe dayes, the other nights.
And then that early light, which did appeare
Before the Sunne and Moone created were,
The Princes favour is defus'd o'r all,
From which all Fortunes, Names, and Natures fall;
Then from those wombes of starres, the Brides bright eyes,
At every glance, a constellation flyes,
And sowes the Court with starres, and doth prevent

In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament;
First her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,
Then from their beames their jewels lusters rise,
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good desire;
Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell,
Where in darke plotts, fire without light doth dwell:
Or but like Stoves, for lust and envy get
Continuall, but artificiall heat;
Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds disgest,
And make our Court an everlasting East.
And can'st thou be from thence?
Idios. No, I am there.
As heaven, to men dispos'd, is every where,
So are those Courts, whose Princes animate,
Not onely all their house, but all their State.
Let no man thinke, because he is full, he hath all,
Kings (as their patterne, God) are liberall
Not onely in fulnesse, but capacitie,
Enlarging narrow men, to feele and see,
And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
So, reclus'd hermits often times do know
More of heavens glory, then a worldling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man,

Is an epitome of Gods great booke
Of creatures, and man need no farther looke;
So is the Country of Courts, where sweet peace doth,
As their one common soule, give life to both,
I am not then from Court.
Allophanes.
Dreamer, thou art.
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?
The earth doth in her inward bowels hold
Stuffe well dispos'd, and which would faine be gold,
But never shall, except it chance to lye,
So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;
As, for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for best civill use, all 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,
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
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;
Where the Kings favours are so plac'd, that all
Finde that the King therein is liberall
To them, in him, because his favours bend
To vertue, to the which they all pretend?
Thou hast no such; yet here was this, and more,
An earnest lover, wise then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath sued Livery,
And is no more in his minority,
Hee is admitted now into that brest
Where the Kings Counsells and his secrets rest.
What hast thou lost, O ignorant man?
Idios.
I knew
All this, and onely therefore I withdrew.
To know and feele all this, and not to have
Words to expresse it, makes a man a grave

Of his owne thoughts; I would not therefore stay
At a great feast, having no Grace to 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 mens hearts to invade,
But since I'am dead, and buried, I could frame
No Epitaph, which might advance my fame
So much as this poore song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

ECCLOGUE. &c. 1633-69: similarly, A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TCC, TCD

his absence thence. 1633, Lec: his Actions there. 1635-69, A18, H49, N, O'F, TC: his absence then. D, S96

2 countries] country A18, N, TC

4 clime 1633-39: clime: 1650-69: clime. D

5 small 1633, A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TC:
smaller 1635-69, Chambers

12 Have 1633: Having 1635-69

murmure A18, A23, B, D, H49, N, O'F, TC: murmures 1633-69

22 were, Ed: were; 1633-69

29 kindle] kindles 1633

34 plotts, 1635-69, A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC: places, 1633, 1669, Lec

37 disgest, 1633-39: digest, 1650-69

39 there. D: there 1633-69

40 where, 1633: where: 1635-69, owing to the dropping of stop in previous line

42 State.] State, 1633

54 one 1633, A18, D, H49, N, O'F, TC: own 1635-69, Lec

55 I am ... Court. 1633, A18, B, D, H49, N, S96, TC: And am I then from Court? 1635-69

art. 1650-69: art, 1633-39

57 East-Indian A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC: Indian 1633-69

61 inward A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC: inner 1633-69

75 present] represent A18, N, TC

78 trust? Ed: trust. 1633-39: trust, 1650-69

84 pretend? Ed: pretend. 1633-69

85 more, 1633: more. 1635-69

86 before. 1633-69: before, Chambers. See note

92 withdrew.] withdrew 1633

96 say. 1635-69: say, 1633

98 joy, ... some; Ed: joy; ... some, 1633: joy; ... some. 1635-69

Note

EPITHALAMION.

I.

The time of the Mariage.

105THOU art repriv'd old yeare, thou shalt not die,

Though thou upon thy death bed lye,

And should'st within five dayes expire,

Yet thou art rescu'd by a mightier fire,

Then thy old Soule, the Sunne,

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.

II.

Equality of persons.

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,

In this new couple, dost thou prize,

When his eye as inflaming is

As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?

Be tryed by beauty, and than

The 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?

Since both have both th'enflaming eyes, and both the loving heart.

III.

Raysing of the Bridegroome.

Though it be some divorce to thinke of you

Singly, so much one are you two,

Yet let me here contemplate thee,

First, cheerfull Bridegroome, and first let mee see,

How thou prevent'st the Sunne,

And his red foming horses dost outrunne,

How, having laid downe in thy Soveraignes brest

All businesses, from thence to reinvest

Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art

To shew to her, who doth the like impart,

The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

IIII.

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 lyest downe first, tis fit

Thou in first rising should'st allow for it.

Pouder thy Radiant haire,

Which if without such ashes thou would'st weare,

Thou, which to all which come to looke upon,

Art meant for Phœbus, would'st be Phaëton.

For our ease, give thine eyes th'unusual part

Of joy, a Teare; so quencht, thou maist impart,

To us that come, thy inflaming eyes, to him, thy loving heart.

V.

Her Apparrelling.

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmitie,

Who can the Sun in water see.

Soe dost thou, when in silke and gold,

Thou cloudst thy selfe; since wee which doe behold,

Are dust, and wormes, 'tis just

Our objects be the fruits of wormes and dust;

Let every Jewell be a glorious starre,

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,

As men which through a Cipres see

The rising sun, doe thinke it two,

Soe, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you,

But that vaile being gone,

By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one.

The Church Triumphant made this match before,

And now the Militant doth strive no more;

Then, reverend Priest, who Gods Recorder art,

Doe, from his Dictates, to these two impart

All blessings, which are seene, or thought, by Angels eye or heart.

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 wisedome grow so stale,

That, new great heights to trie,

It must serve your ambition, to die;

Raise heires, and may here, to the worlds end, live

Heires from this King, to take thankes, you, to give,

Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art.

May never age, or error overthwart

With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North, this heart.

VIII.

Feasts and Revells.

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day

Injures; it causeth time to stay;

The tables groane, as though this feast

Would, as the flood, destroy all fowle and beast.

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 masks and banquets will not yet impart
A sunset to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart.

IX.

The Brides going to bed.

What mean'st thou Bride, this companie to keep?
To sit up, till thou faine wouldst sleep?
Thou maist not, when thou art laid, doe so.
Thy selfe 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;
Therefore thou maist, faire Bride, to bed depart,
Thou art not gone, being gone; where e'r thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy loving heart.

X.

The Bridegroomes comming.

As he that sees a starre fall, runs apace,
And findes a gellie in the place,
So doth the Bridegroome hast as much,
Being told this starre is falne, 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,
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.

XI.

The good-night.

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

Idios.

As I have brought this song, that I may doe
A perfect sacrifice, I'll burne it too.

Allophanes.

No Sr. This paper I have justly got,
For, in burnt incense, the perfume is not

230His only that presents it, but of all;

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

235Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

EPITHALAMION. D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96: om. 1633-69. See note

107 expire,] expire 1633-39

108 by 1633: from 1635-69

121 man. 1669, D: man, 1633-39: man; 1650-54

124 or] our 1669

126 both th'enflaming eyes, A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC: th'enflaming eye, 1633: the enflaming eye, 1635-69

128 Singly, A18, A23, B, D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC: Single, 1633-69, Lec

129 Yet let A23, O'F: Let 1633-69

141 should'st] should 1669

it. 1635-69: it, 1633

144 Thou, which D: Thou, which, 1633: Thou which, 1635-69

145 Art A18, B, S96, TCC: Are 1633, D, H49, Lec, N, TCD: Wert 1635-69, O'F

for] for, 1633

Phaëton. 1635-69: Phaëton, 1633

146 ease, ... eyes 1635-69: ease, ... eyes, 1633

150 see. 1633-69: see; Grolier. But see note

157 stoope, ... us 1633-69: stoope, ... us, 1633

167 more; Ed: more, 1633: more. 1635-69

170 or thought] Or thought 1633

172 sing, 1633: sing: 1635-69

178 you, yours, A23, B, D, O'F, S96

give, 1633: give. 1635-69

179 Art. Ed: Art, 1633-69

194 wouldst] would 1669

200 too; Ed: too. 1635-69: to. 1633

202 being gone; Ed: being gone, 1633-39: being gone 1650-69

207 such. 1635-69: such, 1633

211 seene; Ed: seene. 1633-69

214 eye] hand 1650-69

215 burnt] burn 1669

218 divine. 1635-69: divine; 1633

230 all; 1635-69: all, 1633

Note

Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne.

THE Sun-beames in the East are spred,

Leave, leave, faire Bride, your solitary bed,

No more shall you returne to it alone,

It nourseth sadnesse, and your bodies print,

5Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint;

You and your other you meet there anon;

Put forth, put forth that warme balme-breathing thigh,

Which when next time you in these sheets wil smother,
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh;
Come glad from thence, goe gladder then you came,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.
Daughters of London, you which bee
Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasurie,
You which are Angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of Angels on your mariage daies,
Help with your presence and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dresse her, and be assign'd,
By you, fit place for every flower and jewell,
Make her for love fit fewell
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde;
So may shee faire, rich, glad, and in nothing lame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.
And you frolique Patricians,
Sonns of these Senators wealths deep oceans,
Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others wits,
Yee country men, who but your beasts love none,
Yee of those fellowships whereof hee's one,
Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits,
Here shine; This Bridegroom to the Temple bring.

Loe, in yon path which store of straw'd flowers graceth,
The sober virgin paceth;
Except my sight faile, 'tis no other thing;
Weep not nor blush, here is no griefe nor shame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans 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
Long time expect their bodies and their tombe,
Long after their owne parents fatten thee.
All elder claimes, and all cold barrennesse,
All yeelding to new loves bee far for ever,
Which might these two dissever,
All wayes all th'other may each one possesse;
For, the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To day puts on perfection, and a womans name.
Oh winter dayes bring much delight,
Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night;
Other sweets wait thee then these diverse meats,
Other disports then dancing jollities,
Other love tricks then glancing with the eyes,
But that the Sun still in our halfe Spheare sweates;
Hee flies in winter, but he now stands still.

Yet shadowes 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 worlds half frame,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.
The amorous evening starre is rose,
Why then should not our amorous starre 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
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;
She goes a maid, who, least she turne the same,
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.
Thy virgins girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptiall bed (loves altar) lye
A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossesse
Thee of these chaines and robes which were put on
T'adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
Like vertue'and truth, art best in nakednesse;
This bed is onely to virginitie

A grave, but, to a better state, a cradle;
Till now thou 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 womans name.
Even like a faithfull man content,
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;
Now sleep or watch with more joy; and O light
Of heaven, to morrow rise thou hot, and early;
This Sun will love so dearely
Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight;
Wonders are wrought, for shee which had no maime,
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Epithalamion &c. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD Epithalamion on a Citizen. A34, B, O'F, S, S96: do. of the La: Eliz: P: Epithalamion. W

4 bodies 1635-69 and MSS.: body 1633

8 smother, 1650-69: smother 1633-39

17 presence Ed: presence, 1633-69. See note

22 faire, rich, glad, and in A18, N, TC, W: faire and rich, in 1633-69, B, O'F, P, S96

25 Patricians,] Patricians 1633

26 Sonns of ... deep oceans, Ed: Some of these Senators wealths deep oceans, 1633, A18, N, TC: Sonnes of these Senatours, wealths deep oceans W: Sonnes of those Senatours, wealths deepe oceans, 1635-69, B, O'F, S96 (but Senators O'F, S96). See note

29 those fellowships] that Fellowship S96

31 bring. W: bring 1633-39: bring, 1650-69

32 straw'd] strow'd 1669

42 thee. 1635-69: thee; 1633

46 All wayes W: Alwaies, 1633: Alwayes, 1635-69

49 Oh winter dayes A34, B, O'F, P, S96, W: Winter dayes 1633-69, A18, N, TC

53 eyes, 1635-69: eyes; 1633

55 still. W: still, 1633-69

57 nill W: will 1633-69 and rest of MSS.: B inserts not. See note

59 runne the worlds halfe frame, A34, B, S96, W: runne the Heavens halfe frame, 1635-69, O'F: come the worlds half frame, 1633, A18, N, TC

60 put] but 1633

72 puts] put 1669

73 Thy virgins girdle 1633-69, W: The Virgin Girdle B, O'F, S96: Thy Virgin girdle P

74 [loves alter] 1633-69

76 were] wee some copies of 1633, Grolier

78 art] are 1669

86 spent, Ed: spent; 1633: spent: 1635-69

95 maime, 1633, W: name, 1635-69, A18, A34, B, N, P, S96, TC

Note

SATYRES.

Note

Satyre I.

AWAY thou fondling motley humorist,
Leave mee, and in this standing woodden chest,
Consorted with these few bookes, let me lye
In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I dye;
Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines; and here
Natures Secretary, the Philosopher;
And jolly Statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinewes of a cities mistique bodie;
Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddie fantastique Poëts of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong, wild uncertaine thee?
First sweare by thy best love in earnest
(If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)
Thou wilt not leave mee in the middle street,
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet,
Not though a Captaine do come in thy way
Bright parcell gilt, with forty dead mens pay,
Not though a briske perfum'd piert Courtier
Deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer.

Nor come a velvet Justice with a long
Great traine of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen strong,
Wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare
A speech to Court his beautious sonne and heire!
For better or worse take mee, or leave mee:
To take, and leave mee is adultery.
Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,
That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
Dost search, and like a needy broker prize
The silke, and gold he weares, and to that rate
So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat:
That wilt consort none, untill thou have knowne
What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne,
As though all thy companions should make thee
Jointures, and marry thy deare company.
Why should'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)
Hate vertue, though shee be naked, and bare?
At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
And till our Soules be unapparrelled
Of bodies, they from blisse are banished.

Mans first blest state was naked, when by sinne
Hee lost that, yet hee was cloath'd but in beasts skin,
And in this course attire, which I now weare,
With God, and with the Muses I conferre.
But since thou like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy sinnes, dost repent
These vanities, and giddinesses, loe
I shut my chamber doore, and come, lets goe.
But sooner may a cheape whore, who hath beene
Worne by as many severall men in sinne,
As are black feathers, or musk-colour hose,
Name her childs 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
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
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;
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine silken painted foole we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
As prentises, or schoole-boyes which doe know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe.
And as fidlers stop lowest, at highest sound,
So to the most brave, stoops hee nigh'st the ground.
But to a grave man, he doth move no more
Then the wise politique horse would heretofore,
Or thou O Elephant or Ape wilt doe,
When any names the King of Spaine to you.
Now leaps he upright, Joggs me, & cryes, Do you see
Yonder well favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis hee
That dances so divinely; Oh, said I,
Stand still, must you dance here for company?
Hee droopt, wee went, till one (which did excell
Th'Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well)
Met us; they talk'd; I whispered, let'us goe,
'T may be you smell him not, truely I doe;
He heares not mee, but, on the other side
A many-coloured Peacock having spide,

Leaves him and mee; I for my lost sheep stay;
He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, him whom I last left, all repute
For his device, in hansoming a 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'st thou so?
Why? he hath travayld; Long? No; but to me
(Which understand none,) he doth seeme to be
Perfect French, and Italian; I replyed,
So is the Poxe; He answered not, but spy'd
More men of fort, of parts, and qualities;
At last his Love he in a windowe spies,
And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from mee
Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
Many were there, he could command no more;
Hee quarrell'd fought, bled; and turn'd out of dore
Directly came to mee hanging the head,
And constantly a while must keepe his bed.

Satyre I. 1633-69, D, H49, JC, Lec, P, Q, S, W: Satyre the Second. or Satyre 2. A25, B, O'F: Satyre. or A Satyre of Mr. John Donnes. Cy, L74, S96: no title (but placed first), H51, N, TCD

1 fondling 1633, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD: changeling 1635-69, A25, B, Cy, D, H49,

H51, JC, O'F, P, Q, S96, W

5 conduits, ... Divines; 1650-69, Q: conduits; ... Divines, 1633-39

6 Is Natures Secretary, 1669, S96

Philosopher; Ed: Philosopher. 1633-39: Philosopher: 1659-69

7 jolly 1633, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, N, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: wily 1635-69, O'F: with P

12 headlong, wild uncertaine thee? 1633: om. comma 1635-69 and Grolier

13 love in earnest 1633, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: love, here, in earnest 1635-69, O'F

16 dost. meet,] doe meet. H51, Q, W

19 Not 1633-69, A25, Lec, P, Q: Nor Cy, D, H49, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD, W

piert] neat Q

23 Wilt 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD: Shalt A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W

24 heire! Ed: heire? 1633-69

25 or worse 1633-69, Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, Q, TCD: and worse A25, B, H49, H51, S96, W: or for worse P: and for worse JC

27 Oh monstrous,] A (i.e. Ah) or O Monster, B, D, H49, H51, JC, W

29 eyes 1635-69: eyes; 1633

32 raise 1633-69, D, H49, H51, L74, Lec, N, TCD: vaile A25, B, Cy, JC, O'F, P, Q, S, W

hat:] hate: 1633

33 consort none,] consort with none, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96

untill] till 1669

37-40 brackets 1650-69, Q: that ... boy 1633: that ... boy; 1635-39

39 barenesse A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, Q, W: barrennesse 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD

40 Of] of 1633: or 1633, 1669: om. 1635-54

41 bare? 1635-69: bare, 1633

45 first blest 1633-69, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W: first best A25, B, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q, S

46 yet 1633, A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, Lec, N, Q, S, TCD: om. 1635-69, Cy, O'F, P

47 weare, 1650-69: weare 1633-39

50 warn'd] warm'd 1633

52 goe. 1635-69: goe, 1633

54 Worne by] Worne out by 1650-69

55 musk-colour 1633-35, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W: musk-coloured 1639-69, A25, P, Q

58 The Infanta ... India; Ed: The Infanta ... India, A25, O'F, Q: The infant ... India, 1633-54 and MSS. generally: The Infantry of London, hence to India: 1669

60 Scheme 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, Q: schemes L74, S: sceames N: Sceanes 1633, Cy, Lec, TCD: scene P

62 subtile-witted D, H49: subtile wittied 1633-54, L74, N, TCD: supple-witted A25, JC (altered to subtle), H51, O'F, P, Q, S, W: giddy-headed 1669

youths] youth 1669

63 depart'st from mee] depart'st from hence Cy, D, H49, H51, O'F, S, W: departest hence A25, Q, S96

canst JC, Q: can 1633-69 and many MSS.

66 conscience?] conscience. 1633

70 state] room H51

his 1635-69 and all MSS.: high 1633, Chambers

libertie;] libertie, 1633

73 them] then 1633

78 stoops 1635-69, A25, Cy, D, H49, H51, O'F, Q: stoopeth B, P: stoopt 1633, L74, Lec, N, TCD

nigh'st the ground.] nighest ground. D, H49, P, Q, W

81-2 om. 1633

84 youth? 1635-69: youth; 1633

Oh,] Yea, A25, B, H51, JC, Q, W

86 here] so H51

89 us; Ed: us: 1635-69: us, 1633

whispered, let'us goe, Ed: whispered, let us goe, 1633-54: whisperd, let us goe, 1669: whispered (letts goe) Q. See note

90 'T may be] May be Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W

94 goes on the way,] goes, on the way D, H49, Q(in), W(in)

95 all repute 1635-69 and MSS. generally: s'all repute 1633, Lec

97 print, cut, and plight (pleite, 1635-39: pleit, 1650-69), 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD: cut, print, or pleate (pleight &c.), A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q, S96, W

100 stoop'st 1633, 1669, A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, TCD: stop'st. 1635-54, O'F

101 Why? he hath travayld; Long? No; but to me S96: Why: he hath travayld. Long? No: but to mee W: Why, hee hath travayl'd. Long? no. But to mee H49: Why he hath travayld; Longe? Noe: but to mee JC: Why, he hath travailed (traveled 1635-39)

long? no, but to me 1633-39: Why hath he travelled long? no, but to me 1650-54, P: Why. He hath travelled long; no, but to me 1669. See note

102 understand] understood 1669: brackets from Q. See note

105 and qualities;] of qualities; Lec, P, Q, S96

106 a] om. 1669

108 lechery. 1635-69 and MSS: liberty; 1633

109 were there, 1633-39: there were, 1650-69

Note

Satyre II.

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

And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move Love by rithmes; but witchcrafts charms
Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes:
Rammes, and slings now are seely battery,
Pistolets are the best Artillerie.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doores for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That excuse for writing, and for writing ill;
But hee is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-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:
But these do mee no harme, nor they which use
To out-doe Dildoes, and out-usure Jewes;
To out-drinke the sea, to out-sweare the Letanie;
Who with sinnes all kindes as familiar bee
As Confessors; and for whose sinfull sake,
Schoolemen new tenements in hell must make:
Whose strange sinnes, Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandements large receit they dwell.
But these punish themselves; the insolence

Of Coscus onely breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches poxe,
And plodding on, must make a calfe an oxe)
Hath made a Lawyer, which was (alas) of late
But a scarce Poët; jollier of this state,
Then are new benefic'd ministers, he throwes
Like nets, or lime-twigs, wheresoever he goes,
His title of Barrister, on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas, and Bench:
A motion, Lady; Speake Coscus; I have beene
In love, ever since tricesimo of the Queene,
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;
In th'interim my letters should take place
Of affidavits: words, words, which would teare
The tender labyrinth of a soft maids eare,
More, more, then ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Then when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore.
When sicke with Poëtrie, and possest with muse
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
Law practise for meere gaine, bold soule, repute

Worse then imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owlelike watchman, hee must walke
His hand still at a bill, now he must talke
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will sweare
That onely suretiship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lye in every thing,
Like a Kings favourite, yea like a King;
Like a wedge in a blocke, wring to the barre,
Bearing-like Asses; and more shamelesse farre
Then carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor
Symonie and Sodomy in Churchmens lives,
As these things do in him; by 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 sinnes, as hee.
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
Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.
In parchments then, large as his fields, hee drawes

Assurances, bigge, as gloss'd civill lawes,
So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse.
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 Fryer
Each day his beads, but having left those lawes,
Addes to Christs prayer, the Power and glory clause.
But when he sells or changes land, he'impaires
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, ses heires,
As slily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or sense; or in Divinity
As controverters, in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them cleare the doubt.
Where are those spred woods which cloth'd hertofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore.
Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes? In great hals
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bachanalls
Equally I hate; meanes blesse; in rich mens homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs,
None starve, none surfet so; But (Oh) we allow,
Good workes as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrops; but my words none drawes

Within the vast reach of th'huge statute lawes.

Satyre II.: 1633-69, D, H49, H51, HN (after C. B. copy in margin), JC, Lec, Q, S, W: Satyre 3rd. A25: Law Satyre. P: Satire. or no title, B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, S96, TCD 2-3

there is one

All this towne perfectly yet in every state

In all ill things so excellently best

There are some found so villainously best, H51

All this towne perfectly yet everie state

Hath in't one found so villainously best S96

4 toward] towards 1669 and MSS.

them,] that A25

towards] toward 1653-54

rest.] rest; 1633

6 As I thinke that 1633: As I thinke That 1635-54: As, I think, that 1669: As I'ame afraid brings H51 dearths, A25, H51, HN, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W: dearth, 1633-69, D, H49

7 and] or A25, D, H49, H51, O'F, P, S96, W

8 Ridlingly it 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD It riddlinglie rest of MSS.

10 hate. Ed: hate: 1633-69

12 cannot 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD: could not rest of MSS.

14 sceanes; Ed: sceanes. 1633-69 and Chambers

15 Organ 1633-54, L74, Lec, N, TCD: Organs 1669 and rest of MSS.

16 move. 1633-69: move, Chambers. See note

17 rithmes; 1633-69, Lec, Q, TCD: rimes; A25, B, Cy (rime), D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, W

18 harmes: Ed: harmes. 1633-69

19 Rammes, and slings] Rimes and songs P

22 singers at doores 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD: Boyes singing at dore (or dores) B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, O'F (corrected from singers), P, Q (at a dore), S, W: singers at mens dores A25

24 excuse] scuse MSS.

32 To out-doe Dildoes, 1635-69, B, H51, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, TCD: To out-doe ——; 1633: To out-swive dildoes Cy, D, H49, HN, O'F, S, S96, W

33 Letanie; Ed: Letanie, 1669 and all MSS.: —— 1633: simply omit, 1635-39: gallant, he 1650-54. See note

34 sinnes all kindes 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, Q, S, TCD, W: sinnes of all kindes 1633, Cy (kind), Lec, P

35-6 sake, Schoolemen 1669: sake Schoolemen, 1633-54

40 just 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD: great A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W: harts JC

43 Lawyer, Ed: Lawyer; 1633-69

which was (alas) of late Ed: which was alas of late 1633: which, (alas) of late 1635-69

44 a scarce A25, H49, H51, HN, JC (altered in margin), L74, Q, S96, TCD, W: scarce a 1633-69, D, Lec, P

Poet; 1635-69: Poët, 1633

this 1633-69: that A25, Cy, H51, Q: his HN, JC, O'F, S

49 Lady; Ed: Lady, 1633: Lady. 1635-39: Lady: 1650-69

Coscus; 1633: Coscus. 1635-69

53 Proceed; 1669: Proceed, 1633-54

54 return'd] Returne 1633 next size 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, O'F, TCD: this size rest of MSS.

58 soft maids eare, Ed: soft maids eare. 1633-54 and MSS.: Maids soft ear 1669

59 scolding] scolding's 1669

60 rore.] rore; 1633

63 gaine, bold soule, repute Ed: gaine; bold soule repute 1633-69, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, L74, P, W: gayne (bold soule) repute: Q: gain, bold souls repute 1719 and Chambers: gayne, hold soule repute A25, N, S, TCD, and Lowell's conjecture in Grolier. See note

68 That] The Chambers

69-70 These lines represented by dashes, 1633

70 yea A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: or 1635-69

72 Bearing-like Asses; Ed: Bearing like Asses, 1633-69 and MSS.

73 whores, 1633-69: whores; Chambers and Grolier. See note

74-5 These lines represented by dashes, 1633

77 our land;] our land, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD, W: the land; 1633-69, Q

79 luxurie, 1633-69, A25, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F (corr. fr. Gluttony), P, Q, TCD: Gluttony B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, S, S96, W

80 will] would A25, Q

84 Relique-like A25, B, D, H49, H51, L74, N, O'F, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: Reliquely 1633-69, Cy, JC, Lec, P

geare;] chear; 1669 (which brackets from 81 as to end of 84), Cy

86 men] Maids 1669

87 parchments A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, W: parchment 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD

his] the 1669

98 ses 1633-69, B, L74, Lec, Q, and other MSS.: his Cy, D, H49, H51, P

heires,] heires 1633

99 As] And 1669

by] by, 1633

102 doubt.] doubt: 1633

105 Where's &c. Ed: Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes, great hals? 1633, Lec, N, TCD (but hals MSS.): Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In hals 1635-69, L74, O'F: Where the old landlords troopes and almes? In great halls A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, P, Q, S, W (but the punctuation is very irregular, and some have 's after Where). See note

107 Equally I hate;] Equallie hate, Q

hate; Ed: hate, 1633: hate. 1635-69

meanes bless; 1633, A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD, W: Meane's blest. 1635-69, Cy, S, S96 (altered to is blest). See note

111 in wardrops; 1633: wardrobes. 1635-69

112 statute lawes. 1633-54 and all MSS.: statutes jawes. 1669, Chambers

Note

Satyre III.

Note (Supp.)

K 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,
As worthy of all our Soules devotion,
As vertue was to the first blinded age?
Are not heavens joyes as valiant to asswage
Lusts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,
As wee do them in meanes, shall they surpasse
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;
This feare great courage, and high valour is.
Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch, and dar'st thou lay
Thee in ships woodden Sepulchers, a prey
To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth?
Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
Hast thou couragious fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North discoueries? and thrise
Colder then Salamanders, like divine
Children in th'oven, fires of Spaine, and the line,

Whose countries limbecks to our bodies bee,
Canst thou for gaine beare? and 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 worlds garrison) thus yeeld,
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
The worlds all parts wither away and passe,
So the worlds 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,
Thou loveft; 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
That shee was there a thousand yeares agoe,
He loves her ragges so, as wee here obey
The statecloth where the Prince sate yesterday.

Crantz to such brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd
Religion, plaine, simple, sullen, yong,
Contemptuous, yet unhansome; As among
Lecherous humors, there is one that judges
No wenches wholsome, but course country drudges.
Graius stayes still at home here, and because
Some Preachers, vile ambitious bauds, and lawes
Still new like fashions, bid him thinke that shee
Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, hee
Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender, as Wards still
Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
Pay valewes. Carelesse Phrygius doth abhorre
All, because all cannot be good, as one
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
Graccus loves all as one, and thinkes that so
As women do in divers countries goe
In divers habits, yet are still one kinde,
So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
nesse too much light breeds; but unmoved thou
Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow;
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, beleeve mee this,
Hee's not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best.
To adore, or scorne an image, or protest,
May all be bad; doubt wisely; in strange way
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
To sleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and hee that will
Reach her, about must, and about must goe;
And what the hills suddennes resists, winne so;
Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,
Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in that night.
To will, implyes delay, therefore now doe:
Hard deeds, the bodies paines; hard knowledge too
The mindes 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 so ill case here, that God hath with his hand
Sign'd Kings blanck-charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soule be tyed
To mans lawes, by which she shall not be tryed
At the last day? Oh, will it then boot thee
To say a Philip, or a Gregory,

A Harry, or a Martin taught thee this?

Is not this excuse for mere contraries,

Equally strong? cannot both sides say so?

That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know;

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

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 claym'd, then God himselfe to trust.

Satyre III. 1633-69, B, D, H49, H51 (with title Of Religion.), JC, Lec, O'F, Q, S, W: Satire the 4th. A25, Cy: Satyre the Second. P: A Satire. L74: no title, N, TCD

1 chokes] checks 1635-54: cheeks 1669

eye-lids; Ed: eye-lids, 1633-39: eyelids. 1650-69

3 and] but 1669

7 to 1635-69, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, S, W: in 1633, Lec, N, TCD

9 honour was] honours were Cy, D, H49, S

14 so easie wayes and neare 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD: wayes easie and neere A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, S, W: wayes so easy and neere O'F

15 this;] this. 1633

16 is.] is; 1633

17 Dutch, and dar'st 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD: Dutch? dar'st A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, Q, S, W

22-3 discoueries? ... Salamanders, Ed: discoueries, ... Salamanders? 1633-69

28 words?] words, 1633

31 Sentinell 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD: Souldier A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, S, W

his 1633-54: this 1669, A25, H51, P, Q

32 forbidden 1633 and most MSS. forbid 1635-69, H51

33-4

Know thy foes; the foule Devell whom thou

Strivest to please &c.

H51, Q and generally (but with varying punctuation and sometimes foe), A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, P, W:

Know thy foe, the soule devill h'is, whom thou

Strivest to please: for hate, not love, would allow

1633, L74 (is), Lec, N (his), S (is), TCD (his):

Know thy foes: The foule devill, he, whom thou

Striv'st to please, for hate, not love, would allow

1635-69 (he, ... please, bracketed, 1669)

35 quit 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD: ridd A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, Q, W

40 (it selfes death) 1635-69, A25, B, H51, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD, W: (it selfe death) 1633, Cy, D, S

42 loath.] loath; 1633

44 here,] her, 1633

45 Rome; Ed: Rome, 1633-69

47 He 1633, 1669: And 1635-54

her D, H49, H51, Lec, O'F, P, S, W: the 1633-69, L74, N, P, TCD

49 Crantz W: Crants 1633-54, A25, H51, JC, Lec, N, TCD: Grants or Grauntes 1669, L74, O'F, P: Grant Cy, D, H49: Crates Q

52 unhansome; Ed: unhansome. 1633-69

54 drudges.] drudges: 1633

57 bid or bidd MSS.: bids 1633-69

62 Prigas H51: Phrygas W: Phrigias A25

67 kinde, Ed: kinde; 1633-69

70 must ... but in reverse order Q

73 is; 1633: is. 1635-69

74 her, 1633: her; 1635-69

77 wisely; Ed: wisely, 1633-69

78 stray; 1633-69, Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S, TCD, W: staye; A25, B, H49, H51, JC, P, Q

79 is. On] is: on 1633

huge] high B, Cy, D, H51, O'F, Q, W

80 Cragged, 1669, L74, N, P, TCD: Cragg'd, 1633-54, Lec: Ragged A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, W: Ruggued H51, Q

81 about must goe; 1633-54, O'F: about it goe; 1669: about goe, A25, Cy, D, H49, H51, L74, N, P, Q, W

84 Soule 1633-69, L74, N, P, TCD: minde rest of MSS.

that night. Ed: that night, 1633, 1669: the night. 1635-54

85 doe: Ed: doe 1633, Chambers and Grolier: doe. 1635-69, D, W. See note

86 too H51, S, W: spelt to 1633-69, many MSS.: to (prep.) Chambers

88 eyes.] eyes; 1633

90 In so ill (evil H51) case here, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, S, W: here om. 1633-69, N, TCD

94 mans 1633-69, A25, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD: mens B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, S, W

not om. 1635-54

95 Oh, will it then boot thee Ed: Will ... boot thee 1633, L74, N, P, TCD: Or ... boot thee 1635-69: Oh will it then serve thee A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, O'F (Or), Q, S, W

97 thee] me 1669

99 strong? Ed: strong 1633: strong; 1635-69

101 is] are 1669

chang'd;] chang'd 1633

to be Ed: to be, 1633-69

102 idolatrie.] idolatrie; 1633

103 is;] is, 1633

104 do well 1633-69, Lec, N, P, TCD: prove well A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, O'F, Q, S, W

106 alas,] alas 1633

107 mills, and rockes, 1633, L74, N, P, TCD: Mils, rocks, 1635-69, and rest of MSS.

Note

Satyr IIII.

WELL; 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 scarse map of this.
My minde, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been
Poyson'd with love to see, or to bee seene,
I had no suit there, nor new suite to shew,
Yet went to Court; But as Glaze which did goe
To'a Masse in jest, catch'd, was faine to disburse
The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse;
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 witlesse, and as false as they
Which dwell at Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I suffered this; Towards me did runne
A thing more strange, then on Niles slime, the Sunne
E'r bred; or all which into Noahs Arke came;
A thing, which would have pos'd Adam to name;
Stranger then seaven Antiquaries studies,
Then Africks Monsters, Guianaes rarities.
Stranger then strangers; One, who for a Dane,

In the Danes Massacre had sure beene slaine,
If he had liv'd then; And without helpe dies,
When next the Prentises'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 cloths were strange, though coarse; and black, though bare;
Sleevelesse his jerkin was, and it had beene
Velvet, but'twas now (so much ground was seene)
Become Tufftaffatie; and our children shall
See it plaine Rashe awhile, then nought at all.
This thing hath travail'd, and saith, speakes all tongues
And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
Made of th'Accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speakes no language; If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast,
But Pedants motley tongue, souldiers bumbast,
Mountebankes drugtongue, nor the termes of law
Are strong enough preparatives, to draw
Me to beare this: yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue, call'd complement:
In which he can win widdowes, and pay scores,
Make men speake treason, cosen subtlest whores,
Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either

Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names mee, and comes to mee; I whisper, God!
How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod,
This fellow chuseth me? He saith, Sir,
I love your judgement; Whom doe you prefer,
For the best linguist? And I seelily
Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie;
Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir; Beza then,
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
By travaile. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told
That I was faine to say, If you'had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have beene Interpreter
To Babells bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.
He adds, If of court life you knew the good,
You would leave lonenesse. I said, not alone
My lonenesse is, but Spartanes fashion,
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
Now; Aretines pictures have made few chast;
No more can Princes courts, though there be few

Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue;
He, like to a high stretcht lute string squeakt, O Sir,
'Tis sweet to talke of Kings. At Westminster,
Said I, The man that keepes the Abbey tombes,
And for his price doth with who ever comes,
Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talke,
From King to King and all their kin can walke:
Your eares shall heare nought, but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; The way to it, is Kingstreet.
He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, Mechanique, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neate? Mine? as you see,
I have but one Frenchman, looke, hee followes mee.
Certes they are neatly cloth'd; I, of this minde am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
Not so Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not flie; I chaff'd him; But as Itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (foole) found,
Crossing hurt mee; To fit my sullennesse,
He to another key, his stile doth addresse,
And askes, what newes? I tell him of new playes.
He takes my hand, and as a Still, which staies
A Sembriefe, 'twixt each drop, he nigardly,

As loth to enrich mee, so tells many a lye.
More then ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes,
Of triviall houshold trash he knowes; He knowes
When the Queene frown'd, or smil'd, and he knowes what
A subtle States-man may gather of that;
He knowes who loves; whom; and who by poyson
Hasts 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
At span-counter, or blow-point, but they pay
Toll to some Courtier; And wiser then all us,
He knowes what Ladie is not painted; Thus
He with home-meats tries me; I belch, spue, spit,
Looke pale, and sickly, like a Patient; Yet
He thrusts on more; And as if he'd undertooke
To say Gallo-Belgicus without booke
Speakes of all States, and deeds, that have been since
The Spaniards came, to the losse of Amyens.
Like a bigge wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Readie to travaile: So I sigh, and sweat
To heare this Makeron talke: In vaine; for yet,
Either my humour, or his owne to fit,
He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can

Discredit, Libells now'gainst each great man.
He names a price for every office paid;
He saith, 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,
Doe with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers.
Who wasts in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes;
Who loves whores, who boyes, and who goats.
I more amas'd then Circes prisoners, when
They felt themselves turne beasts, felt my selfe then
Becomming Traytor, and mee thought I saw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
To sucke me in; for hearing him, I found
That as burnt venome Leachers do grow sound
By giving others their soares, I might growe
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did shew
All signes of loathing; But since I am in,
I must pay mine, and my forefathers sinne
To the last farthing; Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I beare this crosse; But the'houre
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 fidlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jigge upon you: so did hee
With his long complementall thankes vexe me.
But he is gone, thankes to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my Crowne: Scant
His thankes were ended, when I, (which did 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 wholesome solitarinesse
My precious soule began, the wretchednesse
Of suiters at court to mourne, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
It selfe on mee, Such men as he saw there,
I saw at court, and worse, and more; Low feare
Becomes the guiltie, not the accuser; Then,
Shall I, nones slave, of high borne, or rais'd men
Feare frownes? And, my Mistresse Truth, betray thee
To th'huffing braggart, puft Nobility?
No, no, Thou which since yesterday hast beene
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
With us, at London, flouts our Presence, for
Just such gay painted things, which no sappe, nor
Tast 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,
Baloune, Tennis, Dyet, or the stewes,
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks, are found
In the Presence, and I, (God pardon mee.)
As fresh, and sweet their Apparrells be, as bee
The fields they 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
(For themselves dare not goe) o'r Cheapside books,
Shall finde their wardrops Inventory. Now,
The Ladies come; As Pirats, which doe know
That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchannel,
The men board them; and praise, as they thinke, well,
Their beauties; they the mens wits; Both are bought.

Why good wits ne'r weare scarlet gownes, I thought
This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all reds which scarlets die.
He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her haire net;
She feares her drugs ill laid, her haire loose set.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine,
From hat to shooe, himselfe at doore refine,
As if the Presence were a Moschite, and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confesse not only mortall
Great staines and holes in them; but veniall
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durers rules survay the state
Of his each limbe, and with strings the odds trye
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
Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
And unto her protests protests protests,
So much as at Rome would serve to have throwne
Ten Cardinalls into the Inquisition;
And whisperd by Jesu, so often, that A

Pursevant 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
Call a rough carelessenesse, 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
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to looke worse, he keepes all in awe;
Jeasts like a licenc'd foole, commands like law.
Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men which from gaoles to execution goe,
Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the seaven deadly sinnes?). Being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing Crosse for a barre, men that doe know
No token of worth, but Queenes man, and fine
Living, barrells of beefe, flaggons of wine;
I shooke like a spyed Spie. Preachers which are
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drowne the sinnes of this place, for, for mee

240Which am but a scarce brooke, it enough shall bee

To wash the staines away; Although I yet

With Macchabees modestie, the knowne merit

Of my worke lessen: yet some wise man shall,

I hope, esteeme my writs Canonicall.

Satyre IIII. 1633-69, B, D, H49, HN (anno 1594 in margin), JC, Lec, O'F, P, Q, S, W: Mr. Dunns first Satire. A25: Another Satire by the same. J: D: Cy (where it is the third): Satyre. S96: no title, L74, N, TCD (in L74 it is second, in N, TCD third in order)

2 but I 1633, A25, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, S, W: but yet I 1635-69, Cy, O'F, S96

4 A recreacion to, and scarse Q: A recreation, and scant 1633-69, and other MSS.

5 neither 1633-69: nor some MSS. and Chambers, who wrongly attributes to 1635-39

8 Glaze 1633, D, H49, HN, Lec: Glare 1635-69, and rest of MSS.

9 To'a mass A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, S, S96, TCD, W: To Masse 1633-69, Cy, Q, Lec

10-11 curse; ... scapt, 1633-39: curse, ... scapt, 1650-69

12 of going, 1633, 1669, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD, W: in going, 1635-54, A25, O'F

14 as lustfull,] as om. 1635-69 and many MSS.

16 at Court, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: in Court, 1633-69, Lec

18 Niles] Nilus D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD

19 bred; W: bred, 1633-69

came; W: came: 1633-69

20 name; W: name, 1633: name: 1635-69

22 rarities. W: rarities, 1633-69

23 then strangers; 1633-69, A25, B, Cy, HN, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, TCD, W: then strangest. D, H49, JC (corr. from strangers), S

32 ground] the ground HN

35 This 1633: The 1635-69 saith, 1633-54, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN (sayeth), JC, L74, Lec, O'F, P, Q, S (saith he), TCD, W: faith, 1669, Chambers and Grolier, without note

36 belongs.] belongs, 1633

37 th'Accents,] the antient, HN: the ancients, (prob. for ancientest, but corrected to accents,) L74

38 no language; A25, Q: one language; 1633-69, and MSS. generally

43 beare] hear 1669

this: Q: this, 1633-69

44 With his tongue, 1669, Q: With his tongue: 1633-54

47 or] and Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, W

48 Surius,] Sleydon O'F (corrected to Surius), Q: Snodons, A25. See note

51 chuseth] chaseth P, Q

55 Sir; Ed: Sir. 1633-69

56 Some other HN: Some 1633-69 and most MSS.: two other S

57 There 1633 (T faintly printed): here 1635-69

59 Good pretty 1633-69: Pretty good Cy, O'F, Q, S, S96

Panurge 1635-54: Panirge 1633: Panurgus 1669 (omitting and), JC, O'F, Q

60 gentleman, all Ed: gentleman; All 1633-69

60-1 passe By travaile. 1633-54: pass. But travaile 1669

62 prais'd Ed: praised 1633-69

wonders 1635-69 and most MSS.: words 1633, Lec, N, TCD

67 lonenesse. 1635-69, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, W: lonelinesse; 1633, L74, Lec, N, TCD

68 lonenesse 1635-69, A25, &c.: lonelinesse 1633, L74, &c.

fashion, 1633: fashion. 1635-69

69 last 1633, 1669, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD, W: taste 1635-54, O'F, Q (tast), S, S96

80 Kingstreet. 1633: Kingsstreet. 1635-39: Kings street. 1650-69

83 Mine? 1635-54 and MSS.: Fine, 1633: Mine, 1669

84 Frenchman, Ed: frenchman, 1633 and most MSS.: Sir, 1635-69, Q: here, Cy

85-6 cloth'd; I, ... Grogaram. Ed: cloth'd. I, ... Grogaram; 1633: cloth'd. I, ... Grogaram. 1635-69

86 your Grogaram 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD: this Grogaram A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, W: the Grogaram P

89 ground Ed: grown'd 1633: grownd 1635-69

90 (foole)] no bracket 1633

92 addresse, N, TCD: addresse. 1633: dresse. 1635-39, D, W: dresse; 1650-69

96 lye. D, H49, W: lie, 1633-69

98 trash he knowes; He knowes D, H49, W: trash; He knowes; He knowes 1633: trash. He knowes; He knowes 1635-39: trash, He knowes; He knowes 1650-69

101 loves; whom; 1633: loves; whom, 1635-54: loves, whom; 1669: loves whom; Chambers and Grolier

104 and 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, S96, TCD: or A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q,

W

106 At blow-point or span-counter A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, S96, W they pay Cy, D, H49, HN, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: shall pay 1633-69, JC

108 what 1633-69, Cy, L74, Lec, N, TCD: which A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, S, W

109 tries 1633, A25, D, H49, HN, L74, N, Q, TCD, W: cloyes 1635-69, O'F, S: tyres Cy, JC, P

111 thrusts on more; 1633-69, O'F: thrusts more; A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, P, Q, W: thrusts me more; L74, Lec, N, S, TCD: thrusts me P

as if he'd undertooke most MSS.: as if he'undertooke 1633, N, TCD: as he'had undertooke 1635-69

113 have] hath 1633, Lec

117 this] his B, L74, O'F, TCD, W

talke: In vaine; for D, W, and other MSS.: talke in vaine: For 1633, Q: talke, in vaine: For 1635-69

123 entail'd, and that there 1633: entailed, and there 1635-54: intailed and that there 1669

128 whores, Ed: Whores, 1633-69

132 Statutes] Statues 1639

133 in; for hearing him, 1669, N, P, TCD: in, for hearing him, 1650-54: in, for hearing him. 1633-39, A25, D, H49, L74, O'F, S, W

134-6 (That ... free:) represented by dashes in 1633

134 venome 1635-54: venomous 1669: venomd many MSS.

141 mercy now 1633-69: my redemption Cy, P: redemption now Q, S

145 Gave] Give Cy, D, H49

146 Though] Thou 1635

152 more ... then] such ... as 1669

154 make B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, S96, W: haste 1633-69, Lec, N, S, TCD (from previous line): om. A25

prison.] prison; 1633

156 precious 1633, L74, Lec, N, TCD: piteous 1635-69 and rest of MSS.

159 on 1633, Cy, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCD: o'r 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, Q, S96, W

162 nones] none 1669

164 th'huffing braggart, 1669, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W (but no commas in MSS.): huffing, braggart, 1633-54, Lec, N, TCD th'huffing, braggart, 1719

Nobility?] Nobility. 1633

169 your 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD: yon A25, B, JC, O'F, Q, W: the Cy, D, H49, P, S, S96

170 Transported 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, TCD: Transplanted B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, S96, W

to stand] to Strand L74 (stand being struck through), S

171 our Presence, 1633, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD: our Court here, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, Q, S, W: our Courtiers, 1635-69, O'F

173 are;] are, 1633

178 are found 1633, 1669: were found 1635-54

179 I, (God pardon mee.) 1633: I. (God pardon mee.) 1635: I. (God pardon me) 1639-69: aye—God pardon me— Chambers

180 their Apparrells] th'apparells B, Cy, D, H49, L74, W

182 cry the flatterers; 1633: cry his flatterers; 1635-54, P: cryes his flatterers; Cy, D, H49, JC, Q, S, W: cryes the flatterer; 1669, L74 (flatterers is changed to flatterer), Lec (flatterers)

185 players;] players, 1633

187 wardrops 1633: wardrobes 1635-69

Inventory.] Inventory; 1633

188 doe know 1633-69, Lec, N, Q, TCD: did know Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, P, S, S96, W

190 (as they think) 1669

194 scarlets] scarlett D, H49, Lec, O'F, P, Q, W

195 call'd] calls A25, HN, O'F, P, Q

195-6 net; ... set.] net.... set; 1633

198 hat] hat, 1633-54

199 As if the Presence ... Moschite, 1633-69, Lec (colon 1635-69): As the Presence ... Moschite, (or Meschite,) A25, B, Cy, HN, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, W: As the Queenes Presence ... Meschite, D, H49: As if the Queenes Presence ... meschite, S

203 fornicate:] fornicate. 1633

204 survay 1633-69, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD: survayes B, Cy, D, H49, JC, S, W

205 trye Ed: tryes 1633-69 and MSS.

206 to thighe. Ed: to thighes. 1633-69 and MSS.: to his thighes. Q

211 he arrests, 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD: straight arrests, A25, Cy, D, H49, HN, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W

215 whisperd 1633, D, H49, L74, N, TCD, W: whispers 1635-69

216 Topcliffe would have ravish'd him quite away JC, O'F, Q (JC and O'F alter to Pursevant)

217 of om. Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, P, Q, S, W

222 whom 1633, A25, B, D, H49, L74, N, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: or whom 1635-69, O'F

223 He cares not, His 1633 and MSS.: He cares not hee. His 1635-69

224 rusheth] rushes 1639-69

226 still 1635-69, Q, and other MSS.: yet still 1633, L74, N, TCD

229 I leave] Ile leave B, Cy, D, H49, W

230 men which from A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: men from 1633-69

232 sinnes?). Being Ed: sinnes) being 1633-39: sinnes?) being 1650-69: all the editions and some MSS. close the sentence at 236 wine.

236 Living barrells of beefe, flaggons of wine. 1633-54: Living, barrels of beef, and flaggons of wine. 1669

237 Spie.] Spie; 1633

238 Seas of Wit and Arts, B, Cy, L74, N, P, Q, TCD: Seas of Wits and Arts, 1633, D, H49, JC, Lec, S: Seas of witt and art, A25, HN: Great seas of witt and art, O'F, S96: Seas of all Wits and Arts, conj. Lowell

239 Drowne] To drowne O'F, S96

240 Which] Who MSS. am but a scarce brooke, 1633, L74, Lec, N, TCD: am but a scant brooke, 1635-69: am a scant brooke, B, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, W: am a shallow brooke, Cy, D, H49, S, S96

241 the 1633-69: their A25, B, Cy, D, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, W: these L74, N, TCD

Although] though 1633 and MSS.

242 the knowne merit 1633-69, JC, Lec, N, O'F, Q, TCD: known om. B, Cy, D, H49, HN, L74, P, S, W

243 wise man] wise men 1650-69, B, HN, L74, P, TCD, W

Note

Satyre V.

THOU shalt not laugh in this leafe, Muse, nor they
Whom any pitty warmes; He which did lay
Rules to make Courtiers, (hee being understood
May make good Courtiers, but who Courtiers good?)
Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme
Are wreched or wicked: of these two a theame
Charity and liberty give me. What is hee
Who Officers rage, and Suiters misery
Can write, and jest? If all things be in all,
As I thinke, since all, which were, are, and shall
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
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 dust;
How much worse are Suiters, who to mens lust
Are made preyes? O worse then dust, or wormes meat,

For they do eate you now, whose selves wormes shall eate.
They are the mills which grinde you, yet you are
The winde which drives them; and a wastfull warre
Is fought against you, and you fight it; they
Adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way
Like wittals; th'issue your owne ruine is.
Greatest and fairest Empresse, know you this?
Alas, no more then Thames calme head doth know
Whose meades her armes drowne, or whose corne o'rflow:
You Sir, whose righteousnes she loves, whom I
By having leave to serve, am most richly
For service paid, authoriz'd, now beginne
To know and weed out this enormous sinne.
O Age of rusty iron! Some better wit
Call it some worse name, if ought equall it;
The iron Age that was, when justice was sold; now
Injustice is sold dearer farre. Allow
All demands, fees, and duties, gamsters, anon
The mony which you sweat, and sweare for, is gon
Into other hands: So controverted lands
Scape, like Angelica, the strivers hands.
If Law be in the Judges heart, and hee
Have no heart to resist letter, or fee,
Where wilt thou appeale? powre of the Courts below

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
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;
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 send to God, to Dominations,
Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if wee
Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would be
Scarce to Kings; so 'tis. Would it not anger
A Stoicke, a coward, yea a Martyr,
To see a Pursivant come in, and call
All his cloathes, Copes; Bookes, Primers; and all
His Plate, Challices; and mistake them away,
And aske a fee for comming? Oh, ne'r may
Faire lawes white reverend name be strumpeted,

To warrant thefts: she is established
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
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?
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 Carricks Pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese,
Then Haman, when he sold his Antiquities.
O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize
Esops fables, and make tales, prophesies.
Thou'art the swimming dog whom shadows cosened,
And div'st, neare drowning, for what's vanished.

Satyre V. 1633-69, A25, B, D, JC, Lec, O'F, Q, S, W: Satyre the third. P: no title, L74, N, TCD (in L74 it is third, in N, TCD fourth in order)

1 shalt] shal 1669

9 and] in 1669

12 implyes 1635-69: spelt employes 1633 and some MSS.

represents. 1635-69: represents, 1633

13 Officers] Officers, 1633-69

14 ravishing 1633-69: ravenous Q: ravening P, S

19 voyd. All 1669: voyd; all 1633-54

dust; W: dust, 1633-69

21 preyes? 1669: preyes. 1633-54

26 their 1633, D, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD, W: the 1635-69, O'F, P, Q

27 wittals; W: wittals, 1633-69

is.] is; 1633

33 authoriz'd, 1635-54: authorized, 1633: authoriz'd. 1669

35-6 Some ... equall it;] in brackets 1635-54

37-9

The iron Age that was, when justice was sold, now

Injustice is sold deerer farre; allow

All demands, fees, and duties; gamsters, anon

1633, D, JC (All claym'd fees), Lec, N, Q (All claym'd fees), TCD, W (All claym'd fees):

The iron Age that was, when justice was sold (now

Injustice is sold dearer) did allow

All claim'd fees and duties. Gamesters, anon

1635-54, B, O'F, P (the last two omit that was), Chambers (no italics):

The iron Age was, when justice was sold, now

Injustice is sold dearer far, allow

All claim'd fees and duties, Gamesters, anon

1669

46 Flow] Flows O'F, Chambers. See note

49 complaine,] complaine; 1633

go'st] goest 1633-39

50 when upwards: 1633-54, A25, B, D, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W: upwards, 1669, Chambers

52 the, 1633: thy 1635-69

56 only who have] only, who have, 1633

more.] more 1633

57 he ... so, 1633-54: and he who made them so, 1669: he ... and cal'd (changed to stil'd) them so, O'F

58 that] om. 1669

59 supplications] supplication 1635-54

61 Courts, 1635-69, B, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, W: Court, 1633, D, Lec, N, S, TCD

63 'tis. Would 1669: 'tis, would 1633: 'tis; Would 1635-54

68 aske 1669, A25, B, D, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, W: lack 1633-54, Lec

17232

comming?] comming; 1633

72 Speakes Fates words, and but tells us &c. Q, W, Chambers: Speakes Fates words, and tells who must bee 1633-69

76 men,] men; 1633

th'extremities, A25, B, D, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W: extremities, 1633: extremities. 1635-69

78 comes to.] can come to. Q

80 which erst men bar'd 1635-69, B, O'F, Q, S, W: which men bared 1633, D, Lec, N, TCD: which men erst bar'd A25, L74, P

85 great om. Q

Carricks 1633-35: Charricks 1639-69

87 Haman, 1633: Hammon, 1635-69, P: MSS. generally vary between Haman and Hammond

when 1633, 1669, D, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD: if 1635-54, A25, B, JC, O'F, Q, S

90 Thou'art Ed: Thou art 1633-69

cosened,] cozeneth, 1669

91 And 1633: Which 1635-69: Whoe Q

div'st, 1633-54, N, P, S, TCD: div'st 1669: div'dst D, L74, Lec (altered from div'st), W: div'd A25, B, JC, O'F, S (Grosart), Q

what's vanished. N: what vanished. 1633-54 and rest of MSS.: what vanisheth. 1669

Note

Vpon Mr. Thomas Coryats Crudities.

OH to what height will love of greatnesse drive

Thy leavened spirit, Sesqui-superlative?

Venice vast lake thou hadst seen, and would seek than

Some vaster thing, and found'st a Curtizan.

5That inland Sea having discovered well,

A Cellar gulfe, where one might saile to hell

From Heydelberg, thou longdst 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.
'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,
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 wenne, which sometimes growes
To be farre greater then the Mother-nose?
Goe then; and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did Townes, and Gesner Authors show,
Mount now to Gallo-belgicus; appear
As deepe a States-man, as a Gazettier.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
Talke of Will. Conquerour, and Prester Iack.
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,

(Meaning to see't no more) upon the presse.
The East sends hither her deliciousnesse;
And thy leaves must imbrace what comes from thence,
The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoope
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 Aromatique twigs,
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 thick popular Faires,
If omni-praegnant there, upon warme stalls,
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls;
Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
That they all kinde of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means which th'Ancients never took,
A Pandect makest, and Vniversall Booke.
The bravest Heroes, for publike good,
Scattered in divers Lands their limbs and blood.
Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do publike good, cut in Anatomies;

So will thy booke in peeces; for a Lord
Which casts at Portescues, and all the board,
Provide whole books; each leafe enough will be
For friends to passe time, and keep company.
Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
Measures; and fill out for the half-pint wit:
Some shall wrap pils, and save a friends life so,
Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
Thou shalt not ease the Criticks of next age
So much, at once their hunger to asswage:
Nor shall wit-pirats hope to finde thee lye
All in one bottome, in one Librarie.
Some Leaves may paste strings there in other books,
And so one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you;
* I meane from one page which shall paste strings in a booke1
But hardly* much; and yet I think this true;
As Sibyls was, your booke is mysticall,
For every peece is as much worth as all.
Therefore mine impotency I confesse,
The healths which my braine bears must be far lesse:
Thy Gyant-wit'orethrowes me, I am gone;
And rather then read all, I would reade none.
I. D.

1I meane &c. side-note in 1611

Vpon Mr. &c. 1649, where it was placed with The Token (p. 72), at the end of the Funerall Elegies: appeared originally in Coryats Crudities (1611: see note) with heading Incipit Joannes Donne.

2 leavened 1611: learned 1649-69 and mod. edd.

7 longdst 1611: long'st 1649-69

19 sometimes.] sometime 1611

24 Gazettier. 1611: Garretteir 1649-69

28 booke,] booke. 1611

37 barrels; 1649-69: barrels, 1611

56 board, 1611: board 1649-69

Note

In eundem Macaronicon.

Quot, dos haec, Linguists perfetti, Disticha fairont,

Tot cuerdos States-men, hic livre fara tuus.

Es sat a my l'honneur estre hic inteso; Car I leave

L'honra, de personne nestre creduto, tibi.

Explicit Joannes Donne.

In eundem &c. 1611, concluding the above

Note (Supp.)

JOHN DONNE, 1613

JOHN DONNE, 1613

Viri seraphici Joannis Donne Qua-

dragenarij Effigies vera, Qui post

eam ætatem Sacris initiatus Ec-

clesiæ Sti Pauli Decanus obijt.

Año { Dom˜1631o Ætatis suæ 59o

("A true portrait of that seraphic man John Donne at the age of 40; he was later ordained into holy orders and died Dean of St Paul's in the year of our Lord 1631 at the age of 59")

From the engraving prefixed to his son's edition of the Letters to Several Persons of Honour 1651, 1654

Note

LETTERS TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES.

Note

THE STORME.

To Mr. Christopher Brooke.

Thou which art I, ('tis nothing to be soe)

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,

5By 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 soothsay,
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
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 sailes, and, fresh and sweet,
As to a stomack sterv'd, whose insides meete,
Meate comes, it came; and swole our sailes, 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
Asunder, 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 assaile;
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
Hath now a stormes, anon a tempests name.
Ionas, I pitty thee, and curse those men,

Who when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then;
Sleepe is paines easiest salue, 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 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.
Some sitting on the hatches, would seeme there,
With hideous gazing to feare away feare.
Then note they the ships sicknesses, the Mast
Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Wast
With a salt dropsie clog'd, and all our tacklings
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.

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 elder brother, his birth-right

Claims o'r this world, and to heaven hath chas'd light.

All things are one, and that one none can be,

Since all formes, uniforme deformity

Doth cover, so that wee, except God say

Another Fiat, shall have no more day.

So violent, yet long these furies bee,

That though thine absence sterve me,'I wish not thee.

The Storme. To Mr. Christopher Brooke. 1633 (1635-69 add from the Iland voyage with the Earle of Essex): The Storme, A Storme or Storme; A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W: some add To Mr. C: B: or a longer note to the same effect as 1635-69: to Sr Basil Brooke JC, S

2 these 1633 and most MSS.: this 1635-69, O'F, S

4 an 1633: a 1635-69

7 such: Ed: such. 1633-69

11 soothsay, 1650-54: spelt Southsay 1633-39: gainsay 1669

12 and way. 1633, 1669: one way. 1635-54

18 lye] laie Q

19 fresh W: fresh, 1633-69

20 As W: As, 1633-69

23 'twas 1650-69: 'twas, 1633-39

30 fear'd] fear'd, 1633

37 not; Ed: not. 1633-69

38 I, and the Sunne, 1633-69 and most MSS.: yea, and the Sunne, Q

39 Day, Night, D, W: day, night, 1633-69

could onely say 1633-69: could but say Cy, HN, JC, L74, Q, N, S, TCD, W: could then but say O'F: could say H49, Lec: should say D

40 lasted, now 1633, 1669: lasted, yet 1635-54: Lasted yet, O'F

42 his] this 1669

44 before.] before; 1633

46 dye; Ed: dye. 1633-69

47 graves 1669, A25, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCD, W: grave 1633-54, Cy

49 tremblingly 1633, A25, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W: trembling 1635-69, Cy, JC, O'F, P, S

50 Like 1633, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W: As 1635-69

53 Then] There 1669

54 this] an 1635-69

56 too-high-stretched 1633, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD, W (MS. spelling generally to and stretcht): too-too-high-stretch'd 1635-54: to

too-high-stretch'd 1669, B, O'F

59 Even our Ordinance 1633 and MSS.: Yea even our Ordinance 1635-69

60 Strive 1633, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, S, TCD, W: Strives 1635-69, Chambers: Striv'd A25, B, Cy

66 Hell] Hell's S

lightsome] light B, Cy

and the'Bermuda 1633, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W: and the Bermudas B, Cy, HN, P, S, Q: the Bermudas 1635-54, O'F: the Bermuda's 1669

67 elder A25, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W: eldest 1633-69, B, Lec

68 Claims 1635-69 and MSS.: Claim'd 1633 this 1633, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, TCD: the 1635-69, A25, B, Cy, O'F, P, Q, S

Note

THE CALME.

O UR storme is past, and that storms 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 mistresse glasse, 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 stormes, now pitch runs out:
As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout.
And all our beauty, and our trimme, decayes,
Like courts removing, or like ended playes.
The fighting place now 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 yesterday.
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, save 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.
If in despite of these, wee swimme, that hath
No more refreshing, then our brimstone Bath,
But from the sea, into the ship we turne,
Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coales to burne.
Like Bajazet encag'd, the shepheards scoffe,
Or like slacke sinew'd Sampson, his haire off,

Languish our ships. Now, as a Miriade
Of Ants, durst th'Emperours 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
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,
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.
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,
I should not then thus feele this miserie.

The Calme. 1633-69: similarly, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD

4 storke] stroke 1639

7 can wish, that my 1633, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD: could wish that my Q: could wish my 1635-69, Chambers, who makes no note of 1633 reading

9 the Iles 1633-69: these isles D, H49, Lec, Chambers (no note): those Iles B, Cy, HN, JC, L74, N, P, Q, TCD

11 out: 1635-69: out 1633

14 ended] ending 1669

15 ragges] rage 1669

17 No] Now 1669

21 lost] lefte Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD

24 jawes: 1633, A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, Q, S, TCD: mawes, 1635-69, O'F, P, Chambers

29 these,] this, L74, Q, TCD

30 our 1633, B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD: a 1635-69, A25, P

33 shepheards 1650-69: sheepheards 1633-39

37 Sea-goales, (or gayles &c.) 1633, 1669, Cy, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD: Sea-gulls, 1635-54, O'F, Chambers: Sea-snayles, B, JC

38 our Pinnaces, now 1635-54, B, O'F: our venices, now 1633, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, S, TCD: with Vinice's, our 1669

40 Or] Or, 1633-69

44 and a coward 1633, MSS.: and coward 1635-69: a coward P, S

45 and all] and each B, Q, S

48 forget 1633-54, D, H49, Lec, P, S: forgot 1669, A25, HN, JC, L74, N, Q, TCD

50 poles] pole JC, Q

52-3 he was? he was Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit; 1633, N, P, S, TCD

(but MSS. have no stop after Nothing): he was, he was? Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit; 1635-54: he was, he was? Nothing for us, we are for nothing fit; 1669, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, O'F, Q: but the MSS. have not all got a mark of interrogation or other stop after second he was. See note

Note

To Sr Henry Wotton.

SIR, 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
To'a bottle'of Hay, that am a locke of Grasse.
Life is a voyage, and in our lifes 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 worse, wee must touch.
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?
Shall cities, built of both extremes, be chosen?
Can dung and garlike be'a perfume? or can
A Scorpion and Torpedo cure a man?

Cities are worst of all three; of all three
(O knottie riddle) each is worst equally.
Cities are Sepulchers; they who dwell there
Are carcases, as if no such there were.
And Courts are Theaters, where some men play
Princes, some slaves, all to one end, and of one clay.
The Country is a desert, where no good,
Gain'd (as habits, not borne,) is understood.
There men become beasts, and prone to more evils;
In cities blockes, and in a lewd court, devills.
As in the first Chaos confusedly
Each elements qualities were in the'other three;
So pride, lust, covetize, being feverall
To these three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their issue incestuous.
Falshood is denizon'd. Virtue is barbarous.
Let no man say there, Virtues flintie wall
Shall locke vice in mee, I'll do none, but know all.
Men are spunges, 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.
Onely perchance beast 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 retrive,
They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing than
Utopian youth, growne old Italian.
Be thou thine owne home, and in thy selfe dwell;
Inne any where, continuance maketh hell.
And seeing the snaile, which every where doth rome,
Carrying his owne house still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easie pac'd) this snaile,
Bee thine owne Palace, or the world's thy gaile.
And in the worlds sea, do not like corke sleepe
Upon the waters face; nor in the deepe
Sinke like a lead without a line: but as
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
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 lightness
Of France, and faire Italies faithlesnesse,

Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,

And brought home that faith, which you carried forth,

I throughly love. But if my selfe, I'have wonne

70To know my rules, I have, and you have

Donne:

To Sr Henry Wotton. 1633-69 (Sir 1669): same or no title, A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD: To Mr H. W. B, W (B adds J. D.). See note

4 I could invent nothing at all to please, 1669

6 bottle] botle 1633 To a lock of hay, that am a Bottle of grass. 1669

7 lifes 1633: lives 1635-69

10 though ... worse, in brackets 1650-69

11 even 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC, W: raging 1633-54: other P: over S

12 poles A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, P, O'F, S, W: pole 1633-69, A18, HN, N, TC

16 cities, ... extremes, Ed: cities ... extremes 1633-69

17 dung and garlike 1633, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W (dung, 1633): dung, or garlike 1635-69, A25, Cy, O'F, P, S a perfume] a om. 1635-54, Chambers

18 Scorpion Ed: Scorpion, 1633-69

and Torpedo A18, D, H49, N, TC, W: or Torpedo 1633-69, A25, B, Cy, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S. See note

19 of all three 1633: of all three? 1635-69

22 no such 1633, A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, S, TC, W: none such 1635-69, O'F, P

there were. 1635-69, A36, B, D, H49, JC, O'F, P, S, W: they were. 1633, Lec: then were A18, N, TC

24 and of one clay. 1633 and MSS. generally: of one clay. 1635-39: of one day.

1650-54: and at one daye. A25: Princes, some slaves, and all end in one day. 1669

25-6

The Country is a desert, where no good,

Gain'd, as habits, not borne, is understood.

1633, 1669, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, S96, TC, W

The Country is a desert, where the good,

Gain'd inhabits not, borne, is not understood.

1635-54, O'F, P, S

The Country is a desert, where noe good

Gain'd doth inhabit, nor born's understood.

A25

27 more 1633, A25, W: meere Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, S96: men (a slip for mere) A18, N, TC: all 1635-69. See note

33 issue incestuous, 1633, A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W: issue is incestuous. 1635-69, P, S: issues monsterous. A25

35 there] then Lec

44 for themselves, A18, A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, S, S96, TC, W: in themselves, 1633-69: into themselves, themselves retrive, Cy, O'F, P

45 than] then 1663

45-6 than ... Italian.] that ... Italianate. Cy, P

47 Be thou 1633, Lec: Be then 1635-69 and MSS.

50 home, Ed: home. 1633: home: 1635-69

52 gaile. 1635-69: goale; 1633

57 so D, W: so 1633-69

58-9 breathe,] breath, 1633

or no. Onely'in this one thing, be no Galenist: Ed: or no: Onley ... Galenist. 1633, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W: or no: Onely in this be no Galenist. 1635-69, Cy, O'F, S

64 you:] you. 1633

65 German 1633 and all MSS.: Germanies 1635-69, Grosart and Chambers (without note)

Note

To Sr 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,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decayes:
But hee which dwels there, is not so; for hee
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise;
So had your body'her morning, hath her noone,
And shall not better; her next change is night:
But her faire larger 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

With womens 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.
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,
Wee can beginnings, but not habits choke.
Goe; whither? Hence; you get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe in us, are smoake.
Our soule, whose country'is heaven, and God her father,
Into this world, corruptions sinke, is sent,
Yet, so much in her travaile she doth gather,
That she returnes 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,
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

40And promis'd him, at morning prayer before.

Let falshood like a discord anger you,

Else be not froward. But why doe I touch

Things, of which none is in your practise new,

And Tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much;

45But thus I make you keepe your promise Sir,

Riding I had you, though you still staid there,

And in these thoughts, although you never stirre,

You came with mee to Micham, and are here.

To Sir Henry Goodyere. 1633-69: so with Goodyere variously spelt A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, Lec: To Sr Henry Goodyere (H: G: A18, N, TC) moveing him to travell. A18, N, O'F, TC

1 Past, 1633-54, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TC: Last 1669, Chambers

2 reads,] read, 1650-54

6 decayes:] decayes, 1633

16 womens] womans 1669

17 dyet; Ed: dyet, 1633 (with a larger interval than is usually given to a comma), 1669: dyet. 1635-54

20 harvests, 1633-54, A18, B, D, H49, Lec, TC: harvest, 1669, A25, C, Cy, N, O'F, Chambers

27 Goe; A18, B, TC: Goe, 1633-69

Hence; A18, TC: hence; 1633: hence 1635-54: Hence. 1669

28 in us, 1633, A18, A25, C, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, TC: to us, 1635-69, B, O'F

34 you,'asham'd, Ed: you'asham'd, 1633-69: you asham'd Chambers and Grolier. See note

37 However, 1633-39: However 1650-69: Howsoever A18, B, D, N, O'F, TC

38 as] om. 1639-69

42 froward.] froward; 1633

44 Tables 1633-54, Lec: Fables 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, N, O'F, TC

45 make] made A18, N, TC

48 with mee to] to mee at A18, N, TC

Note

To Mr 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
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 throwes in
Mens workes, vanity weighs as much as sinne.
If our Soules have stain'd their first white, yet wee
May cloth them with faith, and deare honestie,
Which God imputes, as native puritie.
There is no Vertue, but Religion:

Wise, 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;
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.
So workes retirednesse in us; To rome
Giddily, and be every where, but at home,
Such freedome doth a banishment become.
Wee are but farmers of our selves, yet may,
If we can stocke our selves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much deare treasure for the great rent day.
Manure thy selfe then, to thy selfe be'approv'd,
And with vaine outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know, that I love thee'and would be lov'd.

To Mr Rowland Woodward. 1633-69: similarly or without heading, A18, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD: A Letter of Doctor Dunne to one that desired some of his papers. B: To Mr R. W. W

1 professe] professe, 1633

2 retirednesse, 1633-69, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, O'F, P, S: a retirednesse, A18, L74, N, TC, W

3 fallownesse; Ed: fallownesse. 1633-54: fallowness, 1669: holinesse Cy, P, S96

4 too] so W showne 1633, 1669: flowne, 1635-54

5 How love-song weeds, 1633: How long loves weeds, 1635-54, O'F: How Love-song weeds, 1669

6 sown. 1633, 1669: sown? 1635-54: sown; Chambers, who retains the full-stop after fallownesse

10 to us it] to use it, Cy, P, S96

seeme,'and be light 1633, A18, B, D, H40, H49, L74, N, S, S96, TC, W: seem but light 1635-69, Cy, O'F, P, and Chambers, who attributes to 1633 the reading seem and be but light

13 white] whites Cy, O'F, P

14 honestie] integritie Cy, P, S, S96

15 puritie.] puritie, 1633

16 Religion: 1669: Religion, 1633: Religion. 1635-54

23 our] the A18, L74, N, TC

sparkes 1633-54, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC, W: spark 1669, A18, H40, S, Chambers

25 infuse] infuse 1633

26 Soules 1633-69, Cy, P: soule B, D, H40, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W

28 To 1635-69: to 1633

29 Giddily, 1669: Giddily 1633-54

31 farmers 1635-69, and all MSS., where it is generally spelt fermers: termers 1633

33 deare 1633, and most MSS.: good 1635-69, Cy, O'F, P, S96

34 approv'd 1633-54, A18, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W: improv'd 1669, B, Chambers

36 lov'd. 1633-69: belov'd. A18, L74, N, P, S, S96, TC

Note

To Sr Henry Wootton.

HERE'S no more newes, then vertue,'I may as well
Tell you Cales, or St 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,
If, but to loth both, I haunt Court, or Towne.
For here no one is from the'extremitie
Of vice, by any other reason free,
But that the next to'him, still, is worse then hee.
In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate,
(Gods Commissary,) doth so throughly hate,
As in'the Courts Squadron to marshall their state:
If they stand arm'd with seely honesty,
With wishing prayers, and neat integritie,
Like Indians'gainst Spanish hosts they bee.
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 youths giddiest dayes,

When to be like the Court, was a playes praise,

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,

Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while,

At Court; though From Court, were the better stile.

To Sr Henry Wootton. 1633-69: do. or A Letter to &c. B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, S, S96 (of these Cy and S add From Court and From ye Court): From Court. P: To Mr H. W. 20 Jul. 1598 at Court. HN: To Mr H. W. 20 July 15098 (sic) At Court. W: Jo: D: to Mr H: W: A18, N, TC: Another Letter. JC

1 newes] new 1669

2 Tell you Cales, (Calis, 1633) or St Michaels tale for newes, as tell 1633, A18, B (tales), Cy (and St Michaels tales), D, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F (tales), P, S, S96 (tales), TC, W (MSS. waver in spelling—but Cales Cy, HN, P:) Tell you Calis, or Saint Michaels tales, as tell 1635-54, Chambers (Calais): Tell Calis, or Saint Michaels Mount, as tell 1669: Tell you Calais, or Saint Michaels Mount as tell 1719: All modern editions read Calais

6 or] and 1669

9 to'him, still, 1633: to him, still, 1635-69: to him is still A18, L74, N, O'F, TC

12 state: 1635-69: state 1633

14 wishing prayers, 1633, A18, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, S96, TC, W: wishing, prayers, 1669, HN: wishes, prayers, 1635-54, B, Cy, O'F, P, Chambers

20 playes] players 1639-69

21 are like 1633, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S, S96 (are now like), TC, W: are om. (metri causa) 1635-69, B, Cy, JC, O'F

23-4

are egregeous guests,

And but dull Morals at a game of Chests.

1669

25 now'tis] 'tis an 1669

27 At Court; though, From Court, &c. W: At Court, though from Court, &c. 1633-69

Note

H: W: in Hiber: belligeranti.

WENT 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
5Would lose your love for Ireland: better cheap
I pardon death (who though he do not reap
Yet gleanes hee many of our frends away)
Then that your waking mind should bee a prey
To lethargies. Lett shott, and boggs, and skeines
10With bodies deale, as fate bids and restreynes;
Ere sicknesses 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 lymbecks, still'd

In many schools and courts, which quicken it,)

It self unto the Irish negligence submit.

I aske not labored letters which should weare

Long papers out: nor letters which should feare

Dishonest carriage: or a seers art:

Nor such as from the brayne come, but the hart.

H: W: &c. Burley MS. (JD in margin) i.e. Henrico Wottoni in Hibernia belligeranti

2 that] yt Bur, and similarly ye (the), yr (your), wch (which), wth (with) throughout

2-3 most, Respective friendship,] no commas, Bur

4 share'is] share is Bur

9 lethargies.] letargies. Bur

10 restreynes;] restreynes Bur

11 attack,] attack Bur

best,] best Bur

13 (at first] Bur closes bracket after first and again after 15 quicken it,

14 since,] since Bur

19 art:] art Bur

To the Countesse of Bedford.

Note

Madame,

REASON is our Soules left hand, Faith her right,

By these wee reach divinity, that's you;

Their loves, who have the blessings of your light,

Grew from their reason, mine from faire faith grew.
But as, although a squint lefthandednesse
Be'ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand,
So would I, not to encrease, but to expresse
My faith, as I beleeve, so understand.
Therefore I study you first in your Saints,
Those friends, whom your election glorifies,
Then in your deeds, accesses, and restraints,
And what you reade, and what your selfe devize.
But soone, the reasons why you'are lov'd by all,
Grow infinite, and so passe reasons reach,
Then backe againe to'implicite faith I fall,
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.
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,
And vertue,'and such ingredients, have made
A methridate, whose operation

Keepes off, or cures what can be done or said.

Yet, this is not your physicke, but your food,

30A dyet fit for you; for you are here

The first good Angell, since the worlds frame stood,

That ever did in womans shape appeare.

Since you are then Gods masterpeece, and so

His Factor for our loves; do as you doe,

35Make your returne home gracious; and bestow

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.

To the Countesse of Bedford. 1633-69: do. or To the Countesse of B. B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, RP31, S, S96, TCD

3 blessings 1633, D, H49, Lec: blessing 1635-69, B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD

light, 1633-69: sight, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, RP31, S, TCD

4 faire 1633-69, L74, N, TCD: farr B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, M, O'F, RP31, S, S96

16 what] that Chambers

voice 1635-69, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, S96, TCD: faith 1633, RP31, S

19 high top'd and deep rooted 1633, N, TCD: high to sense deepe-rooted 1635-54, O'F, Chambers (who has overlooked 1633 reading:) high to sense and deepe-rooted S96: high to sun and deepe-rooted L74, RP31, S: high do seem, deep-rooted 1669, Cy (but MS. with and): high to some, and deepe-rooted D, H49, Lec: high to seeme, and deepe-rooted B. See note

25 But Ed: But, 1633-69

36 This, 1635-69, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, RP31, S, TCD, Grosart and

Chambers: Thy 1633, Grolier. See note

Note

To the Countesse of Bedford.

Madame,

YOU have refin'd mee, and to worthyest things
(Vertue, Art, Beauty, Fortune,) now I see
Rarenesse, or use, not nature value brings;
And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they bee.
Two ills can ne're perplexe us, sinne to'excuse;
But of two good things, we may leave and chuse.
Therefore at Court, which is not vertues clime,
(Where a transcendent height, (as, lownesse mee)
Makes her not be, or not show) all my rime
Your vertues challenge, which there rarest bee;
For, as darke texts need notes: there some must bee
To usher vertue, and say, This is shee.
So in the country'is beauty; to this place
You are the season (Madame) you the day,
'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets she'enshrines;
As China, when the Sunne at Brasill dines.
Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations so;

Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We your new creatures, by new recknings goe.
This showes that you from nature lothly stray,
That suffer not an artificiall day.
In this you'have made the Court the Antipodes,
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 sound your influence, and your Dictates say.
Yet to that Deity which dwels in you,
Your vertuous Soule, I now not sacrifice;
These are Petitions and not Hymnes; they sue
But that I may survay the edifice.
In all Religions as much care hath bin
Of Temples frames, and beauty,'as Rites within.
As all which goe to Rome, doe not thereby
Esteeme religions, and hold fast the best,
But serve discourse, and curiosity,
With that which doth religion but invest,
And shunne th'entangling laborinths of Schooles,
And make it wit, to thinke the wiser fooles:
So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you'are vertues temple, not as shee,

What walls of tender christall her enfold,
What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure Altars bee;
And after this survay, 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.
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I finde you all record, and prophecie.
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
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.
But these (as nice thinne Schoole divinity
Serves heresie to furder or represse)
Tast of Poëtique rage, or flattery,
And need not, where all hearts one truth professe;
Oft from new proofes, and new phrase, new doubts grow,
As strange attire aliens the men wee know.
Leaving then busie praise, and all appeale
To higher Courts, senses decree is true,

The Mine, the Magazine, the Commonweale,

70The story of beauty,'in Twicknam is, and you.

Who hath seene one, would both; As, who had bin

In Paradise, would seeke the Cherubin.

the Countesse of Bedford. 1633-69: similarly or with no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TCD

2 (Vertue, ... Fortune,)] brackets Ed: Fortune, 1633: Fortune; 1635-69, Grolier: Fortune. Chambers. See note

5 ne're] nere 1633

6 and] or 1669

8-9 1633 begins to bracket (Where ... not show) but does not finish, putting a colon after show: the others drop the larger brackets, retaining the smaller (as ... mee)

9 be] see 1669

show] show: 1633-54: show. 1669

11 notes: there some 1633-54: notes some: there 1669

17 enshrines; 1719: enshrines 1633-69

20 computations so; 1633-69: computations; so, Chambers

42 fooles:] fooles. 1633

48 Bablers 1633: Babblers 1635-54: Builders 1669

49 faire, Ed: faire; 1633-69

50 eye.] eye, 1633

52 and prophecie] all prophecye B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TCD prophecie.] prophecie, 1633 some copies

57 Parent] Parents 1669 Growth, 1669: Growth 1633-54

58 both 1633 and MSS.: worth 1635-69, O'F All: Ed: All, 1633-69

60 thinge B, Cy, D, H40, H49, N, O'F: things 1633-69, Lec

61 nice thinne 1633-54: nicest 1669

66 aliens 1633, 1669 and MSS.: alters 1635-54, O'F

67 and] end 1669, not lend as in Chambers' note

appeale Ed: appeale, 1633-69

68 true, 1633: true. 1635-69

71 had bin 1633-35: hath bin 1639-69. See note

Note

To Sr 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,
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 disaforested his minde!
Empail'd himselfe to keepe them out, not in;
Can sow, and dares trust corne, where they have bin;
Can use his horse, goate, wolfe, and every beast,
And is not Asse himselfe to all the rest.
Else, man not onely is the heard of swine,

But he's those devills too, which did incline
Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse:
For man can adde weight to heavens heaviest curse.
As Soules (they say) by our first touch, take in
The poysonous tincture of Originall sinne,
So, to the punishments which God doth fling,
Our apprehension contributes the 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,
Corrosivenesse, or intense cold or heat.
For, God no such specifique poyson hath
As kills we know not how; his fiercest wrath
Hath no antipathy, but may be good
At lest for physicke, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be'his pleasure, is his rod,
And is his devill, that might be his God.
Since then our businesse is, to rectifie
Nature, to what she was, wee'are led awry
By them, who man to us in little show;
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,
In all it workes not, but it is in all
Poysonous, or purgative, or cordiall,
For, knowledge kindles Calentures in some,
And is to others icy Opium.
As brave as true, is that profession than
Which you doe use to make; that you know man.
This makes it credible; you have dwelt upon
All worthy bookes, and now are such an one.
Actions are authors, and of those in you
Your friends finde every day a mart of new.

To Sr Edward &c. 1633, D, H49, Lec, O'F: A Letter to Sr Edward Herbert (or Harbert). B, Cy (which adds Incerti Authoris), S96: To Sir E. H. A18, N, TC: no title, P: Elegia Vicesima Tertia. S: To Sr Edward Herbert, now (since 1669) Lord Herbert of Cherbury, being at the siege of Iulyers. 1635-69

4 Theater; Ed: Theater, 1633-69: Theater. D

5 prey, Ed: prey; 1633-69

8 breed.] breed; 1633

10 minde! Ed: minde? 1633-69

17 a headlong] a om. 1669: an headlong 1635-54

24 taste; Ed: taste. 1633-69

28 we know 1633 and MSS.: men know 1635-69, O'F

35 show; 1669: show, 1633-54, Chambers

36 due, 1633-69: due; Chambers. See note

38 All; All 1669: All: All 1635-54: All, All 1633

chaw. 1633: chaw, 1635-69, Grolier

39 fill, 1633-54: fill 1669: fill; Grolier

44 icy] jcy 1633

47-8 credible; ... bookes, Ed: credible, ... bookes; 1633-69: credible ... bookes Grolier

Note

To the Countesse of Bedford.

T 'HAVE written then, when you writ, seem'd to mee
Worst of spirituall vices, Simony,
And not t'have written then, seemes little lesse
Then worst of civill vices, thanklessenesse.
In this, my debt I seem'd loath to confesse,
In that, I seem'd to shunne beholdingnesse.
But 'tis not soe; nothings, as I am, may
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
By having leave to write so, then before.
Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are showne,
May not I yeeld (not gold) but coale or stone?
Temples were not demolish'd, though prophane:
Here Peter Ioves, there Paul hath Dian's Fane.
So whether my hymnes you admit or chuse,
In me you'have hallowed a Pagan Muse,

And denizend a stranger, who mistaught
By blamers of the times they mard, hath sought
Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe
Shine in the worlds best part, or all It; You.
I have beene told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts
Suffers an Ostracisme, and departs.
Profit, ease, fitnesse, plenty, bid it goe,
But whither, only knowing you, I know;
Your (or you) vertue two vast uses serves,
It ransomes one sex, and one Court preserves.
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 some of it.
But since to you, your praises discords bee,
Stoop, others ills to meditate with mee.
Oh! to confesse wee know not what we should,
Is halfe excuse; wee know not what we would:
Lightnesse depresseth us, emptinesse fills,
We sweat and faint, yet still goe downe the hills.
As new Philosophy arrests the Sunne,
And bids the passive earth about it runne,
So wee have dull'd our minde, it hath no ends;
Onely the bodie's busie, and pretends;

As dead low earth ecclipses and controules
The quick high Moone: so doth the body, Soules.
In none but us, are such mixt engines found,
As hands of double office: For, the ground
We till with them; and them to heav'n wee raise;
Who prayer-lesse labours, or, without this, prayes,
Doth but one halfe, that's none; He which said, Plough
And looke not back, to looke up doth allow.
Good seed degenerates, and oft obeyes
The soyles disease, and into cockle strayes;
Let the minds thoughts be but transplanted so,
Into the body,'and bastardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
Wee (but no forraine tyrants could) remove
These not ingrav'd, but inborne dignities,
Caskets of soules; Temples, and Palaces:
For, bodies shall from death redeemed bee,
Soules but preserv'd, not naturally free.
As men to'our prisons, new soules to us are sent,
Which learne vice there, and come in innocent.
First seeds of every creature are in us,
What ere the world hath bad, or pretious,
Mans body can produce, hence hath it beene
That stones, wormes, frogges, and snakes in man are seene:

But who ere saw, though nature can worke soe,
That pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow?
We'have added to the world Virginia,'and sent
Two new starres lately to the firmament;
Why grudge wee us (not heaven) the dignity
T'increase with ours, those faire soules company.
But I must end this letter, though it doe
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you,
Vertue hath some perversenesse; For she will
Neither beleeve her good, nor others ill.
Even in you, vertues best paradise,
Vertue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.
Too many vertues, or too much of one
Begets in you unjust suspition;
And ignorance of vice, makes vertue lesse,
Quenching compassion of our wrechednesse.
But these are riddles; Some aspersion
Of vice becomes well some complexion.
Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a spider with a toad:
For so, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill
And make her do much good against her will,
But in your Commonwealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office, or good worke to doe.

Take then no vitious purge, but be content

90With cordiall vertue, your knowne nourishment.

the &c. 1633-69: To the Countesse of B. N, O'F, TCD

5 debt 1669, N, O'F, TCD: doubt 1633-54

7 soe; Ed: soe, 1633-54: soe. 1669

nothings, 1635-54: nothing, 1633, N, TCD: Nothing 1669

may] may, 1633

14 hath] have 1633: om. N, TCD (have inserted)

Dian's 1635-54: Dian's 1633: Dina's 1669

20 or all It; You. 1635-54: or all it, you. 1669, N, O'F, TCD: or all, in you. 1633 (you, some copies)

25 Your (or you) vertue O'F: Your, or you vertue, 1633-54: You, or you vertue, 1669

26 preserves. Ed: preserves; 1633-69

28 you:] you. 1633-39

30 is some] it some 1633

32 Stoop, others ills] Stoop (Stop 1633) others ills, 1633-54: Stoop others ills 1669

34 excuse; Ed: excuse, 1633-69, Grosart (who transposes should and would), Chambers: excuse Grolier. See note

would: Ed: would] 1633-69

36 the hills. Ed: the hills; 1633-69

37 Philosophy. Phylosophy 1633 some copies, 1669

45 raise;] raise 1633

46 this,] these 1669

50 strayes; Ed: strayes. 1633-69

51 Let] Let but 1669

54 Wee (but no forraine tyrants could) remove Ed: Wee but no forraine tyrants could, remove O'F: Wee but no forraigne tyrants could remove, 1633-54 (tyrans 1633): We, but no forrain tyrants, could remove 1669, Chambers and Grolier. See note

55 dignities, Ed: dignities 1633-69

56 Palaces: 1633-35: Palaces. 1639-69

58 not naturally free. Ed: not naturally free; 1633, N, TCD: borne naturally free; 1635-69, O'F

59 prisons, new soules 1633: prisons now, soules 1635-69, O'F: prisons, now soules N, TCD

60 vice 1635-69, O'F: it 1633, N, TCD

66 That] That, 1633

grow?1639-69: grow. 1633-35

74 ill.] ill, 1633-35

75 you, 1669: you 1635-54: your 1633

78 suspition; Ed: suspition. 1633-69

79 makes] make 1635-39

87 Commonwealth, ... you,] no commas 1633

Note

To the Countesse of Bedford.

On New-yeares day.

THIS twilight of two yeares, not past nor next,

Some embleme is of mee, or I of this,
Who Meteor-like, of stuffe and forme perplext,
Whose what, and where, in disputation is,
If I should call mee any thing, should misse.
I summe the yeares, and mee, and finde mee not
Debtor to th'old, nor Creditor to th'new,
That cannot say, My thankes I have forgot,
Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true
This bravery is, since these times shew'd mee you.
In recompence I would show future times
What you were, and teach them to'urge towards such.
Verse embalmes vertue;'and Tombs, or Thrones of rimes,
Preserve fraile transitory fame, as much
As spice doth bodies from corrupt aires touch.
Mine are short-liv'd; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,
New spirits: for, strong agents with the same
Force that doth warme and cherish, us doe wast;
Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last:
So, my verse built of your just praise, might want
Reason and likelihood, the firmest Base,
And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
Will vanish soone, and so possesse no place,
And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confesse
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I,
One corne of one low anthills dust, and lesse,
Should name, know, or expresse a thing so high,
And not an inch, measure infinity.
I cannot tell them, nor my selfe, nor you,
But leave, 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-sayes,
To make it good, for, such a praiser prayes.
Hee will best teach you, how you should lay out
His stock of beauty, learning, favour, blood;
He will perplex security with doubt,
And cleare those doubts; hide from you,'and shew you good,
And so increase your appetite and food;
Hee will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloysters, and in Court;
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got;
Some pitty'is not good there, some vaine disport,
On this side sinne, with that place may comport.
Yet he, as hee bounds seas, will fixe your houres,
Which pleasure, and delight may not ingresse,
And though what none else lost, be truliest yours,
Hee will make you, what you did not, possesse,

By using others, not vice, but weakenesse.
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 show
What you may not acknowledge, what not know.
For your owne conscience, he gives innocence,
But for your fame, a discreet warinesse,
And though to scape, then to revenge offence
Be better, he showes both, and to represse
Ioy, when your state swells, sadnesse when'tis lesse.
From need of teares he will defend your soule,
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 Yeare.

To the &c. 1633-69: To the Countesse of B. at New-yeares tide. N, O'F, TCD

3-4 (Meteor-like, ... disputation is,) 1635-69

9 true Ed: true, 1633 true. 1635-69

10 is, Ed: is 1633-69 (in 1633 the interval shows that a comma was intended)

times] time 1633

12 such. Ed: such, 1633-69

16 short-liv'd] short liv'd 1633

17 fast,] fast 1633

18 spirits: Ed: spirit: 1633: spirits; 1635-69

19 cherish, us doe 1633: cherish us, doe 1635-69

27 I, Ed: I 1633-69

28 (One corne ... and lesse,) 1635-69

29 name, know,] no commas 1633-69

30 And not an inch, 1633: And (not an inch) 1635-69

infinity.] infinite. 1669

35 praiser prayes. 1635-69, O'F: prayer prayes. 1633: prayer praise. N, TCD

37 blood;] blood, 1633

39 doubts;] doubts, 1633

42 Court; Ed: Court, 1633-69

43 got; Ed: got, 1633-69

44 pitty' 1633-69: piety James Russell Lowell, in Grolier note. See note

45 On this side sinne, Ed (from Chambers): On this side, sinne; 1633: On this side, sin, 1635-69. See note

46 he, Ed: he 1633-69

47 Which] With 1633

55 may] will 1669

58-9 (though to scape ... Be better,) 1635-69

65 New Yeare.] new yeare, 1633

Note

To the Countesse of Huntingdon.

Madame,

MAN to Gods image; Eve, to mans was made,

Nor finde wee that God breath'd a soule in her,
Canons will not Church functions you invade,
Nor lawes to civill office you preferre.
Who vagrant transitory Comets sees,
Wonders, because they'are rare; But a new starre
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle; for, there no new things are;
In woman so perchance milde innocence
A seldome comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reason scapes, and sense;
For, Art and Nature this in them withstood.
As such a starre, the Magi led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below:
By vertues beames by fame deriv'd from you,
May apt soules, and the worst may, vertue know.
If the worlds age, and death be argued well
By the Sunnes fall, which now towards earth doth bend,
Then we might feare that vertue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be neare her end.
But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's you;
She was in all men, thinly scatter'd then,
But now amass'd, contracted in a few.
She guilded us: But you are gold, and Shee;

Us she inform'd, but transubstantiates you;
Soft dispositions which ductile bee,
Elixarlike, she makes not cleane, but new.
Though you a wifes and mothers name retaine,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not soe,
But vertue having made you vertue,'is faine
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,
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.
So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
And in the vaile of kindred others see;
To some ye are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a vertuous Prince farre off, to mee.
To whom, because from you all vertues flow,
And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
I, which doe so, as your true subject owe
Some tribute for that, so these lines are due.
If you can thinke these flatteries, they are,

For then your judgement is below my praise,
If they were so, oft, flatteries worke as farre,
As Counsels, and as farre th'endeavour raise.
So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remaine a poyson'd fountaine still;
But not your beauty, vertue, knowledge, blood
Are more above all flattery, then my will.
And if I flatter any,'tis not you
But my owne judgement, who did long agoe
Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,
And vertue should your beauty,'and birth outgrow.
Now that my prophesies are all fulfill'd,
Rather then God should not be honour'd too,
And all these gifts confess'd, which hee instill'd,
Your selfe were bound to say that which I doe.
So I, but your Recorder am in this,
Or mouth, or Speaker of the universe,
A ministeriall Notary, for'tis
Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse;
I was your Prophet in your yonger dayes,
And now your Chaplaine, God in you to praise.

To the &c. 1633-69, O'F: To the C. of H. N, TCD
1 image;] image, 1633
mans] man 1650-69

9 woman] women 1669

13 the] which 1633

Magi] Magis N, O'F, TCD: compare p. 243, l. 390]

14 below: Ed: below. 1633-69

15 beames by ... you, 1633: beames (by ... you) 1633-69

16 may, Ed: may 1633-69

22 you; Ed: you, 1633-69

24 amass'd, 1633, O'F: a masse 1635-69, N, TCD

25-6 But you are gold, and Shee; ... transubstantiates you; Ed: But you are gold, and Shee, ... transubstantiates you, 1633:

but you are gold; and she,

Informed us, but transubstantiates you,

1635-69, Chambers (but no comma after and she and colon or full stop after you 1650-69, Chambers)

33 see; Ed: see, 1633-69

37-9 (which being ... are nam'd) 1635-69

42 vaile] vale 1669

43 ye 1633: you 1635-69

47 doe so, 1635-69, O'F: doe N, TCD: to you 1633

48 due.] due, 1633

55 But 1633, N, O'F, TCD: And 1635-69, Chambers

64 that] thar 1633

66 or Speaker 1633: and Speaker 1635-69

67 Notary,] notary, 1633

Note

To Mr T. W.

A LL 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,
Their workes, though toughly laboured, will bee
Like infancie or age to mans firme stay,
Or earely and late twilights to mid-day.
Men say, and truly, that they better be
Which be envyed then pittied: therefore I,
Because I wish thee best, doe thee envie:
O wouldst thou, by like reason, pitty mee!
But care not for mee: I, that ever was
In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, alas,
(Before thy grace got in the Muses Schoole
A monster and a begger,) am now a foole.
Oh how I grieve, that late borne modesty
Hath got such root in easie waxen hearts,
That men may not themselves, their owne good parts
Extoll, without suspect of surquedrie,
For, but thy selfe, no subject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound

Thy worth but thine: how good it were to see

A Poëm in thy praise, and writ by thee.

25Now if this song be too'harsh for rime, yet, as

The Painters bad god made a good devill,

'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evill,

If thou forget the rime as thou dost passe.

Then write, that I may follow, and so bee

30Thy debter, thy'eccho, thy foyle, thy zanee.

I shall be thought, if mine like thine I shape,

All the worlds Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

To Mr T. W.: P, S, W: To M. I. W. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: A Letter. To Mr T. W. O'F: Ad amicum. S96: no title, B, Cy

1 more full] and full 1669

2 any spirit, 1633, A18, Cy, N, P, TC, W: my dull spirit, 1635-69, B, O'F, S

3 this merit 1633, A18, Cy, N, P, S, TC, W: thy merit 1635-69, B, O'F, Chambers

11 thee ... thee] the ... the 1669

12 mee! Ed: mee. W: mee, 1633-69

13 mee: Ed: mee, 1633-69

ever was] never was B, P, S96

14-16

In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, alas,

(Before ... and a begger,)

Ed:

In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, (alas,

Before thy grace got in the Muses Schoole)

A monster and a begger,

1633 (some copies: others read 15 Before by thy grace &c., which is also the Grolier conjecture), A18, Cy, N, P, S, TC, W (but W and some of the other MSS. have no brackets):

In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, alas,

(But for thy grace got in the Muses Schoole)

A Monster and a beggar,

1635-69, O'F, Chambers

In fortunes, nor (or S96) in natures gifts alas,

But by thy grace, &c.

B, S96. See note

16 am now a foole. Cy, O'F, P, S, S96, W: am a foole. 1633-69, A18, B, N, TC

23 worth 1669, B, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96, W: worke 1633-54, A18, N, TC

27 evill, W: evill. 1633-69, Chambers

28 passe. W: passe, 1633-69, Chambers

29 that I 1669, B, Cy, N, O'F, P, S, W: then I 1633-54, A18, N, TC

30 Thy debter, thy'eccho 1633-54: Thy eccho, thy debtor 1669

thy zanee.] and thy Zanee. A18, N, TC

31 if ... shape] brackets 1635-69

Note

To M T. W.

HAST 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.

5Plead for me, and so by thine and my labour

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

10Of him, at least in this earths habitation:

And 'tis where I am, where in every street

Infections follow, overtake, and meete:

Live I or die, by you my love is sent,

And you'are my pawnes, or else my Testament.

To Mr T. W.: O'F, W: To M. T. W. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD

1 verse, 1669: verse 1633-54

2 to him, my pain and pleasure. W, and Chambers (without comma): to him; My pain, and pleasure 1633-69: to him. My pain and pleasure, Grolier

4 Feete, ... soule W: no comma 1633: Feete ... soule, 1635-69

5-6 These lines only in W

9 our] that W

14 And you'are 1633, A18, N, TC, W: You are 1635-69, O'F

pawnes] om. with space, W

Note

To Mr T. W.

PREGNANT again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare,

Oft have I askt for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were;
As in our streets sly beggers narrowly
Watch motions of the givers hand and eye,
And evermore conceive some hope thereby.
And now thy Almes is given, thy letter'is read,
The body 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 'midst their meat,
They love that best of which they most do eat.

To Mr T. W. O'F, W: To M. T. W. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD
5 Watch] Marke W
and eye, A18, A23, N, O'F, TC, W: or eye, 1633-69
12 love; Ed: love, 1633-69
Note

To Mr T. W.

A 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:

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.

10Therefore I envie them, and doe repent,

That from unhappy mee, things happy'are sent;

Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,

Accept these lines, and if in them there be

Merit of love, bestow that love on mee.

To Mr T. W. W: An Old Letter. D, H49: A Letter. S96: Letter. O'F: no heading, and following the preceding without any interval, 1633, A18, N, TC: Incerto. 1635-69

5 As W: as 1633-69

7 Melancholy] Malancholy 1633

14 of love,] of love 1633

Note

To Mr R. W.

ZEALOUSLY 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.

5Dost thou recover sicknes, or prevent?

Or is thy Mind travail'd with discontent?

Or art thou parted from the world and mee,

In a good skorn of the worlds vanitee?

Or is thy devout Muse retyr'd to sing

10Vpon her tender Elegiaque string?

Our Minds part not, joyne then thy Muse with myne,

For myne is barren thus devorc'd from thyne.

To Mr R. W. A23, W: first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne, &c., 1899

1 thee,] thee W

Note

To Mr R. W.

MVSE not that by thy mind thy body is led:

For by thy mind, my mind's distempered.

So thy Care lives long, for I bearing part

It eates not only thyne, but my swolne hart.

5And when it gives us intermission

We take new harts for it to feede upon.

But as a Lay Mans Genius doth controule

Body and mind; the Muse beeing the Soules Soule

Of Poets, that methinks should ease our anguish,

10Although our bodyes wither and minds languish.

Wright then, that my griefes which thine got may bee

Cured by thy charming soveraigne melodee.

To Mr R. W. A23, W: printed here for the first time

Note

To Mr C. B.

THY 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
No blott nor maime by this division,
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love pursu'd with amorous paine;
But though besides thy selfe I leave behind
Heavens liberall, and earths thrice-fairer Sunne,
Going to where sterne winter aye doth wonne,
Yet, loves hot fires, which martyr my sad minde,
Doe send forth scalding sighes, which have the Art
To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

To Mr C. B.: A23, W: To M. C. B. 1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD
9 thy self] my self 1669
10 liberall,] liberall 1633
earths 1633, 1669, A18, A23, N, O'F, TC, W: the 1635-54, Chambers
thrice fairer A23, W: thrice-faire 1633-69, A18, N, TC
11 sterne 1633, A18, A23, N, TC, W: sterv'd 1633-69, O'F
13 forth] out A18, N, TC

Note

To Mr E. G.

EVEN 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 oreseest London: Here I have beene,
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.
Nothing whereat to laugh my spleen espyes
But bearbaitings or Law exercise.
Therefore I'le leave it, and in the Country strive
Pleasure, now fled from London, to retrive.
Do thou so too: and fill not like a Bee
Thy thighs with hony, but as plenteously
As Russian Marchants, thy selfes whole vessell load,
And then at Winter retaile it here abroad.
Blesse us with Suffolks sweets; and as it is
Thy garden, make thy hive and warehouse this.

To Mr E. G. W: first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne, &c. 1899

5-6 beene, ... London,] no commas, W

6 staying] staing W

7 dearth] dirth W

7-8 posses, ... emptines;] posses ... emptines. W

Note

To Mr R. W.

I F, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
Seeme, when thou read'st these lines, to dreame of me,
Never did Morpheus nor his brother weare
Shapes soe like those Shapes, whom they would appeare,
As this my letter is like me, for it
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, minde and wit;
It is my deed of gift of mee to thee,
It is my Will, my selfe the Legacie.
So thy retyrings I love, yea envie,
Bred in thee by a wise melancholy,
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;
Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
The which both Gospell, and sterne threatnings bring;
Guyanaes harvest is nip'd in the spring,
I feare; And with us (me thinkes) Fate deales so
As with the Jewes guide God did; he did show

Him the rich land, but bar'd his entry in:

Oh, slownes is our punishment and sinne.

Perchance, these Spanish businesse being done,

Which as the Earth betweene the Moone and Sun

Eclipse the light which Guyana would give,

Our discontinued hopes we shall retrive:

But if (as all th'All must) hopes smoake away,

Is not Almightie Vertue'an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one

Some thing to answere in some proportion

All the worlds riches: And in good men, this,

Vertue, our formes forme and our soules soule, is.

To Mr R. W. A18, A23, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W: To M. R. W. 1633-69: no breaks, W: two stanzas of fourteen lines and a quatrain, 1633: twenty-eight lines continuous and a quatrain, 1633-69

3 brother 1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TC: brethren W

6 hand,] hands O'F, TC

21 in: 1650-69, W: in, 1633-39

22 Oh, A23, N, O'F, TC: Ah, W: Our 1633-69

sinne. W: sinne; 1633-69

23 businesse 1633, A18, N, TC: busnesses W: businesses 1635-69

done] donne W

27 all th'All W: All th'All 1633-69

31 men, this, Ed: men, this 1633-69

32 soules soule, is. Chambers: soules soule is. 1633-69

Note

To Mr R. W.

K INDLY I envy thy songs perfection
Built of all th'elements as our bodyes are:
That Litle of earth that is in it, is a faire
Delicious garden where all sweetes are sowne.
5In it is cherishing fyer which dryes in mee
Griefe which did drowne me: and halfe quench'd by it
Are satirique fyres which urg'd me to have writt
In skorne of all: for now I admyre thee.
And as Ayre doth fullfill the hollownes
10Of rotten walls; so it myne emptines,
Where tost and mov'd it did beget this sound
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 Mr R. W. W: published here for the first time

6 which] wch W, and so always

10 emptines,] emptines. W

13-14 Oh, ... give, ... recreated, ... creature,] no commas, W

Note

To Mr S. B.

O THOU which to search out the secret parts
Of the India, or rather Paradise
Of knowledge, hast with courage and advise
Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,
Disdaine not in thy constant travailing
To doe as other Voyagers, and make
Some turnes into lesse Creekes, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring;
I sing not, Siren like, to tempt; for I
Am harsh; nor as those Scismatiques with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seeing in you bright sparkes of Poetry,
I, though I brought no fuell, had desire
With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire.

To Mr S. B. O'F: To M. S. B. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD, W

10 harsh; 1650-69: harsh, 1633-39

12 seeing] seing 1633: seene TCD, W: seeme TCC

13 I, though] I thought 1650-54

had] but 1650-54

Note

To Mr I. L.

OF that short Roll of friends writ in my heart
Which with thy name begins, since their depart,
Whether in the English Provinces they be,

Or drinke of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,

5There's none that sometimes greets us not, and yet

Your Trent is Lethe; that past, us you forget.

You doe not duties of Societies,

If from the'embrace of a lov'd wife you rise,

View your fat Beasts, stretch'd Barnes, and labour'd fields,

10Eate, play, ryde, take all joyes which all day yeelds,

And then againe to your embracements goe:

Some houres on us your frends, and some bestow

Upon your Muse, else both wee shall repent,

I that my love, she that her guifts on you are spent.

To Mr I. L. W: To M. I. L. 1633-69: To M. I. L. A18, N, TCC, TCD: To Mr T. L. O'F

5 sometimes] sometime 1635-39, Chambers

6 Lethe; W: Lethe', 1633-69

forget. 1639-69, W: forget, 1633-35

13 your] thy W

14 you] thee W

spent.] spent 1633

Note

To Mr B. B.

I S not thy sacred hunger of science

Yet satisfy'd? Is not thy braines rich hive

Fulfil'd with hony which thou dost derive

From the Arts spirits and their Quintessence?
Then weane thy selfe at last, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,
Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest
Th'immense vast volumes of our common law;
And begin soone, lest my griefe grieve thee too,
Which is, that that which I should have begun
In my youthes 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,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
Be far from me that strange Adulterie
To tempt thee and procure her widowhed.
My Muse, (for I had one,) because I'am cold,
Divorc'd her selfe: the cause being in me,
That I can take no new in Bigamye,
Not my will only but power doth withhold.
Hence comes it, that these Rymes which never had
Mother, want matter, and they only have
A little forme, the which their Father gave;
They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad
To be counted Children of Poetry

Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee.

To Mr B. B. O'F, W: To M. B. B. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD

12 I ... Travellers 1650-69: I, ... Travellers, 1633-39

13 stray] stay W: compare Sat. III. 78

16 ever, ever multiply, 1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TC: still: encrease and multiply; W

18 widowhed. W: widdowhood, 1633-39: widdowhood; 1650-69

19 Muse, A18, N, O'F, TC, W: nurse, 1633-69

20 selfe: W: selfe, 1633-69

in me, 1633-69: in me; Grolier: in me. Chambers. See note

Note

To Mr I. L.

BLEST are your North parts, for all this long time
My Sun is with you, cold and darke'is our Clime:
Heavens Sun, which staid so long from us this yeare,
Staid in your North (I thinke) for she was there,
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:
And since thou art in Paradise and need'st crave
No joyes addition, helpe thy friend to save.
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,

As suddenly as Lard, fat thy leane beasts;

15So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever weare

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;

20Thy Sonne ne'r Ward; Thy lov'd wife ne'r seem old;

But maist thou wish great things, and them attaine,

As thou telst her, and none but her, my paine.

To Mr I. L. Ed: To M. I. L. A18, N, TCC, TCD, W: To Mr T. L. O'F: To M. I. P. 1633-69

6 rages, chafes, Ed: rages chafes 1633-39: rages, chafes 1650-69: rages, burnes, W

11-12 these lines from W: they have not previously been printed

16 when thee list, Ed: when thee list 1633, A18, N, TC: (when she list) 1635-69, O'F: when thou wilt W

20 lov'd wife] fair wife W

22 her, ... her, Ed: her ... her 1633: her, ... her 1635-69

Note

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

AFTER those reverend papers, whose soule is

Our good and great Kings lov'd hand and fear'd name,

By which to you he derives much of his,

And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

5A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ

From his Originall, and a faire beame
Of the same warme, and dazeling Sun, though it
Must in another Sphere his vertue streame:
After those learned papers which your hand
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
With glad griefe, to your Sea-ward steps, farewel,
Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
To heaven in troupes at'a good mans 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 taske:
To sweare much love, not to be chang'd before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your forture, more
Then I have done your honour wanting it.
But'tis an easier load (though both oppresse)
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

30In their last Furnace, in activity;

Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and Warres o'rpast)

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)

35Spies that I beare so well her tyranny,

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

40In length and ease are alike every where.

To Sir H. W. at his &c. 1633-54: To Sir Henry Wotton, at his &c. 1669, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD: printed in Walton's Life of Sir Henry Wotton, 1670, as a 'letter, sent by him to Sir Henry Wotton, the morning before he left England', i.e. July 13 (O.S.), 1604

10 pleasure 1635-69, A18, N, O'F, TC, Walton: pleasures 1633

13 where 1633, A18, N, TC: which 1635-69, O'F, Walton

16 in troupes] on troops Walton

19 must ... meanes] would ... sayes Walton

20 hath] has Walton

taske: Ed: taske. 1633-69

21 not] nor Walton

24 honour wanting it 1633: noble-wanting-wit. 1635-69, O'F: honour-wanting-wit. Walton: noble wanting it. A18, N, TCC, TCD

31 Warres Ed: warres 1633-69: tents Burley MS.

32 test] tast 1669 and Walton

35 Spies] Finds Walton

Note

To Mrs M. H.

MAD paper stay, and grudge not here to burne
With all those sonnes whom my braine did create,
At lest lye hid with mee, till thou returne
To rags againe, which is thy native state.
What though thou have enough unworthinesse
To come unto great place as others doe,
That's much; emboldens, pulls, 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.
But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye
Which equally claimes love and reverence,
Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die;
And, having little now, have then no sense.
Yet when her warme redeeming hand, which is
A miracle; and made such to worke more,
Doth touch thee (saples leafe) thou grow'st by this
Her creature; glorify'd more then before.

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 wisely; what discourse is left for thee?
For, speech of ill, and her, thou must abstaine,
And is there any good which is not shee?
Yet maist thou praise her servants, though not her,
And wit, and vertue,'and honour her attend,
And since they'are but her cloathes, thou shalt not erre,
If thou her shape and beauty'and grace commend.
Who knowes thy destiny? when thou hast done,
Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all noble ambitious wits doe runne,
A nest almost as full of Good as shee.
When thou art there, if any, whom wee know,
Were sav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
When she revolves his papers, marke what show
Of favour, she alone, to them doth make.
Marke, if to get them, she o'r skip the rest,
Marke, if shee read them twice, or kisse the name;
Marke, if she doe the same that they protest,
Marke, if she marke whether her woman came.

Marke, if 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.

I bid thee not doe this to be my spie;

Nor to make my selfe her familiar;

But so much I doe love her choyce, that I

Would faine love him that shall be lov'd of her.

To Mrs M. H. O'F: To M. M. H. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, A25, B, C, P: Elegie. S96

2 sonnes] Sunnes B, S96

my 1633: thy 1635-69: Chambers attributes thy to 1633

3 returne] returne. 1633

7 That's much; emboldens, A18, N, TC: That's much, emboldens, 1633-54: That's much emboldness, 1669: That's much, it emboldens, B, P

8 all; Thou A18, N, TC: all, thou 1633-69

10 goe? Goe, Ed: goe, Goe, 1633-69

14 reverence, Ed: reverence. 1633: reverence: 1635-69

22 mis-speake] mispeake 1633

27 For, 1633: From 1635-69, and MSS.

her, Ed: her 1633-69

31 erre, 1669: erre 1633-54

40 she alone, 1633: she, alone, 1635-69

41 get them, she o'r skip] get them, she do skip A18 (doth), N, TC: get them, she

skip oare A25, C, O'F (skips): get to them, shee skipp B, P

44 whether 1633: whither 1635-69

47 grieves 1633: grieve 1635-69

Note

To the Countesse of Bedford.

Note (Supp.)

HONOUR is so sublime perfection,
And so refinde; that when God was alone
And creaturelesse at first, himselfe had none;
But as of the elements, these which wee tread,
Produce all things with which wee'are joy'd or fed,
And, those are barren both above our head:
So from low persons doth all honour flow;
Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us show,
And but direct our honour, not bestow.
For when from herbs the pure part must be wonne
From grosse, by Stilling, this is better done
By despis'd dung, then by the fire or Sunne.
Care not then, Madame,'how low your praysers lye;
In labourers balads oft more piety
God findes, then in Te Deums melodie.
And, ordinance rais'd on Towers, so many mile
Send not their voice, nor 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;
But one,'tis best light to contemplate you.
You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or tooke Soules stuffe such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.
This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee,
Covering discovers your quicke Soule; that we
May in your through-shine front your hearts thoughts see.
You teach (though wee learne not) a thing unknowne
To our late times, the use of specular stone,
Through which all things within without were shown.
Of such were Temples; so and of such you are;
Beeing and seeming is your equall care,
And vertues whole summe is but know and dare.
But as our Soules of growth and Soules of sense
Have birthright of our reasons Soule, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seeke presidence:
Natures first lesson, so, discretion,
Must not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keepe none,
Not banish it selfe, nor religion.
Discretion is a wisemans Soule, and so
Religion is a Christians, and you know
How these are one; her yea, is not her no.

Nor may we hope to sodder still and knit
These two, and dare to breake them; nor must wit
45Be colleague to religion, but be it.
In those poor types of God (round circles) so
Religions tipes the peeclesse centers flow,
And are in all the lines which all wayes goe.
If either ever wrought in you alone
50Or principally, then religion
Wrought your ends, and your wayes discretion.
Goe thither stil, goe the same way you went,
Who so would change, do covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

To the Countesse of Bedford. 1633-69, B, O'F, S96: To the Countess of B. N, TCD

10 part] parts N, O'F, TCD

12 or Sunne. 1633, B, N, O'F, S96, TCD: or Sun: 1669: of Sunne: 1635-54, Chambers

13 praysers N, O'F, TCD: prayers S96: prayses 1633-69

16 Towers,] Towers 1633

20-1 subdue; But one, Ed: subdue; But One Chambers: subdue, But one, 1633-69: subdue But one; Grolier and Grosart. See note

26 Covering discovers] Coverings discover 1669

27 your hearts thoughts B, N, O'F, S96, TCD: our hearts thoughts 1633-69. See note

31 so and of such N, TCD: so and such 1633-69, B, O'F, S96

33is but to know and dare. N

36-7

They fly not from that, nor seeke presidence:

Natures first lesson, so, discretion, &c.

1633-69 (presidence. 1633; precedence: 1669)

They fly not from that, nor seek precedence,

Natures first lesson; so discretion &c.

Chambers and Grolier (discretion, Grolier). See note

40-2] These lines precede 34-9 in 1635-69, B, N, S96, TCD: om. O'F

42 one; Ed: one, 1633-69 yea, ... no] ital. Ed.

48 all wayes 1719: alwayes 1633-69

50-1

'twas Religion,

Yet you neglected not Discretion.

S96

53 do covet] doth covet 1669, O'F, S96

To the Countesse of Bedford.

Begun in France but never perfected.

THOUGH I be dead, and buried, yet I have

(Living in you,) Court enough in my grave,

As oft as there I thinke my selfe to bee,

So many resurrections waken mee.

5That thankfullnesse your favours have begot

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.
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,
(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 minds sincere complexion blush.
Next I confesse my'impenitence, for I
Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'r read you,
May in lesse lessons finde enough to doe,
By studying copies, not Originals,
Desunt cætera.

To the Countesse &c. 1633-69 (following in 1635-69 That unripe side &c., p. 417, and If her disdaine &c., p. 430), O'F

5 begot] forgot 1633 some copies

6 embalmes mee, Ed: embalmes mee; 1633-69

rot. Ed: rot; 1633-69

9 influence; Ed: influence, 1633-69

10 grow. Ed: grow; 1633-69

14 or 1633-39: and 1650-69

16 Mine. Ed: Mine; 1633-69

18 upon Ed: upon, 1633-69

Note

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

Madame,

HERE where by All All Saints invoked are,
'Twere too much schisme to be singular,
And 'gainst a practise generall to warre.
Yet turning to Saincts, should my'humility
To other Sainct then you directed bee,
That were to make my schisme, heresie.
Nor would I be a Convertite so cold,
As not to tell it; If this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.
Where, because Faith is in too low degree,
I thought it some Apostleship in mee
To speake things which by faith alone I see.
That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is growne, or spent,
They'are your materials, not your ornament.
Others whom wee call vertuous, are not so

In their whole substance, but, their vertues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons show.
For when through tastlesse flat humilitie
In dow bak'd men some harmelessenes we see,
'Tis but his flegme that's Vertuous, and not Hee:
Soe is the Blood sometimes; who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was than
No better then a sanguine Vertuous man.
So cloysterall men, who, in pretence of feare
All contributions to this life forbeare,
Have Vertue in Melancholy, and only there.
Spirituall Cholerique Crytiques, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, through this zeale, Vertue but in their Gall.
We'are thus but parcel guilt; to Gold we'are growne
When Vertue is our Soules complexion;
Who knowes his Vertues name or place, hath none.
Vertue'is but aguish, when 'tis severall,
By occasion wak'd, and circumstantiall.
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.
Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts,
As Others, with prophane and sensuall Darts,
But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts.
But if such friends by the honor of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your vertues, and their might,
What must I thinke that influence must doe,
Where it findes sympathie and matter too,
Vertue, and beauty of the same stuffe, as you?
Which is, your noble worthie sister, shee
Of whom, if what in this my Extasie
And revelation of you both I see,
I should write here, as in short Galleries
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.
May therefore this be enough to testifie
My true devotion, free from flattery;
He that beleeves himselfe, doth never lie.

A Letter to &c. 1633-69, D, H49, Lec: To the Lady Carey and her Sister Mrs Essex

Rich. From Amiens. O'F: To the Lady Co: of C. N, TCD: To the Ladie Carey. or A Letter to the Ladie Carey. B, Cy, S96: no title, P: To Mrs Essex Rich and her sister frô Amiens. M

13 who are] who is 1633

19 humilitie 1633-54, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD: humidity 1669, Chambers

26 contributions] contribution B, D, N, TCD

30 this zeale, 1635-69, B, Cy, D, H49, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD: their zeale, 1633, Lec

31 Gold] Golds 1633 some copies

33 aguish,] anguish, 1650-54

57 our eyes,] your eyes, Cy, D, H49, Lec, P

60 by the] to the 1669

other, 1669: other 1633-54

Note

To the Countesse of Salisbury. August. 1614.

FAIRE, 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 disshevel'd beames and scattered fires
Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres
In lovers Sonnets: you come to repaire
Gods booke of creatures, teaching what is faire.
Since now, when all is withered, shrunke, and dri'd,

All Vertues ebb'd out to a dead low tyde,
All the worlds frame being crumbled into sand,
Where every man thinks by himselfe to stand,
Integritie, friendship, and confidence,
(Ciments of greatnes) being vapor'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
Court, Citie, Church, are all shops of small-wares,
All having blowne to sparkes their noble fire,
And drawne their sound gold-ingot into wyre;
All trying by a love of littlenesse
To make abridgments, and to draw to lesse,
Even that nothing, which at first we were;
Since in these times, your greatnesse doth appeare,
And that we learne by it, that man to get
Towards him that's infinite, must first be great.
Since in an age so ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuse, much lesse 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 fantasticall;
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 showne
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,
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,
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.
How faire a proofe of this, in our soule growes?
Wee first have soules of growth, and sense, and those,
When our last soule, our soule immortall came,
Were swallowed into it, and have no name.
Nor doth he injure those soules, which doth cast
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 constable, and in the King
I reverence; His power to work on mee:
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of faire, great, good; but more, now I am come
From having found their walkes, to find their home.
And as I owe my first soules thankes, that they
For my last soule did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whose worth,
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great lesson, thus to study you;
Which none, not reading others, first, could doe.
Nor lacke I light to read this booke, though I
In a darke Cave, yea in a Grave doe lie;
For as your fellow Angells, so you doe
Illustrate them who come to study you.
The first whom we in Histories doe finde
To have profest all Arts, was one borne blinde:
He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as wee,
Not those, by which Angels are seene and see;
So, though I'am borne without those eyes to live,
Which fortune, who hath none her selfe, doth give,
Which are, fit meanes to see bright courts and you,

Yet may I see you thus, as now I doe;

I shall by that, all goodnesse have discern'd,

And though I burne my librarie, be learn'd.

To the Countesse &c. 1633-69, D, H49, Lec: To the Countess of Salisbury. O'F: To the Countess of S. N, TCD

2 and what 1633, 1669, D, H49, Lec: what 1635-54, N, O'F, TCD

16 Court,] Courts, 1669

17 noble fire,] nobler fire, O'F

24 him] him, 1633

that's 1650-69: thats 1633-39

29-30 Chambers includes in parenthesis

30 fantasticall; Ed: fantasticall: 1633-69

34 light, largenesse,] lights largeness, 1669

38 Idolatrie.] Adulterie: N, TCD

40 greene,] greene 1633

42 day; Ed: day: 1633-69

46 yesterday; Ed: yesterday: 1633-69

54 name. 1633-39: name 1654-69

57 any; I adore 1633, D, Lec, N, TCD: any, if I adore 1635-69, O'F (if being inserted)

61 mee: D, N, TCD: mee; 1633-69

63 good; Ed: good, 1633-69

77-8 om. D, H49, Lec

Note

To the Lady Bedford.

YOU that are she and you, that's double shee,
In her dead face, halfe of your selfe shall see;
Shee was the other part, for so they doe
Which build them friendships, become one of two;
So two, that but themselves no third can fit,
Which were to be so, when they were not yet;
Twinnes, though their birth Cusco, and Musco take,
As divers starres one Constellation make;
Pair'd like two eyes, have equall motion, so
Both but one meanes to see, one way to goe.
Had you dy'd first, a carcasse shee had beene;
And wee your rich Tombe in her face had seene;
She like the Soule is gone, and you here stay,
Not a live friend; but th'other halfe of clay.
And since you act that part, As men say, here
Lies such a Prince, when but one part is there,
And do all honour and devotion due
Unto the whole, so wee all reverence you;
For, such a friendship who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before,
Not all, as if some perished by this,
But so, as all in you contracted is.
As of this all, though many parts decay,

The pure which elemented them shall stay;
And though diffus'd, and spread in infinite,
Shall recollect, and in one All unite:
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:
As perfect motions are all circular,
So they to you, their sea, whence lesse streames are.
Shee was all spices, you all metalls; so
In you two wee did both rich Indies know.
And as no fire, nor rust can spend or waste
One dramme of gold, but what was first shall last,
Though it bee forc'd in water, earth, 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.
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.

To the &c. 1635-69, O'F: Elegie to the Lady Bedford. 1633, Cy, H40, L74, N, P, TCD: Elegia Sexta. S: In 1633, Cy, H40, N, TCD it follows, in P precedes, the Funerall Elegy Death (p. 284), to which it is apparently a covering letter: In L74 it

follows the Elegy on the Lady Marckham: O'F places it among the Letters, S among the Elegies

1 she and you,] she, and you 1633-69, Chambers. See note

4 two;] the two; 1669

6 yet; Ed: yet 1633-39: yet. 1650-69

8 make; Ed: make, 1633-69

10 goe. Ed: goe; 1633-69

13 stay,] stay 1633-35

th'other] thother 1633

clay. Ed: clay; 1633-69

16 there, Ed: there; 1633-69

17 honour] honour: 1633

due] due; 1633

20 were] was 1633

22 as all in you] as in you all O'F: that in you all Cy, H40, L74, N, S

is. Ed: is; 1633-69

28 the bed;] a bed; Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, S: her bed; P

30 were:] were; 1633

32 are.] are; 1633

34 know.] know; 1633

41 doubt, 1633: doubt; 1635-69

42 can] twice in 1633

Note

AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

Wherein,

By occasion of the untimely death of

Mistris Elizabeth Drvry,

the frailty and the decay of this

whole World is represented.

The first Anniversary.

Note

To the praise of the dead,

and the Anatomie.

WELL dy'd the World, that we might live to see
This world of wit, in his Anatomie:
No evill wants his good; so wilder heires
Bedew their Fathers Tombes, with forced teares,
Whose state requites their losse: whiles thus we gain,
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?
And thou the subject of this welborne thought,
Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor sought
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate,

Then whiles this spirit lives, that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last Nephews eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine:
Admired match! where strives in mutuall grace
The cunning pencill, and the comely face:
A taske which thy faire goodnesse made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch;
Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,
And say, that but enough those prayses bee,
Which hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearfull head
From th'angry checkings of thy modest red:
Death barres reward and shame: when envy's gone,
And gaine, 'tis safe to give the dead their owne.
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their Tombes, then houses: these of clay,
But those of brasse, or marble were: so wee
Give more unto thy Ghost, then unto thee.
Yet what wee give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
And may'st but thanke thy selfe, for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'st, and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repayd.
So these high songs that to thee suited bin
Serve but to sound thy Makers praise, in thine,
Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to him

Amid the Quire of Saints, and Seraphim,

As any Angels tongue can sing of thee;

40The subjects differ, though the skill agree:

For as by infant-yeares men judge of age,

Thy early love, thy vertues, did presage

What an high part thou bear'st in those best songs,

Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.

45Sing on thou virgin Soule, whose lossfull gaine

Thy lovesick parents have bewail'd in vaine;

Never may thy Name be in our songs forgot,

Till wee shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

An Anatomie &c. 1611-33: Anatomie &c. 1635-69

The first Anniversary. 1612-69: om. 1611. See note

To the praise of the dead &c. 1611-69 (Dead 1611)

8 While] Whiles 1639-69

21 is] it is 1699

25 shame: 1611, 1612-25: shame, 1633-69

26 gaine, 1633-69: gaine; 1612-25

34 where] were 1621-25

35 bin 1633-39: bine 1611: bine, 1612-21: bine. 1625: bin, 1650-69

36 praise, in thine, 1611, 1612-25: praise and thine, 1633-69

38 Quire 1611, 1612-25: quire 1633-69

39 tongue 1611, 1612-39: tongues 1650-69

41 infant-yeares 1611, 1621-25: infant yeares 1633-69

42 vertues, 1611, 1612-25: vertues 1633-69

presage 1612-25: presage, 1633-69

43 What an hie ... best songs, 1611-12: What hie ... best songs 1621-25: What high ... best of songs, 1633-69

47 our 1611, 1612-54: om. 1669

forgot,] forgot. 1621-25

Note

An Anatomy of the World.

Note (Supp.)

The first Anniversary.

The entrie into the worke.

WHEN that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone,

Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one,

(For who is sure he hath a Soule, unlesse

It see, and judge, and follow worthinesse,

5And by Deedes praise it? hee who doth not this,

May lodge an In-mate soule, but 'tis not his.)

When that Queene ended here her progresse time,

And, as t'her standing house to heaven did climbe,

Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,

10She's now a part both of the Quire, and Song,

This World, in that great earthquake languished;

For in a common bath of teares it bled,

Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out:

But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lose, or gaine in this,
(Because since now no other way there is,
But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as shee,)
This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
And, as men thinke, that Agues physick are,
And th'Ague being spent, give over care,
So thou 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
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.
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,
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 determined)
But long she'ath beene away, long, long, yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
But as in states doubtfull of future heires,
When sicknesse without remedie empaires
The present Prince, they're loth it should be said,
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,
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,
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.
Her death hath taught us dearely, that thou art

Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,
'Tis labour lost to have discovered
The worlds infirmities, since there is none
Alive to study this dissection;
What life the world hath stil.
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,
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,
Creates a new world, and new creatures bee
Produc'd: the matter and the stuffe of this,
Her vertue, and the forme our practice is:
And though to be thus elemented, arme
These creatures, from home-borne intrinsique harme,
(For all assum'd unto this dignitie,
So many weedlesse Paradises bee,
Which of themselves produce no venemous sinne,
Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)

Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake,
And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,
This new world may be safer, being told
The sicknesses of the World.
The dangers and diseases of the old:
For with due temper men doe then forgoe,
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
Impossibility of health.
There is no health; Physitians say that wee,
At best, enjoy but a neutralitie.
And can there bee worse sicknesse, then to know
That we are never well, nor can be so?
Wee are borne ruinous: poore mothers cry,
That children come not right, nor orderly;
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruine! how importunate
Upon mankinde! it labour'd to frustrate
Even Gods purpose; and made woman, sent
For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment.
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessory, and principall in ill;
For that first marriage was our funerall:
One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,

And singly, one by one, they kill us now.
We doe delightfully our selves allow
To that consumption; and profusely blinde,
Wee kill our selves to propagate our kinde.
And yet we do not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankinde, which was then,
When as, the Sunne and man did seeme to strive,
Shortnesse of life.
(Joynt tenants of the world) who should survive;
When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with man, dy'd in minoritie;
When, if a slow pac'd starre had stolne away
From the observers marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred yeares to see't againe,
And then make up his observation plaine;
When, as the age was long, the sise was great;
Mans growth confess'd, and recompenc'd the meat;
So spacious and large, that every Soule
Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule:
And when the very stature, thus erect,
Did that soule 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.
Old Grandsires talke of yesterday with sorrow,
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 man
Smalnesse of stature.
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
A thing so equall to him: now alas,
The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may passe
As credible; mankinde decayes so soone,
We'are scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone:
Onely death addes t'our length: nor are wee growne
In stature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our 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.
But 'tis not so: w'are not retir'd, but dampt;
And as our bodies, so our mindes are crampt:

'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,
In minde, and body both bedwarfed us.
Wee seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'undoe;
Of nothing hee made us, and we strive too,
To bring our selves to nothing backe; and wee
Doe what wee can, to do't so soone as hee.
With new diseases on our selves we warre,
And with new Physicke, a worse Engin farre.
Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home;
And if in other creatures they appeare,
They're but mans Ministers, and Legats there,
To worke on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to Civility, and to mans use:
This man, whom God did wooe, and loth t'attend
Till man came up, did downe to man descend,
This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is!
If man were any thing, he's nothing now:
Helpe, or at least some time to wast, allow
T'his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her whom we lament, hee lost his heart.
She, of whom th'Ancients seem'd to prophesie,
When they call'd vertues by the name of shee;

Shee in whom vertue was so much refin'd,
That for Allay unto so pure a minde
Shee tooke the weaker Sex; shee that could drive
The poysonous tincture, and the staine of Eve,
Out of her thoughts, and deeds; and purifie
All, by a true religious Alchymie;
Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowest this,
Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is.
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free.
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The supernaturall food, Religion,
Thy better Growth growes withered, and scant;
Be more then man, or thou'rt lesse then an Ant.
Then, as mankinde, so is the worlds whole frame
Quite out of joynt, almost created lame:
For, before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best:
It seis'd the Angels, and then first of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maime,
Wronging each joynt of th'universall frame.
The noblest part, man, felt it first; and than
Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man.

Decay of nature in other parts.
So did the world from the first houre decay,
That evening was beginning of the day,
And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,
Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee.
And new Philosophy calls all in doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put out;
The Sun is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit
Can well direct him where to looke for it.
And freely men confesse that this world's spent,
When in the Planets, and the Firmament
They seeke so many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies.
'Tis all in peeces, all cohaerence gone;
All just supply, and all Relation:
Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinkes he hath got
To be a Phœnix, and that then can bee
None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee.
This is the worlds condition now, and now
She that should all parts to reunion bow,
She that had all Magnetique force alone,
To draw, and fasten sundred parts in one;
She whom wise nature had invented then

When she observ'd that every sort of men
Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea stray,
And needed a new compasse for their way;
She that was best, and first originall
Of all faire copies, and the generall
Steward to Fate; she whose rich eyes, and brest
Guilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East;
Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow
Spice on those Iles, and bad them still smell so,
And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,
Is but as single money, coyn'd from her:
She to whom this world must it selfe refer,
As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,
Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowst this,
Thou knowst how lame a cripple this world is.
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That this worlds generall sickenesse doth not lie
In any humour, or one certaine part;
But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,
Thou 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
The worlds infection, to be none of it.
For the worlds subtilst immateriall parts

Feele this consuming wound, and ages darts.
For the worlds beauty is decai'd, or gone,
Disformity of parts.
Beauty, that's colour, and proportion.
We thinke the heavens enjoy their Sphericall,
Their round proportion embracing all.
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts,
Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure forme: It teares
The Firmament in eight and forty sheires,
And in these Constellations then arise
New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes:
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,
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

He comes no more, but with a couzening line,
Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:
And seeming weary with his reeling thus,
He meanes to sleepe, being now falne nearer us.
So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne
In Circle still, none ends where he begun.
All their proportion's lame, it sinkes, it swels.
For of Meridians, and Parallels,
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne
Upon the Heavens, and now they are his owne.
Loth to goe up the hill, or labour thus
To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
We spur, we reine the starres, and in their race
They're diversly content t'obey our pace.
But keepes the earth her round proportion still?
Doth not a Tenarif, or higher Hill
Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke
The floating Moone would shipwracke there, and sinke?
Seas are so deepe, that Whales being strooke to day,
Perchance to morrow, scarse at middle way
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,
(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
Of th'earth? Thinke so: but yet confesse, in this
The worlds proportion disfigured is;
Disorder in the world.
That those two legges whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishment are bent awry.
And, Oh, it can no more be questioned,
That beauties best, proportion, is dead,
Since even griefe it selfe, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
Shee by whose lines proportion should bee
Examin'd, measure of all Symmetree,
Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought soules made
Of Harmony, he would at next have said
That Harmony was shee, and thence infer,
That soules were but Resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies goe,
As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow:
Shee, who if those great Doctors truly said

That the Arke to mans proportions was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both Elements, and Passions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Civill war to cease.
Shee, after whom, what forme so'er we see,
Is discord, and rude incongruitie;
Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead; when thou knowst this
Thou knowst how ugly a monster this world is:
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
That here is nothing to enamour thee:
And that, not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our braines, or in our hearts,
Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,
Endanger us: but that if every thing
Be not done fitly'and in proportion,
To satisfie wise, and good lookers on,
(Since most men be such as most thinke they bee)
They're lothsome too, by this Deformitee.
For good, and well, must in our actions meete;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beauties other second Element,
Colour, and lustre now, is as neere spent.
And had the world his just proportion,

Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.
As a compassionate Turcoyse which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
As gold falls sicke being stung with Mercury,
All the worlds parts of such complexion bee.
When nature was most busie, the first weeke,
Swadling the new borne earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play,
To mingle, and vary colours every day:
And then, as though 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 decai'd: summers robe growes
Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment showes.
Our blushing red, which us'd in cheekes to spred,
Is inward sunke, and only our soules are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If she whom we lament had not beene dead:
But shee, in whom all white, and red, and blew
(Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradise; from whom
Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,

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 knowst how wan a Ghost this our world is:
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
That it should more affright, then pleasure thee.
And that, since all faire colour then did sinke,
'Tis now but wicked vanitie, to thinke
Weaknesse in the want of correspondence of heaven and earth.
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colors to illude mens sense.
Nor in ought more this worlds decay appeares,
Then that her influence the heav'n forbeares,
Or that the Elements doe not feele this,
The father, or the mother barren is.
The cloudes conceive not raine, or doe not powre,
In the due birth time, downe the balmy showre;
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;
And false-conceptions fill the generall wombes;
Th'Ayre showes such Meteors, as none can see,
Not only what they meane, but what they bee;

Earth such new wormes, as would have troubled much
Th'Ægyptian Mages to have made more such.
What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those starres may bee
Imprison'd in an Hearbe, or Charme, or Tree,
And doe by touch, all which those stars could doe?
The art is lost, and correspondence too.
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes lesse,
And man least knowes their trade and purposes.
If this commerce twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,
She, for whose losse we have lamented thus,
Would worke more fully, and pow'rfully on us:
Since herbes, and roots, by dying lose not all,
But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinall,
Death could not quench her vertue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
And all the world would be one dying Swan,
To sing her funerall praise, and vanish than.
But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,
Except it be from the live Serpent shot,
So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
That unto us; shee working more then it.

But shee, in whom to such maturity
Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die;
She, from whose influence all Impressions came,
But, by Receivers impotencies, lame,
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet guilded every state,
So that some Princes have some temperance;
Some Counsellers some purpose to advance
The common profit; and some people have
Some stay, no more then Kings should give, to crave;
Some women have some taciturnity,
Some nunneries some graines of chastitie.
She that did thus much, and much more could doe,
But that our age was Iron, and rustie too,
Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead; when thou knowst this,
Thou knowst how drie a Cinder this world is.
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie
It with thy teares, or sweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travaile, griefe, or perishing,
But those rich joyes, which did possesse her heart,
Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
Conclusion.
But as in cutting up a man that's dead,

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 worlds carcasse would not last, if I
Were punctuall in this Anatomy;
Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disease, who faine would think they're well.
Here therefore be the end: And, blessed maid,
Of whom is meant what ever hath been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines course lines, and makes prose song,
Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent,
Who till his darke short tapers end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,
Will yearely celebrate thy second birth,
That is, thy death; for though the soule of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than
When man doth die; our body's as the wombe,
And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.
And you her creatures, whom she workes upon,
And have your last, and best concoction
From her example, and her vertue, if you
In reverence to her, do thinke it due,
That no one should her praises thus rehearse,

As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse;
Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make
A last, and lasting'st peece, a song. He spake
To Moses to deliver unto all,
That song, because hee knew they would let fall
The Law, the Prophets, and the History,
But keepe the song still in their memory:
Such an opinion (in due measure) made
Me this great Office boldly to invade:
Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre
Mee, from thus trying to emprison her,
Which when I saw that a strict grave could doe,
I saw not why verse might not do so too.
Verse hath a middle nature: heaven keepes Soules,
The Grave keepes bodies, Verse the Fame enroules.

An Anatomy &c. 1611-69 The first Anniversary. 1612-69 (First 1612-25): om. 1611

The entrie &c. 1612-21: om. 1625-33: 1611 and 1635-69 have no notes

2 Whom 1611, 1612-25, 1669: Who 1633: whõ 1635-54

5 Deedes 1611, 1612-25: deeds, 1633-69

6 In-mate 1611-12: Inmate 1621-25: immate 1633: inmate 1635-69

10 Song, 1611: Song. 1612-33: Song: 1635-69

14 then 1611, 1612-39: them 1650-69

18 shee, 1611: shee 1612, 1669: shee. 1621-54

22 care, 1611-21: care. 1625-33

24 Lethargie.] Letargee. 1611, 1612-25

26 Man. 1611, 1621-25: man. 1633-69

31 name, 1611, 1612-25: name 1633-69

33 Font, 1611: Fount, 1612-69

36 Palace 1611-12, 1621-25: palace 1633-69

40 times 1611, 1612-33: time 1635-69

48 law, 1612, 1669: law. 1611, 1621-25: law; 1633-54

50 glue] give 1650-69

What life &c. 1612-21: om. 1625-33

70 walke; 1611, 1612-25: walke, 1633-69

71 good, 1633: good 1612-25, 1635-69

75 old world, free, 1611-12, 1633-69: old world, free 1621-25

79 though] thought 1621-33

80 home-borne] homborne 1611, 1621-25: homeborne 1633-69

85 Yet, 1612-25: Yet 1633-69

The sicknesses &c. 1612: The sicknesse &c. 1621: The sicknes &c. 1625-33

89 then] them 1650-69

99 ruine! Ed: ruine? 1611, 1612-25: ruine, 1633-69

100 mankinde! Ed: mankinde? 1611, 1612-69

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

114 survive; 1650-69: survive. 1611, 1612-39

116 minoritie; 1650-69: minoritee. 1611, 1621-25: minoritie, 1633-39

131 Grandsires 1611, 1612-21: Gransires 1625-69

sorrow, 1611-21: sorrow. 1625: sorrow: 1633-69

133 peasant 1611, 1612-25: pesant 1633-69

134 lives. 1611, 1633: lives 1612: lives, 1621-25

135 man 1611: man. 1612-25: man, 1633-69

145 addes 1611-21: adds 1635-69: ads 1625, 1633

149 silver; 1611-12: silver 1621-25: silver, 1633-69

150 scatter'd] scattred 1612-25

152 bodies, 1611-25: bodies 1633-39

153 close weaving 1633-69: close-weaning 1611-12: close weaning 1621-25

161 Thus man, 1611, 1612-33: This man, 1635-69, Chambers

166 use:] use. 1611, 1621-33

167 t'attend] t'atend 1633

169 man, 1611: man 1612-69

171 any thing, 1611-12: any thing; 1621-33

172 wast, 1633: wast, 1611: waste, 1635-69

178 Allay 1611, 1612-25: allay 1633-69

179 Sex; 1611: Sex, 1621-25: Sex: 1633-69

181 thoughts, 1611-12, 1635-69: thought, 1621-33

183 Shee, shee 1611, 1612-25: She, she 1633-69

186 no] no no 1621

188 Religion, 1611, 1650-69: Religion. 1612-25: Religion: 1633-39

189 Growth 1611: grouth 1612-25: growth 1633-69

withered] whithered 1621-25

191 Then, 1611, 1621-25: Then 1633-69

195 Angels, 1612-69: Angells: 1611

200 man. 1611, 1612-25: man, 1633-39: man: 1650-69

210 Firmament 1611-12: firmament 1621-69

212 Atomies.] Atomis. 1611, 1612-25

213 cohaerence 1611, 1612-25: coherence 1633-69

217 then 1611, 1612-69: there Grosart, who with Chambers attributes to 1669

223 invented] innented 1621

228 copies, 1633-69: copies; 1611-12: copies 1621-25

229 Fate; 1612-69: Fate: 1611

brest 1611: brest: 1612-25: breast, 1633

230 West Indies, 1611: West-Indies, 1621-69

East; 1611: East, 1621-69

234 money, 1611-21: money 1625-69

237 knowst 1611: knowest 1612-69: and so in 238

237 this,] this 1633-35

238 is. 1611, 1612-33: is, 1635-69

244 contrould,] contrould. 1611, 1612-25

251 Sphericall, 1650-69: Sphericall 1611, 1612-39

252 all. 1611, 1612-25: all, 1633-69

257 forme: 1633-69: forme. 1611, 1612-25

258 sheires, 1633-35: sheeres, 1611, 1612-25: shieres, 1639-69

267 Tropiques 1611, 1612-25: tropiques 1633-69

273 with] of 1635-69

284 pace.] peace. 1612-33

286 Tenarif, 1611, 1612-25: Tenarus 1633-69

Hill 1611, 1612-25: hill 1633-69

288 there, 1611, 1612-21: there 1625-69

289 strooke 1611, 1612-25: strucke 1633-69

290 to morrow, 1611, 1612-25: to morrow 1633-69

295 Vault 1611, 1612-25: vault 1633-69

298 straight] strait 1611-25

300 pock-holes] pockholes 1633-69

301 th'earth?] th'earth; 1633

306 beauties best, proportion, 1611, 1612-39: beauty's best proportion Chambers: 1650-69 drop the second comma

313 infer, 1611-12: infer. 1621-25: infer 1633-69

318 proportions 1611-12: proportion 1621-69

321 Elements, 1611-12: Elements 1621-69

325 Shee, shee 1611, 1612-25: She, she 1633-69

shee's] she's 1633-69

knowst 1611: knowest 1612-25: know'st 1633-69

326 knowst 1611, 1612-25: knowest 1633-69

336 Deformitee. 1611, 1612-25: deformitie. 1633-69

351 inow, 1611, 1612-25: enough, 1633: enow, 1635-69

352 allow.] allow, 1621-33

366 Diaphanous, 1611, 1612-25: diaphanous, 1633-69

369 Shee, shee, 1611, 1612-25 (shee 1625): She, she 1633-69 (but Shee, 1633, in pass-over word)

370 knowst 1611: knowest 1621-69

374 vanitie, to thinke 1633-69: vanity to think, 1611, 1612-25

379-80 feele this, ... barren is. 1611, 1612-69: feele this. ... barren is; Chambers. See note

383 Th'Ayre 1611, 1612-21: Th'ayre 1625-69

387 Th'Ayre 1611: Th'ayre 1612-69

390 Mages] No change of type, 1611-12

394 Charme, 1611-21: Charme 1625-54

404 Ashes 1611, 1612-25: ashes 1633-69

407 Swan, 1611, 1612-25: swan, 1633-69

415 Impressions 1611: Impression 1612-25: impression 1633-69

416 But, 1611: But 1621-69

Receivers 1611-12: rest no capital

421 have] have, 1633

427 is dead;] is dead, 1633-69

shee's dead; 1611-25: she's dead; 1633-69

431 nothing] no thing 1611-21

442 they're] thy're 1633

443 And, 1611, 1612-25: and, 1633-69

467 (in due measure) 1611, 1612-25 (but 1625 drops second bracket): commas 1633-69

468 Office 1611, 1612-25: office 1633-69

473 nature: 1611-25: nature, 1633-69

Note

A Funerall Elegie.

'TIS 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 she was?
Joyne 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?
Can these memorials, ragges of paper, give
Life to that name, by which name they must live?
Sickly, alas, short-liv'd, aborted bee
Those carcasse verses, whose soule is not shee.
And can shee, who no longer would be shee,
Being such a Tabernacle, stoop to be
In paper wrapt; or, when shee would not lie
In such a house, dwell in an Elegie?
But 'tis no matter; wee may well allow
Verse to live so long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world containes
Princes for armes, and Counsellors for braines,
Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,

The Rich for stomackes, and for backes, the Poore;
The Officers for hands, Merchants for feet,
By which, remote and distant Countries meet.
But those fine spirits which do tune, and set
This Organ, are those peeces which beget
Wonder and love; and these were shee; and shee
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee;
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,
Except the world it selfe, so great as shee.
Thus brave and confident may Nature bee,
Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because shee cannot such another show.
But must wee say she's dead? may't not be said
That as a sundred clocke is peecemeale laid,
Not to be lost, but by the makers hand
Repollish'd, without errour then to stand,
Or as the Affrique Niger streame 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
Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?
Heaven may say this, and joy in't, but can wee

Who live, and lacke her, here this vantage see?
What is't to us, alas, if there have beene
An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin?
Wee lose by't: and as aged men are glad
Being 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,
Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue
Your force and vigour, ere it were neere gone,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one.
One, whose cleare body was so pure and thinne,
Because it need disguise no thought within.
'Twas but a through-light scarfe, her minde t'inroule;
Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule.
One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd:
And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd;
As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate
To which of them, it 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:
So the world studied whose this peece should be,

Till shee can be no bodies else, nor shee:
But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd
Rather t'adorne, then last, she soone expir'd,
Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie,
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 worlds busie noyse to overcome,
Tooke so much death, as serv'd for opium;
For though she could not, nor could chuse to dye,
She'ath yeelded to too long an extasie:
Hee which not knowing her said History,
Should come to reade the booke of destiny,
How faire, and chast, humble, and high she'ad been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteene,
And measuring future things, by things before,
Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more,
Would thinke that either destiny mistooke,
Or that some leaves were torne out of the booke.
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

Fellow-Commissioner with Destinie,

She did no more but die; if after her

Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,

Every such person is her deligate,

T'accomplish that which should have beene her Fate.

They shall make up that Booke and shall have thanks

Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blankes.

For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,

Which from the gift of her example rise;

And 'tis in heav'n part of spirituall mirth,

To see how well the good play her, on earth.

Funerall Elegie. 1611, 1612-69: whole poem printed in italics 1612-25: in roman 1611

1 lost, 1611, 1612-25: lost 1633: losse 1635-69

2 chest. 1611-21: chest, 1625-69

8 Escurials,] escurials. 1611-25

13 aborted 1611, 1612-33: abortive 1635-69

17 or, 1612-25: or 1633-69

18 a] an 1635-69

22-5 Princes, Counsellors &c. all in capitals except Officers 1611, 1612-25: later editions erratic

24: backes, 1611: backes 1612-25: backs 1633-69

Poore] spelt Pore 1611-12

28 peeces] peeces, 1633-69

30 1625 inserts marginal note, Smalnesse of stature. See p. 235

33 as 1611-21: om. 1625: was 1633-69

47 in't,] in't; 1612-21: in'ts, 1625

48 her, here 1611, 1612-25: her, here, 1633: her here, 1635-69

58 one. 1612-25: one; 1633-69

64 worth] worke 1633

74 expir'd, 1633-69: expir'd; 1611, 1612-25

75 integritie, 1633-69: integritie; 1611-25

76 it doe 1611, 1612-25: it doth 1633-69

dye. 1611, 1612-69 (spelt die 1633-69): Chambers closes the sentence at 74 expir'd and prints 75-7 thus—

Clothed in her virgin white integrity

—For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth dye—

To 'scape &c.

83 said 1611, 1612-33: sad 1635-69

94 tooke 1611, 1612-25: tooke, 1633-69

98 prefer, 1611, 1612-25: prefer; 1633-69

OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE.

Wherein,

By occasion of the Religious death of

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
The worlds 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 clay
It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way;
Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe
So fast, that now the lightning moves but slow:
But now thou art as high in heaven flowne
As heaven's from us; what soule besides thine owne
Can tell thy joyes, or say he can relate
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;

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 agone hadst lost the vulgar sight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee less'ned in thine ayery way;
So while thou mak'st her soule by progresse knowne
Thou mak'st a noble progresse of thine owne,
From this worlds carkasse having mounted high
To that pure life of immortalitie;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise
That more may not beseeme 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 Makers praise
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 sainted soules may know
Or what wee doe, or what wee sing below,
Those acts, those songs shall still content them best
Which praise those awfull Powers that make them blest.

Of the Progresse &c. 1612-69: The second Anniversary. 1612-69 (in 1612-21 it stands at head of page)

The Harbinger &c.] In 1612-25 this poem printed in italics

8 are:] are 1612-25

12 that now] as now 1635-69, Chambers

27 soule] soules 1612

28 owne, 1635-69: owne. 1612-33

34 while] whilst 1669

35 upward] upwards 1612

Note

OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE.

Note (Supp.)

The second Anniversarie.

The entrance.1

NOTHING could make me sooner to confesse
That this world had an everlastingnesse,
Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,
Since both this lower world's, and the Sunnes Sunne,
5The Lustre, and the vigor of this All,
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,
10Though at those two Red seas, which freely ranne,
One from the Trunke, another from the Head,

His soule be sail'd, to her eternall bed,
His eyes will twinckle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckned, and cal'd backe his soule,
He graspes his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soule; when all these motions which we saw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:
Or as a Lute, which in moist weather, rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings:
So struggles this dead world, now shee is gone;
For there is motion in corruption.
As some daies are at the Creation nam'd,
Before the Sunne, the which fram'd daies, was fram'd,
So after this Sunne's set, some shew appeares,
And orderly vicissitude of yeares.
Yet a new Deluge, and of Lethe flood,
Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the maine reserve of all.
Yet in this deluge, grosse and generall,
Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall bee,
To be hereafter prais'd, for praysing thee;
Immortall Maid, who though thou would'st refuse
The name of Mother, be unto my Muse
A Father, since her chast Ambition is,

Yearely to bring forth such a child as this.
These Hymnes may worke on future wits, and so
May great Grand children of thy prayses grow.
And so, though not revive, embalme and spice
The world, which else would putrifie with vice.
For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,
Untill man doe but vanish, and not die.
These Hymnes thy issue, may encrease so long,
As till Gods great Venite change the song.
A iust disestimation2 of this world.
Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soule,
And serve thy thirst, with Gods safe-sealing Bowle.
Be thirstie still, and drinke still till thou goe
To th'only Health, to be Hydroptique so.
Forget this rotten world; And unto thee
Let thine owne times as an old storie bee.
Be not concern'd: studie not why, nor when;
Doe not so much as not beleeve a man.
For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth,
Is far more businesse, then this world is worth.
The world is but a carkasse; thou art fed
By it, but as a worme, that carkasse 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 carkasses last resurrection.
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
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 emploi'd, because in all shee did,
Some Figure of the Golden times was hid.
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
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,
Shee, shee is gone; she 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.
Contemplation of our state in our death-bed.
Thinke then, my soule, that death is but a Groome,
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,
And thinke those broken and soft Notes to bee
Division, and thy happyest Harmonie.
Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slacke;
And thinke that, but unbinding of a packe,
To take one precious thing, thy soule from thence.
Thinke thy selfe parch'd with fevers violence,
Anger thine 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 cal'd thee to Church before,
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 sinnes which they gave thee before,

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,
Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that,
Which they from God, and Angels cover not.
Thinke that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
They reinvest thee in white innocence.
Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so low,
Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts can goe,)
Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create
Wormes which insensibly devoure their State.
Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right
Laies thee to sleepe but a Saint Lucies night.
Thinke these things cheerefully: and if thou bee
Drowsie 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:
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.
And as, though all doe know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from Points arise,
None can these lines or quantities unjoynt,
And say this is a line, or this a point,
So though the Elements and Humors were
In her, one could not say, this governes there.
Whose even constitution might have wonne
Any disease to venter on the Sunne,
Rather then her: and make a spirit feare,
That hee to disuniting subject were.
To whose proportions if we would compare
Cubes, th'are unstable; Circles, Angular;
She who was such a chaine as Fate employes
To bring mankinde all Fortunes it enjoyes;
So fast, so even wrought, as one would thinke,
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,
And though he may pretend a conquest, since
Heaven was content to suffer violence,
Yea though hee plead a long possession too,

(For they're in heaven on earth who heavens workes do)
Though hee had right and power and place, before,
Yet Death must usher, and unlocke the doore.
Incommodities of the Soule in the Body.3
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,
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 lumpe of flesh could poyson thus.
This curded milke, this poore unlittered whelpe
My body, could, beyond escape or helpe,
Infect thee with Originall sinne, and thou
Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
Thinke that no stubborne sullen Anchorit,
Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels
So fowly as our Soules in their first-built Cels.
Thinke in how poore a prison thou didst lie
After, enabled but to suck, and crie.
Thinke, when'twas growne to most,'twas a poore Inne,
A Province pack'd up in two yards of skinne,

And that usurp'd or threatned with the rage
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age.
But thinke that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Her liberty by death.
Thou hast thy'expansion now, and libertie;
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 slow-pac'd soule, which late did cleave
To'a body, and went but by the bodies leave,
Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile a day,
Dispatches in a minute all the way
Twixt heaven, and earth; she stayes not in the ayre,
To looke what Meteors there themselves prepare;
She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether th'ayres middle region be intense;
For th'Element of fire, she doth not know,
Whether she past by such a place or no;
She baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie
Whether in that new world, men live, and die.
Venus retards her not, to'enquire, how shee
Can, (being one starre) Hesper, and Vesper bee;
Hee that charm'd Argus eyes, sweet Mercury,

Workes not on her, who now is growne all eye;
Who, if she meet the body of the Sunne,
Goes through, not staying till his course be runne;
Who findes in Mars his Campe no corps of Guard;
Nor is by Iove, nor by his father barr'd;
But ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at, and through the Firmament.
And as these starres were but so many beads
Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
Her through those Spheares, as through the beads, a string,
Whose quick succession makes it still one thing:
As doth the pith, which, lest 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 enjoyes this her third birth,
(Creation gave her one, a second, grace,)
Heaven is as neare, and present to her face,
As colours are, and objects, in a roome
Where darknesse was before, when Tapers come.
This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progresse bee;
To'advance these thoughts, remember then, that she,
She; whose faire body no such prison was,
But that a Soule might well be pleas'd to passe
An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent

Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her;
Shee, in whose body (if we dare preferre
This 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;
And when w'have made this large discoverie
Of all, in her some one part then will bee
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
Shee, whom had they knowne who did first betroth
The Tutelar Angels, and assign'd one, both
To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
To Functions, Offices, and Dignities,
And to each severall man, to him, and him,
They would have given her one for every limbe;
She, of whose soule, if wee may say, 'twas Gold,
Her body was th'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,
That one might almost say, her body thought;
Shee, shee, thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone:

And chides us slow-pac'd snailes who crawle upon
Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke us well,
Longer, then whil'st wee beare our brittle shell.
Her ignorance in this life and knowledge in the next.4
But 'twere but little to have chang'd our roome,
If, as we were in this our living Tombe
Oppress'd with ignorance, wee still were so.
Poore soule, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
Thou know'st thy selfe so little, as thou know'st not,
How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poyson of mans sinne.
Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st, that thou art so)
By what way thou art made immortall, know.
Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
Even thy selfe: yea though thou wouldst but bend
To know thy body. Have not all soules thought
For many ages, that our body'is wrought
Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Elements?
And now they thinke of new ingredients,
And one Soule thinkes one, and another way
Another thinkes, and 'tis an even lay.
Knowst thou but how the stone doth enter in
The bladders cave, and never breake the skinne?

Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe?
And for the putrid stuffe, which thou dost spit,
Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no passages, so that there is
(For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.
And of those many opinions which men raise
Of Nailes and Haires, dost thou know which to praise?
What hope have wee to know our selves, when wee
Know not the least things, which for our use be?
Wee see in Authors, too stiffe to recant,
A hundred controversies of an Ant;
And yet one watches, starves, freeses, and sweats,
To know but Catechismes and Alphabets
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
How others on our stage their parts did Act;
What Cæsar did, yea, and what Cicero said.
Why grasse 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?
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:
Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eyes,
Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares, nor learne
By circuit, or collections to discerne.
In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it,
And what concernes it not, shalt straight forget.
There thou (but in no other schoole) maist bee
Perchance, as learned, and as full, as shee,
Shee who all libraries had throughly read
At home in her owne thoughts, and practised
So much good as would make as many more:
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:
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,
(For so much knowledge, as would over-fraight
Another, did but ballast her) is gone
As well t'enjoy, as get perfection.

And cals us after her, in that shee tooke,
(Taking her selfe) our best, and worthiest booke.
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
Canst thou choose out, free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?
Shalt thou not finde a spungie slacke Divine
Drinke and sucke in th'instructions of Great men,
And for the word of God, vent them agen?
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
Chiefly the chiefest parts, but some effect
In nailes, and haires, yea excrements, will show;
So lyes the poyson of sinne in the most low.
Up, up, my drowsie Soule, where thy new eare
Shall in the Angels songs no discord heare;
Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid

Joy in not being that, which men have said.
Where she is exalted more for being good,
Then for her interest of Mother-hood.
Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit
Expecting Christ, then they'have enjoy'd him yet.
Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see
Their Prophesies growne to be Historie.
Up to th'Apostles, who did bravely runne
All the Suns course, with more light then the Sunne.
Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oyle to th'Apostles Lamps, dew to their seed.
Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost
They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his Temple give.
Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live
She, who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities.
Shee, who being to her selfe a State, injoy'd
All royalties which any State employ'd;
For shee made warres, and triumph'd; reason still
Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will:
And she made peace, for no peace is like this,
That beauty, and chastity together kisse:
She did high justice, for she crucified

Every first motion of rebellious pride:
And she gave pardons, and was liberall,
For, onely her selfe except, she pardon'd all:
Shee coy'nd, in this, that her impressions gave
To all our actions all the worth they have:
She gave protections; the thoughts of her brest
Satans rude Officers could ne'r arrest.
As these prerogatives being met in one,
Made her a soveraigne State; religion
Made her a Church; and these two made her all.
She who was all this All, and could not fall
To worse, by company, (for she was still
More Antidote, then all the world was ill,)
Shee, shee doth leave it, and by Death, survive
All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not strive
The more, because shees 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'essentiall.
Of essentiall joy in this life and in the next.
Still before Accessories doe abide
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'st is to move)
Poore cousened cousenor, that she, and that thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now;
You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
Next day repaires, (but ill) last dayes decay.
Nor are, (although the river keepe the name)
Yesterdaies waters, and to daies the same.
So flowes her face, and thine eyes, neither now
That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow
Concern'd, remaines; but whil'st you thinke you bee
Constant, you'are hourely in inconstancie.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Because that God did live so long above
Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,
That he at last made Creatures to bestow
Honour on him; not that he needed it,
But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit.
But since all Honours from inferiours flow,
(For they doe give it; Princes doe but shew
Whom they would have so honor'd) and that this
On such opinions, and capacities
Is built, as rise and fall, to more and lesse:
Alas, 'tis but a casuall happinesse.

Hath ever any man to'himselfe assign'd
This or that happinesse to'arrest his minde,
But that another man which takes a worse,
Thinks him a foole for having tane that course?
They who did labour Babels tower to'erect,
Might have considered, that for that effect,
All this whole solid Earth could not allow
Nor furnish forth materialls enow;
And that this Center, to raise such a place,
Was farre too little, to have beene the Base;
No more affords this world, foundation
To erect true joy, were all the meanes in one.
But as the Heathen made them severall gods,
Of all Gods Benefits, and all his Rods,
(For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are
Gods unto them, so Agues bee, and Warre)
And as by changing that whole precious Gold
To such small Copper coynes, they lost the old,
And lost their only God, who ever must
Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:
So much mankinde true happinesse mistakes;
No Joy enjoyes that man, that many makes.
Then, Soule, to thy first pitch worke up againe;
Know that all lines which circles doe containe,

For once that they the Center touch, doe touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou such;
Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth emploid;
All will not serve; Only who have enjoy'd
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;
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;
Who with Gods 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,
Gods Image, in such reparation,
Within her heart, that what decay was growne,
Was her first Parents fault, and not her owne:
Who being solicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his safe precontract;

Who by a faithfull confidence, was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
Whose twilights were more cleare, then our mid-day;
Who dreamt devoutlier, then most use to pray;
Who being here fil'd with grace, yet strove to bee,
Both where more grace, and more capacitie
At once is given: she to Heaven is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A heaven, and here, became unto us all,
Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiall.
Of accidentall joys in both places.
But could this low world joyes essentiall touch,
Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much.
How poore and lame, must then our casuall bee?
If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than,
By being greater, growne to bee lesse Man.
When no Physitian of redresse can speake,
A joyfull casuall violence may breake
A dangerous Apostem in thy breast;
And whil'st thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest,
The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
What e'r was casuall, may ever bee.
What should the nature change? Or make the same

Certaine, which was but casuall, when it came?
All casuall joy doth loud and plainly say,
Only by comming, that it can away.
Only in Heaven joyes strength is never spent;
And accidentall things are permanent.
Joy of a soules arrivall ne'r decaies;
For that soule ever joyes and ever staies.
Joy that their last great Consummation
Approaches in the resurrection;
When earthly bodies more celestiall
Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall;
This kinde of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part, that shee,
Shee, in whose goodnesse, he that names degree,
Doth injure her; ('Tis losse to be cal'd best,
There where the stuffe is not such as the rest)
Shee, who left such a bodie, as even shee
Only in Heaven could learne, how it can bee
Made better; for shee rather was two soules,
Or like to full on both sides written Rols,
Where eyes might reade upon the outward skin,
As strong Records for God, as mindes within;
Shee, who by making full perfection grow,

Peeces a Circle, and still keepes it so,
Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
Where shee receives, and gives addition.
Conclusion.
Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames
A thousand Prayers to Saints, whose very names
The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet:
And where, what lawes of Poetry admit,
Lawes of Religion have at least the same,
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 yeares true Rent,
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,
The purpose, and th'authoritie is his;
Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
The Trumpet, at whose voyce the people came.

1 The entrance. 1612-21: om. 1625-33: no notes, 1635-69

5 All, 1612: all, 1625-69

10 Though] Through 1612-25

12 be fail'd,] he fail'd, 1621-33

13 twinckle] twincke 1625

20 strings: Ed: strings. 1612-69

23 are Ed: are, 1612-69

24 was fram'd, 1612-25: was fram'd: 1633-69

27 Deluge, 1612-25: deluge, 1633-69

29 all. Ed: all, 1612-33: all; 1635-69

33 Maid, 1612-25, 1669: maid, 1633-54

35 is, 1612-25: is 1633-69

43 thy] they 1621-25

issue, 1612-33: issue 1635-69. See note

2 disestimation

estimation 1625]

46 safe-sealing] safe-fealing 1621-39

47 goe] goe; 1612-25

48 Health, 1612-33: Health; 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier

so. 1612-21: so, 1625-69, Chambers and Grolier. See note

50 bee. Ed: bee 1612-35: bee, 1639-69

51 why, 1612-21: why 1625-69

nor] or 1669

57 more, 1612-25: more 1633-69

67 was but] twas but 1612-25

81 Shee, shee 1621-25: Shee, she 1633-69

82 is] is. 1612-25

96 parch'd 1612-21, 1639-69: pach'd 1625: patch'd 1633-35

99 knell,] knell 1633

101 So this, 1612-33: So, this 1635-69

103 thrust;] trust; 1669

113 shroud] shourd 1621-25

116 exalted] exhalted 1621

goe,] goe. 1612-21

123 Complexion 1612-25: complexion 1633-69

124 Ingredients 1612-25: ingredients 1633-69

134 a point, 1612-21: a-point. 1625: a point: 1633-69

136 there. 1612-25: there, 1633-69

137 wonne] worne 1612-25: woon 1633

140 to 1612-25: too 1633-69

146 Accident 1612-25: accident 1633-69

156 Death 1612-25: death 1633-69

3 Incommodities &c. 1612-21: om. 1625-33

161 thee, both 1612-25: thee both 1633-69

172 first-built 1612-25: first built 1633-69

173 didst] dost 1669

177 the rage 1612-25: a rage 1633-69

179 Death 1612-25: death 1633-69

181 Peece, discharg'd, 1612: Peece, discharg'd 1625: Peece discharg'd 1633: Peece discharg'd, 1635-69

183 This 1612-25: this 1633-69

185 soule, 1612-21: soule 1625-69

187 Twenty, perchance,] Twentie, perchance 1625: Twenty perchance 1633-69

197 Venus] no ital. 1612-25, and so with Hesper &c.

retards] recards 1612-25

201 Who, if 1612-25: Who if 1633-69

204 barr'd;] bard; 1612-39

209 the] those 1669

214 her] om. 1650-69

219-20 text 1612-25 (but soul 1612-25, and then 1625 and shee 1612-25):

This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progresse bee,

To'advance these thoughts; Remember then that she,

1633-69, Chambers and Grolier. See note

231 discoverie] Discoveree. 1612-25

232 Of all,] Of all 1612-25

236 assign'd Ed: assigned 1612-69

238 Dignities, 1612-25: dignities, 1633-69

241 Gold, 1612-25: gold, 1633-69

243 understood] unstood 1621-25

249 well,] well 1612-25

251 little] little 1633

4 Her ignorance &c.: 1612-25: om. 1633

265 Ayre, and Fire, 1612-25: aire, and fire, 1633-69

266 ingredients, 1612: ingredients. 1621-69

268 'tis] ty's 1612-21

270 breake 1612: brake 1621-33: break 1635-69

287 said. 1612-25: said, 1633-69

291 Pedantery] Pedantry 1650-69

292 taught] thought 1612-25

300 shalt] shall 1612-25, 1669

308 all] aie 1612-21: are 1625

314 print,] point, 1612-33

323 earthly] early 1625

324 there.] there, 1633-39

326 choose 1612-25: chose 1633-69

327 will not] will nor 1612-25

328 Divine 1612-25: Divine, 1633-69

329 Great 1612-25: great 1633-69

333 wits 1612-25: wits, 1633-69

336 some] some, 1633

338 lyes] wise 1612-25

353 thought] thoughts 1612-25

366 rebellious] rebellions 1635-69

369 impressions 1612-25: rest impression

378 ill,)] last bracket dropped 1612-33

380 whither] spelt whether 1612-33

383 study, 1635-69: study 1612-33

391 that ... that] no italics 1612-25

397 eies, 1612-21: eyes 1625: eyes; 1633-69, Chambers. See note

398 Saint, 1612-25: Saint 1633-69

vow] row 1612-25

399 remaines;] remaines, 1612-25

402 that] in italics 1633-69

404 Creatures 1612-25: creatures 1633-69

416 Thinks] Thinke 1612-25

420 enow] enough 1633

421 this 1612: his 1621-69

421-2 place, ... little, 1612: place ... little, 1621-33

423 affords] affoords 1612-25

world, foundation 1633-69: worlds, foundatione 1612-25

426 Benefits ... Rods] capitals from 1612-25

428 Warre] no capital 1612-39

429 that] the 1625

433 much] much, 1633-39

435 up] upon 1612-25

449 Here 1612-25: here 1633-69

463 cleare,] cleane, 1635

475 My Lord] no italics 1612-25

477 redresse] Reders 1612-25

482 What e'r] What eye 1612-25

500 where] waere 1612

501 even] ever 1625

506: within; Ed: within, 1612-39: within. 1650-69

516: invoke] inroque 1612-25

518 French 1635-69: french 1612-33

520 Rent] Rent. 1633

Note

EPICEDES AND OBSEQVIES Vpon The deaths of sundry Personages.

Note

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
All, that this naturall world doth comprehend:
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference.
But for th'enormous greatnesses, which are
So disproportion'd, and so angulare,
As is Gods essence, place and providence,
Where, how, when, what 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,
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.
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 beleeve or know?
Was it not well beleev'd till now, that hee,
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 tryed,
Met a Torpedo, and were stupified;
And others studies, how he would be bent;
Was his great fathers greatest instrument,
And activ'st spirit, to convey and tie
This soule of peace, through Christianity?
Was it not well beleev'd, that hee would make
This generall peace, th'Eternall overtake,
And that his times might have stretch'd out so farre,

As to touch those, of which they emblems are?
For to confirme this just beleefe, that now
The last dayes came, wee saw heav'n did allow,
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 vexe our great-grand-mother, Dust.
Oh, is God prodigall? hath he spent his store
Of plagues, on us; and onely now, when more
Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery;
And will not let's enjoy our curse; to dy?
As, for the earth throwne lowest downe of all,
T'were an ambition to desire to fall,
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,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Sustaines in us; Earth, which griefes animate?
Nor hath our world now, other Soule then that.
And could griefe get so high as heav'n, that Quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
(With griefe to see him) hee had 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
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.
If Fate have such a chaine, whose divers links
Industrious man discerneth, as hee thinks;
When miracle doth come, and so steale in
A new linke, man knowes not, where to begin:
At a much deader fault must reason bee,
Death having broke off such a linke as hee.
But now, for us, with busie 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.
So, if our griefs wee do not well declare,
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 Soules best baiting, and midd-period,

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,

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

These lines, you wish, I knew your history.

So much, as you, two mutuall heav'ns were here,

I were an Angell, singing what you were.

Epicedes &c. 1635-69: Elegie upon &c. 1613, in the Lachrymae Lachrymarum &c. of Joshua Sylvester. See note: Elegie on Prince Henry. 1633-54, O'F: similarly, Cy, N, TCD: An Elegie on the untimely &c. 1669

8 man 1633-69: men 1613

17 neare] nere 1633

18 that 1633-69: the 1613

19 might credit 1633-69: could credit 1613

21 moving 1633-69: movings 1613

22 shake, 1650-69: shake. 1633-39

26 extasie Ed: exstasie, 1633-69

31 bent; Ed: bent, 1613, 1633-69

34 through 1613-33: to 1635-69

Christianity? 1669: Christianity: 1633-54

42 did 1633: should 1613, 1635-69

44 great-grand-mother, 1613: great grand mother, 1633: great grand-mother, 1635-69

46 us;] us, 1633

48 to dy? Ed: to dy. 1633: to die! 1635-54: no stop, 1669

57 animate?] animate; 1633

66 Of 1633-69: With 1613

67 as, 1613: as 1633-69

69 So is't to] So is' to 1669

71 Fate 1633-69: Faith 1613

72 thinks; Ed: thinks, 1613, 1633-69

73 come, 1633-69: joine; 1613

so steale in 1633-69: to steal-in 1613

77 proofe 1633-69: proofes 1613

78 some. 1633: some, 1635-69

80 hee. 1633: hee, 1635-69

82 and we are. 1633-54: we are. 1613, 1669

83 I would not 1633-54: would not I 1669

91 Who Ed: who 1633-69

92 shee, 1633-69: she. Chambers

97 So much, as you, 1633-69: So, much as you Chambers

To the Countesse of Bedford.

Madame,

IHAVE learn'd by those lawes wherein I am a1 little conversant, that hee which bestowes any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not the2 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 brothers fortune being yours, the evidences also concerning it are yours,3 so his vertue4 being yours, the evidences concerning it,5 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 Ladiships most humble

and thankfull servant

John Donne.

To the Countesse &c. 1633-69, and in most of the MSS. as next page

1 a 1633-54: om. 1669

2 the] his 1669]

3 yours, 1633: yours: 1635-69

4 vertue 1633: vertues 1635-69

5 it, 1633: that 1635-69

Note

Obsequies to the Lord Harrington, brother to the Lady Lucy, Countesse of Bedford.

FAIRE soule, which wast, not onely, as all soules bee,

Then when thou wast infused, harmony,

But did'st continue so; and now dost beare
A part in Gods great organ, this whole Spheare:
If looking up to God; or downe to us,
Thou finde that any way is pervious,
Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mans actions doe
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,
See, and with joy, mee to that good degree
Of goodnesse growne, that I can studie thee,
And, by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparell and enlarge my minde,
And so can make by this soft extasie,
This place a map of heav'n, my selfe of thee.
Thou seest mee here at midnight, now all rest;
Times dead-low water; when all mindes devest
To morrows businesse, when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be'a type of this,
Now when the clyent, whose last hearing is
To morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,
(Who when hee opes his eyes, must shut them than
Againe by death,) although sad watch hee keepe,
Doth practice dying by a little sleepe,
Thou at this midnight seest mee, and as soone
As that Sunne rises to mee, midnight's noone,

All the world growes transparent, and I see
Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee;
And I discerne by favour of this light,
My selfe, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glasse; as thou when thou dost see
Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee,
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All, in these mirrors of thy wayes, and end.
Though God be our true glasse, through which we see
All, since the beeing 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.
But where can I affirme, or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
For fluid vertue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodies change, and as I do not weare
Those Spirits, humors, blood I did last yeare,
And, as if on a streame I fixe mine eye,
That drop, which I looked on, is presently
Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone,
So in this sea of vertues, can no one

Bee'insisted on; vertues, as rivers, passe,
Yet still remaines that vertuous man there was.
And as if man feed on mans flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
Because God knowes where every Atome lyes;
So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
Who knew his minutes well, hee might dispose
His vertues into names, and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Destinie,
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
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;
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,
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.
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
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;
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
And lay together every A, and B;
So, in short liv'd good men, is'not understood
Each severall vertue, but the compound good;

For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,
As Angells goe, and know, and as men read.
O why should then these men, these lumps of Balme
Sent hither, this worlds tempests to becalme,
Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spred,
And so make us alive, themselves be dead?
O Soule, O circle, why so quickly bee
Thy ends, thy birth and death, clos'd up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compasse still was plac'd
In heav'n, the other might securely'have pac'd
In the most large extent, through every path,
Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath.
Thou knowst, that though the tropique circles have
(Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,)
All the same roundnesse, evennesse, and all
The endlesnesse of the equinoctiall;
Yet, when we come to measure distances,
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 endlesse happinesse,
And wee, by our good use of it may trye,
Both how to live well young, and how to die,

Yet, since we must be old, and age endures
His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
Of hot ambitions, irrelegions ice,
Zeales agues, and hydroptique avarice,
Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
As well as lust, and ignorance of youth;
Why did'st thou not for these give medicines too,
And by thy doing tell us what to doe?
Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele
Doth each mismotion and distemper feele,
Whose hand gets shaking palsies, and whose string
(His sinewes) slackens, and whose Soule, the spring,
Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the flye,
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;
So, youth is easiest to destruction,
If then wee follow all, or follow none.
Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
Plac'd to informe whole towns, to'imploy their time,
An error doth more harme, being generall,
When, small clocks 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 clock so true, as might the Sunne controule,
And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
Instructions, such as it could never be
Disordered, stay here, as a generall
And great Sun-dyall, to have set us All?
O why wouldst thou be any instrument
To this unnaturall course, or why consent
To this, not miracle, but Prodigie,
That when the ebbs, longer then flowings be,
Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
Should so much faster ebb out, then flow in?
Though her flood was blowne in, by thy first breath,
All is at once sunke 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
Good companie, his entry is a grave.
Mee thinkes all Cities, now, but Anthills bee,
Where, when the severall labourers I see,
For children, house, Provision, taking paine,
They'are all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain;

And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
The most repaire, that are in goodnesse rich.
There is the best concourse, and confluence,
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
Begins Gods City, New Jerusalem,
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,
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 youthes foes did yield,
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,
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 youths desires, and colds of ignorance,
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,)
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
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 state,
Of which he gave thee the vicariate,
(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
Hath got, by getting thee, then't had before?
For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
Of one another in possession were.

But this from Triumph most disables thee,
That, that place which is conquered, must bee
Left safe from present warre, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to breake out:
And hath he left us so? or can it bee
His territory was no more then Hee?
No, we were all his charge, the Diocis
Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is,
And he was joyned in commission
With Tutelar Angels, sent to every one.
But though this freedome to upbraid, and chide
Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at Pompey jeast, but they might not
At that authoritie, by which he got
Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might;
So, though, triumphant soule, 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
Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee,
'Gainst natures 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,
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;
And though in no degree I can expresse
Griefe in great Alexanders great excesse,
Who at his friends 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.

Obsequies to &c. B, S96 and similarly A25, C, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, TCD: Obsequies to the Lord Harringtons brother. To the Countesse of Bedford. 1633-54: Obsequies on the Lord Harrington, &c. To the Countess of Bedford. 1669

7 mans 1633, D, H49: mens 1635-69 and most MSS.

11 these 1633-69: those B, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, TCD

15 midnight, now 1633-69: midnight; now Chambers: midnight now, Grolier

26 that Sunne] this Sunne N, TCD

30 hardest] hardyest 1669

34 end. D: end; 1633-69

35 our true glasse, 1633-69 (glass, 1633): truly our glass A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD

see] see. 1633 some copies, 1635

38 Things, in proportion fit, by perspective, D: Things, in proportion fit by perspective, 1633: Things, in proportion, fit by perspective, 1635-54, Chambers: Things in proportion, fit by perspective, 1669. See note

39 men; D: men, 1633: men: 1635-69

living 1633: beeing 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier

40 neare. 1635-69: nere; 1633

44 contemplation. Ed: contemplation; 1633-69

51 on; Ed: on, 1633-69

52 was. Ed: was; 1633-69

53 feed 1635-69 and MSS.: feeds 1633

63 would 1633: should 1635-69

69 to have his 1633, A25, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, S96, TCD: to'have had his 1635-69, O'F, Chambers

70 old; Ed: old, 1633-39: old. 1650-69

71 So, then that Ed: So then, that 1633: So, then, that 1635-69

76 exercise] exercse 1633 some copies: encrease D, H49, Lec: exercise: they S

lacke 1633-54: last 1669

time] room A25, B, JC, O'F, S, S96, TCD

78 epitome: D: epitome. 1633-69

80 Chronicles] Chroniclers 1669

can touch.] can touch; 1633

84 he] om. 1669, O'F

86 Aire; 1669: Aire. 1633-35: Air, 1639-54

87 instant] instant, 1633

98 good; Ed: good. 1633-69

102 this A25, B, C, D, H49, JC, N, O'F, S, TCD: the 1633-69

tempests A25, D, H49, JC, N, S96, TCD: tempest 1633-69, O'F, S

106 death, Ed: death 1633-69

110 man] man, 1633

hath.] hath, 1633 some copies, 1633-39

117 When ... when 1633-69, D, H49, Lec: Where ... where rest of MSS.

118 circles, than can D: circles, then, can 1633-69

121 it] that many MSS.

125 ambitions,] ambition, 1669

126 agues, Ed: agues; 1633-69

127-8 in brackets 1635-69

128 As well as lust, 1669: As well, as lust 1633-54

130 tell us 1633, 1669, A25, D, H49, N, S, TCD: set us 1635-54, B, O'F, S96, and Chambers

133 hand gets A25, B, C, D, H49, JC, N, S, TCD: hands get 1633-54: hands gets 1669. See note

135 flye, 1633: flee, 1635-69

138 houres come, 1633-54: hour come, 1669: hours are come, Chambers

142 none. 1635-69: none; 1633

146 fall; Ed: fall. 1633-69

154 great] grave A25, C

155 wouldst] wouldest 1639-54

any 1633-35, and MSS.: an 1639-69, Chambers

158 when 1633-69: where C, D, H49, N, O'F, S, TCD: whereas B

161 was 1633: were 1635-69

165 grow sure, 1633, D, H49, Lec: am sure, 1635-69

170 and 1633-69: or A25, B, C, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD

176 them. D: them; 1633, 1639-69: them, 1635

178 Triumph; 1633: Triumph. 1635-69

184 victorie; Ed: victorie, 1633-69

186 brought] wrought 1639, Chambers

192 usurp'dst B, D, H49, N, TCD: usurp'st 1633, Lec, S96: usurpe 1635-69, A25, JC, O'F, Chambers

193 Then 1635-69: That 1633

198 acclamations 1669, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD: acclamation 1633-54

202 are. D: are; 1633-69

204 expresse; Ed: expresse. 1633-69

212 endeavours, 1633-54, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD: Indentours, 1669, Chambers

216 'thad] t'had 1633-39

218 were. D: were; 1633-69

222 out: 1635-69: out. 1633

224 His 1633-54: This 1669

then 1633-69: but D, H49, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD

231 reference] reverence 1650-54

239 I am] am I B, O'F, S, S96

241 with 1633-69, O'F: for A25, D, H49, Lec, N, TCD

247 time,] times, 1669, B, JC, O'F, N, S, S96, TCD

250 soldurii D, H49, Lec: soldarii 1633-69

251 expresse] expresse, 1633

257 Who, 1633: Which, 1639-69

Note

Elegie on the Lady Marckham.

MAN 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,
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,
And even these teares, which should wash sin, are sin.
We, after Gods Noe, drowne our world againe.
Nothing but man of all invenom'd things
Doth worke upon itselfe, with inborne stings.

Teares are false Spectacles, we cannot see
Through passions mist, what wee are, or what 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.
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
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
Usurpe the body,'our soule, 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;
For, none to death sinnes, that to sinne is loth,
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.
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
That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,
Making omissions, acts; laying the touch
Of sinne, on things that sometimes may be such.
As Moses Cherubines, whose natures doe
Surpasse all speed, by him are winged too:
So would her soule, already'in heaven, seeme then,
To clyme by teares, the common staires of men.
How fit she was for God, I am content
To speake, that Death his vaine hast may repent.
How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet,
To have reform'd this forward heresie,
That women can no parts of friendship bee;
How Morall, how Divine shall not be told,
Lest they that heare her vertues, thinke her old:
And lest we take Deaths part, and make him glad
Of such a prey, and to his tryumph adde.

Elegie &c. 1633-54: An Elegie &c. 1669: similarly, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S96, TC

6 And breaks 1633-54: To break 1669

bankes D, Cy, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, TCC: bounds A25, C: banke, 1633-69, N (s added), TCD

8 firmament,] firmament. 1633

10 Funerall, Ed: Funerall. 1633-69

11 these D, H49, Lec: those 1633-69

12 after Gods Noe, drowne 1633-54 (No, 1633-54): after God, new drown 1669

our world 1669, B, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD: the world 1633-54, A18, A25, JC, TCC

16 mist] mistes Cy, L74, N, TCD

19 embroder'd 1635-54: embroderd 1633: embroider'd 1669

21 stay, Ed: stay 1633-69

25 which Ed: which, 1633-69

28 then, 1633: then 1635-39: them 1650-69

34 and both deaths dust. Ed: and both Deaths' dust. Grolier: and both, deaths dust. 1633: and both death's dust. 1635-69 and Chambers: and both dead dust. D, Cy, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S96. See note

36 loth, Ed: loth. 1633-69

37 die; Ed: die, 1633-69

42 cracks 1633-69, A25, Cy, P (crackt): breakes A18, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC

glasse! Ed: glasse? 1633-69

44-5 omitted in 1633 between foot of one page and top of next

45 rarefie,] rectify, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S96

48 sometimes 1633 and MSS.: sometime 1635-69, and Chambers

52 teares,] tears Chambers

the ... men in brackets A18, N, TC

54 Death D: death 1633-69

58 women 1635-69, A18, A25, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, TC: woman 1633, Cy

parts] parte Cy, JC. This line written in large letters in several MSS.

60 vertues, 1633-35, 1669: vertue, 1639-54

thinke] thinks 1639

old: Ed: old. 1633-69

62 tryumph 1633-69, A25, D, H40, Lec: triumphes A18, B, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S96, TC]

Note

Elegie on Mris Boulstred.

D EATH I recant, and say, unsaid by mee

What ere hath slip'd, that might diminish thee.

Spirituall treason, atheisme 'tis, to say,

That any can thy Summons disobey.

5Th'earths face is but thy Table; there are set

Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eate.

In a rude hunger now hee millions drawes

Into his bloody, or plaguy, or sterv'd jawes.

Now hee will seeme to spare, and doth more wast,

10Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last.

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 harmelesse fish monastique silence keepe,
Who (were Death dead) by Roes of living sand,
Might spunge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the aire, and breakes the hymnique notes
In birds (Heavens choristers,) organique throats,
Which (if they did not dye) might seeme to bee
A tenth ranke in the heavenly hierarchie.
O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'st thou in?
And how without Creation didst begin?
Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest,
All the foure Monarchies, and Antichrist.
How could I thinke thee nothing, that see now
In all this All, nothing else is, but thou.
Our births and lives, vices, and vertues, bee
Wastfull consumptions, and degrees of thee.
For, wee to live, our bellowes weare, and breath,
Nor are wee mortall, dying, dead, but death.
And though thou beest, O mighty bird of prey,
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth hee
Reserve but few, and leaves the most to thee.

And of those few, now thou hast overthrowne
One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own.
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.
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 insinuates 'twixt just men and grace,
Both worke a separation, no divorce.
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?
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 proofe 'gainst sins of youth?
Oh, every age a diverse sinne pursueth.
Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold,
Shortly, ambitious; covetous, when old,
She might have prov'd: and such devotion
Might once have stray'd to superstition.

If all her vertues must have growne, yet might

60Abundant virtue'have bred a proud delight.

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 sociablenesse, a name profane;

65Or sinne, by tempting, or, not daring that,

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,

70Which is, immoderate griefe that she is gone.

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 on Mris Boulstred. 1633-69, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD: in Cy, O'F, P this and the Elegie, Death, be not proud (p. 416) are given as one poem. See note

5 there are set] and the meate A18, L74, N, TC

6 dishes 1633, 1650-69: dished 1635-39, A18, L74, N, O'F, S96, TC

10 first,] fruite or fruites A18, H49, L74, N, TC: first fruit P

14 keepe, 1635-39: keepe. 1633, 1650-69

15 by Roes 1633: the Roes 1635-54: the Rows 1669: by rows A18, N, O'F, P, S96,

TC

18 birds Ed: birds, 1633-69 (Heavens choristers)] brackets from HN

27 lives, 1635-69, A25, Cy, O'F, P, S: lifes, HN: life, 1633, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC

34 to thee. 1633: for thee. 1635-69

35 thou hast 1633-69: hast thou HN

36 blow] blow, 1633

41 King 1633, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC: Kings 1635-69

45 worke 1633-69, HN, O'F, S: workes A18, Cy, D, H49, L74, N, P, TC: makes Lec. See note

56 Shortly,] Shortly 1633

ambitious; 1635-69: ambitious, 1633

62 mis-thinking] mistaking Cy, HN, O'F (but altered to text)

64 profane; 1669: profane, 1635-54: profane. 1633

74 though 1635-69, A18, A25, HN, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: but 1633, D, H40, H49, Lec

Here follow in 1635-54 By our first strange (p. 111), Madame, That I (p. 291), and Death be not proud, (p. 422). In 1669 My Fortune and (p. 292) precedes Madame, That I

Note

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,
(So guiltiest men stand mutest 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 fift and greatest Monarchy,
Was't, that she did possesse all hearts before,
Thou hast kil'd her, to make thy Empire more?
Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
As in a deluge perish th'innocent?
Was't not enough to have that palace wonne,
But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
Had'st thou 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.
She 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
Th'hast 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.
Shee chang'd our world with hers; now she 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
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,
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,
Religion, did not consume, but'inspire
Such piety, so chast use of Gods day,
That what we turne to feast, she turn'd to pray,
And did prefigure here, in devout tast,
The rest of her high Sabaoth, which shall last.
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;

55For from lesse vertue, and lesse beautiousnesse,

The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesses.

The ravenous earth that now wooes her to be

Earth too, will be a Lemnia; and the tree

That wraps that christall in a wooden Tombe,

60Shall be tooke up spruce, fill'd with diamond;

And we her sad glad friends all beare a part

Of griefe, for all would waste a Stoicks heart.

Elegie. 1633: Elegie XI. Death. 1635-54 (being places among the Elegies): Elegie XI. 1669: An Elegie upon the death of Mris Boulstred. A18, B, Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD: no title, HN

2 sorrow 1633, B, Cy, H40, HN, L74, N, P, TC: sorrowes 1635-69, O'F, S

8 desperate. Ed: desperate; 1633-69

10 Tyrant, 1633, 1669 (no comma): Tyran, 1635-54

20 beginne. Ed: beginne; 1633-69

21 for 1635-69: to 1633

26 for in her 1633 and all the MSS.: in her we 1635-69, Chambers

28 They ... that ... well; 1633, Cy, H40, HN, L74, N, S, TC: That know her better now, who knew her well. 1635-69, B, O'F, P, S96

29 and pine, and] or pine, or Cy, H40, HN, O'F, P, S, S96: or pine, and L74, TCC

30 miserie. Ed: miserie; 1633-69

34 The Ethicks speake 1633, A18, Cy, H40, L74, N, P, TC: That Ethickes speake 1635-69, B, O'F, S: The ethenickes spake HN

Cardinall. Ed: Cardinall; 1633-69

36 that kept out] to keep out HN, P

sinne. Ed: sinne; 1633-69

37 She had no more; then let in death for we 1669

38 tree. Ed: tree; 1633-69

41-2 And when we see his mercy shewne in this 'Twill &c. S

44 holiday. Ed: holiday; 1633-69

All the MSS. omit have, but O'F inserts it later

48 That what 1633-69: That when HN

turne] turn'd Cy, HN, P, S96

to feast, Ed: to feast, 1633-69

feast] feasts L74, N, O'F, TC

to pray, Ed: to pray, 1633-69

50 last.] last; 1633

53 Her body left 1633, A18, HN, N, TC: Her bodie's left 1635-69

56 fram'd] fain'd Cy, P: form'd H40, HN

57 wooes] woes 1633

be] be, 1633

58 All the MSS. omit a before Lemnia, but O'F inserts

61 sad glad 1633-69: glad sad B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96

62 waste 1633, A18, Cy, H40, HN, L74, N, P, TC: breake 1635-69, B, O'F

Note

Elegie on the L. C.

SORROW, who to this house scarce knew the way:
Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey.
This strange chance claimes strange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be so strange, as to weepe thus.
5'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 deepe ill, we might have store.
Oh, if a sweet briar, climbe up by'a tree,
10If to a paradise that transplanted bee,
Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,
As we for him dead: though no familie
Ere rigg'd a soule for heavens discoverie
15With whom more Venturers more boldly dare
Venture their states, with him in joy to share.
Wee lose what all friends lov'd, him; he gaines now
But life by death, which worst foes would allow,
If hee could have foes, in whose practise grew
20All 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, senselesse, cold as he.

25Here needs no marble Tombe, since hee is gone,

He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

Elegie &c. 1635-69, following Death be not proud (p. 422): Elegie, Funerall Elegie, or no title, B, Cy, HN, O'F, S96: Elegie VI. (being placed among the Elegies) 1633: Elegie. (being eighth among Elegies) D, H49, Lec: Elegia tercia. S: Elegie XIIIa. JC, W

1 who 1633-39: that 1650-69

2 prey. 1633: prey, 1633-54: Pay. 1669

4 thus. 1669: thus; 1633-54

13 dead: 1633-69: dead. HN, Grolier

16 Venture their states] Venter estates B

share. D, H49, Lec, W: share 1633: share, 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier. See note

17 him;] him, 1633

20 names] name 1635-69

knew. Ed: knew; 1635-69

24 he. 1650-69: he, 1633-39

Note

An hymne to the Saints, and to Marquesse Hamylton.

To Sir Robert Carr.

Sir,

I PRESUME you rather try what you can doe in me, then what I can doe in verse; you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects. In this present case there is so much truth as it defeats all

Poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and, if it bee not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of mee, smother it, and bee that the sacrifice. If you had commanded mee to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity; But, I thanke you that you would command me that which I was loath to doe, for, even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poore friend and

servant in Christ Jesus

I. D.

WHETHER that soule which now comes up to you
Fill any former ranke or make a new;
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it selfe, and order more
Then was in heaven till now; (for may not hee
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;
The name of Father, Master, Friend, the name
Of Subject and of Prince, in one are lame;
Faire mirth is dampt, and conversation black,
The household widdow'd, and the garter slack;
The Chappell wants an eare, Councell a tongue;
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 soule was; All former comelinesse
Fled, in a minute, when the soule was gone,
And, having lost that beauty, would have none;
So fell our Monasteries, in one instant growne
Not to lesse houses, but, to heapes of stone;
So sent this body that faire forme it wore,
Unto the spheare of formes, and doth (before
His soule shall fill up his sepulchrall stone,)
Anticipate a Resurrection;
For, as in his fame, now, his soule is here,
So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there.
And if, faire soule, not with first Innocents
Thy station be, but with the Pænitents,
(And, who shall dare to aske then when I am
Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,
Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,
Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
When thou rememb'rest what sins thou didst finde
Amongst those many friends now left behinde,
And seest such sinners as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, Let it bee

Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them cleane;

Wim him a David, her a Magdalen.

An hymne &c. 1633-69, in all of which it is classed with the Divine Poems, following Resurrection. In 1635-69 it is preceded by the letter To Sir Robert Carr.: in 1633 the letter follows, and has no heading: similarly in A18, O'F, TCC. See note

2 verse; 1635-69: verse, 1633

3 best] at the best A18, TCC

subjects. 1635-69: subjects, 1633: subject, A18, TCC

6-7 of him ... sacrifice. 1635-69: of you nor of him, we will smother it, and be it your sacrifice. 1633: of him, nor of you, nor of anye; smother it, and bee that the sacrifice. A18, TCC

9 the 1635-69: your 1633, A18, TCC

more] much 1633

10 loath] loather 1633

in Christ Jesus] om. A18, TCC

1 Whether] Whither 1633, and so in 3

2 new; Ed: new, 1633-69

6 so,] so? 1633

7 alone?) 1635-54: alone;) 1633: alone) 1669

8 so. Ed: so; 1633-69

12 are 1633, A18, TCC: is 1635-69, O'F

16 song; 1633: song. 1635-69

17 him! Ed: him, 1633-69

18 Gangreend 1635-69: Gangred 1633

limbe. 1633-35: limbe: 1639-69

22 none; Ed: none: 1650-69: none, 1633-39

23 one instant 1633: an instant 1635-69

25 this 1633, A18, TCC: his 1635-69

29 For, as in his 1633-39: For, as it his 1650-54: For, as it is his 1669

30 there. Ed: there; 1633-39: there, 1650-69

36 in eyes] in the eyes A18, O'F, TCC

EPITAPHS. EPITAPH ON HIMSELFE.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

THAT I might make your Cabinet my tombe,
And for my fame which I love next my soule,
Next to my soule provide the happiest roome,
Admit to that place this last funerall Scrowle.
Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
Dying, of you doe beg a Legacie.
My fortune and my will this custome breake,
When we are senselesse grown to make stones speak,
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my graves inside see what thou art now:
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
Vs to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie;

15Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pampered is,

Our soules become worme-eaten Carkasses.

Epitaph. B, D, H40, H49

On himselfe. 1635-69

To the Countesse of Bedford. O'F, S96: no heading, and epistle only, A25, C The introductory epistle, and the first ten lines of the epitaph, the whole with heading Elegie., is printed 1635-54 among the Funerall Elegies. The full epitaph without epistle and with heading On himselfe. is included among the Divine Poems, where it follows the Lamentations of Jeremy. In his note Chambers (II. 234) reverses these facts. In 1669 On himselfe. is transferred to the Funerall Elegies and is followed immediately by the Elegie, i.e. the epistle and incomplete epitaph. They are here given for the first time in a separate group

5 Others by Wills 1635-69: Others by testaments A25, C, O'F (altered to wills), S96: Men by testament B: Then by testament H40: O then by testament D, H49

10 now: 1650-69: now, 1635-39

12 there, 1635, 1669: thee, 1639-54

Omnibus.

MY Fortune and my choice this custome break,

When we are speechlesse grown, to make stones speak,

Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou

In my graves inside seest what thou art now:

5Yet thou'art not yet so good, till death us lay

To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborne Clay.

Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie

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

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

Our soules become wormeaten carkases;

So we our selves miraculously destroy.

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,

By making me being dead, doe good to thee,

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

A last-sicke houre to syllables allow.

Omnibus. D, H49: To all. H40, RP31: Another on the same. (i.e. Mrs Boulstred) P: On himselfe. 1635-69: no title, B, S96: in MSS. this complete epitaph follows the epistle (p. 291); but in B they are separated by various poems and in P the epistle is not given

3 tell] tel 1635

4 seest] see D, H49: compare incomplete version.

5 Yet 1635-69: Nay S96

thou'art Ed: thou art 1635-69

8 lie. Ed: lie; 1635-69

14 them] then 1669

16 to thee, B, D, H40, H49, O'F, S96: for thee, 1635-69

Note

INFINITATI SACRUM, 16. Augusti 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Poêma Satyricon.

Epistle.

O

OTHERS 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 worse then others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against my selfe, as not to doe it, since I love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it 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 mans debt1; 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 unreadinesse 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 apple4 which Eve

eate,5 to this time when shee is

hee,6 whose life you shall

finde in the end of

this booke.

Infinitati &c. 1633-69: (in 1633 it is the first poem; in 1633-69 it follows the Funerall Elegies, from which it is separated by some prose letters, and precedes Divine Poems as here), A18, G, N, TCC, TCD

Metempsychosis. 1650-69: Metempsycosis. 1633-39

1 debt; Ed: debt, 1633-69

2 Mucheron, 1633, N, TC: Mushrome, G: Maceron, 1635-69, O'F

3 and can now tell mee, 1635-69

4 apple] aple 1633

5 eate, 1633-69: ate, O'F: eat, mod. editors

6 shee is hee, 1633, A18, G, N, TC: shee is shee, 1635-69

Note

THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE.

First Song.

I.

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'outweare Seths pillars, bricke and stone,
And (holy writt 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 beginst to shine,
Suck'st early balme, and Iland spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd careere
At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,
And see at night thy Westerne land of Myne,
Yet hast thou not more nations seene then shee,
That before thee, one day beganne to bee,
And thy fraile light being quench'd, shall long, long out live thee.

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 beasts, in whose wombe, Destinie
Us, and our latest nephewes did install
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All,)
Did'st thou in that great stewardship embarke
So diverse shapes into that floating parke,
As have beene moved, and inform'd by this heavenly sparke.

IV.

Great Destiny the Commissary of God,
That hast mark'd out a path and period
For every thing; who, where wee of-spring tooke,
Our wayes and ends seest at one instant; Thou
Knot of all causes, thou whose changelesse brow
Ne'r smiles nor frownes, O vouch thou safe to looke
And shew my story, in thy eternall booke:
That (if my prayer be fit) I may'understand
So much my selfe, as to know with what hand,
How scant, or liberall this my lifes race is spand.

V.

To my sixe lustres almost now outwore,
Except thy booke owe mee so many more,

Except my legend be free from the letts
Of steepe ambition, sleepie 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 save
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 fome,
And shall, in sad lone wayes a lively spright,
Make my darke heavy Poëm light, and light.
For though through many streights, and lands I roame,
I launch at paradise, and I saile towards home;
The course I there began, shall here be staid,
Sailes hoised there, stroke here, and anchors laid
In Thames, which were at Tigrys, and Euphrates waide.
VII.
For the great soule which here amongst us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
Which, as the Moone the sea, moves us; to heare
Whose story, with long patience you will long;

(For 'tis the crowne, and last straine of my song)
This soule to whom Luther, and Mahomet 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 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 Crosse, our joy, and griefe, where nailes did tye
That All, which alwayes was all, every where;
Which could not sinne, and yet all sinnes 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 climing 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 slaine,
And one by one we'are here slaine 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;
She thrust us out, and by them we are led
Astray, from turning, to whence we are fled.
Were prisoners 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.
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 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 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 toyes
Of glassie bubbles, which the gamesome boyes
Stretch to so nice a thinnes through a quill
That they themselves breake, doe themselves spill:
Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercise
As wrastlers, perfects them; Not liberties
Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end heresies.
XIII.
Just in that instant when the serpents gripe,
Broke the slight 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 soone 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'earths pores, and in a Plant hous'd her anew.

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 Prince, and have 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 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
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 kindle, 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 stands upright,
And as that ground by him were conquered
A leafie garland weares he on his head
Enchas'd with little fruits, so red and bright
That for them you would call your Loves lips white;
So, of a lone unhaunted place possest,
Did this soules second Inne, built by the guest,
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

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
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 hast
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 orespread, and sat still evermore,
Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pick'd it selfe a dore.

XIX.

Outcrept a sparrow, this soules moving Inne,
On whose raw armes stiffe feathers now begin,
As childrens teeth through gummes, to breake with paine,
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threds,
All a new downy mantle overspreads,
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.

XX.

In this worlds youth wise nature did make hast,
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,

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.

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 soule is,
The body so free of his kindnesses,
That selfe-preserving it hath now forgot,
And slackneth so the soules, and bodies knot,
Which temperance streightens; freely on his she friends
He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,
Ill steward of himself, himselfe in three yeares ends.

XXII.

Else might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummie blood, which doth in holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
With faind calls, hid nets, or enwrapping snare,
The free inhabitants of the Plyant aire.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive
Askt not of rootes, nor of cock-sparrowes, leave:

Yet chuseth hee, though none of these he feares,
Pleasantly three, then streightned twenty yeares
To live, and to encrease his race, himselfe outweares.
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 males jelly, newly lev'ned was,
For they had intertouch'd as they did passe,
And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
This soule 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.
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.
It mov'd with state, as if to looke upon
Low things it scorn'd, and yet before that one
Could thinke he sought 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.

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

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.

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

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.

XXVII.

Here by her smallnesse shee two deaths orepast,
Once innocence scap'd, and left the oppressor fast.
The net through-swome, she keepes the liquid path,
And whether she leape up sometimes to breath
And suck in aire, or finde it underneath,
Or working parts like mills or limbecks hath
To make the water thinne, and airelike faith
Cares not; but safe the Place she's come unto
Where fresh, with salt waves meet, and what to doe
She knowes not, but betweene both makes a boord or two.

XXVIII.

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

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;
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 Fasts, and Lents for their destruction.

XXX.

A sudden stiffe land-winde in that selfe houre
To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
Fat gluttonies best orator: at last
So long hee hath flowen, and hath flowen so fast
That many leagues at sea, now tir'd hee lyes,
And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies:
The soules no longer foes, two wayes did erre,
The fish I follow, and keepe no calender
Of the other; he lives yet in some great officer.

XXXI.

Into an embrion fish, our Soule is throwne,
And in due time throwne out againe, and growne
To such vastnesse as, if unmanacled
From Greece, Morea were, and that by some

Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swome,
Or seas from Africks body had severed
And torne the hopefull Promontories head,
This fish would seeme these, and, when all hopes faile,
A great ship overset, or without faile
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this whale.

XXXII.

At every stroake his brazen finnes do take,
More circles in the broken sea they make
Then cannons voices, when the aire they teare:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roofe
Of barke that blunts best steele, is thunder-proofe:
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.

XXXIII.

He hunts not fish, but as an officer,
Stayes in his court, at his owne net, and there
All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall;
So on his backe lyes this whale wantoning,
And in his gulfe-like throat, sucks every thing
That passeth neare. Fish chaseth fish, and all,

Flyer and follower, in this whirlepoole fall;
O might not states of more equality
Consist? and is it of necessity
That thousand guiltlesse smals, to make one great, must die?
XXXIV.
Now drinkes he up seas, and he eates up flocks,
He justles Ilands, and he shakes firme rockes.
Now in a roomefull house this Soule doth float,
And like a Prince she sends her faculties
To all her limbes, distant as Provinces.
The Sunne hath twenty times both crab and goate
Parched, since first lanch'd forth this living boate;
'Tis greatest now, and to destruction
Nearest; There's no pause at perfection;
Greatnesse a period hath, but hath no station.
XXXV.
Two little fishes whom hee never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kinde, two not throughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could doe
Good to themselves by his death (they did not eate
His flesh, nor suck those oyles, which thence outstreat)
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 wreches can on them the common anger wreake?
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
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 plyes,
That now a scoffe, and prey, this tyran dyes,
And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all companies.
XXXVII.
Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Those to account, that thought, and wrought his fall?
The heires of slaine kings, wee see are often so
Transported with the joy of what they get,
That they, revenge and obsequies forget,
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.

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 castle. And having for her house
Got the streight cloyster of a wreched mouse
(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 slain, to gallant mischiefe doth herselfe addresse.

XXXIX.

Natures great master-peece, an Elephant,
The onely harmlesse great thing; the giant
Of beasts; who thought, no more had gone, to make one wise
But to be just, and thankfull, loth to offend,
(Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend)
Himselfe he up-props, on himselfe relies,
And foe to none, suspects no enemies,
Still sleeping stood; vex't not his fantasie
Blacke dreames; like an unbent bow, carelesly
His sinewy Proboscis did remisly lie:

XL.

In which as in a gallery this mouse

Walk'd, and surveid the roomes of this vast house,
And to the braine, the soules bedchamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole towne
Cleane undermin'd, the slaine beast tumbled downe;
With him the murtherer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not scape, (for, only hee that ment
To die, did ever kill a man of better roome,)
And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

XLI.

Next, hous'd this Soule a Wolves yet unborne whelp,
Till the best midwife, 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
Was the first type) was still infested soe,
With this wolfe, that it bred his losse and woe;
And yet his bitch, his sentinell attends
The flocke so neere, so well warnes and defends,
That the wolfe, (hopelesse else) to corrupt her, intends.

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 Abels tent he stealeth in the darke,
On whose skirts the bitch slept; ere she could barke,
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.

XLIII.

Hee hath engag'd her; his, she wholy bides;
Who not her owne, none others 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.
At last a trap, of which some every where
Abell had plac'd, ends all his losse, and feare,
By the Wolves death; and now just time it was
That a quicke soule should give life to that masse
Of blood in Abels bitch, and thither this did passe.

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,
But in the lives of Emperours you shall not
Reade of a lust the which may equall this;
This wolfe begot himselfe, and finished
What he began alive, when hee was dead;

Sonne to himselfe, and father too, hee is
A ridling lust, for which Schoolemen would misse
A proper name. The whelpe of both these lay
In Abels tent, and with soft Moaba,
His sister, being yong, it us'd to sport and play.
XLV.
Hee soone for her too harsh, and churlish grew,
And Abell (the dam dead) would use this new
For the field. Being of two kindes thus made,
He, as his dam, from sheepe drove wolves away,
And as his Sire, he made them his owne prey.
Five yeares he liv'd, and cosened with his trade,
Then hopelesse that his faults were hid, betraid
Himselfe by flight, and by all followed,
From dogges, a wolfe; from wolves, a dogge he fled;
And, like a spie to both sides false, he perished.
XLVI.
It quickned next a toyfull Ape, and so
Gamesome it was, that it might freely goe
From tent to tent, and with the children play.
His organs now so like theirs hee doth finde,
That why he cannot laugh, and speake his minde,
He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
With Adams 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.
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 sombersalts, or us'd to wooe
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 beasts do find.
XLVIII.
By this misled, too low things men have prov'd,
And too high; beasts and angels have beene 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;
His toyes prevaile not, likelier meanes he tries,
He gazeth on her face with teare-shot eyes,
And up lifts subtly with his russet pawe
Her kidskinne apron without feare or awe

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

XLIX.

First she was silly and knew not what he ment.

That vertue, by his touches, chaft and spent,

Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite;

She knew not first, nowe cares not what he doth,

And willing halfe and more, more then halfe loth,

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 possest a new.

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

A spungie liver, that did richly allow,

Like a free conduit, on a high hils brow,

Life-keeping moisture unto every part;

Part hardned it selfe to a thicker heart,

Whose busie furnaces lifes spirits do impart.

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 raveld out; and fast there by one end,
Did this Soule limbes, these limbes a soule attend;
And now they joyn'd: keeping some quality
Of every past shape, she knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow
To be a woman. Themech she is now,
Sister and wife to Caine, Caine that first did plow.

LII.

Who ere thou beest that read'st this sullen 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,
By cursed Cains race invented be,
And blest Seth vext us with Astronomie.
Ther's nothing simply good, nor ill alone,
Of every quality comparison,
The onely measure is, and judge, opinion.

The end of the Progresse of the Soule.

7 gold] cold 1635-54

10 writt 1635-69, G: writs 1633, A18, N, TC: Writ's Chambers

12 begot.] begot, 1633

13 East] east 1633 some copies

beginst] begins 1633

16 Danow dine,] Danon dine, 1633

17 Myne, 1633 (but mine, in some copies): Mine, 1635-69

19 one day before thee O'F

21 Nor, holy Ianus, Ed: Nor holy Ianus 1633-69

27 From thence] For, thence G

All,)] All) 1633-69

31 Commissary] commissary 1633 some copies

33 every thing; Ed: every thing, 1633-69

34 instant; 1633: instant. 1635-69

36 vouch thou safe A18, G, N, O'F, TC: vouch safe thou 1633-69

37 booke: Ed: booke. 1633-69

45 Spirit-quenching] Spright-quenching G

54 shall, Ed: shall 1633: hold 1635-69

lone 1635-69: love 1633, A18, G, N, TC

wayes Ed: wayes, 1633-69

spright, Ed: spright 1633-69

59 hoised] hoisted G

61 For the] For this G, N, TCD: For that O'F

63 Which, Ed: Which 1633-69

us; Ed: us, 1633-69

69 when] where A18, G, N, O'F, TC

71 no low] nor low Chambers

74 every where; Ed: every where 1633: every where, 1635-69

83 enlive, G: enlive 1633-69: om. 1633 some copies, and A18, N, TC

93 poyson'd 1669: poisoned 1633-54

94 corrupt us, 1635-69: corrupts us, 1633: corrupt as G

Rivolets; Ed: Rivolets, 1635-69: om. 1633, A18, N, TC

95 breaks] breake 1633 some copies

nets; Ed: nets, 1633-69

96 thrust] thrusts 1633 (thrust in some copies)

97 fled.] fled, 1633

99 beare; 1635-69, G: here, 1633: heare, A18, N, TC

108 is't] i'st 1633

112 vanities, 1633, G: vanitie, 1635-69

114 minde; Ed: minde, 1633-69 reasons, Ed: reasons 1633: reason's 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier

115 which] with 1633 some copies

117 breake, doe 1633, A18, G, N, TC: breake, and doe 1635-69, Chambers

spill: Ed: spill, 1633-69

119 perfects] perfect 1633 some copies

125 day. 1635-69: day, 1633 (corrected in some copies)

126 dares] dare 1669

127 proofe] proofes O'F

130 earths pores, 1669, A18, G, N: earths-pores, 1633: earth-pores, 1633 (some copies), 1635-54

anew] a new 1633

135 grow: 1650-69: grow, 1633-39

137 the Prince, and have so fill'd G: the Princesse, and so fill'd 1633 (but some copies read the Prince, and so fill'd): the Prince, and so fill up 1635-69: the Prince, and so fill'd A18, N, TC

144 bed, Ed: bed; 1633-69

146 upbeare. Ed: upbeare; 1633: up beare; 1635-69

147 middle parts 1633, G, O'F: middle part 1635-69: mid-parts A18, N, TC

150 kindle, G: kinde, 1633, A18, N, O'F, TC: kindle; 1635-69

157 white; 1633: white, 1635-69

159 guest, Ed: guest 1633-69. See note

165 moist red 1633-35: moist-red 1639-69

166 slept] sleept 1633-35

light; Ed: light, 1633-69

167 mandrakes might, Ed: mandrakes might; 1633-54: mandrakes-might: 1669

180 inclos'd 1635-69, G: encloth'd A18, N, TC: encloth'd altered to unclothed then to enclosed O'F: uncloath'd 1633

pick'd] peck'd A18, G, TC

181 Outcrept 1633-35: Out crept 1639-69

185 a new downy 1635-69, A18, G, TC: downy a new 1633

overspreades, 1633-39: overspreads 1650-69

193 cocke, Ed: cocke 1633-69

tree,] tree 1633

194 tent, Ed: tent 1633-69

hen; Ed: hen, 1633-69

196 be; Ed: be, 1633-69

202 ingresse; Ed: ingresse, 1633-69

203-5

Till now unlawfull, therefore ill; 'twas not

So jolly, that it can move this soule; Is

The body so free of his kindnesses, 1633, and 1669 (Till now,):

Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill 'twas not

So jolly, that it can more this soule. Is

The body, so free of his kindnesses, 1635-54

Till now, unlawful, therefore ill 'twas not.

So jolly, that it can move this soul, is

The body, so free of his kindnesses,

Chambers, and Grolier but 203 not; and no commas in 204. See note

206 selfe-preserving] no hyphen 1633-39

207 soules,] souls 1669

208 temperance] têperance 1633-39

212 grow,] grow 1633-39

214 hid G: his 1633-69, A18, N, TC

snare,] snare 1633-69

220 encrease his race,] encrease, 1633

223 brooke. A Ed: brooke; a 1633-69

225 they had intertouch'd 1635-69, G, O'F: they intertouched 1633: they intertouch'd A18, N, TC

227 abled] able 1669

rowe] roe 1633

228 fit: Ed: fit, 1633-69

240 armed were.] arm'd were 1633

249 sure is gone, 1633-39: is sure gone. 1650-54: is sure gone, 1669

251 her A18, G, N, O'F, TC: the 1633-69

254-7 for when ... use, to get,] in brackets 1635-69

254 Need G: need 1633-69

255 then] thê 1633

257 use, Ed: use 1633-69

262 fast. Ed: fast; 1633-69

266 mills Ed: mills, 1633-69

267 water 1635-69, G: wether 1633, A18, TC

airelike 1633-35: ayre like 1639-69 and Chambers

faith 1633-69: faith, Chambers. See note

268 not; Ed: not, 1633-69

270 two.] two 1633

271 is,] is 1633

273 Thus doubtfull 1633, A18, G, N, TC: Thus her doubtfull 1635-69

277 away: Ed: away, 1633-69

279 in brackets 1635-69

stood. 1633-39: stood, 1650-69

280 It's rais'd 1633-69: It rais'd some copies of 1633, A18, G, N, TC

287 industrious] industruous 1633

290 Fasts, and Lents 1635-69: fasts, and lents 1633

296 That many leagues at sea, G: That leagues o'er-past at sea, 1633-69: That leagues at sea, A18, N, O'F (which inserts o'r past), TC. See note

297 dies:] dies, 1633

301 throwne,] throwne 1633

303 vastnesse as, if Grolier: vastnesse, as if 1633-69, Chambers

307 head, 1633: head; 1635-69: head. Chambers. See note

311 take,] take 1633

315 thunder-proofe: Ed: thunder-proofe, 1633-69

316 swallow'd] swallowed 1633

322 at] as A18, G, TCC

337 this 1633: his 1635-69

boate; Ed: boate, 1635-69: boate. 1633

339 perfection; Ed: perfection. 1633-35: perfection, 1639-69

344-5 brackets, 1719: death: ... outstreat, 1633-69

did not eate] doe not eate G

349 Tyran] Tyrant 1669

351 flaile-finn'd] flaile-find 1633: flaile-finnd 1635-39

358 well] were 1633

359 tyran] tyrant 1669

365 they, revenge 1635-69: they revenge, 1633: they, revenge, 1633 some copies

367 h'is 1633: he's 1635-69

368 act; Ed: act. 1633-69

383 who thought, no more had gone, to make one wise 1633, G, A18, N, TC (the

last four MSS. all drop more, N and TCD leaving a space): who thought none had, to make him wise, 1635-69

386 relies,] relies 1633

389 dreames; Ed: dreames, 1633-69

390: lie: 1635: lie. 1633, 1639-69

395 downe; Ed: downe, 1633-69

396 dies,] dies 1633

397-8 brackets, Ed: scape, ... roome, 1633: scape; ... roome, 1635-69

ment] went A18, N, TC

403 goe. Ed: goe, 1633: goe: 1635-69

405 Who,] Who 1633

trade, 1635-69: trade 1633

413 foes. Ed: foes, 1633-69

419 Nor make resist, Ed: Nor much resist, 1633-69: Nowe must resist N: Nowe much resist A18, G, TC: Resistance much O'F

needs] need O'F

420 nor barke, 1633-39: not barke 1650-69, A18, N, TC

422 hides.] hides, 1633

427 plac'd, ends] plac'd end 1633 some copies

435 dead; Ed: dead, 1633-39: dead. 1650-69

443 field. Being Ed: field, being 1633-69

thus] om. 1633

453 play. Ed: play, 1633-69

470 beauty; Ed: beauty, 1633-69

472 lov'd. Ed: lov'd; 1633-69

479 or] of 1669

480 shee hath] shee have A18, N, TC

481 ment. Ed: ment, 1633-69

483 quite; Ed: quite, 1633-69

484 nowe 1633, G: nor 1635-69, Chambers: then A18, TC

485 loth, Ed: Tooth 1633, G: A18, N, TC leave a blank space: in TCC a later hand has inserted loath: wroth, 1635-69

487 Tethlemite A18, G, N, O'F, TC: Tethelemite 1633: Thelemite 1635-69

489 flew. 1635-69: flew, 1633

492 in. 1650-69: in, 1633-39

498 Life-keeping] Life keeping 1633

part; Ed: part, 1633-69

502 well-arm'd 1669: well arm'd 1633-54

503 sinowie] sinewy 1639-54: sinew 1669

504 out; Ed: out, 1633-69

505 this Soule] a Soule A18, N, TC attend; Ed: attend, 1633-69

506-7 joyn'd: ... past shape, 1633: joyn'd, ... past shape; 1635-69, Chambers, Grolier. See note

513 thoughts; 1650-69: thoughts, 1633-39

517 Astronomie.] Astronomie, 1633

519 comparison, 1633, 1669 (no comma): Comparison, 1635-54

520 opinion. 1633: Opinion. 1635-69

The end &c. 1635-69: om. 1633

Note

DIVINE POEMS.

Note

To E. of D. with six holy Sonnets.

SEE Sir, how as the Suns hot Masculine flame
Begets strange creatures on Niles durty slime,
In me, your fatherly yet lusty Ryme
(For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the same;
But though the ingendring force from whence they came
Bee strong enough, and nature doe admit
Seaven to be borne at once, I send as yet
But six; they say, the seaventh hath still some maime.
I choose your judgement, which the same degree
Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
As fire these drossie Rymes to purifie,
Or as Elixar, to change them to gold;
You are that Alchimist which alwaies had
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

Divine Poems. A18, N, TC: In 1635-69 this is the title at head of each page, but the new section is headed Holy Sonnets.

To E. of D. &c. so headed 1633-69 but placed among Letters &c., and so in O'F and (but L. of D.) W: removed hither by Grosart.

4 their fruits] the fruit W

6 doe 1633: doth 1635-69

8 six;] six, 1633

maime. W: maime; 1633-69

11 drossie] drosse 1650-54

Note

To the Lady Magdalen Herbert: of St. Mary Magdalen.

HER of your name, whose fair inheritance

Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo:

An active faith so highly did advance,

That she once knew, more than the Church did know,

5The Resurrection; so much good there is

Deliver'd of her, that some Fathers be

Loth to believe one Woman could do this;

But, think these Magdalens were two or three.

Increase their number, Lady, and their fame:

10To their Devotion, add your Innocence;

Take so much of th'example, as of the name;

The latter half; and in some recompence

That they did harbour Christ himself, a Guest,

Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name addrest. J.D.

To the Lady Magdalen Herbert: &c. Ed: To the Lady Magdalen Herbert, of &c. Walton's The Life of Mr George Herbert. (1670, pp. 25-6.) See note

4 know, 1675: know 1670

Note

HOLY SONNETS.

La Corona.

1. DEIGNE at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,

Weav'd in my low devout melancholie,

Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasury,

All changing unchang'd Antient of dayes;

5But doe not, with a vile crowne of fraile bayes,

Reward my muses white sincerity,

But what thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give mee,

A crowne of Glory, which doth flower alwayes;

The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'st our ends,

10For, at our end begins our endlesse rest;

The first last end, now zealously possest,

With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends.

'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,

Salvation to all that will is nigh.

Holy Sonnets. 1633-69, being general title to the two groups: Holy Sonnets written 20 years since. H49.

La Corona. 1633-69, A18, D, H49, N, S, TCC, TCD, W: The Crowne. B, O'F, S96

2 low 1633, A18, D, H49, N, TC, W (spelt lowe in MSS.): lone 1635-69, B, O'F, S: loves S96

3 treasury, 1633-69: a Treasurie, B, O'F, S, S96

4 dayes; Ed: dayes, 1633-69

10 For] So W end 1633, A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F, TC, W: ends 1635-69, S96

rest; Ed: rest, 1633-69

11 The] This B, S, S96, W

zealously] soberly B, S96, W: O'F corrects

13 heart and voice] voice and heart B, O'F, S, S96, W

14 nigh.] nigh, 1633

Note

Annvnciation.

2. Salvation to all that will is nigh;
That All, which alwayes is All every where,
Which cannot sinne, and yet all sinnes must beare,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,
5Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds himselfe to lye
In prison, in thy wombe; and though he there
Can take no sinne, nor thou give, yet he'will weare
Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may trie.
Ere by the spheares time was created, thou
10Wast in his minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother;
Whom thou conceiv'st, conceiv'd; yea thou art now
Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother;
Thou'hast light in darke; and shutst in little roome,
Immensity cloysterd in thy deare wombe.

Annunciation.

1 nigh; 1669: nigh, 1633-54

9 created,] begotten, B, S, S96, W: O'F corrects

10 Brother; Ed: Brother, 1633-69

11 conceiv'st, 1633: conceiv'st 1635-69: conceiv'dst, O'F, S, W, and Grolier conceiv'd;] conceived; 1635-69

12 mother; Ed: mother, 1633-69

Note

Nativitie.

3. Immensitie cloysterd in thy deare wombe,
Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,
There he hath made himselfe to his intent
Weake enough, now into our world to come;
5But Oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inne no roome?
Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient,
Starres, and wisemen will travell to prevent
Th'effect of Herods jealous generall doome.
Seest thou, my Soule, with thy faiths eyes, how he
10Which fils all place, yet none holds him, doth lye?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pittied by thee?
Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe,
With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

Nativitie.

6 this] his 1669

7 will] shall B, O'F, S, S96, W

8 effect 1669, A18, B, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W: effects 1633-54, D, H49 jealous] dire and B, O'F, S, S96, W: zealous A18, N, TC

doome.] doome; 1633

9 eyes, 1633, B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96, W: eye, 1635-69, A18, N, TC

Temple.

4. With his kinde mother who partakes thy woe,
Ioseph turne backe; see where your child doth sit,
Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
Which himselfe on the Doctors did bestow;
5The Word but lately could not speake, and loe,
It sodenly speakes wonders, whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which should be writ,
A shallow seeming child, should deeply know?
His Godhead was not soule to his manhood,
10Nor had time mellowed him to this ripenesse,
But as for one which hath a long taske, 'tis good,
With the Sunne to beginne his businesse,
He in his ages morning thus began
By miracles exceeding power of man.

Temple.

5 loe, Ed: loe 1633-69

6 wonders, 1633-39: wonders: 1650-69

11 for] to W

a long taske, 1633-69, D, H49: long taskes B, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD, W: longe taske

A18, TCC

'tis] 'Tis 1633: thinks W

Note

Crvcifying.

5. By miracles exceeding power of man,
Hee faith in some, envie in some begat,
For, what weake spirits admire, ambitious, hate;
In both affections many to him ran,
5But Oh! the worst are most, they will and can,
Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
Measuring selfe-lifes infinity to'a span,
Nay to an inch. Loe, where condemned hee
10Beares his owne crosse, with paine, yet by and by
When it beares him, he must beare more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw mee to thee,
And at thy death giving such liberall dole,
Moyst, with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule.

Crucifying.

3 weake] meeke B, O'F, S, S96, W

8 to'a span, B, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W: to span, 1633-69, A18, D, H49

9 inch. Loe, 1635-69: inch, loe, 1633

11 die. 1635-69: die; 1633

Note

Resvrrection.

6. Moyst with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule
Shall (though she now be in extreme degree
Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly,) bee
Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard, or foule,
5And life, by this death abled, shall controule
Death, whom thy death slue; nor shall to mee
Feare of first or last death, bring miserie,
If in thy little booke my name thou enroule,
Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
10But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas;
Nor can by other meanes be glorified.
May then sinnes sleep, and deaths soone from me passe,
That wak't from both, I againe risen may
Salute the last, and everlasting day.

Resurrection.

1 soule 1635: soule, 1633, 1639-69

5 this] thy B, O'F, S, S96, W

6 shall to] shall nowe to A18, N, O'F, TC

8 little 1633, A18, D, H49, TC: life 1635-69, B, O'F, S, S96, W

9 that long] that last long O'F, S, S96, W: that D, H49

11 glorified] purified S, S96, W, and O'F (which corrects to glorified)

12 deaths A18, N, S96, TC, W: death 1633-69, D, H49

Ascention.

7. Salute the last and everlasting day,
Joy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,
Yee whose just teares, or tribulation
Have purely washt, or burnt your drossie clay;
5Behold the Highest, parting hence away,
Lightens the darke clouds, which hee treads upon,
Nor doth hee by ascending, show alone,
But first hee, and hee first enters the way.
O strong Ramme, which hast batter'd heaven for mee,
10Mild Lambe, which with thy blood, hast mark'd the path;
Bright Torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,
Oh, with thy owne blood quench thy owne just wrath,
And if thy holy Spirit, my Muse did raise,
Deigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and praise.

Ascention.

3 just 1633, A18, D, H49, N, TC: true 1635-69, B, S, S96, W

8 way.] way, 1633

10 Lambe, D, W: lambe 1633-69

11 Torch, D, W: torch, 1633-69

the way] thy wayes B, S, S96, W: thee A18, TCC

Note

Holy Sonnets.

I.

THOU hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?

Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,

I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,

And all my pleasures are like yesterday;

5I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,

Despaire behind, and death before doth cast

Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste

By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;

Onely thou art above, and when towards thee

10By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe;

But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,

That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine;

Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,

And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

Holy Sonnets. 1633-69 (following La Corona as second group under the same general title), W: Devine Meditations. B, O'F, S96: no title, A18, D, H49, N, TCC, TCD. See note

I. 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W: omitted 1633, A18, D, H49, N, TCC, TCD

4 yesterday; Ed: yesterday, 1635-69

7 feeble 1635-69: febled B, O'F, S96, W

12 my selfe I can 1635-69: I can myself B, S96, W

sustaine; 1669: sustaine, 1635-54

II.

A S 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 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. 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W: I. 1633, A18, D, H49, N, TCC, TCD

2 God, first 1633: God. First 1635-69

4 thine; 1650-69: thine, 1633-39: thine. W

7 and, Ed: and 1633-69

9 on 1633-69, D, H49: in A18, B, N, S96, TC, W

10 steale,] steale 1633-39

that's] what's A18, TCC

12 doe 1633 and most MSS.: shall 1635-69, O'F, S96

13 me,] me. 1633

Note

III.

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

III. 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W: omitted 1633, A18, D, &c.
7 sinne; now I Ed: sinne, now I B, W: sinne I now 1635-69
repent; Ed: repent, 1633-69

IV.

O H 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 selfe with holy mourning blacke,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;
Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

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

1 Soule! 1633: Soule 1635-69

8 imprisoned. W: imprisoned; 1633-69

Note

V.

I AM a little world made cunningly
Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,
But black sinne hath betraid to endlesse night
My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts must die.
You which beyond that heaven which was most high
Have found new sphears, and of new lands can write,
Powre new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,
Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more:
But oh it must be burnt! alas the fire
Of lust and envie have burnt it heretofore,

And made it fouler; Let their flames retire,

And burne me ô Lord, with a fiery zeale

Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

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

6 lands B, S96, W: land 1635-69, O'F

7 I 1635-54: he 1669

9 it, Ed: it: W: it 1635-69

10 burnt! Ed: burnt, 1635-69

11 have B, S96, W: hath O'F: om. 1635-69

12 fouler; W: fouler, 1635-69

their] those W

13 Lord] God W

Note

VI.

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 spans last inch, my minutes latest point,

5And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt

My body, and 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,

10And earth-borne body, in the earth shall dwell,

So, fall my sinnes, that all may have their right,
To where they'are bred, and would presse me, to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.

VI. 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W: III. 1633, A18, D, &c.

6 and soule, 1635-69: and my soule, 1633

7 Or presently, I know not, see that Face, B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96, W

10 earth-borne 1635-69: earth borne 1633

14 flesh,] flesh 1633

the devill.] and devill. A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC, W

Note

VII.

A T the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angells, and arise, arise
From death, you numberlesse infinities
Of soules, and to your scattred bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom warre, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despaire, law, chance, hath slaine, 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 sinnes 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.

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

5 o'erthrow] overthrow 1669

6 dearth, W: death, 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC

8 woe. W: woe, 1633-54: owe; 1669

12 lowly] holy 1669

14 thy] my 1669

Note

VIII.

I F faithfull soules be alike glorifi'd

As Angels, then my fathers soule doth see,

And adds this even to full felicitie,

That valiantly I hels wide mouth o'rstride:

5But if our mindes to these soules be descry'd

By circumstances, and by signes that be

Apparent in us, not immediately,

How shall my mindes white truth by them be try'd?

They see idolatrous lovers weepe and mourne,

10And vile blasphemous Conjurers to call

On Iefus name, and Pharisaicall

Dissemblers feigne devotion. Then turne

O pensive soule, to God, for he knowes best

Thy true griefe, for he put it in my breast.

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

7 in us, W: in us 1635-69. See note

8 by] to B, S96, W

10 vile W: vilde B, O'F, S96: stile 1635-69

14 true W: om. 1635-69, B, S96 in W: into 1635-69, B, O'F, S96

my] thy B, S96

Note

IX.

I F 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 sinnes, 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 sinnes blacke memorie;
That thou remember them, some claime as debt,
I thinke it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

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

1 poysonous] poysons 1639-54

and if that] or if the B, O'F, S96

2 (else immortal) 1635-69

5 or] and B, O'F, S96

6 mee] mee, 1633

8 God;] God, 1633

9-10 thee O God? W: thee? O God, 1633-69

12 memorie;] memorie, 1633

14 forget.] forget, 1633

X.

D EATH 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,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost 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.

X. 1635-69: VI. 1633, A18, D, &c.: XI. B, O'F, S96, W

4 mee.] mee; 1633

5 pictures 1633 and MSS.: picture 1635-69

8 deliverie.] deliverie 1633-69

9 Chance, W: chance, 1633-69

10 dost] doth 1633

dwell,] dwell. 1633

12 better] easier B, O'F, S96, W

13 wake] live B, S96, W

14 more; death, Ed: more, death 1633-69

XI.

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 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.

XI. 1635-69: VII. 1633, A18, D, &c.: omitted B, S96: added among Other Meditations. O'F: XIII. W

3 onely] humbly W

6 impiety] iniquitye D, H49

8 glorified.] glorified; 1633

12 intent:] intent 1633

Note

XII.

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 seelily
Dissemble weaknesse, and by'one mans stroke die,
Whose whole kinde, you might swallow and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worse then you,
You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous.
But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us
Created nature doth these things subdue,
But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature tyed,
For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

XII. 1635-69: VIII. 1633, A18, D, &c.: omitted B, S96: among Other Meditations. O'F: XIV. W

1 are wee] ame I W

4 Simple, 1633, D, H49, W: Simpler 1635-69, A18, N, O'F, TC, Chambers

9 Weaker I am,] Alas I am weaker, W

10 timorous. W: timorous, 1633-69

11 a greater wonder, 1633, D, H49, N, O'F (greate), TC, W: a greater, 1635-69

Note

XIII.

WHAT if this present were the worlds last night?
Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether that countenance can thee affright,
Teares in his eyes quench the amasing light,
Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgivenesse for his foes fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my idolatrie
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty, of pitty, foulnesse onely is
A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous forme assures a pitious minde.

XIII 1635-69: IX. 1633, A18, D, &c.: om. B, S96: among Other Meditations. O'F: XV. W

2 Marke] Looke W

4 that A18, N, O'F, TC, W: his 1633-69, D, H49

6 fell. 1639-69: fell 1633-35

8 fierce] ranck W

14 assures A18, D, H49, N, O'F, TC, W: assumes 1633-69

XIV.

BATTER my heart, three person'd God; for, you

As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;

That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee,'and bend

Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.

I, like an usurpt towne, to'another due,

Labour to'admit you, but Oh, to no end,

Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,

But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.

Yet dearely'I love you,'and would be loved faine,

But am betroth'd unto your enemie:

Divorce mee,'untie, or breake that knot againe,

Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I

Except you'enthrall mee, never shall be free,

Nor ever chast, except you ravish mee.

XIV. 1635-69: X. 1633, A18, D, &c.: om. B, O'F, S96: XVI. W

7 mee should] wee should 1669

8 untrue. W: untrue, 1633-69

9 loved MSS.: lov'd 1633-69

10 enemie: W: enemie, 1633-69

XV.

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

XV. 1635-69: XI. 1633, A18, D, &c.: XII. B, O'F, S96, W

4 brest. W: brest, 1633-69

8 rest.] rest; 1633

11 Sonne 1633: Sunne 1633-69

12 stolne, 1633, A18, D, H49, N, TC: stole, 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W, Chambers Note

XVI.

FATHER, part of his double interest
Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to mee,

His joynture in the knottie Trinitie
Hee keepes, and gives to me his deaths conquest.
This Lambe, whose death, with life the world hath blest,
Was from the worlds beginning slaine, and he
Hath made two Wills, which with the Legacie
Of his and thy kingdome, doe thy Sonnes invest.
Yet such are thy laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man those statutes can fulfill;
None doth; but all-healing grace and spirit
Revive againe what law and letter kill.
Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command
Is all but love; Oh let this last Will stand!

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

3 Trinitie] Trinitie, 1633

8 doe 1633: om. 1635-69: doth A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC, W

invest. W: invest, 1633-39: invest: 1650-69

9 thy O'F, S96, W: these 1633-69: those A18, D, H49, N, TC

11 doth;] doth, 1633

but all-healing A18, D, H49, N, TC, W: but thy all-healing 1633-69. See note

spirit] Spirit, 1633-69

12 Revive againe] Revive and quicken B, O'F, S96, W

kill. 1635-69: kill, 1633

14 this 1633-69: that A18, D, H49, N, TC, W: thy B, O'F, S96

Note

XVII.

SINCE she whom I lov'd hath payd her last debt
To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
And her Soule early into heaven ravished,
Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett.
Here the admyring her my mind did whett
To seeke thee God; so streames do shew their head;
But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,
A holy thirsty dropsy melts mee yett.
But why should I begg more Love, when as thou
Dost wooe my soule for hers; offring all thine:
And dost not only feare least I allow
My Love to Saints and Angels things divine,
But in thy tender jealosy dost doubt
Least the World, Fleshe, yea Devill putt thee out.

XVII. W: first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne, 1899

2 dead,] dead W

6 their] yr W

head;] head, W

10 wooe] spelt woe W

12 divine,] divine W

Note

XVIII.

SHOW me deare Christ, thy spouse, so bright and clear.

What! is it She, which on the other shore
Goes richly painted? or which rob'd and tore
Laments and mournes in Germany and here?
Sleepes she a thousand, then peepes up one yeare?
Is she selfe truth and errs? now new, now outwore?
Doth she, and did she, and shall she evermore
On one, on seaven, or on no hill appeare?
Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights
First travaile we to seeke and then make Love?
Betray kind husband thy spouse to our sights,
And let myne amorous soule court thy mild Dove,
Who is most trew, and pleasing to thee, then
When she'is embrac'd and open to most men.

XVIII. W: first printed in Gosse's Life &c.

2 What!] What W

3 tore] so I read W: lore Gosse

XIX.

O H, to vex me, contraryes meet in one:
Inconstancy unnaturally hath begott
A constant habit; that when I would not
I change in vowes, and in devotione.
As humorous is my contritione
As my prophane Love, and as soone forgott:
As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hott,

As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
I durst not view heaven yesterday; and to day
In prayers, and flattering speaches I court God:
To morrow I quake with true feare of his rod.
So my devout fitts come and go away
Like a fantastique Ague: save that here
Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare.

XIX. W: first printed in Gosse's Life &c.

3 that] yt W, so always

4 and] & W, so always

Note

The Crosse.

SINCE Christ embrac'd the Crosse it selfe, dare I
His image, th'image of his Crosse deny?
Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
And dare the chosen Altar to despise?
It bore all other sinnes, but is it fit
That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he flye his paines, who there did dye?
From mee, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
Nor scandall taken, shall this Crosse withdraw,
It shall not, for it cannot; for, the losse
Of this Crosse, were to mee another Crosse;

Better were worse, for, no affiction,
No Crosse is so extreme, as to have none.
Who can blot out the Crosse, which th'instrument
Of God, dew'd on mee in the Sacrament?
Who can deny mee power, and liberty
To stretch mine armes, and mine owne Crosse to be?
Swimme, and at every stroake, thou art thy Crosse;
The Mast and yard make one, where seas do tosse;
Looke downe, thou spiest out Crosses in small things;
Looke up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings;
All the Globes frame, and spheares, is nothing else
But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
Materiall Crosses then, good physicke bee,
But yet spirituall have chiefe dignity.
These for extracted chimique medicine serve,
And cure much better, and as well preserve;
Then are you your own physicke, or need none,
When Still'd, or purg'd by tribulation.
For when that Crosse ungrudg'd, unto you stickes,
Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifixe.
As perchance, Carvers do not faces make,
But that away, which hid them there, do take;
Let Crosses, soe, take what hid Christ in thee,
And be his image, or not his, but hee.

But, as oft Alchimists doe coyners prove,
So may a selfe-dispising, get selfe-love,
And then as worst surfets, of best meates bee,
Soe is pride, issued from humility,
For, 'tis no child, but monster; therefore Crosse
Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double losse.
And crosse thy senses, else, both they, and thou
Must perish soone, and to destruction bowe.
For if the'eye seeke good objects, and will take
No crosse from bad, wee cannot scape a snake.
So with harsh, hard, sowre, stinking, crosse the rest,
Make them indifferent all; call nothing best.
But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome,
And move; To th'other th'objects must come home.
And crosse thy heart: for that in man alone
Points downewards, and hath palpitation.
Crosse those dejections, when it downeward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
And as the braine through bony walls doth vent
By sutures, which a Crosses forme present,
So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it,
Crosse and correct concupiscence of witt.
Be covetous of Crosses, let none fall.
Crosse no man else, but crosse thy selfe in all.

Then doth the Crosse of Christ worke fruitfully

Within our hearts, when wee love harmlesly

That Crosses pictures much, and with more care

That Crosses children, which our Crosses are.

The Crosse. 1633-69 (following, 1635-69, In that, ô Queene &c. p. 427): similarly, A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD

8 paines] pangs JC

12 Crosse; 1635-69: Crosse. 1633

13 affliction, Ed: affliction 1633-69

14 none. Ed: none; 1633-54: none: 1669

19 Crosse; Ed: Crosse, 1633: Crosse, 1635-69

20 make] makes B, D, H49, Lec, S

where] when O'F

tosse; 1635-69: tosse. 1633

21 out] our 1669

23 is] are A25, B

26 But yet] And yet A18, D, JC, N, TC

27 medicine] medicines A25, B, JC

33 make, 1635-69: make: 1633

34 take; Ed: take. 1633: take: 1635-69

37 oft Ed: oft, 1633-69

38 selfe-love, D: selfe-love. 1633-69

42 losse. Ed: losse, 1633-69

44 destruction] corruption O'F

45 seeke] see 1650-69

48 all; call nothing best. Ed: indifferent; call nothing best. 1633 and MSS: indifferent; all, nothing best. 1635-69

50 To th'other th'objects 1633: To th'others objects 1635-69

52 Points A18, A25, N, P, S, TC: Pants 1633-69, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F

53 dejections 1633: detorsions 1635-69, O'F

55 the] thy A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC

61 fruitfully A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TC: faithfully 1633-69

63 That A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TC: The 1633-69

Resurrection, imperfect.

S LEEP sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repast
As yet, the wound thou took'st on friday last;
Sleepe then, and rest; The world may beare thy stay,
A better Sun rose before thee to day,
Who, not content to'enlighten all that dwell
On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,
And made the darke fires languish in that vale,
As, at thy presence here, our fires grow pale.
Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now
Hasting to Heaven, would, that he might allow
Himselfe unto all stations, and fill all,
For these three daies become a minerall;
Hee was all gold when he lay downe, but rose
All tincture, and doth not alone dispose

Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of power to make even sinfull flesh like his.
Had one of those, whose credulous pietie
Thought, that a Soule one might discerne and see
Goe from a body,'at this sepulcher been,
And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen,
He would have justly thought this body a soule,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.
Desunt cætera.

Resurrection, imperfect. 1633-69 (following By Euphrates &c. p. 424), A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD

15 good, 1633-69 and MSS.: Chambers queries gold

22 If] If, 1633-69

Note

The Annuntiation and Passion.

TAMELY, fraile body,'abstaine to day; to day
My soule eates twice, Christ hither and away.
She sees him man, so like God made in this,
That of them both a circle embleme is,
Whose first and last concurre; this doubtfull day
Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away.
Shee sees him nothing twice at once, who'is all;
Shee sees a Cedar plant it selfe, and fall,
Her Maker put to making, and the head

Of life, at once, not yet alive, yet dead.
She sees at once the virgin mother stay
Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha;
Sad and rejoyc'd shee's seen at once, and seen
At almost fiftie, and at scarce fifteene.
At once a Sonne is promis'd her, and gone,
Gabriell gives Christ to her, He her to John;
Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie,
At once receiver and the legacie.
All this, and all betweene, this day hath showne,
Th'Abridgement of Christs story, which makes one
(As in plaine Maps, the furthest West is East)
Of the'Angels Ave,'and Consummatum est.
How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties
Deales, in some times, and seldome joyning these!
As by the selfe-fix'd Pole wee never doe
Direct our course, but the next starre thereto,
Which showes where the'other is, and which we say
(Because it strayes not farre) doth never stray;
So God by his Church, neerest to him, wee know,
And stand firme, if wee by her motion goe;
His Spirit, as his fiery Pillar doth
Leade, and his Church, as cloud; to one end both.
This Church, by letting these daies joyne, hath shown

Death and conception in mankinde is one;

Or'twas in him the same humility,

That he would be a man, and leave to be:

Or as creation he hath made, as God,

With the last judgement, but one period,

His imitating Spouse would joyne in one

Manhoods extremes: He shall come, he is gone:

Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,

Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;

So though the least of his paines, deeds, or words,

Would busie a life, she all this day affords;

This treasure then, in grosse, my Soule uplay,

And in my life retaile it every day.

The Annuntiation and Passion. 1633-69: Upon the Annuntiation and Passion falling upon one day. Anno Dni 1608. B, O'F, S, S96: similarly, N, TCD: The Annuntiation. D, H49, Lec: no title, P

1 Tamely, fraile body, Ed: Tamely fraile body 1633: Tamely fraile flesh, 1635-69, O'F, S96 (1650-69 accidentally drop second to day)

6 away.] away; 1633: away, 1635-39

10 yet dead. Ed: yet dead; 1633, B, P, S: and dead; 1635-69, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TCD (full stop, MSS.)

12 at Golgotha; Ed: at Golgotha. 1633-69

13 Sad and rejoyc'd] Rejoyc'd and sad B, O'F, P, S, S96

18 legacie. Ed: legacie; 1633-69

24 these! Ed: these? D, TCD: these; 1633: these. 1635-69

31 as 1633: and 1635-69

32 both. 1635-69: both: 1633

33 these B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD: those 1633-69

daies 1633, D, H49, Lec, N, TCD: feasts 1635-69, O'F, P, S, S96

34 one; Ed: one. 1633: are one. 1635-69 (one 1669)

37 hath] had B, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD

Note

Goodfriday, 1613. Riding Westward.

LET mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
And as the other Spheares, by being growne
Subject to forraigne motions, lose their owne,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:
Pleasure or businesse, so, our Soules admit
For their first mover, and are whirld by it.
Hence is't, that I am carryed towards the West
This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the East.
There I should see a Sunne, by rising set,
And by that setting endlesse day beget;
But that Christ on this Crosse, did rise and fall,
Sinne had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I'almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for mee.

Who sees Gods face, that is selfe life, must dye;
What a death were it then to see God dye?
It made his owne Lieutenant Nature shrinke,
It made his footstoole crack, and the Sunne winke.
Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,
And turne all spheares at once, peirc'd with those holes?
Could I behold that endlesse height which is
Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood which is
The seat of all our Soules, if not of his,
Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worne
By God, for his apparell, rag'd, and torne?
If on these things I durst not looke, durst I
Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye,
Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus
Halfe of that Sacrifice, which ransom'd us?
Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They'are present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and thou look'st towards mee,
O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;
I turne my backe to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,
Burne off my rusts, and my deformity,

Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,

That thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my face.

Goodfriday, &c. 1633-69: Good Friday (with or without date and Riding &c.) A18, B, Cy, N, S, S96, TCC, TCD: Good Friday. 1613. Riding towards Wales. D, Lec, O'F: Good Friday. 1613. Riding to Sr Edward Harbert in Wales. H49: Mr J. Duñ goeing from Sir H. G. on good friday sent him back this meditation on the way. A25

4 motions A18, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC: motion, 1633-69

8 and] bis 1650-54

10 toward 1633: do. or towards MSS.: to 1635-69, O'F

12 beget 1633: beget. 1635-69, Chambers

13 this Crosse, 1633, A18, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S, S96, TCC: his Crosse, 1635-69, B, Cy, N, TCD

16 too] two 1639-69

22 turne A18, B, Cy, N, S, TC: tune 1633-69, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96

once,] once 1633

30 Upon his miserable 1633, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC:

On his distressed 1635-69

40 rusts, 1633, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TCD: rust, 1635-69, A18, S, TCC

Note

THE LITANIE.

I.

The Father.

FATHER of Heaven, and him, by whom

It, and us for it, and all else, for us
Thou madest, and govern'st ever, come
And re-create mee, now growne ruinous:
My heart is by dejection, clay,
And by selfe-murder, red.
From this red earth, O Father, purge away
All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
I may rise up from death, before I'am dead.

II.

The Sonne.

O Sonne of God, who seeing two things,
Sinne, and death crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, tryed'st with what stings
The other could thine heritage invade;
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucified againe,
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be, by applying so thy paine,
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slaine.

III.

The Holy Ghost.

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
Am, but of mudde walls, and condensed dust,

And being sacrilegiously
Halfe wasted with youths fires, of pride and lust,
Must with new stormes be weatherbeat;
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devout sad teares intend; and let
(Though this glasse lanthorne, flesh, do suffer maime)
Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same.

IV.

The Trinity.

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

V.

The Virgin Mary.

For that faire blessed Mother-maid,
Whose flesh redeem'd us; That she-Cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradise, and made

One claime for innocence, and disseiz'd sinne,
Whose wombe was a strange heav'n, for there
God cloath'd himselfe, and grew,
Our zealous thankes wee poure. As her deeds were
Our helpes, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
In vaine, who hath such titles unto you.

VI.

The Angels.

And since this life our nonage is,
And wee in Wardship to thine Angels be,
Native in heavens faire Palaces,
Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,
As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne,
Yeelds faire diversitie,
Yet never knowes which course that light doth run,
So let mee study, that mine actions bee
Worthy their sight, though blinde in how they see.

VII.

The Patriarches.

And let thy Patriarches Desire
(Those great Grandfathers of thy Church, which saw
More in the cloud, then wee in fire,
Whom Nature clear'd more, then us Grace and Law,

And now in Heaven still pray, that wee
60May use our new helpes right,)
Be satisfy'd, and fructifie in mee;
Let not my minde be blinder by more light
Nor Faith, by Reason added, lose her sight.

VIII.

The Prophets.

Thy Eagle-sighted Prophets too,
65Which were thy Churches Organs, and did sound
That harmony, which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;
Those heavenly Poëts which did see
Thy will, and it expresse
70In rythmique feet, in common pray for mee,
That I by them excuse not my excesse
In seeking secrets, or Poëtiquenesse.

IX.

The Apostles.

And thy illustrious Zodiacke
Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,
75(From whom whosoever do not take
Their light, to darke deep pits, throw downe, and fall,)
As through their prayers, thou'hast let mee know

That their bookes are divine;
May they pray still, and be heard, that I goe
Th'old broad way in applying; O decline
Mee, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X.

The Martyrs.

And since thou so desirously
Did'st long to die, that long before thou could'st,
And long since thou no more couldst dye,
Thou in thy scatter'd mystique body wouldst
In Abel dye, and ever since
In thine; let their blood come
To begge for us, a discreet patience
Of death, or of worse life: for Oh, to some
Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdome.

XI.

The Confessors.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,
Whose bloods betroth'd, not marryed were,
Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers:
They know, and pray, that wee may know,
In every Christian

Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow;
Tentations martyr us alive; A man
Is to himselfe a Dioclesian.

XII.

The Virgins.

The cold white snowie Nunnery,
Which, as thy mother, their high Abbesse, sent
Their bodies backe againe to thee,
As thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent,
Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
That or thy Church, or I,
Should keep, as they, our first integrity;
Divorce thou sinne in us, or bid it die,
And call chast widowhead Virginitie.

XIII.

The Doctors.

Thy sacred Academic above
Of Doctors, whose paines have unclasp'd, and taught
Both bookes of life to us (for love
To know thy Scriptures tells us, we are wrote
In thy other booke) pray for us there
That what they have misdone
Or mis-said, wee to that may not adhere;

Their zeale may be our sinne. Lord let us runne
Meane waies, and call them stars, but not the Sunne.

XIV.

And whil'st this universall Quire,
That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee deare,
Prayes ceaslesly,'and thou hearken too,
(Since to be gratious
Our taske is treble, to pray, beare, and doe)
Heare this prayer Lord: O Lord deliver us
From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out thus.

XV.

From being anxious, or secure,
Dead clods of sadnesse, or light squibs of mirth,
From thinking, that great courts immure
All, or no happinesse, or that this earth
Is only for our prison fram'd,
Or that thou art covetous
To them whom thou lovest, or that they are maim'd
From reaching this worlds sweet, who seek thee thus,
With all their might, Good Lord deliver us.

XVI.

From needing danger, to bee good,
From owing thee yesterdaies teares to day,
From trusting so much to thy blood,
That in that hope, wee wound our soule away,
From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse
Some sinne more burdenous,
From light affecting, in religion, newes,
From thinking us all soule, neglecting thus
Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivence, or slack companie,
From measuring ill by vitious,
Neglecting to choake sins spawne, Vanitie,
From indiscreet humilitie,
Which might be scandalous,
And cast reproach on Christianitie,
From being spies, or to spies pervious,
From thirst, or scorne of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us for thy descent
Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place
Of middle kind; and thou being sent

To'ungratious us, staid'st at her full of grace;
And through thy poore birth, where first thou
Glorifiedst Povertie,
And yet soone after riches didst allow,
By accepting Kings gifts in the Epiphanie,
Deliver, and make us, to both waies free.

XIX.

And through that bitter agonie,
Which is still the agonie of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted thee,
And interrupted evennesse, with fits;
And through thy free confession
Though thereby they were then
Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have gone,
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when
Wee may not, and we may blinde unjust men.

XX.

Through thy submitting all, to blowes
Thy face, thy clothes to spoile; thy fame to scorne,
All waies, which rage, or Justice knowes,
And by which thou could'st shew, that thou wast born;
And through thy gallant humblenesse
Which thou in death did'st shew,

Dying before thy soule they could expresse,
Deliver us from death, by dying so,
To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe.

XXI.

When senses, which thy souldiers are,
Wee arme against thee, and they fight for sinne,
When want, sent but to tame, doth warre
And worke despaire a breach to enter in,
When plenty, Gods image, and seale
Makes us Idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveale,
When wee are mov'd to seeme religious
Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

XXII.

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

XXIII.

Heare us, O heare us Lord; to thee

A sinner is more musique, when he prayes,

Then spheares, or Angels praises bee,

In Panegyrique Allelujaes;

Heare us, for till thou heare us, Lord

We know not what to say;

Thine eare to'our sighes, teares, thoughts gives voice and word.

O Thou who Satan heard'st in Jobs sicke day,

Heare thy selfe now, for thou in us dost pray.

XXIV.

That wee may change to evennesse

This intermitting aguish Pietie;

That snatching cramps of wickednesse

And Apoplexies of fast sin, may die;

That musique of thy promises,

Not threats in Thunder may

Awaken us to our just offices;

What in thy booke, thou dost, or creatures say,

That we may heare, Lord heare us, when wee pray.

XXV.

That our eares sicknesse wee may cure,

And rectifie those Labyrinths aright,

That wee, by harkning, not procure
That wee get not a slipperinesse
And senslesly decline,
From hearing bold wits jeast at Kings excesse,
To'admit the like of majestie divine,
That we may locke our eares, Lord open thine.

XXVI.

That living law, the Magistrate,
Which to give us, and make us physicke, doth
Our vices often aggravate,
That Preachers taxing sinne, before her growth,
That Satan, and invenom'd men
Which well, if we starve, dine,
When they doe most accuse us, may see then
Us, to amendment, heare them; thee decline:
That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine.

XXVII.

That learning, thine Ambassador,
From thine allegeance wee never tempt,
That beauty, paradises flower
For physicke made, from poyson be exempt,
That wit, borne apt high good to doe,

240By dwelling lazily

On Natures nothing, be not nothing too,

That our affections kill us not, nor dye,

Heare us, weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry.

XXVIII.

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou

245By taking our blood, owest it us againe,

Gaine to thy self, or us allow;

And let not both us and thy selfe be slaine;

O Lambe of God, which took'st our sinne

Which could not stick to thee,

250O let it not returne to us againe,

But Patient and Physition being free,

As sinne is nothing, let it no where be.

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

17 be, D: be 1633-69

30 serpents, Ed: serpents 1633-69

34 a such 1633: such 1635-69, JC: such a A18, D, H49, Lec, N, S, TC

instinct 1633: instinct, 1635-69

35 these; Ed: these, D, H49, Lec: these 1633-69: thee A18, N, TC

48 Native] Natives B, JC, S

in heavens faire Palaces, D: in heavens faire Palaces 1633-39: in heavens Palaces, 1650-69

52 which 1633: what 1635-69

56 Grandfathers] Grandfathers, 1633

58 then] that 1635-39

58 Grace and Law, D: grace and law, 1633-69

61 satisfy'd, 1635-69, A18, D, H49, JC, N, S96, TC: sanctified, 1633

fructifie] fructified A18, JC

63 Faith, D: Faith 1633-69

93 were, Ed: were; 1633-69

97 grow; Ed: grow, 1633-69

100 The] Thy B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96

109 Thy] The 1635-69

Academie 1633, D, H49, Lec: Academ 1635-69: Academe N, O'F, S96, TC

112 thy] the 1650-69

Scriptures] Scripture 1669

wrote] spelt wrought 1633 and MSS.

115 adhere; Ed: adhere, 1633-69

122 too, D: too 1633-69

125 Lord: Ed: Lord, 1633-69

128 clods 1633: clouds 1635-69, B, O'F (which corrects), S96

133 whom] om. D, H49, Lec

them] om. A18, N, TC

134 sweet, 1633, D, H49, JC, Lec, S96: sweets, 1635-69, A18, N, O'F, S, TC

137 owing] owning 1669

139 soule] souls 1669, JC, O'F, S

153 fame,] flame, 1633

154 for 1633, D, H49, N, S, TC: through 1635-69, JC, O'F, S96, Chambers

156 middle] midle 1633, D

157 grace;] grace, 1633

159 Glorifiedst] Glorifiest 1633 some copies, D, H49

162 Deliver, and] Deliver us, and Chambers

163 through] though, 1633

that] thy B, JC, O'F, S96

164 is still] still is 1633 some copies, 1635-69

166 fits;] fits, 1633

173 clothes 1633, A18, D, H49, Lec, N, S, TC: robes 1635-69, B (robe), JC, O'F, S96

175 born; Ed: born, 1633-69

196 When] Where many MSS.

197 last judgement] the last JC, S: Gods judgement B

202 Allelujaes; 1635-69: Allelujaes, 1633

204 say; D: say. 1633-69

209 Pietie; Ed: Pietie, 1633-69

214 offices;] offices, 1633

217 wee 1633: me 1635-69

219 wee, Ed: wee 1633-69

harkning, not 1633-69: heark'ning not Chambers

231 well, 1633 (but altered to will, in some copies), A18, B, D, H49, N, S, TC: will, 1635-69, Lec, Chambers, Grolier

233 decline: Ed: decline; 1633-69

239 apt ... doe,] apt, ... doe 1633

243 weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry. 1633-69, A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC: weake wretches, O thou eare and eye. B, S, S96: Chambers adopts Eye from S, O'F reads eye, and TCC alters crye to eye, all retaining ecchoes. See note

245 againe,] againe 1633

246 or us 1633, A18, D, H49, Lec, JC, N, S, TC: and us 1635-69, O'F, S96, Chambers

248 O Lambe] O lambe 1633

Note

Vpon the translation of the Psalmes by Sir Philip Sydney, and the Countesse of Pembroke his Sister.

ETERNALL God, (for whom who ever dare
Seeke new expressions, doe the Circle square,
And thrust into strait corners of poore wit
Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)
I would but blesse thy Name, not name thee now
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
Fixe we our prayses therefore on this one,
That, as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
These Psalmes first Author in a cloven tongue;
(For 'twas a double power by which he sung
The highest matter in the noblest forme;)
So thou hast cleft that spirit, to performe

That worke againe, and shed it, here, upon
Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one;
A Brother and a Sister, made by thee
The Organ, where thou art the Harmony.
Two that make one Iohn Baptists holy voyce,
And who that Psalme, Now let the Iles rejoyce,
Have both translated, and apply'd it too,
Both told us what, and taught us how to doe.
They shew us Ilanders our joy, our King,
They tell us why, and teach us how to sing;
Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and sphears;
The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man heares,
The Spheares have Musick, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;
But our third Quire, to which the first gives eare,
(For, Angels learne by what the Church does here)
This Quire hath all. The Organist is hee
Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we:
The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse
Whisper'd to David, David to the Iewes:
And Davids Successors, in holy zeale,
In formes of joy and art doe re-reveale
To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
That I must not rejoyce as I would doe

When I behold that these Psalmes are become
So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,
So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,
As I can scarce call that reform'd untill
This be reform'd; Would a whole State present
A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?
And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King
More hoarse, more harm than any other, sing?
For that we pray, we praise thy name for this,
Which, by this Moses and this Miriam, is
Already done; and as those Psalmes we call
(Though some have other Authors) Davids all:
So though some have, some may some Psalmes translate,
We thy Sydnean Psalmes shall celebrate,
And, till we come th'Extemporall song to sing,
(Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King,
Who hath translated those translators) may
These their sweet learned labours, all the way
Be as our tuning; that, when hence we part,
We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

Vpon the &c. 1635-69: no extant MSS.

17 voyce, 1635-39: voyce; 1650-69

22 sing;] sing. 1635-69

23 three Quires, 1669: 3 Quires, 1635-54

28 here 1669: heare 1635-54 (the same word, not hear as in Chambers' note)

46 this Moses Grosart: thy Moses 1635-69

55: tuning; 1719: tuning, 1635-69

part, 1719: part 1635-69

Ode: Of our Sense of Sinne.

1. VENGEANCE will sit above our faults; but till
She there doth sit,
We see her not, nor them. Thus, blinde, yet still
We leade her way; and thus, whil'st we doe ill,
5We suffer it.
2. Vnhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill.
Enough we labour under age, and care;
In number, th'errours of the last place, are
10The greatest still.
3. Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
As soone repent,
(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not seen,
But past us; neither felt, but onely in
15The punishment.
4. But we know our selves least; Mere outward shews
Our mindes so store,
That our soules, no more than our eyes disclose
But forme and colour. Onely he who knowes

20Himselfe, knowes more.

I. D.

Ode. 1635-69, O'F: Of our Sense of Sinne. H40, RP31 (in margin, Sr Edw. Herbert): no title, B, Cy, P, S

2 doth 1635-39: do 1650-69

11 now] new B

15 The 1635-69, Cy, P: Our B, H40, O'F

Note

To Mr Tilman after he had taken orders.

THOU, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now

To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,

Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,

Not an impediment, but victory;

5What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind

Affected since the vintage? Dost thou finde

New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steele

Toucht with a Loadstone, dost new motions feele?

Or, as a Ship after much paine and care,

10For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware,

Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine

Of noble goods, and with lesse time and paine?

Thou art the same materials, as before,

Onely the stampe is changed; but no more.

15And as new crowned Kings alter the face,

But not the monies substance; so hath grace
Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation,
To Christs new stampe, at this thy Coronation;
Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because
They beare Gods message, and proclaime his lawes,
Since thou must doe the like, and so must move,
Art thou new feather'd with cœlestiall love?
Deare, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew
What thy advantage is above, below.
But if thy gainings doe surmount expression,
Why doth the foolish world scorne that profession,
Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit
That Gentry should joyne families with it?
As if their day were onely to be spent
In dressing, Mistressing and complement;
Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust
Seemes richly placed in sublimed dust;
(For, such are cloathes and beauty, which though gay,
Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay.)
Let then the world thy calling disrespect,
But goe thou on, and pitty their neglect.
What function is so noble, as to bee
Embassadour to God and destinie?
To open life, to give kingdomes to more

Than Kings give dignities; to keepe heavens doore?
Maries prerogative was to beare Christ, so
'Tis preachers to convey him, for they doe
As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speake;
And blesse the poore beneath, the lame, the weake.
If then th'Astronomers, whereas they spie
A new-found Starre, their Opticks magnifie,
How brave are those, who with their Engine, can
Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man?
These are thy titles and preheminences,
In whom must meet Gods graces, mens offences,
And so the heavens which beget all things here,
And the earth our mother, which these things doth beare,
Both these in thee, are in thy Calling knit,
And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite.
To Mr Tilman &c. 1635-69: no extant MSS.
18 Christs] Chists 1635
34 clay.) Ed: clay) 1635-69
52 beare, 1650-69: beare 1635-39
Note

A Hymne to Christ, at the Authors last going into Germany.

I N what torne ship soever I embarke,
That ship shall be my embleme of thy Arke;
What sea soever swallow mee, that flood

Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood;
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy race; yet through that maske I know those eyes,
Which, though they turne away sometimes,
They never will despise.
I sacrifice this Iland unto thee,
And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee;
When I have put our seas twixt them and mee,
Put thou thy sea betwixt my sinnes and thee.
As the trees sap doth seeke the root below
In winter, in my winter now I goe,
Where none but thee, th'Eternall root
Of true Love I may know.
Nor thou nor thy religion dost controule,
The amorousnesse of an harmonious Soule,
But thou would'st have that love thy selfe: As thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free
My soule: Who ever gives, takes libertie:
O, if thou car'st not whom I love
Alas, thou lov'st not mee.
Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All,
On whom those fainter beames of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered bee

On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.

Churches are best for Prayer, that have least light:

30To see God only, I goe out of sight:

And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse

An Everlasting night.

A Hymne &c. 1633-69: A Hymne to Christ. A18, N, TCC, TCD: At his going with my Lord of Doncaster 1619. B, and similarly, O'F, P, S96: in MSS. last two lines of each stanza given as one

2 my ... thy] an ... the P

3 soever swallow mee, that] soe'er swallows me up, that O'F

10 I lov'd there, 1633, A18, N, TCC: I love here, 1635-69: I love there P

who lov'd mee; 1633, A18, N, TC: who love mee; 1635-69, B, O'F, P, S96

11 our seas 1633, A18, N, TC: this flood 1635-69: these (or those) seas B, O'F, P, S96

12 sea A18, B, N, O'F, S96, TC: seas 1633, P: blood 1635-69

15 thee, th'Eternall root] thy eternall work B, O'F (where it is altered to reading of text), P (externall workes), S96

28 Fame, 1633, A18, N, TC: Face, 1635-69, B, O'F, P, S96

Note

The Lamentations of Ieremy, for the most part according to Tremelius.

Chap. I.

1 HOW sits this citie, late most populous,

Thus solitary, and like a widdow thus!

Amplest of Nations, Queene of Provinces

She was, who now thus tributary is!

52 Still in the night shee weepes, and her teares fall

Downe by her cheekes along, and none of all

Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiously

Her friends have dealt, and now are enemie.

3 Unto great bondage, and afflictions

10Juda is captive led; Those nations

With whom shee dwells, no place of rest afford,

In streights shee meets her Persecutors sword.

4 Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her waies

Mourne, because none come to her solemne dayes.

15Her Priests doe groane, her maides are comfortlesse,

And shee's unto her selfe a bitternesse.

5 Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,

Because when her transgressions did increase,

The Lord strooke her with sadnesse: Th'enemie

20Doth drive her children to captivitie.

6 From Sions daughter is all beauty gone,

Like Harts, which seeke for Pasture, and find none,

Her Princes are, and now before the foe

Which still pursues them, without strength they go.

257 Now in her daies of Teares, Jerusalem

(Her men slaine by the foe, none succouring them)

Remembers what of old, shee esteemed most,

Whilest her foes laugh at her, for what she hath lost.
8 Jerusalem hath sinn'd, therefore is shee
Remov'd, as women in uncleannesse bee;
Who honor'd, scorne her, for her foulnesse they
Have seene; her selfe doth groane, and turne away.
9 Her foulnesse in her skirts was seene, yet she
Remembred not her end; Miraculously
Therefore shee fell, none comforting: Behold
O Lord my affliction, for the Foe growes bold.
10 Upon all things where her delight hath beene,
The foe hath stretch'd his hand, for shee hath seene
Heathen, whom thou command'st, should not doe so,
Into her holy Sanctuary goe.
11 And all her people groane, and seeke for bread;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay:
How cheape I'am growne, O Lord, behold, and weigh.
4512 All this concernes not you, who passe by mee,
O see, and marke if any sorrow bee
Like to my sorrow, which Jehova hath
Done to mee in the day of his fierce wrath?
13 That fire, which by himselfe is governed
He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spred
A net before my feet, and mee o'rthrowne,

And made me languish all the day alone.
14 His hand hath of my sinnes framed a yoake
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength. The Lord unto those enemies
Hath given mee, from whom I cannot rise.
15 He under foot hath troden in my sight
My strong men; He did company invite
To breake my young men; he the winepresse hath
Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.
16 For these things doe I weepe, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out; For he which should be nigh
To comfort mee, is now departed farre;
The foe prevailes, forlorne my children are.
17 There's none, though Sion do stretch out her hand,
To comfort her, it is the Lords command
That Iacobs foes girt him. Ierusalem
Is as an uncleane woman amongst them.
18 But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
I have rebell'd against his holy will;
O heare all people, and my sorrow see,
My maides, my young men in captivitie.
19 I called for my lovers then, but they
Deceiv'd mee, and my Priests, and Elders lay
Dead in the citie; for they sought for meat

Which should refresh their soules, they could not get.

20 Because I am in streights, Iehova see

My heart o'rturn'd, my bowells muddy bee,

Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast

80The sword without, as death within, doth wast.

21 Of all which heare I mourne, none comforts mee,

My foes have heard my griefe, and glad they be,

That thou hast done it; But thy promis'd day

Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

8522 Let all their wickednesse appeare to thee,

Doe unto them, as thou hast done to mee,

For all my sinnes: The sighs which I have had

Are very many, and my heart is sad.

Chap. II.

1 HOW over Sions daughter hath God hung

90His wraths thicke cloud! and from heaven hath flung

To earth the beauty of Israel, and hath

Forgot his foot-stoole in the day of wrath!

2 The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed

All Jacobs dwellings, and demolished

95To ground the strengths of Iuda, and prophan'd

The Princes of the Kingdome, and the land.

3 In heat of wrath, the horne of Israel hee

Hath cleane cut off, and lest the enemie

Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,
But is towards Iacob, All-devouring fire.
4 Like to an enemie he bent his bow,
His right hand was in posture of a foe,
To kill what Sions daughter did desire,
'Gainst whom his wrath, he poured forth, like fire.
5 For like an enemie Iehova is,
Devouring Israel, and his Palaces,
Destroying holds, giving additions
To Iuda's daughters lamentations.
6 Like to a garden hedge he hath cast downe
The place where was his congregation,
And Sions feasts and sabbaths are forgot;
Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not.
7 The Lord forsakes his Altar, and detests
His Sanctuary, and in the foes hand rests
His Palace, and the walls, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true solemnities.
8 The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
And levell Sions walls unto the ground;
He drawes not back his hand, which doth oreturne
The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne.
9 Their gates are sunke into the ground, and hee
Hath broke the barres; their King and Princes bee

Amongst the heathen, without law, nor there
Unto their Prophets doth the Lord appeare.
12510 There Sions Elders on the ground are plac'd,
And silence keepe; Dust on their heads they cast,
In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw.
11 My bowells are growne muddy, and mine eyes
130Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for miserie
That sucking children in the streets doe die.
12 When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where
Shall we have bread, and drinke? they fainted there,
135And in the streets like wounded persons lay
Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.
13 Daughter Ierusalem, Oh what may bee
A witnesse, or comparison for thee?
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
140Thy breach is like the sea, what help can bee?
14 For thee vaine foolish things thy Prophets sought,
Thee, thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might disturne thy bondage: but for thee
False burthens, and false causes they would see.
14515 The passengers doe clap their hands, and hisse,
And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this

That citie, which so many men did call
Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?
16 Thy foes doe gape upon thee, and they hisse,
And gnash their teeth, and say, Devoure wee this,
For this is certainly the day which wee
Expected, and which now we finde, and see.
17 The Lord hath done that which he purposed,
Fulfill'd his word of old determined;
He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.
18 But now, their hearts against the Lord do call,
Therefore, O walls of Sion, let teares fall
Downe like a river, day and night; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.
19 Arise, cry in the night, poure, for thy sinnes,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children dye,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets doe lye.
20 Behold O Lord, consider unto whom
Thou hast done this; what, shall the women come
To eate their children of a spanne? shall thy
Prophet and Priest be slaine in Sanctuary?
21 On ground in streets, the yong and old do lye,
My virgins and yong men by sword do dye;

Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slaine,
Nothing did thee from killing them containe.
22 As to a solemne feast, all whom I fear'd
Thou call'st about mee; when his wrath appear'd,
175None did remaine or scape, for those which I
Brought up, did perish by mine enemie.
Chap. III.
1 I AM the man which have affliction seene,
Under the rod of Gods wrath having beene,
2 He hath led mee to darknesse, not to light,
1803 And against mee all day, his hand doth fight.
4 Hee hath broke my bones, worne out my flesh and skinne,
5 Built up against mee; and hath girt mee in
With hemlocke, and with labour; 6 and set mee
In darke, as they who dead for ever bee.
1857 Hee hath hedg'd me lest I scape, and added more
To my steele fetters, heavier then before.
8 When I crie out, he out shuts my prayer: 9 And hath
Stop'd with hewn stone my way, and turn'd my path.
10 And like a Lion hid in secrecie,
190Or Beare which lyes in wait, he was to mee.
11 He stops my way, teares me, made desolate,
12 And hee makes mee the marke he shooteth at.
13 Hee made the children of his quiver passe

Into my reines, 14 I with my people was
All the day long, a song and mockery.
15 Hee hath fill'd mee with bitternesse, and he
Hath made me drunke with wormewood. 16 He hath burst
My teeth with stones, and covered mee with dust;
17 And thus my Soule farre off from peace was set,
And my prosperity I did forget.
18 My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished.
19 But when my mournings I do thinke upon,
My wormwood, hemlocke, and affliction,
520 My Soule is humbled in remembring this;
21 My heart considers, therefore, hope there is.
22 'Tis Gods great mercy we'are not utterly
Consum'd, for his compassions do not die;
23 For every morning they renewed bee,
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity.
24 The Lord is, saith my Soule, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.
25 The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,
And to the Soule that seeks him earnestly.
526 It is both good to trust, and to attend
(The Lords salvation) unto the end:
27 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare;

28 He sits alone, and doth all speech forbeare,
Because he hath borne it. 29 And his mouth he layes
220Deepe in the dust, yet then in hope he stayes.
30 He gives his cheekes to whosoever will
Strike him, and so he is reproched still.
31 For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake,
32 But when he'hath strucke with sadnes, hee doth take
225Compassion, as his mercy'is infinite;
33 Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite;
34 That underfoot the prisoners stamped bee,
35 That a mans right the Judge himselfe doth see
To be wrung from him, 36 That he subverted is
230In his just cause; the Lord allowes not this.
37 Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,
But that which by the Lord commanded was?
38 Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds;
39 Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
23540 Turne wee to God, by trying out our wayes;
41 To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise.
42 Wee have rebell'd, and falne away from thee,
Thou pardon'st not; 43 Usest no clemencie;
Pursuest us, kill'st us, coverest us with wrath,
24044 Cover'st thy selfe with clouds, that our prayer hath
No power to passe. 45 And thou hast made us fall

As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.
46 All our foes gape at us. 47 Feare and a snare
With ruine, and with waste, upon us are.
24548 With watry rivers doth mine eye oreflow
For ruine of my peoples daughter so;
49 Mine eye doth drop downe teares incessantly,
50 Untill the Lord looke downe from heaven to see.
51 And for my citys daughters sake, mine eye
250Doth breake mine heart. 52 Causles mine enemy,
Like a bird chac'd me. 53 In a dungeon
They have shut my life, and cast on me a stone.
54 Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am
Destroy'd; 55 I called Lord, upon thy name
255Out of the pit. 56 And thou my voice didst heare;
Oh from my sigh, and crye, stop not thine eare.
57 Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st nere
Unto mee, and said'st unto mee, do not feare.
58 Thou Lord my Soules cause handled hast, and thou
260Rescud'st my life. 59 O Lord do thou judge now,
Thou heardst my wrong. 60 Their vengeance all they have wrought;
61 How they reproach'd, thou hast heard, and what they thought,
62 What their lips uttered, which against me rose,
And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.
26563 I am their song, whether they rise or sit,

64 Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,
65 Sorrow of heart, thy curse. 66 And with thy might
Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.
Chap. IV.
1 HOW is the gold become so dimme? How is
270Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this?
The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary,
Scattered in corners of each street do lye.
2 The pretious sonnes of Sion, which should bee
Valued at purest gold, how do wee see
275Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand,
Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand.
3 Even the Sea-calfes draw their brests, and give
Sucke to their young; my peoples daughters live,
By reason of the foes great cruelnesse,
280As do the Owles in the vast Wildernesse.
4 And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw.
And when for bread the little children crye,
There is no man that doth them satisfie.
2855 They which before were delicately fed,
Now in the streets forlorne have perished,
And they which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.

6 The daughters of my people have sinned more,
Then did the towne of Sodome sinne before;
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine
No hands amongst them, to vexe them againe.
7 But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was then the snow, and milke was not so white;
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine,
And all their polish'dnesse was Saphirine.
8 They are darker now then blacknes, none can know
Them by the face, as through the streets they goe,
For now their skin doth cleave unto the bone,
And withered, is like to dry wood growne.
9 Better by sword then famine 'tis to dye;
And better through pierc'd, then through penury.
10 Women by nature pitifull, have eate
Their children drest with their owne hands for meat.
11 Iehova here fully accomplish'd hath
His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,
Kindled a fire in Sion, which hath power
To eate, and her foundations to devour.
12 Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live
In the inhabitable world beleeve,
That any adversary, any foe
Into Ierusalem should enter so.

13 For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have shed
Blood in the streets, and the just murthered:
31514 Which when those men, whom they made blinde, did stray
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way
With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garments should scape touching, as they passe,
15 Would cry aloud, depart defiled men,
320Depart, depart, and touch us not; and then
They fled, and strayd, and with the Gentiles were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell there;
16 For this they are scattered by Jehovahs face
Who never will regard them more; No grace
325Unto their old men shall the foe afford,
Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the sword.
17 And wee as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vaine helpe, consume our eyes:
And such a nation as cannot save,
330We in desire and speculation have.
18 They hunt our steps, that in the streets wee feare
To goe: our end is now approached neere,
Our dayes accomplish'd are, this the last day.
19 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they
335Which follow us, o'r mountaine tops they flye
At us, and for us in the desart lye.

20 The annointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, hee
Of whom we said, under his shadow, wee
Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
340Into the pit which these men digged, fell.
21 Rejoyce O Edoms daughter, joyfull bee
Thou which inhabitst Huz, for unto thee
This cup shall passe, and thou with drunkennesse
Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakednesse.
34522 And then thy sinnes O Sion, shall be spent,
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment.
Thy sinnes O Edoms daughter, hee will see,
And for them, pay thee with captivitie.
Chap. V.
1 REMEMBER, O Lord, what is fallen on us;
350See, and marke how we are reproached thus,
2 For unto strangers our possession
Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,
3 Our mothers are become as widowes, wee
As Orphans all, and without father be;
355 4 Waters which are our owne, wee drunke, and pay,
And upon our owne wood a price they lay.
5 Our persecutors on our necks do sit,
They make us travaile, and not intermit,
6 We stretch our hands unto th'Egyptians

360 To get us bread; and to the Assyrians.

7 Our Fathers did these sinnes, and are no more,

But wee do beare the sinnes they did before.

8 They are but servants, which do rule us thus,

Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

365 9 With danger of our life our bread wee gat;

For in the wildernesse, the sword did wait.

10 The tempests of this famine wee liv'd in,

Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinne:

11 In Iudaes cities they the maids abus'd

370 By force, and so women in Sion us'd.

12 The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace

Nor honour gave they to the Elders face.

13 Unto the mill our yong men carried are,

And children fell under the wood they bare.

37514 Elders, the gates; youth did their songs forbeare,

15 Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were.

16 Now is the crowne falne from our head; and woe

Be unto us, because we'have sinned so.

17 For this our hearts do languish, and for this

380 Over our eyes a cloudy dimnesse is.

18 Because mount Sion desolate doth lye,

And foxes there do goe at libertie:

19 But thou O Lord art ever, and thy throne

From generation, to generation.

38520 Why should'st thou forget us eternally?

Or leave us thus long in this misery?

21 Restore us Lord to thee, that so we may

Returne, and as of old, renew our day.

22 For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,

390 And to be utterly enrag'd at us?

The Lamentations &c. 1633-69 (Tremellius 1639-69), B, N, O'F, TCD: Tr in the notes stands for Tremellius, Vulg for Vulgate. See note: full-stops after verse-numbers 1635-69

2-4 thus! ... is!] thus? ... is? 1633-69

22 Harts] hearts 1669

25 her O'F: their 1633-69, N, TCD: the B: diebus afflictionis suae et ploratuum suorum Tr

28 Whilest B, O'F: Whiles 1633-69

32 seene;] seene, 1633

43 pleasure] pleasures N

53 hand] hands 1650-69: manu ejus Tr

56 from whom 1635-69, B, N, O'F, TCD: from whence 1633

58 invite 1633, N, TCD: accite 1635-69, B, O'F

59 men; Ed: men, 1633-69

63 farre;] farre 1633

65 hand,] hand 1633-35

76 they could not get. 1633: and none could get. 1635-69

Norton conjectures that in 75 we should read the sought-for meat: but see note

78 o'rturn'd,] return'd, 1633

81 heare I mourne, 1633-35, B, O'F, TCD: heare me mourn, N: here I mourn, 1639-69, and mod. edd.: Audientium me in gemitu esse nemo consolatur me. Tr

87 sighs] sights 1669

90 cloud! Ed: cloud? 1633-69

flung] flung. 1633

92 wrath! Ed: wrath? 1633-69

95 strengths 1633, N, TCD: strength 1635, B, O'F: munitiones Tr and Vulg

110 where] which B, O'F: locum conventus sui Tr

112 regardeth] regarded 1669

114 hand B, N, O'F, TCD: hands 1633-69: tradit in manum inimici muros, palatia illius Tr

118-9 ground; ... hand,] ground, ... hand; 1633

121 Their 1633: The 1635-69

122 barres; B, O'F: barre; 1633-69, N, TCD: vectes ejus Tr

124 their] the 1669

134 there,] there 1633-39

135 streets, B, O'F: street 1633-69, N, TCD: in plateis civitatis Tr

141 For thee 1635-54: For, the 1633: For the 1669

143 disturne 1633-54 and MSS.: dis-urn 1669: disturb Chambers: ad avertendum captivitatem tuam Tr

145 hisse, Ed: hisse 1633-39

157 against 1633: unto 1635-69, and MSS.: clamat cor istorum contra Dominum Tr: ad Dominum Vulg

161 poure, for 1633 and MSS.: poure out 1635-69, Chambers

174 his, 1633: thy 1635-69

Chap.] ital. 1633

182 girt] hemde B, O'F

186 before. 1650-69: before, 1633-39

187 8 Ed: 8. 1635-69; om. 1633

190 mee.] mee, 1633

202 perished. 1633: perished, 1635-69

203 mournings 1633-69, N, O'F, TCD: mourning B

216 (The Lords salvation) 1633: no brackets, 1635-69

226 smite; Ed: smite, 1633-69

229 wrung] wrong 1633

him, Ed: him. 1633-69

230 this.] this: 1633

231 doth] will B, O'F

238 not; 1650-69: not. 1633-35: not 1639

239 coverest us with wrath] coverest with thy wrath B, O'F

243 47 Ed: 47, 1633: 47. 1635-69

245 watry] water 1633

246 daughter B, N, O'F, TCD: daughters 1633-69: propter contritionem filiae populi mei Tr

249 citys O'F: city 1633-69: propter omnes filias civitatis meae Tr

252 on me B, N, TCD: me on 1633-69: projiciunt lapides in me. Tr: posuerunt lapidem super me. Vulg

256 sigh,] sight, 1650-69

260 Rescud'st B, O'F: Rescuest 1633-69, N, TCD: vindicabas Tr

now, 1633-39: now. 1650-69, Chambers

Chap.] Cap. 1633

270 Purest] P dropped 1650-54

274 at 1633-39: as 1650-69, B, N, O'F, TCD: qui taxandi erant auro purgatissimo Tr

278 live,] live 1633

283 little children] little om. Chambers

296 Saphirine. 1635-69: Seraphine. 1633: Sapphirina polities eorum Tr

298 streets B, O'F: street 1633-69, N, TCD: in vicis Tr: in plateis Vulg

299 the B, O'F: their 1633-69

302 through penury.] by penury, 1633, N, TCD: confossi gladio quam confossi fame. Tr See note

304 hands B, O'F: hand 1633-69

312 so.] so; 1633

316 Thorough] Through 1669

318 garments 1633: garment 1635-69: quem non possunt quin tangant vestimentis suis Tr

320 not; O'F, N, TCD: not, 1633-69

322 dwell there; Ed: dwell; there. 1633: dwell there. 1635-39: dwell there 1650-54: dwell there: 1669

325 their ... the 1633-39: the ... their 1650-69

333-4 day. 19 Eagles Ed: The old editions place a comma after day, and 19 at the beginning of 335, wrongly.

335 mountaine tops 1633-39: mountaines tops 1650-69, B

340 fell.] fell 1633

342 which 1633: that 1635-69

Huz B: Hus N, TCD: her, 1633: Uz, 1635-69: in terra Hutzi Tr

345 And then] And om. Chambers

Chap.] Cap. 1633

349 us;] us, 1633-35

354 father B, O'F: fathers 1633-69: Pupilli sumus ac nullo patre Tr: absque patre Vulg

355 drunke, 1633, N, TCD: drinke 1635-69, B, O'F

356 lay. 1650-69: lay, 1633-39

368 Oven 1635-69: Ocean 1633: Pelles nostrae ut furnus atratae sunt Tr

374 fell ... bare. 1633-69: fall ... beare. B, O'F

376 15 Gone &c.] Old edd. transfer 15 to next line, wrongly. In consequence, the remaining verses are all a number short, but the complete number of 22 is made up by breaking the last verse, 'For oughtest thou &c.,' into two. I have corrected throughout.

389 thus,] thus 1633

Note

Note (Supp.)

Hymne to God my God, in my sicknesse.

Note (Add.)

SINCE I am comming to that Holy roome,

Where, with thy Quire of Saints for evermore,

I shall be made thy Musique; As I come

I tune the Instrument here at the dore,
And what I must doe then, thinke here before.
Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne
Cosmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne
That this is my South-west discoverie
Per fretum febris, by these streights to die,
I joy, that in these straits, I see my West;
For, though theire currants yeeld returne to none,
What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
In all flatt Maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the Resurrection.
Is the Pacifique Sea my home? Or are
The Easterne riches? Is Ierusalem?
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltare,
All streights, and none but streights, are wayes to them,
Whether where Iaphet dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.
We thinke that Paradise and Calvarie,
Christs Crosse, and Adams tree, stood in one place;
Looke Lord, and finde both Adams met in me;
As the first Adams sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adams blood my soule embrace.
So, in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,
By these his thornes give me his other Crowne;

And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,

Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine owne,

30Therfore that he may raise the Lord throws down.

Hymn to God &c. 1635-69, S96, and in part Walton (Life of Dr John Donne. 1670), who adds March 23, 1630

2 thy 1635 and Walton (1670): the 1639-69

4 the Instrument 1635-69: my instrument Walton

6 Whilst ... love] Since ... loves Walton

10 to die, 1635: to die. 1639-54: to dy. 1669

12 theire S96: those 1635-69

18 Gibraltare, 1635-54: Gabraltare, 1669: Gibraltar? 1719, Chambers: Gibraltar are Grosart. See note

19 but streights, Ed: but streights 1635-69

24 first] sist 1669

28 others souls] other souls Walton and S96

30 That, he may raise; therefore, Walton

Note (Supp.)

JOHN DONNE

JOHN DONNE

EFFIGIES REUERENDISS: UIRI IOHANNIS DONNE NUPER ECCLES: PAULINÆ DECANI

Corporis hæc Animæ sit Syndon Syndon Jesu Amen Martin [DR monogram] scup And are to be sould by RR and Ben: ffisher

("Portrait of the very reverend John Donne, lately Dean of St Paul's." The meaning

of the second line is highly obscure; possibly "May this be the shroud of my body, Jesus the shroud of my soul"; or possibly: "May this be the shroud of my body, Jesus's shroud that of my soul". The monogram is that of Martin Droeshout)

From the frontispiece to Death's Duel, 1632

Note

A Hymne to God the Father:

I.

WILT thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,

Which was my sin, though it were done before?

Wilt thou forgive that sinne; through which I runne,

And do run still: though still I do deplore?

When thou hast done, thou hast not done,

For, I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have wonne

Others to sinne? and, made my sinne their doore?

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne

A yeare, or two: but wallowed in, a score?

When thou hast done, thou hast not done,

For I have more.

III.

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne

My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;

But sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne

Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;

And, having done that, Thou haste done,

I feare no more.

A Hymne &c. 1633-69: To Christ. A18, N, TCC, TCD: Christo Salvatori. O'F, S96: for the text of the MSS. see next page

2 Which] which 1633

8 my sin] my sins 1639-69

10 two: 1633: two, 1635-69

To Christ.

WILT thou forgive that sinn, where I begunn,

Wch is my sinn, though it were done before?

Wilt thou forgive those sinns through wch I runn

And doe them still, though still I doe deplore?

When thou hast done, thou hast not done,

for I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sinn, by wch I'have wonne

Others to sinn, & made my sinn their dore?

Wilt thou forgive that sinn wch I did shunne

A yeare or twoe, but wallowed in a score?

When thou hast done, thou hast not done,

for I have more.

I have a sinn of feare yt when I have spunn

My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;

Sweare by thy self that at my Death, thy Sunn

Shall shine as it shines nowe, & heretofore;

And having done that, thou hast done,

I have noe more.

Christ. A18, N, TCC, TCD: Christo Salvatori. O'F, S96: text from TCD

1 begunn, Ed: begunn TCD

2 were A18, N, TC: was O'F, S before? Ed: before TCD

4 them A18, N, TC: runne O'F, S96

5 done, Ed: done TCD: and so 11 and 17

14 shore; Ed: shore TCD

15 thy Sunne O'F, S: this Sunn A18, N, TC

16 heretofore; Ed: heretofore TCD

Note

ELEGIES UPON THE AUTHOR

Note

TO THE MEMORIE OF MY EVER DESIRED FRIEND Dr. Donne.

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree

Beyond our lofty'st flights, that is, like Thee,

Or t'have had too much merit, is not safe;

For, such excesses finde no Epitaph.

5At common graves we have Poetique eyes

Can melt themselves in easie Elegies,

Each quill can drop his tributary verse,

And pin it, like the Hatchments, to the Hearse:

But at Thine, Poeme, or Inscription
(Rich soule of wit, and language) we have none.
Indeed a silence does that tombe befit,
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd invention justly doth forbeare
To come abroad, knowing Thou art not here,
Late her great Patron; Whose Prerogative
Maintain'd, and cloth'd her so, as none alive
Must now presume, to keepe her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dowre estate.
Or else that awfull fire, which once did burne
In thy cleare Braine, now falne into thy Urne
Lives there, to fright rude Empiricks from thence,
Which might prophane thee by their Ignorance.
Who ever writes of Thee, and in a stile
Unworthy such a Theme, does but revile
Thy precious Dust, and wake a learned Spirit
Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit.
For, all a low pitch't phansie can devise,
Will prove, at best, but Hallow'd Injuries.
Thou, like the dying Swanne, didst lately sing
Thy Mournfull Dirge, in audience of the King;
When pale lookes, and faint accents of thy breath,
Presented so, to life, that peece of death,

That it was fear'd, and prophesi'd by all,
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy Funerall.
O! had'st Thou in an Elegiacke Knell
Rung out unto the world thine owne farewell,
And in thy High Victorious Numbers beate
The solemne measure of thy griev'd Retreat;
Thou might'st the Poets service now have mist
As well, as then thou did'st prevent the Priest;
And never to the world beholding bee
So much, as for an Epitaph for thee.
I doe not like the office. Nor is't fit
Thou, who did'st lend our Age such summes of wit,
Should'st now re-borrow from her bankrupt Mine,
That Ore to Bury Thee, which once was Thine,
Rather still leave us in thy debt; And know
(Exalted Soule) more glory 'tis to owe
Unto thy Hearse, what we can never pay,
Then, with embased Coine those Rites defray.
Commit we then Thee to Thy selfe: Nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy owne Fame
Leave Thee Executour. Since, but thine owne,
No pen could doe Thee Justice, nor Bayes Crowne
Thy vast desert; Save that, wee nothing can
Depute, to be thy Ashes Guardian.

So Jewellers no Art, or Metall trust

To forme the Diamond, but the Diamonds dust.

H. K.

To the &c. Also in Deaths Duell. 1632, Walton's Lives 1670, King's Poems. 1657, 1664, 1700

14 here] there 1632

31 faint] weak 1632

57 or] nor 1632

Note

To the deceased Author,

Upon the Promiscuous printing of his Poems, the Looser sort, with the Religious.

WHEN thy Loose raptures, Donne, shall meet with Those

That doe confine

Tuning, unto the Duller line,

And sing not, but in Sanctified Prose;

5How will they, with sharper eyes,

The Fore-skinne of thy phansie circumcise?

And feare, thy wantonnesse should now, begin

Example, that hath ceased to be Sin?

And that Feare fannes their Heat; whilst knowing eyes

10Will not admire

At this Strange Fire,

That here is mingled with thy Sacrifice:

But dare reade even thy Wanton Story,

As thy Confession, not thy Glory.

And will so envie Both to future times,

That they would buy thy Goodnesse, with thy Crimes.

Tho: Browne.

Note

On the death of Dr Donne.

I CANNOT blame those men, that knew thee well,

Yet dare not helpe the world, to ring thy knell

In tunefull Elegies; there's not language knowne

Fit for thy mention, but 'twas first thy owne;

The Epitaphs thou writst, have so bereft

Our tongue of wit, there is not phansie left

Enough to weepe thee; what henceforth we see

Of Art or Nature, must result from thee.

There may perchance some busie gathering friend

Steale from thy owne workes, and that, varied, lend,

Which thou bestow'st on others, to thy Hearse,

And so thou shalt live still in thine owne verse;

Hee that shall venture farther, may commit

A pitied errour, shew his zeale, not wit.

Fate hath done mankinde wrong; vertue may aime

Reward of conscience, never can, of fame,

Since her great trumpet's broke, could onely give

Faith to the world, command it to beleeve;

Hee then must write, that would define thy parts:

20Here lyes the best Divinitie, All the Arts.

Edw. Hyde.

On the &c. Also in Deaths Duell. 1632

4 thy] thine 1632

6 tongue] pens 1632

Note

On Doctor Donne,

By Dr C. B. of O.

HEE that would write an Epitaph for thee,

And do it well, must first beginne to be

Such as thou wert; for, none can truly know

Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so;

5He must have wit to spare and to hurle downe:

Enough, to keepe the gallants of the towne.

He must have learning plenty; both the Lawes,

Civill, and Common, to judge any cause;

Divinity great store, above the rest;

10Not of the last Edition, but the best.

Hee must have language, travaile, all the Arts;

Judgement to use; or else he wants thy parts.

He must have friends the highest, able to do;

Such as Mecœnas, and Augustus too.

15He must have such a sicknesse, such a death;

Or else his vaine descriptions come beneath;
Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,
He must be dead first, let'it alone for mee.
On &c. Also in Corbet's Poems 1647
Note

An Elegie upon the incomparable Dr DONNE.

A LL is not well when such a one as I
Dare peepe abroad, and write an Elegie;
When smaller Starres appeare, and give their light,
Phœbus is gone to bed: Were it not night,
And the world witlesse now that Donne is dead,
You sooner should have broke, then seene my head.
Dead did I say? Forgive this Injury
I doe him, and his worthes Infinity,
To say he is but dead; I dare averre
It better may be term'd a Massacre,
Then Sleepe or Death; See how the Muses mourne
Upon their oaten Reeds, and from his Vrne
Threaten the World with this Calamity,
They shall have Ballads, but no Poetry.
Language lyes speechlesse; and Divinity,
Lost such a Trump as even to Extasie
Could charme the Soule, and had an Influence
To teach best judgements, and please dullest Sense.

The Court, the Church, the Vniversitie,
Lost Chaplaine, Deane, and Doctor, All these, Three.
It was his Merit, that his Funerall
Could cause a losse so great and generall.
If there be any Spirit can answer give
Of such as hence depart, to such as live:
Speake, Doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to dust, and feele the lawes of Fate?
Me thinkes, Corruption, Wormes, what else is foule
Should spare the Temple of so faire a Soule.
I could beleeve they doe; but that I know
What inconvenience might hereafter grow:
Succeeding ages would Idolatrize,
And as his Numbers, so his Reliques prize.
If that Philosopher, which did avow
The world to be but Motes, was living now:
He would affirme that th' Atomes of his mould
Were they in severall bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of Travellers, Divines,
Of Linguists, Poets: sith these severall lines
In him concentred were, and flowing thence
Might fill againe the worlds Circumference.
I could beleeve this too; and yet my faith
Not want a President: The Phœnix hath

(And such was He) a power to animate
Her ashes, and herselfe perpetuate.
But, busie Soule, thou dost not well to pry
Into these Secrets; Griefe, and Iealousie,
The more they know, the further still advance,
And finde no way so safe as Ignorance.
Let this suffice thee, that his Soule which flew
A pitch of all admir'd, known but of few,
(Save those of purer mould) is now translated
From Earth to Heaven, and there Constellated.
For, if each Priest of God shine as a Starre,
His Glory is as his Gifts, 'bove others farre.
Hen. Valentine.
Note

An Elegie upon Dr Donne.

I S Donne, great Donne deceas'd? then England say
Thou 'hast lost a man where language chose to stay
And shew it's gracefull power. I would not praise
That and his vast wit (which in these vaine dayes
Make many proud) but as they serv'd to unlock
That Cabinet, his minde: where such a stock
Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
(Or should) this generall cause of discontent.
And I rejoyce I am not so severe,

But (as I write a line) to weepe a teare
For his decease; Such sad extremities
May make such men as I write Elegies.
And wonder not; for, when a generall losse
Falls on a nation, and they slight the crosse,
God hath rais'd Prophets to awaken them
From stupifaction; witnesse my milde pen,
Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it must
Freely and boldly, for, the cause is just.
Dull age, Oh I would spare thee, but th'art worse,
Thou art not onely dull, but hast a curse
Of black ingratitude; if not, couldst thou
Part with miraculous Donne, and make no vow
For thee and thine, successively to pay
A sad remembrance to his dying day?
Did his youth scatter Poetrie, wherein
Was all Philosophie? Was every sinne,
Character'd in his Satyres? made so foule
That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their soule
Freer by reading verse? Did he give dayes
Past marble monuments, to those, whose praise
He would perpetuate? Did hee (I feare
The dull will doubt:) these at his twentieth yeare?
But, more matur'd: Did his full soule conceive,

And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave

La Corona.

A Crowne of sacred sonets, fit to adorne

A dying Martyrs brow: or, to be worne

On that blest head of Mary Magdalen:

After she wip'd Christs feet, but not till then?

Did hee (fit for such penitents as shee

And hee to use) leave us a Litany?

Which all devout men love, and sure, it shall,

As times grow better, grow more classicall.

Did he write Hymnes, for piety and wit

Equall to those great grave Prudentius writ?

Spake he all Languages? knew he all Lawes?

The grounds and use of Physicke; but because

'Twas mercenary wav'd it? Went to see

That blessed place of Christs nativity?

Did he returne and preach him? preach him so

As none but hee did, or could do? They know

(Such as were blest to heare him know) 'tis truth.

Did he confirme thy age? convert thy youth?

Did he these wonders? And is this deare losse

Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a crosse.)

But sure the silent are ambitious all

To be Close Mourners at his Funerall;

If not; In common pitty they forbare
By repetitions to renew our care;
Or, knowing, griefe conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes
Do waste the braine) make silence a safe way
To'inlarge the Soule from these walls, mud and clay,
(Materialls of this body) to remaine
With Donne in heaven, where no promiscuous paine
Lessens the joy wee have, for, with him, all
Are satisfyed with joyes essentiall.
My thoughts, Dwell on this Ioy, and do not call
Griefe backe, by thinking of his Funerall;
Forget he lov'd mee; Waste not my sad yeares;
(Which haste to Davids seventy, fill'd with feares
And sorrow for his death;) Forget his parts,
Which finde a living grave in good mens hearts;
And, (for, my first is daily paid for sinne)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him:
Forget his powerfull preaching; and forget
I am his Convert. Oh my frailtie! let
My flesh be no more heard, it will obtrude
This lethargie: so should my gratitude,
My vowes of gratitude should so be broke;
Which can no more be, then Donnes vertues spoke

By any but himselfe; for which cause, I

Write no Encomium, but an Elegie.

Iz. Wa.

An Elegie &c. See note

1-3

Our Donne is dead; England should mourne, may say

We had a man where language chose to stay

And shew her gracefull power 1635-69

35 Crowne] Crowme 1633

Note

An Elegie upon the death of the Deane of Pauls, Dr. Iohn Donne:

By Mr. Tho: Carie.

C AN we not force from widdowed Poetry,

Now thou art dead (Great Donne) one Elegie

To crowne thy Hearse? Why yet dare we not trust

Though with unkneaded dowe-bak't prose thy dust,

5Such as the uncisor'd Churchman from the flower

Of fading Rhetorique, short liv'd as his houre,

Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay

Upon thy Ashes, on the funerall day?

Have we no voice, no tune? Did'st thou dispense

10Through all our language, both the words and sense?

'Tis a sad truth: The Pulpit may her plaine,

And sober Christian precepts still retaine,

Doctrines it may, and wholesome Uses frame,
Grave Homilies, and Lectures, But the flame
Of thy brave Soule, that shot such heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darknesse bright,
Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,
Did through the eye the melting heart distill;
And the deepe knowledge of darke truths so teach,
As sense might judge, what phansie could not reach;
Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire,
That fills with spirit and heat the Delphique quire,
Which kindled first by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quench't now in thy death;
The Muses garden with Pedantique weedes
O'rspred, was purg'd by thee; The lazie seeds
Of servile imitation throwne away;
And fresh invention planted, Thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age;
Licentious thefts, that make poëtique rage
A Mimique fury, when our soules must bee
Possest, or with Anacreons Extasie,
Or Pindars, not their owne; The subtle cheat
Of slie Exchanges, and the jugling feat
Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greeke, or Latine tongue,

Thou hast redeem'd, and open'd Us a Mine
Of rich and pregnant phansie, drawne a line
Of masculine expression, which had good
Old Orpheus seene, Or all the ancient Brood
Our superstitious fooles admire, and hold
Their lead more precious, then thy burnish't Gold,
Thou hadst beene their Exchequer, and no more
They each in others dust, had rak'd for Ore.
Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,
And the blinde fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charmes the outward sense; Yet thou maist claime
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our stubborne language bends, made only fit
With her tough-thick-rib'd hoopes to gird about
Thy Giant phansie, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft melting Phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare,
And left the rifled fields, besides the feare
To touch their Harvest, yet from those bare lands
Of what is purely thine, thy only hands
(And that thy smallest worke) have gleaned more
Then all those times, and tongues could reape before;

But thou art gone, and thy strict lawes will be
Too hard for Libertines in Poetrie.
They will repeale the goodly exil'd traine
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just raigne
Were banish'd nobler Poems, now, with these
The silenc'd tales o'th'Metamorphoses
Shall stuffe their lines, and swell the windy Page,
Till Verse refin'd by thee, in this last Age,
Turne ballad rime, Or those old Idolls bee
Ador'd againe, with new apostasie;
Oh, pardon mee, that breake with untun'd verse
The reverend silence that attends thy herse,
Whose awfull solemne murmures were to thee
More then these faint lines, A loud Elegie,
That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence
The death of all the Arts, whose influence
Growne feeble, in these panting numbers lies
Gasping short winded Accents, and so dies:
So doth the swiftly turning wheele not stand
In th'instant we withdraw the moving hand,
But some small time maintaine a faint weake course
By vertue of the first impulsive force:
And so whil'st I cast on thy funerall pile
Thy crowne of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,

And spit disdaine, till the devouring flashes
Suck all the moysture up, then turne to ashes.
I will not draw the envy to engrosse
All thy perfections, or weepe all our losse;
Those are too numerous for an Elegie,
And this too great, to be express'd by mee.
Though every pen should share a distinct part,
Yet art thou Theme enough to tyre all Art;
Let others carve the rest, it shall suffice
I on thy Tombe this Epitaph incise.
Here lies a King, that rul'd as hee thought fit
The universall Monarchy of wit;
Here lie two Flamens, and both those, the best,
Apollo's first, at last, the true Gods Priest.
An Elegie &c. Also in Carew's Poems 1640. See note
Note

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

POETS attend, the Elegie I sing
Both of a doubly-named Priest, and King:
In stead of Coates, and Pennons, bring your Verse,
For you must bee chiefe mourners at his Hearse,
A Tombe your Muse must to his Fame supply,
No other Monuments can never die;
And as he was a two-fold Priest; in youth,

Apollo's; afterwards, the voice of Truth,
Gods Conduit-pipe for grace, who chose him for
His extraordinary Embassador,
So let his Liegiers with the Poets joyne,
Both having shares, both must in griefe combine:
Whil'st Johnson forceth with his Elegie
Teares from a griefe-unknowing Scythians eye,
(Like Moses at whose stroke the waters gusht
From forth the Rock, and like a Torrent rusht.)
Let Lawd his funerall Sermon preach, and shew
Those vertues, dull eyes were not apt to know,
Nor leave that Piercing Theme, till it appeares
To be goodfriday, by the Churches Teares;
Yet make not griefe too long oppresse our Powers,
Least that his funerall Sermon should prove ours.
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,
With which he did the bread of life dispense,
Preacher and Orator discharg'd both parts
With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts,
And the first such (Though a long studied Art
Tell us our soule is all in every part,)
None was so marble, but whil'st him he heares,
His Soule so long dwelt only in his eares.
And from thence (with the fiercenesse of a flood

Bearing downe vice) victual'd with that blest food
Their hearts; His seed in none could faile to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them so:
No Druggist of the Soule bestow'd on all
So Catholiquely a curing Cordiall.
Nor only in the Pulpit dwelt his store,
His words work'd much, but his example more,
That preach't on worky dayes, His Poetrie
It selfe was oftentimes divinity,
Those Anthemes (almost second Psalmes) he writ
To make us know the Crosse, and value it,
(Although we owe that reverence to that name
Wee should not need warmth from an under flame.)
Creates a fire in us, so neare extreme
That we would die, for, and upon this theme.
Next, his so pious Litany, which none can
But count Divine, except a Puritan,
And that but for the name, nor this, nor those
Want any thing of Sermons, but the prose.
Experience makes us see, that many a one
Owes to his Countrey his Religion;
And in another, would as strongly grow,
Had but his Nurse and Mother taught him so,
Not hee the ballast on his Judgement hung;

Nor did his preconceit doe either wrong;
He labour'd to exclude what ever sinne
By time or carelessenesse had entred in;
Winnow'd the chaffe from wheat, but yet was loath
A too hot zeale should force him, burne them both;
Nor would allow of that so ignorant gall,
Which to save blotting often would blot all;
Nor did those barbarous opinions owne,
To thinke the Organs sinne, and faction, none;
Nor was there expectation to gaine grace
From forth his Sermons only, but his face;
So Primitive a looke, such gravitie
With humblenesse, and both with Pietie;
So milde was Moses countenance, when he prai'd
For them whose Satanisme his power gainsaid;
And such his gravitie, when all Gods band
Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand,
Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move
Then ever Argive Hellens could of love.
Now to conclude, I must my reason bring,
Wherefore I call'd him in his title King,
That Kingdome the Philosophers beleev'd
To excell Alexanders, nor were griev'd
By feare of losse (that being such a Prey

80No stronger then ones selfe can force away)
The Kingdome of ones selfe, this he enjoy'd,
And his authoritie so well employ'd,
That never any could before become
So Great a Monarch, in so small a roome;
85He conquer'd rebell passions, rul'd them so,
As under-spheares by the first Mover goe,
Banish't so farre their working, that we can
But know he had some, for we knew him man.
Then let his last excuse his first extremes,
90His age saw visions, though his youth dream'd dreams.
72 Receiv'd] Receiv' 1633
Note

On Dr. Donnes death:

By Mr. Mayne of Christ-Church in Oxford.

WHO shall presume to mourn thee, Donne, unlesse
He could his teares in thy expressions dresse,
And teach his griefe that reverence of thy Hearse,
To weepe lines, learned, as thy Anniverse,
5A Poëme of that worth, whose every teare
Deserves the title of a severall yeare.
Indeed so farre above its Reader, good,
That wee are thought wits, when 'tis understood,
There that blest maid to die, who now should grieve?

After thy sorrow, 'twere her losse to live;
And her faire vertues in anothers line,
Would faintly dawn, which are made Saints in thine.
Hadst thou beene shallower, and not writ so high,
Or left some new way for our pennes, or eye,
To shed a funerall teare, perchance thy Tombe
Had not beene speechlesse, or our Muses dumbe;
But now wee dare not write, but must conceale
Thy Epitaph, lest we be thought to steale,
For, who hath read thee, and discernes thy worth,
That will not say, thy carelesse houres brought forth
Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play
Was happier, then our serious time of day?
So learned was thy chance; thy haste had wit,
And matter from thy pen flow'd rashly fit,
What was thy recreation turnes our braine,
Our rack and palenesse, is thy weakest straine.
And when we most come neere thee, 'tis our blisse
To imitate thee, where thou dost amisse.
Here light your muse, you that do onely thinke,
And write, and are just Poëts, as you drinke,
In whose weake fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,
Just as your recknings rise, that wee may know
In your whole carriage of your worke, that here

This flash you wrote in Wine, and this in Beere,
This is to tap your Muse, which running long
Writes flat, and takes our eare not halfe so strong;
Poore Suburbe wits, who, if you want your cup,
Or if a Lord recover, are blowne up.
Could you but reach this height, you should not need
To make, each meale, a project ere you feed,
Nor walke in reliques, clothes so old and bare,
As if left off to you from Ennius were,
Nor should your love, in verse, call Mistresse, those,
Who are mine hostesse, or your whores in prose;
From this Muse learne to Court, whose power could move
A Cloystred coldnesse, or a Vestall love,
And would convey such errands to their eare,
That Ladies knew no oddes to grant and heare;
But I do wrong thee, Donne, and this low praise
Is written onely for thy yonger dayes.
I am not growne up, for thy riper parts,
Then should I praise thee, through the Tongues, and Arts,
And have that deepe Divinity, to know,
What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,
Who with thy words could charme thy audience,
That at thy sermons, eare was all our sense;
Yet have I seene thee in the pulpit stand,

Where wee might take notes, from thy looke, and hand;
And from thy speaking action beare away
More Sermon, then some teachers use to say.
Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,
As could divide the heart, and conscience touch.
Thy motion did confute, and wee might see
An errour vanquish'd by delivery.
Not like our Sonnes of Zeale, who to reforme
Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit storme,
And beate the cushion into worse estate,
Then if they did conclude it reprobate,
Who can out pray the glasse, then lay about
Till all Predestination be runne out.
And from the point such tedious uses draw,
Their repetitions would make Gospell, Law.
No, In such temper would thy Sermons flow,
So well did Doctrine, and thy language show,
And had that holy feare, as, hearing thee,
The Court would mend, and a good Christian bee.
And Ladies though unhansome, out of grace,
Would heare thee, in their unbought lookes, and face.
More I could write, but let this crowne thine Urne,
Wee cannot hope the like, till thou returne.
Note

Upon Mr J. Donne, and his Poems.

WHO dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
(Unburied yet) this living part of thee?
This part that to thy beeing gives fresh flame,
And though th'art Donne, yet will preserve thy name.
Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimsen hew,
And whey-like ranne at last in a pale blew)
May shew thee mortall, a dead palsie may
Seise on't, and quickly turne it into clay;
Which like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd:
But this great Spirit thou hast left behinde,
This Soule of Verse (in it's first pure estate)
Shall live, for all the World to imitate,
But not come neer, for in thy Fancies flight
Thou dost not stoope unto the vulgar fight,
But, hovering highly in the aire of Wit,
Hold'st such a pitch, that few can follow it;
Admire they may. Each object that the Spring
(Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
T'adorne Earths face, thou sweetly did'st contrive
To beauties elements, and thence derive
Unspotted Lillies white; which thou did'st set
Hand in hand, with the veine-like Violet,
Making them soft, and warme, and by thy power,

Could'st give both life, and sense, unto a flower.
The Cheries thou hast made to speake, will bee
Sweeter unto the taste, then from the tree.
And (spight of winter stormes) amidst the snow
Thou oft hast made the blushing Rose to grow.
The Sea-nimphs, that the watry cavernes keepe,
Have sent their Pearles and Rubies from the deepe
To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they drew
More lustre to them, then where first they grew.
All minerals (that Earths full wombe doth hold
Promiscuously) thou couldst convert to gold,
And with thy flaming raptures so refine,
That it was much more pure then in the Mine.
The lights that guild the night, if thou did'st say,
They looke like eyes, those did out-shine the day;
For there would be more vertue in such spells,
Then in Meridians, or crosse Parallels:
What ever was of worth in this great Frame,
That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,
It was thy theme for Beauty; thou didst see,
Woman, was this faire Worlds Epitomie.
Thy nimble Satyres too, and every straine
(With nervy strength) that issued from thy brain,
Will lose the glory of their owne cleare bayes,

If they admit of any others praise.
But thy diviner Poëms (whose cleare fire
Purges all drosse away) shall by a Quire
Of Cherubims, with heavenly Notes be set
(Where flesh and blood could ne'r attaine to yet)
There purest Spirits sing such sacred Layes,
In Panegyrique Alleluiaes.
Arth. Wilson.
Note

In memory of Doctor Donne: By Mr R. B.

D ONNE dead? 'Tis here reported true, though I
Ne'r yet so much desir'd to heare a lye,
'Tis too too true, for so wee finde it still,
Good newes are often false, but seldome, ill:
But must poore fame tell us his fatall day,
And shall we know his death, the common way,
Mee thinkes some Comet bright should have foretold
The death of such a man, for though of old
'Tis held, that Comets Princes death foretell,
Why should not his, have needed one as well?
Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongst whom he reign'd,
High as a Prince, and as great State maintain'd?
Yet wants he not his signe, for wee have seene
A dearth, the like to which hath never beene,

Treading on harvests heeles, which doth presage
The death of wit and learning, which this age
Shall finde, now he is gone; for though there bee
Much graine in shew, none brought it forth as he,
Or men are misers; or if true want raises
The dearth, then more that dearth Donnes plenty praises.
Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
And Poësie, (past rauishing of sense,)
He had a magazine, wherein such store
Was laid up, as might hundreds serve of poore.
But he is gone, O how will his desire
Torture all those that warm'd them by his fire?
Mee thinkes I see him in the pulpit standing,
Not eares, or eyes, but all mens hearts commanding,
Where wee that heard him, to our selves did faine
Golden Chrysostome was alive againe;
And never were we weari'd, till we saw
His houre (and but an houre) to end did draw.
How did he shame the doctrine-men, and use,
With helps to boot, for men to beare th'abuse
Of their tir'd patience, and endure th'expence
Of time, O spent in hearkning to non-sense,
With markes also, enough whereby to know,
The speaker is a zealous dunce, or so.

'Tis true, they quitted him, to their poore power,
They humm'd against him; And with face most sowre
Call'd him a strong lin'd man, a Macaroon,
And no way fit to speake to clouted shoone,
As fine words [truly] as you would desire,
But [verily,] but a bad edifier.
Thus did these beetles slight in him that good,
They could not see, and much lesse understood.
But we may say, when we compare the stuffe
Both brought; He was a candle, they the snuffe.
Well, Wisedome's of her children justifi'd,
Let therefore these poore fellowes stand aside;
Nor, though of learning he deserv'd so highly,
Would I his booke should save him; Rather slily
I should advise his Clergie not to pray,
Though of the learn'dst sort; Me thinkes that they
Of the same trade, are Judges not so fit,
There's no such emulation as of wit.
Of such, the Envy might as much perchance
Wrong him, and more, then th'others ignorance.
It was his Fate (I know't) to be envy'd
As much by Clerkes, as lay men magnifi'd;
And why? but 'cause he came late in the day,
And yet his Penny earn'd, and had as they.

No more of this, least some should say, that I
Am strai'd to Satyre, meaning Elegie.
No, no, had Donne need to be judg'd or try'd,
A Jury I would summon on his side,
That had no sides, nor factions, past the touch
Of all exceptions, freed from Passion, such
As nor to feare nor flatter, e'r were bred,
These would I bring, though called from the dead:
Southampton, Hambleton, Pembrooke, Dorsets Earles,
Huntingdon, Bedfords Countesses (the Pearles
Once of each sexe.) If these suffice not, I
Ten decem tales have of Standers by:
All which, for Donne, would such a verdict give,
As can belong to none, that now doth live.
But what doe I? A diminution 'tis
To speake of him in verse, so short of his,
Whereof he was the master; All indeed
Compar'd with him, pip'd on an Oaten reed.
O that you had but one 'mongst all your brothers
Could write for him, as he hath done for others:
(Poets I speake to) When I see't, I'll say,
My eye-sight betters, as my yeares decay,
Meane time a quarrell I shall ever have
Against these doughty keepers from the grave,

Who use, it seemes their old Authoritie,
When (Verses men immortall make) they cry:
Which had it been a Recipe true tri'd,
Probatum esset, Donne had never dy'd.
For mee, if e'r I had least sparke at all
Of that which they Poetique fire doe call,
Here I confesse it fetched from his hearth,
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
This only a poore flash, a lightning is
Before my Muses death, as after his.
Farewell (faire soule) and deigne receive from mee
This Type of that devotion I owe thee,
From whom (while living) as by voice and penne
I learned more, then from a thousand men:
So by thy death, am of one doubt releas'd,
And now beleeve that miracles are ceas'd.
Note

Epitaph.

HEERE lies Deane Donne; Enough; Those words alone
Shew him as fully, as if all the stone
His Church of Pauls contains, were through inscrib'd
Or all the walkers there, to speake him, brib'd.
None can mistake him, for one such as Hee
Donne, Deane, or Man, more none shall ever see.

Not man? No, though unto a Sunne each eye
Were turn'd, the whole earth so to overspie.
A bold brave word; Yet such brave Spirits as knew
His Spirit, will say, it is lesse bold then true.
Note

Epitaph upon Dr. Donne,

By Endy: Porter.

THIS decent Urne a sad inscription weares,
Of Donnes departure from us, to the spheares;
And the dumbe stone with silence seemes to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Exprest, A cause to make all joy to cease,
And never let our sorrowes more take ease;
For now it is impossible to finde
One fraught with vertues, to inrich a minde;
But why should death, with a promiscuous hand
At one rude stroke impoverish a land?
Thou strict Attorney, unto stricter Fate,
Didst thou confiscate his life out of hate
To his rare Parts? Or didst thou throw thy dart,
With envious hand, at some Plebeyan heart;
And he with pious vertue stept betweene
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseene
By thee? O 'twas his goodnesse so to doe,

Which humane kindnesse never reacht unto.
Thus the hard lawes of death were satisfi'd,
And he left us like Orphan friends, and di'de.
Now from the Pulpit to the peoples eares,
Whose speech shall send repentant sighes, and teares?
Or tell mee, if a purer Virgin die,
Who shall hereafter write her Elegie?
Poets be silent, let your numbers sleepe,
For he is gone that did all phansie keepe;
Time hath no Soule, but his exalted verse;
Which with amazements, we may now reherse.
Note

In obitum venerabilis viri Iohannis Donne, sacræ Theologiæ Doctoris, Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Divi Pauli, nuper Decani; Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi colende Vir) observantiæ ergo Hæc ego.

C ONQUERAR? ignavoque sequar tua funera planctu?
Sed lachrimæ clausistis iter: nec muta querelas
Lingua potest proferre pias: ignoscite manes
Defuncti, & tacito finite indulgere dolori.
Sed scelus est tacuisse: cadant in mœsta lituræ
Verba. Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe jussis
Cæpta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
Aversare tuâ non dignum laude Poëtam.
O si Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuisset:

Inque meum â vestro migraret pectore pectus
Musa, repentinos tua nosceret urna furores.
Sed frustra, heu frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto:
Tecum abiit, summoque sedens jam monte Thalia
Ridet anhelantes, Parnassi & culmina vates
Desperare jubet. Verum hâc nolente coactos
Scribimus audaces numeros, & flebile carmen
Scribimus (ô soli qui te dilexit) habendum.
Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus
Clausit? & immerito merguntur funere virtus?
Et pietas? & quæ poterant fecisse beatum,
Cætera, sed nec te poterant servare beatum.
Quo mihi doctrinam? quorsum impallescere chartis
Nocturnis juvat? & totidem olfecisse lucernas?
Decolor & longos studiis deperdere Soles
Vt prius aggredior, longamque arcessere famam.
Omnia sed frustra: mihi dum cunctisque minatur
Exitium crudele & inexorabile fatum.
Nam post te sperare nihil decet: hoc mihi restat
Vt moriar, tenues fugiatque obscurus in auras
Spiritus: ô doctis saltem si cognitus umbris.
Illic te (venerande) iterum, (venerande) videbo.
Et dulces audire sonós, & verba diserti
Oris, & æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces.

Quêis ferus infernæ tacuisset Ianitor aulæ
Auditis: Nilusq́ue minus strepuisset: Arion
Cederet, & sylvas qui post se traxerat Orpheus.
Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
Voce feros potuit: quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infestus non motus ut illo
Hortante, & blando victus sermone sileret?
Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat,
Singula sic decuere senem, sic omnia. Vidi,
Audivi & stupui quoties orator in Æde
Paulina stetit, & mira gravitate levantes
Corda, oculosq́ue viros tenuit: dum Nestoris ille
Fudit verba (omni quanta mage dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
Non concessa prius nondumi intellecta: revolvunt
Mirantes, tacitique arrectis auribus astant.
Mutatis mox ille modo, formaq́ue loquendi
Tristia pertractat: fatumq́ue & flebile mortis
Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos.
Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres,
Forsitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum stillat rorem; ætheris illo
Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
Affectusq́ue ciere suos, & ponere notæ

Vocis ad arbitrium, divinæ oracula mentis
Dum narrat, rostrisque potens dominatur in altis.
Quo feror? audaci & forsan pietate nocenti
In nimia ignoscas vati, qui vatibus olim
Egregium decus, et tanto excellentior unus
Omnibus; inferior quanto est, et pessimus, impar
Laudibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit ista Poëta.
Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi sacra? Poëtæ
Desinite: en fati certus, sibi voce canorâ
Inferias præmisit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
(Vltima volventem et Cycnæâ voce loquentem)
Nuper eum, turba & magnatum audiret in Aulâ.
Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc astitit illi
Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus esca, pio malint nisi parcere: quidni
Incipiant & amare famem? Metuere Leones
Sic olim, sacrosque artus violare Prophetæ
Bellua non ausa est qùamquam jejuna, sitimque
Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore.
At non hæc de te sperabimus; omnia carpit
Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forsan metrico pede serpet ab inde:
Vescere, & exhausto satia te sanguine. Iam nos
Adsumus; et post te cupiet quis vivere? Post te

Quis volet, aut poterit? nam post te vivere mors est.
Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras:
Sustinet & tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce
Non festinanti æternum requiescere turbæ.
Ipsa satis properat quæ nescit Parca morari,
Nunc urgere colum, trahere atq́ue occare videmus.
Quin rursus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te
Quo Deus, & quo dura volet natura sequemur.
Depositum interea lapides servate fideles.
Fœlices illâ quêis Ædis parte locari
Quâ jacet iste datur. Forsan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturietque viro plenus testantia luctus
Verba: & carminibus quæ Donni suggeret illi
Spiritus, insolitos testari voce calores
Incipiet: (non sic Pyrrhâ jactante calebat.)
Mole sub hâc tegitur quicquid mortale relictum est
De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Ædi huic,
Formosi pecoris pastor, formosior ipse.
Ite igitur, dignisq́ue illum celebrate loquelis,
Et quæ demuntur vitæ date tempora famæ.
Indignus tantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum
tuarum cultor religiosissimus,
Daniel Darnelly.

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

10 pectore] pectore, 1635

21 beatum.] beatum 1635

23 olfecisse] olfecissë 1635

25 prius aggredior, 1635-69: prius, aggredior, 1719 arcessere Ed: accessere 1635-69

26-7 mihi dum ... Exitium 1719: mihi, dum ... Exitium, 1635-39: mihi dum, ... Exitium, 1650-69

38 Voce feros] Voceferos 1635, 1669

79 inde:] inde 1635-39

86 Parca] parca 1635-69

morari,] morari 1635

88 rursus 1719: rusus 1635: nusus 1639-69

96 Incipiet: ... calebat. 1719: no stops, 1635-69

Note

Elegie on D. D.

NOW, by one yeare, time and our frailtie have
Lessened our first confusion, since the Grave
Clos'd thy deare Ashes, and the teares which flow
In these, have no springs, but of solid woe:
Or they are drops, which cold amazement froze
At thy decease, and will not thaw in Prose:
All streames of Verse which shall lament that day,
Doe truly to the Ocean tribute pay;
But they have lost their saltnesse, which the eye
In recompence of wit, strives to supply:

Passions excesse for thee wee need not feare,
Since first by thee our passions hallowed were;
Thou mad'st our sorrowes, which before had bin
Onely for the Successe, sorrowes for sinne,
We owe thee all those teares, now thou art dead,
Which we shed not, which for our selves we shed.
Nor didst thou onely consecrate our teares,
Give a religious tincture to our feares;
But even our joyes had learn'd an innocence,
Thou didst from gladnesse separate offence:
All mindes at once suckt grace from thee, as where
(The curse revok'd) the Nations had one eare.
Pious dissector: thy one houre did treate
The thousand mazes of the hearts deceipt;
Thou didst pursue our lov'd and subtill sinne,
Through all the foldings wee had wrapt it in,
And in thine owne large minde finding the way
By which our selves we from our selves convey,
Didst in us, narrow models, know the same
Angles, though darker, in our meaner frame.
How short of praise is this? My Muse, alas,
Climbes weakly to that truth which none can passe,
Hee that writes best, may onely hope to leave
A Character of all he could conceive

But none of thee, and with mee must confesse,
That fansie findes some checke, from an excesse
Of merit most, of nothing, it hath spun,
And truth, as reasons task and theame, doth shunne.
She makes a fairer flight in emptinesse,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppresse.
Reason againe denies her scales, because
Hers are but scales, shee judges by the lawes
Of weake comparison, thy vertue sleights
Her feeble Beame, and her unequall Weights.
What prodigie of wit and pietie
Hath she else knowne, by which to measure thee?
Great soule: we can no more the worthinesse
Of what you were, then what you are, expresse.
Sidney Godolphin.
Elegie on D. D. 1635-69: it follows Walton's elegy.
Note

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

LONG since this taske of teares from you was due,
Long since, ô Poëts, he did die to you,
Or left you dead, when wit and he tooke flight
On divine wings, and soard out of your sight.
Preachers, 'tis you must weep; The wit he taught
You doe enjoy; the Rebels which he brought

From ancient discord, Giants faculties,
And now no more religions enemies;
Honest to knowing, unto vertuous sweet,
Witty to good, and learned to discreet,
He reconcil'd, and bid the Vsurper goe;
Dulnesse to vice, religion ought to flow;
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
Hee did not banish, but transplanted it,
Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
To Pietie, which it doth best become;
He shew'd us how for sinnes we ought to sigh,
And how to sing Christs Epithalamy:
The Altars had his fires, and there hee spoke
Incense of loves, and fansies holy smoake:
Religion thus enrich'd, the people train'd,
And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd.
The first effects sprung in the giddy minde
Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kinde,
By colours lead, and drawne to a pursuit,
Now once againe by beautie of the fruit,
As if their longings too must set us free,
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dresse,
Have you knowne crimes so shap'd? or lovelinesse

Such as his lips did cloth religion in?
Had not reproofe a beauty passing sinne?
Corrupted nature sorrow'd when she stood
So neare the danger of becomming good,
And wish'd our so inconstant eares exempt
From piety that had such power to tempt:
Did not his sacred flattery beguile
Man to amendment? The law, taught to smile,
Pension'd our vanitie, and man grew well
Through the same frailtie by which he fell.
O the sick state of man, health does not please
Our tasts, but in the shape of the disease.
Thriftlesse is charitie, coward patience,
Iustice is cruell, mercy want of sense.
What meanes our Nature to barre vertue place,
If shee doe come in her owne cloathes and face?
Is good a pill, we dare not chaw to know?
Sense the soules servant, doth it keep us so
As we might starve for good, unlesse it first
Doe leave a pawne of relish in the gust?
Or have we to salvation no tie
At all, but that of our infirmitie?
Who treats with us must our affections move
To th' good we flie by those sweets which we love,

Must seeke our palats, and with their delight
To gaine our deeds, must bribe our appetite.
These traines he knew, and laying nets to save,
Temptingly sugred all the health hee gave.
But, where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the world, now the loud organ may
Appeare, the better voyce is fled to have
A thousand times the sweetnesse which it gave.
I cannot say how many thousand spirits
The single happinesse this soule inherits,
Damnes in the other world, soules whom no crosse
O'th sense afflicts, but onely of the losse,
Whom ignorance would halfe save, all whose paine
Is not in what they feele, but others gaine,
Selfe executing wretched spirits, who
Carrying their guilt, transport their envy too:
But those high joyes which his wits youngest flame
Would hurt to chuse, shall not we hurt to name?
Verse statues are all robbers, all we make
Of monument, thus doth not give but take
As Sailes which Seamen to a forewinde fit,
By a resistance, goe along with it,
So pens grow while they lessen fame so left;
A weake assistance is a kinde of theft.

Who hath not love to ground his teares upon,

Must weep here if he have ambition.

I. Chudleigh.

On Dr John Donne &c. 1635-69, where it follows Godolphin's Elegie

FINIS.

Note

APPENDIX A. LATIN POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

De Libro Cvm Mvtvaretur Impresso; Domi à pueris frustatim lacerato; et post reddito Manuscripto. Doctissimo Amicissimoque v. D. D. Andrews.

PARTURIUNT madido quae nixu praela, recepta,

Sed quae scripta manu, sunt veneranda magis.

Qui liber in pluteos, blattis cinerique relictos,

Si modo sit praeli sanguine tinctus, abit;

5Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,

Involat et veterum scrinia summa Patrum.

Dicat Apollo modum; Pueros infundere libro

Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.

Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos,

10Haec nova fata libra posse dedisse novo.

Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon

Ipse Pater Iuvenem me dabit arte senem?

Hei miseris senibus! nos vertit dura senectus

Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Iuvenem.

15Hoc tibi servasti praestandum, Antique Dierum,
Quo viso, et vivit, et juvenescit Adam.
Interea, infirmae fallamus taedia vitae,
Libris, et Coelorum aemulâ amicitiâ.
Hos inter, qui a te mihi redditus iste libellus,
20Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit.
Epigramma
Transiit in Sequanam Moenus; Victoris in aedes;
Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat.
DE LIBRO &c. 1635-69 among certain prose letters in Latin and English
Title:—mutuaretur Impresso;] mutuaretur, Impresso, 1635-69
frustatim] frustratim 1635-69
lacerato;] lacerato, 1635-69
2 manu, sunt] manu sunt, 1635-69
4 abit;] abit, 1635-69
Epigramma Ed: in old edd. these lines are 3 and 4 of above poem. See note
1 aedes;] aedes, 1635-69

Amicissimo, & meritissimo Ben. Jonson. In Vulponem.

Q VOD arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Consulti, veteres sequi aemularierque,
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.
5His sed sunt veteres araneosi;
Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu

Illos quod sequeris novator audis.

Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ

Libri canitie induantur horâ:

Nam chartis pueritia est neganda,

Nascanturque senes, oportet, illi

Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.

Priscis, ingenium facit, laborque

Te parem; hos superes, ut et futuros,

Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,

Quâ priscos superamus, et futuros.

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

11 Nascanturque 1607: Nascunturque 1616, 1650-69

Note

To Mr George Herbert, with one of my Seals, of the Anchor and Christ.

Q VI prius assuetus Serpentum fasce Tabellas

Signare, (haec nostrae symbola parva Domus)

Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto

Stemmate, nanciscor stemmata jure nova.

Hinc mihi Crux primo quae fronti impressa lavacro,

Finibus extensis, anchora facta patet.

Anchorae in effigiem Crux tandem desinit ipsam,

Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu.

Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
Crux, et ab Affixo, est Anchora facta, Iesu.
Nec Natalitiis penitus serpentibus orbor,
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Quâ sapiens, Dos est; Quâ terram lambit et ambit,
Pestis; At in nostra fit Medicina Cruce,
Serpens; fixa Cruci si sit Natura; Crucique
A fixo, nobis, Gratia tota fluat.
Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora facta, sigillum
Non tam dicendum hoc quam Catechismus erit.
Mitto nec exigua, exiguâ sub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiae, et munera; Vota, preces.
Plura tibi accumulet, sanctus cognominis, Ille
Regia qui flavo Dona sigillat Equo.

A SHEAFE of Snakes used heretofore to be
My Seal, The Crest of our poore Family.
Adopted in Gods Family, and so
Our old Coat lost, unto new armes I go.
The Crosse (my seal at Baptism) spred below,
Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow.
Crosses grow Anchors; Bear, as thou shouldst do
Thy Crosse, and that Crosse grows an Anchor too.
But he that makes our Crosses Anchors thus,
Is Christ, who there is crucifi'd for us.

Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold,

God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old;

The Serpent, may, as wise, my pattern be;

My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.

15And as he rounds the Earth to murder sure,

My death he is, but on the Crosse, my cure.

Crucifie nature then, and then implore

All Grace from him, crucified there before;

When all is Crosse, and that Crosse Anchor grown,

20This Seal's a Catechism, not a Seal alone.

Under that little Seal great gifts I send,

Wishes, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.

And may that Saint which rides in our great Seal,

To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal.

To Mr George Herbert &c. 1650-69, in sheets added 1650: two and a half lines in Walton's Life of Donne (1658): for Herbert's reply see note

Title:—sent him with one Walton (1670) Seal, 1650-69: Seales Walton

1 fasce] falce Walton

5 fronti] fronte 1650-69

17 facta,] fixa, 1650-69

19 Mitto] Mitto, 1650-69

A sheafe &c.] 1650-69 and in Walton's Life of Donne (1658), in all of which and in all subsequent editions except Grolier the first two lines are printed as a title, Walton bracketing them:—

A sheafe of Snakes used heretofore to be

my Seal, The Crest of our poore Family.

4 Our ... unto] My ... into Walton

5 at] in Walton

11 with this I may Walton

15 to murder sure,] to murder, sure Walton

16 He is my death; Walton

22 Wishes, Ed: Works, 1650-69: Both works Walton: Lat. vota

23-4

Oh may that Saint that rides on our great Seal,

To you that bear his name large bounty deal.

Walton.

Note

Translated out of Gazæus, Vota Amico facta. fol. 160.

G OD grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,

Thou, who dost, best friend, in best things outshine;

May thy soul, ever chearfull, nere know cares,

Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray haires.

5Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds,

Nor thy purse, ever plump, know pleits, or folds.

Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing,

Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling.

Nor thy works, ever equall, know disguise,

10Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies.

Nor thy prayers, know low objects, still Divine;

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine.

Translated &c.] 1650-69, in sheets added 1650: for original see note

Note

APPENDIX B. POEMS WHICH HAVE BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN DONNE IN THE OLD EDITIONS AND THE PRINCIPAL MS. COLLECTIONS, ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THEIR PROBABLE AUTHORS.

I. POEMS PROBABLY BY SIR JOHN ROE, KNT. To Sr Nicholas Smyth.

Note

S LEEP, next Society and true friendship,

Mans best contentment, doth securely slip

His passions and the worlds troubles. Rock me

O sleep, wean'd from my dear friends company,

In a cradle free from dreams or thoughts, there

Where poor men ly, for Kings asleep do fear.

Here sleeps House by famous Ariosto,

By silver-tongu'd Ovid, and many moe,

Perhaps by golden-mouth'd Spencer too pardie,

(Which builded was some dozen Stories high)

I had repair'd, but that it was so rotten,

As sleep awak'd by Ratts from thence was gotten:

And I will build no new, for by my Will,

Thy fathers house shall be the fairest still

In Excester. Yet, methinks, for all their Wit,

Those wits that say nothing, best describe it.
Without it there is no Sense, only in this
Sleep is unlike a long Parenthesis.
Not to save charges, but would I had slept
The time I spent in London, when I kept
Fighting and untrust gallants Company,
In which Natta, the new Knight, seized on me,
And offered me the experience he had bought
With great Expence. I found him throughly taught
In curing Burnes. His thing hath had more scars
Then Things himselfe; like Epps it often wars,
And still is hurt. For his Body and State
The Physick and Counsel which came too late,
'Gainst Whores and Dice, hee nowe on mee bestowes
Most superficially: hee speaks of those
(I found by him) least soundly who most knows:
He swears well, speakes ill, but best of Clothes,
What fits Summer, what Winter, what the Spring.
He had Living, but now these waies come in
His whole Revenues. Where each Whore now dwells,
And hath dwelt, since his fathers death, he tells.
Yea he tells most cunningly each hid cause
Why Whores forsake their Bawds. To these some Laws
He knows of the Duello, and touch his Skill

The least lot in that or those he quarrell will,
Though sober; but so never fought. I know
What made his Valour, undubb'd, Windmill go,
Within a Pint at most: yet for all this
(Which is most strange) Natta thinks no man is
More honest than himself. Thus men may want
Conscience, whilst being brought up ignorant,
They use themselves to vice. And besides those
Illiberal Arts forenam'd, no Vicar knows,
Nor other Captain less then he; His Schools
Are Ordinaries, where civil men seem fools,
Or are for being there; His best bookes, Plaies,
Where, meeting godly Scenes, perhaps he praies.
His first set prayer was for his father, ill
And sick, that he might dye: That had, until
The Lands were gone, he troubled God no more:
And then ask'd him but his Right, That the whore
Whom he had kept, might now keep him: She spent,
They left each other on even terms; she went
To Bridewel, he unto the Wars, where want
Hath made him valiant, and a Lieutenant
He is become: Where, as they pass apace,
He steps aside, and for his Captains place
He praies again: Tells God, he will confess

His sins, swear, drink, dice and whore thenceforth less,
On this Condition, that his Captain dye
And he succeed; But his Prayer did not; They
Both cashir'd came home, and he is braver now
Than'his captain: all men wonder, few know how.
Can he rob? No. Cheat? No. Or doth he spend
His own? No. Fidus, he is thy dear friend,
That keeps him up. I would thou wert thine own,
Or thou'hadst as good a friend as thou art one.
No present Want nor future hope made me,
Desire (as once I did) thy friend to be:
But he had cruelly possest thee then,
And as our Neighbours the Low-Country men,
Being (whilst they were Loyal, with Tyranny
Opprest) broke loose, have since refus'd to be
Subject to good Kings, I found even so,
Wer't thou well rid of him, thou't have no moe.
Could'st thou but chuse as well as love, to none
Thou should'st be second: Turtle and Damon
Should give thee place in songs, and Lovers sick
Should make thee only Loves Hieroglyphick:
Thy Impress should be the loving Elm and Vine,
Where now an ancient Oak, with Ivy twine
Destroy'd, thy Symbol is. O dire Mischance!

And, O vile verse! And yet your Abraham France
Writes thus, and jests not. Good Fidus for this
Must pardon me, Satyres bite when they kiss.
But as for Natta, we have since faln out:
Here on his knees he pray'd, else we had fought.
And because God would not he should be winner,
Nor yet would have the Death of such a sinner,
At his seeking, our Quarrel is deferr'd,
I'll leave him at his Prayers, and (as I heard)
His last; Fidus, and you, and I do know,
I was his friend, and durst have been his foe,
And would be either yet; But he dares be
Neither; Sleep blots him out and takes in thee.
"The mind, you know is like a Table-book,
"Which, th'old unwipt, new writing never took.
Hear how the Huishers Checques, Cupbord and Fire
I pass'd; by which Degrees young men aspire
In Court; And how that idle and she-state,
Whenas my judgment cleer'd, my soul did hate;
How I found there (if that my trifling Pen
Durst take so hard a Task) Kings were but men,
And by their Place more noted, if they erre;
How they and their Lords unworthy men prefer;
And, as unthrifts had rather give away

Great Summs to flatterers, than small debts pay,
So they their weakness hide, and greatness show,
By giving them that which to worth they owe:
What Treason is, and what did Essex kill,
Not true Treason, but Treason handled ill;
And which of them stood for their Countries good,
Or what might be the Cause of so much Blood.
He said she stunck, and men might not have said
That she was old before that she was dead.
His Case was hard, to do or suffer; loth
To do, he made it harder, and did both.
Too much preparing lost them all their Lives,
Like some in Plagues kill'd with preservatives.
Friends, like land-souldiers in a storm at Sea,
Not knowing what to do, for him did pray.
They told it all the world; where was their wit?
Cuffs putting on a sword, might have told it.
And Princes must fear Favorites more then Foes,
For still beyond Revenge Ambition goes.
How since Her death, with Sumpter-horse that Scot
Hath rid, who, at his coming up, had not
A Sumpter-dog. But till that I can write
Things worth thy Tenth reading (dear Nick) goodnight.

To Sr Nicholas Smyth. Ed: Satyra Sexta. To Sr &c. S: Satires to Sr Nic: Smith. 1602

B: A Satire: to Sr Nicholas Smith. 1602, L74: A Satyricall Letter to Sr Nich: Smith. Quere, if Donnes or Sr Th: Rowes. O'F: no title N, TCD (JR in margin): Satyre VI. 1669 (on which the present text is based)

1 Sleep, next] Sleep next, 1669

2 slip 1669, S: skipp B, L74, N, O'F, TCD. In 1669 full stops after slip and rock me and no stop after troubles

3 Rock] rock 1669

4 my MSS.: thy 1669

6 asleep] all sleap B

9 golden-mouth'd] gold-mouth'd B, S

14 still] still. 1669

25 hath had L74, N, O'F, S, TCD: had had 1669: had B

26 Things B, L74, N, O'F, S, TCD: T 1669

28-31 text from B, L74, N, O'F, S, TCD, which bracket which ... late: see note:

The Physick and Councel (which came too late

'Gainst Whores and Dice) he now on me bestows:

Most superficially he speaks of those.

I found, by him, least sound him who most knows. 1669

33 what Winter] what What Winter 1669

35 each B, L74, N, O'F, S, TCD: his 1669

37 cunningly 1669, L74, N, TCD: perfectly B, O'F, S

39 Duello, B, N, O'F, S, TCD: Duel, 1669

touch B, L74, O'F, S: on 1669: only N, TCD

40 those B, L74, O'F: these 1669

41 but so never fought. B, L74, O'F, S (soe as), TCD (nere): but nere fought. 1669

42 Valour, undubb'd, Windmill go, Ed: Valour undubd Windmill go. 1669: valours undubb'd Wine-mill go. L74, N, TCD: his undouted valour windmill goe. B: his undaunted valour windmill goe. O'F, S

45 want] vaunt S

47 besides] except B, O'F, S

49 he; Ed: he, 1669

53 father, ill] fathers ill, 1669

65 his] if his 1669

66 succeed; Ed: succeed, 1669

They Ed: they 1669

68 Than'his Ed: Than his 1669: Then's N, TCD

how. Ed: how, 1669

69 Or Ed: or 1669

72 thou'hadst L74, N, TCD: thou hadst 1669

81 love, Ed: love 1669

82 Damon] damon 1669

83 thee] the 1669

86-7 Oak, with Ivy twine Destroy'd, thy Symbol is. L74, N, TCD: Oak with Ivy twine, Destroy'd thy Symbole is. 1669: Oak with ivy twine. Destroy'd thy symbol is! Chambers

87 Mischance!] Mischance? 1669

88 your B, L74, N, S, TCD: our 1669

92 knees] knees, 1669

97 Fidus, and you, and I N, TCD: and Fidus, you and I 1669: Fidus, and you, and he

B, L74, O'F, S

100 Neither; L74, N, O'F, S, TCD: Neither yet. 1669

Sleep] sleep 1669

102 Which, th'old unwipt, B, O'F, S, TCD: "The old unwipt 1669

104-6 1669 has colon after pass'd, brackets by which ... Court and Whenas ... cleer'd, and places comma after hate

107 there (if that 1669: then that (if B, O'F, S

111 And, as unthrifts Ed: And, as unthrifts, 1669, Chambers

112 pay, Ed: pay; 1669: pay. Chambers

113 weakness B, L74, O'F, S: greatness 1669, N, TCD

116 ill; Ed: ill: 1669

118 Blood. Ed: Blood; 1669

121 hard, Ed: hard 1669

122 both. Ed: both 1669

127 world; Ed: world, 1669

132 Hath rid,] Doth ryde, B

133 till that 1669: till N, TCD: untill B, O'F, S

Note

Satyre.

MEN write that love and reason disagree,

But I ne'r saw't exprest as 'tis in thee.

Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see,

But, thine eyes blinde too, there's no hope for thee.

5Thou say'st shee's wise and witty, faire and free,

All these are reasons why she should scorne thee.
Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it shew
By matching her as she would match her foe:
And wouldst perswade her to a worse offence,
Then that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
Reason there's none for thee, but thou may'st vexe
Her with example. Say, for feare her sexe
Shunne her, she needs must change; I doe not see
How reason e'r can bring that must to thee.
Thou art a match a Iustice to rejoyce,
Fit to be his, and not his daughters choyce.
Urg'd with his threats shee'd scarcely stay with thee,
And wouldst th'have this to chuse thee, being free?
Goe then and punish some soone-gotten stuffe,
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,
In hating thee. Thou maist one like this meet;
For spight take her, prove kinde, make thy breath sweet,
Let her see she hath cause, and to bring to thee
Honest children, let her dishonest bee.
If shee be a widow, I'll warrant her
Shee'll thee before her first husband preferre,
And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead;
Shee'll love thee so, for then thou hadst bin dead.
But thou such strong love, and weake reasons hast,

Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd.
Yet pause a while; and thou maist live to see
A time to come, wherein she may beg thee;
If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now.
Doe what she can, love for nothing shee'll allow.
Besides, hers were too much gaine and merchandise,
And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
Now thou hast odds of him she loves, he may doubt
Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
Againe, be thy love true, shee'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on't will be thine:
For thou must never think on other love,
And so wilt advance her as high above
Vertue as cause above effect can bee:
'Tis vertue to be chast, which shee'll make thee.

Satyre. B, O'F: A Satire: upon one who was his Rivall in a widdowes Love. A10: Satyre VI. 1635-54: Satyre. VII. 1669 (where Satyre VI. is Sleep, next Society &c.)

4 thine eyes 1635-69: thy eye's A10

11 thee,] the, 1669

13 she needs must change; I 1635-69: she must change, yet I A10

16 and 1635-69: but B

17 Urg'd A10, B, O'F: Dry'd 1635-69

19 some] 1635 duplicates

22 sweet, 1639-69: sweet. 1635

27 maidenhead; Ed: maidenhead, 1635-69

28 (Shee'll love thee so) for, 1635-69

29 strong] firm A10

32 thee; Grosart: thee. 1635-69

33 now. Grosart: now, 1635-69

34 love for nothing shee'll 1635-69: she'le love for nought A10

35 Besides, hers Ed: Besides, here 1635-69: But hers A10: Besides her O'F

38-9 out. Againe, 1635-69: out Againe; A10

40 And in 1635-69: And yet in A10

thine: Ed: thine. 1635-69

41 For thou must never think on H-K (Grosart): And thou must never think on, A10: For though thou must ne'r thinke of 1635-69

42 And so wilt advance her 1635-69: For that will her advance A10

43 bee: Ed: bee, 1635-69

Note

AN ELEGIE.

Reflecting on his passion for his mistrisse.

C OME, Fates; I feare you not. All whom I owe

Are paid, but you. Then rest me ere I goe.

But, Chance from you all soveraignty hath got,

Love woundeth none but those whom death dares not;

5Else, if you were, and just, in equitie

I should have vanquish'd her, as you did me.

Else Lovers should not brave death's pains, and live,

But 'tis a rule, Death comes not to relieve.
Or, pale and wan deaths terrours, are they lay'd
So deepe in Lovers, they make death afraid?
Or (the least comfort) have I company?
Orecame she Fates, Love, Death, as well as mee?
Yes, Fates doe silke unto her distaffe pay,
For their ransome, which taxe on us they laye.
Love gives her youth, which is the reason why
Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.
Poore Death can nothing give; yet, for her sake,
Still in her turne, he doth a Lover take:
And if Death should prove false, she feares him not;
Our Muses, to redeeme her she hath got.
That fatall night wee last kiss'd, I thus pray'd,
Or rather, thus despair'd; I should have said:
Kisses, and yet despaire? The forbid tree
Did promise (and deceive) no more then shee.
Like Lambs that see their teats, and must eat Hay,
A food, whose tast hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou saw'st blisse, and crav'dst to touch
A drop of water, thy great paines were such.
Here griefe wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
And my sighes weary, groanes are all my rent;
Vnable longer to indure the paine,

They breake like thunder, and doe bring down rain.
Thus, till dry teares soulder mine eyes, I weepe;
And then, I dreame, how you securely sleepe,
And in your dreames doe laugh at me. I hate,
And pray Love, All may: He pitties my state,
But sayes, I therein no revenge should finde;
The Sunne would shine, though all the world were blind.
Yet, to trie my hate, Love shew'd me your teare;
And I had dy'd, had not your smile beene there.
Your frowne undoes me; your smile is my wealth;
And as you please to looke, I have my health.
Me thought, Love pittying me, when he saw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palmes to kisse.
That cur'd me not, but to beare paine gave strength,
And what it lost in force, it tooke in length.
I call'd on Love againe, who fear'd you so,
That his compassion still prov'd greater woe;
For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
But durst not feele, for feare't should not prove true.
This merits not your anger, had it beene,
The Queene of Chastitie was naked seene;
And in bed, not to feele, the paine I tooke,
Was more then for Actæon not to looke.
And that brest which lay ope, I did not know,

But for the clearnesse, from a lump of snowe,
Nor that sweet teat which on the top it bore
From the rose-bud, which for my sake you wore.
These griefs to issue forth, by verse, I prove,
Or turne their course, by travaile, or new love:
All would not doe. The best at last I tryde:
Unable longer to hould out I dyed.
And then I found I lost life, death by flying:
Who hundreds live are but soe long a dying.
Charon did let me passe: I'le him requite.
To marke the groves or shades wrongs my delight.
I'le speake but of those ghosts I found alone,
Those thousand ghosts, whereof myself made one,
All images of thee. I ask'd them, why?
The Judge told me, all they for thee did dye,
And therefore had for their Elisian blisse,
In one another their owne Loves to kisse.
O here I miss'd not blisse, but being dead;
For loe, I dream'd, I dream'd; and waking said,
Heaven, if who are in thee there must dwell,
How is't, I now was there, and now I fell.

An Elegie. Reflecting on &c. A10: An Elegie. H39, H40, L74, RP31: Eleg. XIII. 1635-69: no title, Cy: Elegie. P

5 Else, if you were, and just, in equitie H39: Else, if you were, and just in equitie,

1635-54, Grosart: True, if you were, and just in equitie, 1669, Chambers (True)

12 Orecame she Fates, Love, Death, MSS.: Or can the Fates love death, 1635-69

13 distaffe 1635-69, H39, L74: distaves A10, H40, RP31

14 For their ... on us they laye. Cy, H39, H40, L74, P: For ransome, which taxe they on us doe lay. 1635-69: For Ransome, but a taxe on us they lay: A10

17-19 Death] death 1635-69

18 take: H40, L74: take. 1635-69

21 That fatall night we last kiss'd 1635-69: That last fatall night wee kiss'd A10, H39, H40, L74, P, RP31

22 in brackets 1635-69

said: Ed: said, 1635-69

23 despaire? Ed: despaire. 1635-69

24 shee.] yee. A10, H40

28 A drop of water, thy greate 1635-69: A small little drop, thy Cy, H39 (then thy), H40, L74, P: The poorest little drop, thy A10

63 life] lif's Grosart: spelt lief H40

64 Who] Where Grosart

66 marke] walke Grosart

or] and A10

67 but] out Grosart, from H39

68 Those thousand] Thousand A10

72 In one] omit. Grosart

74 (For loe I dreampt) H39 and Grosart

75 Heaven] O Heaven A10

An Elegie to Mris Boulstred: 1602.

SHALL I goe force an Elegie? abuse
My witt? and breake the Hymen of my muse
For one poore houres love? Deserves it such
Which serves not me, to doe on her as much?
Or if it could, I would that fortune shunn:
Who would be rich, to be foe foone undone?
The beggars best is, wealth he doth not know;
And but to shew it him, encreases woe.
But we two may enjoye an hour? when never
It returnes, who would have a losse for ever?
Nor can so short a love, if true, but bring
A halfe howres feare, with the thought of losing:
Before it, all howres were hope; and all are
(That shall come after it,) yeares of dispaire.
This joye brings this doubt, whether it were more
To have enjoy'd it, or have died before?
T'is a lost paradise, a fall from grace,
Which I thinke, Adam felt more then his race.
Nor need those angells any other Hell;
It is enough for them, from Heaven they fell.
Besides, Conquest in love is all in all;
That when I liste, shee under me may fall:
And for this turne, both for delight and view,

I'le have a Succuba, as good as you.

25But when these toyes are past, and hott blood ends,

The best enjoying is, we still are frends.

Love can but be frendshipps outside; their two

Beauties differ, as myndes and bodies do.

Thus, I this great Good still would be to take,

30Vnless one houre, another happy make:

Or, that I might forgett it instantlie;

Or in that blest estate, that I might die.

But why doe I thus travaile in the skill

Of despis'd poetrie, and perchance spill

35My fortune? or undoe myself in sport

By having but that dangerous name in Court?

I'le leave, and since I doe your poet prove,

Keep you my lines as secret as my Love.

An Elegie &c. A10, L74 (J. R. in margin), RP31: Elegie N, TCD (J. R.): Elegie to his M. promissing to love him an hour. HN (signed J. R.): An Elegy 1602. To Mrs Boulstrede. Le Prince d'Amour. &c. 1660

7 text from HN: The beggers best is, that wealth he doth not know, A10: The beggar's best, his &c. L74, RP31, N, TCD, Sim: The beggar's best that Grosart

9 two Sim: om. HN, L74, N, RP31, TCD: But we an hour may now enjoy when never A10

hour?] hour; L74

10 It returnes] Again't returnes A10

16 or have] or else A10

21 Besides, A10: Beside, L74

23 delight] despite A10

27 but be] be but Sim

their Ed: there A10, L74

30 one] on L74

32 Poem closes, A10

34 despis'd poetrie,] deeper mysteries, Sim

Note

An Elegie.

TRUE Love findes witt, but he whose witt doth move
Him to love, confesses he doth not love:
And from his witt, passions and true desire
Are forc'd as hard, as from the flint is fire.
My love's all fire whose flames my soule do nurse,
Whose smokes are sighes; whose every sparke's a verse.
Doth measure women win? Then I know why
Most of our Ladies with the Scotts doe lie.
A Scott is measur'd in each syllable, terse
And smooth as a verse: and like that smooth verse
Is shallow, and wants matter, but in his handes,
And they are rugged; Her state better standes
Whom dauncing measures tempted, not the Scott:
In brief she's out of measure, lost, soe gott.
Greene-sickness wenches, (not needes must but) may

Looke pale, breathe short; at Court none so long stay.

Good witt ne're despair'd there, or Ay me said:

For never Wench at Court was ravished.

And shee but cheates on Heaven, whom you so winne

20Thinking to share the sport, but not the sinne.

An Elegie. A10: similarly, B, H40, L74, O'F, RP31: Elegia Undecima. S: no title, Cy, P (J. D in margin): first printed by Grosart

1 findes] kindles RP31

5 do A10, L74: doth Grosart and Chambers

7 women win? A10: win women? L74

11 but in his handes, A10, B, L74, O'F, P: but's in's bands S: cut in bands Grosart and Chambers: writt in his hands H-K (teste Grosart)

14 she's A10, L74, P, H-K (Grosart): theyre S, Chambers

soe] if A10

17 ne're A10: neare L74

Song.

D EARE Love, continue nice and chaste,

For, if you yeeld you doe me wrong,

Let duller wits to loves end haste,

I have enough to wooe thee long.

5All paine and joy is in their way;

The things we feare bring lesse annoy

Then feare; and hope brings greater joy;

But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favours will my prayers increase;
Granting my suit you give me all,
And then my prayers must needs surcease,
For, I have made your Godhead fall.
Beasts cannot witt nor beauty see,
They mans affections onely move;
Beasts other sports of love doe prove,
With better feeling farre than we.
Then Love prolong my suite, for thus
By losing sport, I sport doe win;
And that may vertue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath beene a sinne.
My comming neare may spie some ill,
And now the world is given to scoffe;
To keepe my Love, (then) keepe me off,
And so I shall admire thee still.
Say I have made a perfect choyce,
Satietie our Love may kill;
Then give me but thy face and voyce,
Mine eye and eare thou canst not fill.
To make me rich (oh) be not poore,
Give me not all, yet something lend,
So I shall still my suite commend,
And you at will doe lesse or more.

But, if to all you condescend,

My love, our sport, your Godhead end.

Song. 1635-69: no title, A10, B, HN (signed J. R.), L74 (Finis. JR), O'F, P, S96]

1 Love,] Love 1635-69

13 witt] will, 1635-54

14 They, 1635-69: Those L74

18 I sport] I sports 1635-54

19 that may A10, HN, L74: that doth 1635-69: let that B

26 Satietie] Sacietie 1635-39, L74

Love A10, B, HN, L74, S96: selves 1635-69

28 Mine MSS.: My 1635-39

32 you at will] at your will S96

To Ben. Iohnson, 6 Ian. 1603.

THE State and mens affaires are the best playes

Next yours; 'Tis nor more nor lesse than due praise.

Write, but touch not the much descending race

Of Lords houses, so settled in worths place,

As but themselves none thinke them usurpers.

It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.

If the Queene Masque, or King a hunting goe,

Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know

Like them in goodnesse that Court ne'r will be,

For that were vertue, and not flatterie.

Forget we were thrust out; It is but thus,

God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords doe us.
Iudge of strangers, Trust and believe your friend,
And so me; And when I true friendship end,
With guilty conscience let me be worse stonge,
Then with Pophams sentence theeves, or Cookes tongue
Traitors are. Friends are our selves. This I thee tell
As to my friend, and to my selfe as Counsell;
Let for a while the times unthrifty rout
Contemne learning, and all your studies flout.
Let them scorne Hell, they will a Sergeant feare,
More then wee that; ere long God may forbeare,
But Creditors will not. Let them increase
In riot and excesse as their meanes cease;
Let them scorne him that made them, and still shun
His Grace, but love the whore who hath undone
Them and their soules. But; that they that allow
But one God, should have religions enow
For the Queens Masque, and their husbands, far more
Then all the Gentiles knew, or Atlas bore!
Well, let all passe, and trust him who nor cracks
The bruised Reed, nor quencheth smoaking flaxe.

To Ben. Iohnson, 6 Ian. 1603. 1635-69, O'F: To Ben Johnson 6 Jan: 1603 T.R. B: An Epistle to Ben Johnson. Sr J: R: H40: An Epistle to Beniamin Johnson. RP31: An Epistle: To Mr Ben. Johnson. Ja: 6: 1603 L74: To Mr Ben Johnson. S

2 yours; Ed: yours, 1635-69

nor more] noe more L74

5 none thinke] none can thinke 1669

11 out; Ed: out. 1635-69

15 stonge, L74: spelt stũg, 1635

18 as Counsell;] is Counsell: 1635-54

22 More then wee that; Ed: More then wee that H40, L74: More then wee them; that, 1635-69 (them in ital. 1635-54)

24 cease; Ed: cease, 1635-69

28 enow H40, L74: enough 1635-69

29 far L74: for 1635-69, H40

30 bore! Ed: bore? H40: bore. 1635-69, L74

To Ben. Iohnson, 9. Novembris, 1603.

IF great men wrong me, I will spare my selfe;
If meane, I will spare them. I know that pelf
Which is ill got the Owner doth upbraid.
It may corrupt a Iudge, make me afraid
And a Iury; But 'twill revenge in this,
That, though himselfe be judge, hee guilty is.
What care I though of weaknesse men taxe me,
I had rather sufferer than doer be.
That I did trust, it was my Natures praise,
For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
That judgement is, that surely can comprise

The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
What though? Though lesse, yet some of both have we,
Who have learn'd it by use and misery.
Poore I, whom every pety crosse doth trouble,
Who apprehend each hurt thats done me, double,
Am of this (though it should sinke me) carelesse,
It would but force me to a stricter goodnesse.
They have great odds of me, who gaine doe winne,
(If such gaine be not losse) from every sinne.
The standing of great mens lives would afford
A pretty summe, if God would sell his Word.
He cannot; they can theirs, and breake them too.
How unlike they are that they are likened to?
Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,
If good, like Gods, the naught are so like devils.

To Ben Johnson, 9 Novembris, 1603: 1635-69, B (subscribed doubtfull author), O'F, S: Another Epistle to Mr Ben: Johnson. No: 9. 1603. L74: Another to Ben Johnson. H40

2 them.] them, 1635-69 that B, H40, L74, S: the 1635-69

3 upbraide. Ed: upbraide; 1635-69

5 Iury; Ed: Iury. 1635-69

18 goodnesse.] goodnesse 1635-39

19 odds B, H40, L74, S: gaine 1635-69, O'F

To Sr Tho. Roe 1603.

Deare 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,
Aske her againe why she did not unmaske?
Was she or proud or cruell, or knew shee
'Twould make my losse more felt, and pittyed me?
Or did she feare one kisse might stay for moe?
Or else was she unwilling I should goe?
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
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.
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 friends hate; for now, departing sad

I feele not that; Yet as the Rack the Gout

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.

Burden'd with this, I was to depart lesse

Willing, then those which die, and not confesse.

Footnote: To Sir Tho. Rowe, 1603. 1635-69, O'F: An Elegie. To Sr Tho. Roe. B (subscribed J. R.), L74: An Elegie, complayning a want of complement in his mistrisse, at his leave-taking. A10: Elegia Vicesima Septima. To Sr Thomas Roe. 1603. S

Thom: B, L74, O'F,S: Tom: 1635-69

5 tooke A10, B, L74, O'F, S: take 1635-69

14 I would 1635-69: it will A10, L74, S

17 goes now so Ed: goe now so B: growes now so 1635-69, O'F: now goes thus A10, L74, S

21 favours, not their B, L74, S: favour, not the 1635-69

22 enough: Ed: enough, 1635-69

23 had had] had not had 1635-69, O'F

24 hate;] hate 1635: hate, 1639-69

now, Ed: now 1635-69: not A10, B, L74, S

26 out:] out. 1635

28 Which (which I dare foresee) nought A10, B, L74, S: Which (I dare foresay)

nothing 1635-69

Willing, Ed: Willing 1635-69: Willing; A10

Note

II. To the Countesse of Huntington.

THAT unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
That gives us man up now, like Adams time
Before he ate; mans shape, that would yet bee
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts companie)
So naked at this day, as though man there
From Paradise so great a distance were,
As yet the newes could not arrived bee
Of Adams tasting the forbidden tree;
Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet beare the sinne.
But, as from extreme hights who downward looks,
Sees men at childrens shapes, Rivers at brookes,
And loseth 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.
But, I who can behold them move, and stay,
Have found my selfe to you, just their midway;
And now must pitty them; for, as they doe
Seeme sick to me, just so must I to you.

Yet neither will I vexe your eyes to see
A sighing Ode, nor crosse-arm'd Elegie.
I come not to call pitty 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.
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 whispers it selfe away.
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 deftroyes it selfe with its owne shade.
Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd his paine,
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 declin'd with earth, the ayre did stay,
Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,
Themselves unprison'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,
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.
That naturall fearefulnesse that struck man dumbe,
Might well (those times consider'd) man become.
As all discoverers whose first assay
Findes but the place, after, the nearest way:
So passion is to womans love, about,
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.
Love is wise here, keepes home, gives reason sway,
And journeys 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,
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.
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,
But am no porter for a tedious woo.
But (madame) I now thinke on you; and here
Where we are at our hights, you but appeare,
We are but clouds you rise from, our noone-ray
But a foule shadow, not your breake of day.
You are at first hand all that's faire and right,
And others good reflects but backe your light.
You are a perfectnesse, so curious hit,
That youngest flatteries doe scandall it.
For, what is more doth what you are restraine,
And though beyond, is downe the hill againe.
We'have no next way to you, we crosse to it:
You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute;
Each good in you's a light; so many a shade
You make, and in them are your motions made.
These are your pictures to the life. From farre
We see you move, and here your Zani's are:

So that no fountaine good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dimme actions faintly shew.
Then finde I, if mans noblest part be love,
Your purest luster must that shadow move.
The soule with body, is a heaven combin'd
With earth, and for mans ease, but nearer joyn'd.
Where thoughts the starres of soule we understand,
We guesse not their large natures, but command.
And love in you, that bountie is of light,
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite.
Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
But soule we finde too earthly to ascend,
'Till slow accesse hath made it wholy pure,
Able immortall clearnesse 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:
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 bubles, when they are high'st they break.
Though far removed Northerne fleets scarce finde
The Sunnes comfort; others thinke him too kinde.

There is an equall distance from her eye,

Men perish too farre off, and burne too nigh.

But as ayre takes the Sunne-beames equall bright

From the first Rayes, to his last opposite:

So able men, blest with a vertuous Love,

Remote or neare, or howsoe'r they move;

Their vertue breakes all clouds that might annoy,

There is no Emptinesse, but all is Ioy.

He much profanes whom violent heats do move

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.

To the Countesse of Huntington. 1635-69: Sr Wal: Ashton to ye Countesse of Huntingtowne P, TCD (II)

2 man] men P

3 ate; 1635-39: eat; 1650-69

11 downward] inward TCD

14 without] om. TCD

17 who] that P, TCD

20 you.] you, 1635-69

26 faithfully, 1635-69: finally P, TCD

you smil'd 1635-54 your smile 1669, P, TCD

28 down. 1635-54: down, 1669

30 whispers] whispered P: vapours TCD

31 fever] feverish 1669

32 doth yet] yet doth 1669

ague] feaver P

35 paine,] paine. 1635-39

36 women] woman TCD

37 were one] were but one 1669

47 those dayes] that day 1669

50 both knew 1635-54: but knew P, TCD: yet, knew 1669

52 consider'd Ed: considered 1635-69

57 sueth, or] sues and P

65 womans] womens P

women] woman TCD

know, 1650-69: know. 1635-39

67 It must be] It is meer 1669

sicknesse,] sicknesse 1635-69

69 sigh P, TCD: sinne, 1635-69

74 and P: I 1635-69, TCD

76 woo. TCD: wooe. P: woe. 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier

77 I now] now I TCD

78 hights] height TCD

79 clouds you rise from, our noone-ray Grolier: clouds, you rise from our noone-ray, 1635-69, TCD, and Chambers

81 right] bright P

83 a perfectnesse] all perfections P

84 youngest] quaintest TCD

flatteries] flatterers P, TCD

86 though] what's P

87 We'have Ed: We have 1635-69

88 straight line,] streight-lace P

attribute; Ed: attribute. 1635: attribute, 1639-69

91 These] Those TCD

98 With earth] om. TCD

but] om. 1650-69

99 thoughts] through P

105 wholy] holy TCD

106 endure.] endure 1635

108 waight] weights P, TCD

109 impure] vapore P

114 when they're highest break. P, TCD

break.] break 1635-39: brak 1650-54: brake. 1669

115 In edd. new par. begins wrongly at 113, and so Chambers and Grolier

fleets] Isles 1669

116 comfort; 1635-54: sweet comfort, 1669

others] yet some 1669

119 But as the aire takes all sunbeams equall bright P

120 the first Rayes, 1635-54: the Raies first, 1669, TCD: the rise first P

121 able men P: able man, 1635-54: happy man, 1669: happy['s] man Grosart and Chambers

123 Their 1669, P, TCD: There 1635-54, Chambers and Grolier

125 violent P, TCD: valiant 1635-69

126 Love: Ed: Love. 1635-54: Love, 1669

127 imparts] imports 1669, TCD

128 Is fain'd, which ... appetite. P: Is thought the mansion of sweet appetite. TCD: Is fancied 1635-39 (rest of line left blank): Is fancied in the Soul, not in the sight. 1650-54: Is fancied by the Soul, not appetite. 1669

130 Is, that] Is, 'cause TCD

contract in 1650-69, P: contracted 1635-39, TCD

Note

III. Elegie.

D EATH be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow,
Sinne was her captive, whence thy power doth flow;
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to destroy the just is not thy part.
Thy comming, terrour, anguish, griefe denounce;
Her happy state, courage, ease, joy pronounce.
From out the Christall palace of her breast,
The clearer soule was call'd to endlesse rest,
(Not by the thundering voyce, wherewith God threats,
But, as with crowned Saints in heaven he treats,)
And, waited on by Angels, home was brought,

To joy that it through many dangers sought;
The key of mercy gently did unlocke
The doores 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock.
Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey,
Because to mortall eyes it did decay;
A better witnesse than thou art, assures,
That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures;
No dramme thereof shall want or losse sustaine,
When her best soule inhabits it again.
Goe then to people curst before they were,
Their spoyles in Triumph of thy conquest weare.
Glory not thou thy selfe in these hot teares
Which our face, not for hers, but our harme weares,
The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee,
Which wils our soules in these streams washt should be,
And on our hearts, her memories best tombe,
In this her Epitaph doth write thy doome.
Blinde were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine
Through fleshes misty vaile the beames divine.
Deafe were the eares, not charm'd with that sweet sound
Which did i'th spirit-instructed voice abound.
Of flint the conscience, did not yeeld and melt,
At what in her last Act: it saw, heard, felt.
Weep not, nor grudge then, to have lost her sight,

Taught thus, our after stay's but a short night:

But by all soules not by corruption choaked

Let in high rais'd notes that power be invoked.

Calme the rough seas, by which she sayles to rest,

40From sorrowes here, to a kingdome ever blest;

And teach this hymne of her with joy, and sing,

The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.

Elegie. Ed: Elegye on the Lady Markham. By L. C. of B. RP31: do. By C. L. of B. H40: Elegie on Mistris Boulstred. 1635-69: given as continuation of Death I recant &c. O'F, P: no title, B (at foot of page F. B.). See Text and Canon &c.

2 flow; Ed: flow, 1635-69: growe, B, Cy, H40, O'F, P

5-6 comming, 1650-69: comming 1635-39

state, 1650-69: state 1635-39

denounce; ... pronounce. B, Cy, H40, P: denounces; ... pronounces. 1635-69

12 To joy that 1635-69: To joy what H40: To joye, that B

sought; Ed: sought, 1635-69

22 spoyles .. of .. weare. B, Cy, H40 (beare), P: soules .. to .. beare, 1635-69. See note

24 hers, H40, P: her, 1635-69

weares, Ed: weares. 1635-54: weares: 1669

30 the B, Cy, H40, P: those 1635-69

31 not 1635-69: that B, Cy, P

32 Which did 1635-69: Did H40: Did not B, Cy, P

spirit-instructed MSS.: spirits instructed 1635-69

saw, heard, felt. B, Cy, H40, P: saw and felt. 1635-69

38 rais'd 1635-69: raisèd Chambers

39 she sayles 1635-69: shee's sayl'd B, H40: shee's fled Cy, P

rest, 1650-69: rest 1635-39

40 here, 1650-69: here 1635-39

blest; Ed: blest 1635: blest, 1639-54: blest. 1669

41 And preach this Hymn which hers (she Cy, P) with joy did sing, B, Cy, H40, P

sing, 1650-69: sing 1635-69

Note

IV. Psalme 137.

Probably by Francis Davison.

I.

BY Euphrates flowry side
We did bide,
From deare Juda farre absented,
Tearing the aire with our cryes,
5And our eyes,
With their streames his streame augmented.

II.

When, poore Syons dolefull state,
Desolate;
Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,
10And the Temple spoil'd, which wee
Ne'r should see,

To our mirthlesse mindes wee call'd:

III.

Our mute harpes, untun'd, unstrung,

Up wee hung

On greene willowes neere beside us,

Where, we sitting all forlorne;

Thus, in scorne,

Our proud spoylers 'gan deride us.

IV.

Come, sad Captives, leave your moanes,

And your groanes

Under Syons ruines bury;

Tune your harps, and sing us layes

In the praise

Of your God, and let's be merry.

V.

Can, ah, can we leave our moanes?

And our groanes

Under Syons ruines bury?

Can we in this Land sing Layes

In the praise

Of our God, and here be merry?

VI.

No; deare Syon, if I yet

Do forget

Thine affliction miserable,

Let my nimble joynts become

Stiffe and numme,

To touch warbling harpe unable.

VII.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,

Let it still

To my parched roofe be glewed,

If in either harpe or voice

I rejoyce,

Till thy joyes shall be renewed.

VIII.

Lord, curse Edom's traiterous kinde,

Beare in minde

In our ruines how they revell'd.

Sack, kill, burne, they cry'd out still,

Sack, burne, kill,

Downe with all, let all be levell'd.

IX.

And, thou Babel, when the tide

Of thy pride

Now a flowing, growes to turning;

Victor now, shall then be thrall,

And shall fall

To as low an ebbe of mourning.

X.

55Happy he who shall thee waste,

As thou hast

Us, without all mercy, wasted,

And shall make thee taste and see

What poore wee

60By thy meanes have seene and tasted.

XI.

Happy, who, thy tender barnes

From the armes

Of their wailing mothers tearing,

'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,

65Ruthlesse stones

With their braines and blood besmearing.

Psalme 137. 1633-69, A25, C, RP61 in Certaine selected Psalmes of David (in Verse) differint from Those usually sung in the Church Composed by Francis Davison esqr. deceased and other Gentlemen. Manuscribd by R. Crane. Addl. MS. 27407, Harl. MSS. 3357 and 6930

4 with our cryes] with mournful cries Crane

6 his] the Crane

16 all forlorne] soe forlorne Crane

22-3

To your Harpes sing us some layes

To the praise Crane

24 merry.] merry, 1633-39

25-6 moanes ... groanes] interchanged Crane

31-2

if I faile

To bewayle Crane

42 renewed.] renewed 1633

43 curse] plague Crane

45 ruines] Ruine Crane

revell'd. Ed: revell'd, 1633-39

52-3 shall ... shall] shalt ... shalt Crane

59-60

What by thee

Wee (poore wee) have &c. Crane

V. On the blessed Virgin Mary.

Probably by Henry Constable.

I N that, ô Queene of Queenes, thy birth was free

From that which others doth of grace bereave,

When in their mothers wombe they life receive,

God, as his sole-borne daughter loved thee.

5To match thee like thy births nobilitie,

He thee his Spirit for thy spouse did leave,

By whom thou didst his onely sonne conceive,

And so wast link'd to all the Trinitie.

Cease then, ô Queenes, that earthly Crownes doe weare,

10To glory in the Pompe of earthly things;

If men such high respects unto you beare,

Which daughters, wives, and mothers are to Kings,

What honour can unto that Queene be done

Who had your God for Father, Spouse and Sonne?

On the &c. 1635-69, A10, B, O'F, S, S96: also among Spiritual Sonnets by H. C. in Harl. MS. 7553

6 thy spouse A10, B: his spouse 1635-69

12 to B: of 1635-69

Kings,] kings, 1635

VI. On the Sacrament.

HE was the Word that spake it,

Hee tooke the bread and brake it;

And what that Word did make it,

I doe beleeve and take it.

On the &c. 1635-69

VII. Absence.

That time and absence proves Rather helps than hurts to loves.

Probably by John Hoskins.

A BSENCE heare my protestation

Against thy strengthe

Distance and lengthe,
Doe what thou canst for alteration:
For harts of truest mettall
Absence doth joyne, and time doth settle.
Who loves a Mistris of right quality,
His mind hath founde
Affections grounde
Beyond time, place, and all mortality:
To harts that cannot vary
Absence is present, time doth tary:
My Sences want their outward motion
Which now within
Reason doth win,
Redoubled by her secret notion:
Like rich men that take pleasure
In hidinge more then handling treasure.
By absence this good means I gaine
That I can catch her
Where none can watch her
In some close corner of my braine:
There I embrace and there kiss her,
And so enjoye her, and so misse her.

Absence. The Grove (1721): do. or no title, B, Cy, HN (signed J. H.), L74, O'F, P, S, S96 (the text here printed): also in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody (PR) 1602 and (a

maimed and altered version) in Wit Restored (WR) 1658

1 heare B, S96, Grove: heare thou Cy, HN, L74, PR, S, WR

3 Distance] Disdayne HN

4 you can PR: yee dare HN

5 For hearts where love's refined WR

6 Are absent joyned, by tyme combined. WR

7 right S96: such Grove, HN, L74, PR

8 He soon hath found PR

10 all] om. WR

11 To] That WR

12 present] presence B

tary] carry WR

13 motion] motions PR

16 by ... notion:] in ... notions: PR: in ... notion HN

18 hidinge] finding Grove

19 means] mean WR

23 There I embrace and there kiss her, S96: There I embrace her, and &c. L74: There I embrace and there I kiss her, B, O'F, WR: There I embrace and kiss her, Grove, HN, PR

24 and so misse her B, Cy, HN, L74, O'F, S96, WR: while none misse her. Grove: I both enjoy and miss her. PR

Note

VIII. Song.

Probably by the Earl of Pembroke.

SOULES joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I must leave my selfe with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denyes
Each others sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light;
O give no way to griefe,
But let beliefe
Of mutuall love,
This wonder to the vulgar prove
Our Bodyes, not wee move.
Let not thy wit beweepe
Wounds but sense-deepe,
For when we misse
By distance our lipp-joying blisse,
Even then our soules shall kisse,
Fooles have no meanes to meet,
But by their feet.
Why should our clay,
Over our spirits so much sway,

25To tie us to that way?

O give no way to griefe, &c.

Song. 1635-69, O'F: also in the Poems &c. (1660) of the Earle of Pembroke and Sr Benjamin Ruddier, and the Lansdowne MS. 777, here it is signed E. of Pembroke.

1 now] when 1660, L77

17 Wounds L77: Words 1635-69, O'F

sense-deepe,] no hyphen, 1635-69

18 when] while L77

19 lipp-joyning L77 (not lives joining as Chambers reports): hopes joyning 1635-69, O'F

A Dialogue.

Earle of Pembroke.

I F her disdaine least change in you can move,

you doe not love,

For whilst your hopes give fuell to the fire,

you sell desire.

5Love is not love, but given free,

And so is mine, so should yours bee.

Her heart that melts at others moane,

to mine is stone.

Her eyes that weepe a strangers hurt to see,

10 joy to wound mee:

Yet I so much affect each part,

As (caus'd by them) I love my smart.

Say her disdaynings justly must be grac't
with name of chaste.
And that shee frownes least longing should exceed,
and raging breed;
Soe can her rigor ne'er offend
Unlesse selfe-love seeke private end.
Ben: Ruddier
'Tis love breeds love in mee, and cold disdaine
kils that againe,
As water causeth fire to fret and fume,
till all consume.
Who can of love more free gift make,
Then to loves self, for loves own sake.
I'll never dig in Quarry of an heart
to have no part,
Nor roast in fiery eyes, which alwayes are
Canicular.
Who this way would a Lover prove,
May shew his patience, not his love.
A frowne may be sometimes for physick good,
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is sure
A gentler Cure.
Why barre you love of private end,

Which never should to publique tend?

A Dialogue. Ed: A Dialogue betweene Sr Henry Wotton and Mr Donne. 1635-69 among Letters to Severall Personages: no heading but divided between Earle of Pembroke and Ben: Ruddier H39, H40, P: and so between P and R in the Poems &c. (1660) of Pembroke and Ruddier. See note: only 18 lines and no dialogue, Cy: in TCD (II) the first part is given to Earl of Pembroke and Sr Henry Wotton, the second to Sr Ben. Ruddier and Dr John Donne

3 whilst your hopes give H39, (the), H40, P: when the hope gives 1635-54: when that hope gives 1669

7 melts at H39, H40, P, TCD: melts to hear of 1635-69

9 a strangers] anothers P

hurt H39, H40, P, TCD: eyes 1635-69 and mod. edd.

11 much Cy, H39, H40, P, TCD: well 1635-69

13 Say 1635-69: I think H39: Think H40: But thinke P

her disdaynings 1635-69: her unkindness H40: that her disdaine P

must be] may well be P

17-18 text H40, P, P and R:

So her disdaines can ne'er offend;

Vnlesse selfe-love take private end. 1635-69

21 causeth] maketh H40, P

23-4

Who can of love more free gift make

Then to loves self, for loves owne sake

H39, H40, P (but H39 has to love in 23)

Who can of love more gift make,

Then to love selfe for loves sake. 1635-39

Who can of love more rich gift make,

Then to love selfe-love for loves sake? 1650-54

Who can of love more rich gift make,

Then to Loves self for loves own sake. 1669

25 Quarry] quarryes P

27 roast 1669, H40: rest 1635-54: waste H39, P

30 May] doth H39, H40, P

IX. Break of Daye.

Stanza prefixed to Donne's Poem (p. 23) in Stowe MS. 961 and in Edition of 1669.

Probably by John Dowlands.

STAY, O sweet, and do not rise,

The light that shines comes from thine eyes;

The day breaks not, it is my heart,

Because that you and I must part.

5Stay, or else my joys will die,

And perish in their infancie.

Stanza &c.] given as a separate poem in A25 (where it is written in at the side), C, O'F, P: printed in John Dowland's A Pilgrim's Solace (1612)

1 Stay, O sweet] Lie still my dear A25, C

3 The day breakes not] There breakes not day S96

4 Because that] To think that S96

5 Stay] Oh stay S96

Note

APPENDIX C. A SELECTION OF POEMS WHICH FREQUENTLY ACCOMPANY POEMS BY JOHN DONNE IN MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS OR HAVE BEEN ASCRIBED TO DONNE BY MODERN EDITORS.

I. POEMS FROM ADDITIONAL MS. 25707. A Letter written by Sr H: G: and J: D: alternis vicibus.

SINCE ev'ry Tree beginns to blossome now
Perfuminge and enamelinge each bow,
Hartes should as well as they, some fruits allow.
For since one old poore sunn serves all the rest,
You sev'rall sunns that warme, and light each brest
Doe by that influence all your thoughts digest.
And that you two may soe your vertues move,
On better matter then beames from above,
Thus our twin'd souls send forth these buds of love.
As in devotions men Joyne both there hands,
Wee make ours doe one Act to seale the bands,
By which we enthrall ourselves to your commands,
And each for others faith and zeale stand bound:
As safe as spirits are from any wound,
Soe free from impure thoughts they shal be found.
Admit our magique then by which wee doe
Make you appeere to us, and us to you,
Supplying all the Muses in you twoe.
Wee doe consider noe flower that is sweet,

But wee your breath in that exhaling meet,
And as true types of you, them humbly greet.
Heere in our Nightingales we heere you singe
Who soe doe make the whole yeare through a springe,
And save us from the feare of Autumns stinge.
In Anchors calme face wee your smoothnes see,
Your mindes unmingled, and as cleare as shee
That keepes untoucht her first virginitie.
Did all St. Edith nunns descend againe
To honor Polesworth with their cloystred traine,
Compar'd with you each would confesse some stayne.
Or should wee more bleed out our thoughts in inke,
Noe paper (though it woulde be glad to drinke
Those drops) could comprehend what wee doe thinke.
For t'were in us ambition to write
Soe, that because wee two, you two unite,
Our letter should as you, bee infinite.

Letter written &c. A25: published by Chambers, who completes the names

2 bow, Ed: bow A25

9 twin'd A25: twined Chambers

10 hands, Ed: hands A25

12-13 commands, ... bound: Ed: command. ... bound, A25

25 Anchors Chambers: Anchos A25

29 traine, Ed: traine A25

31 inke, Ed: inke A25

O Frutefull Garden.

O FRUTEFULL garden, and yet never tilde,
Box full of Treasure yet by noe man filde.
O thou which haste, made him that first made thee;
O neare of kinne to all the Trinetie;
O Pallace where the kinge of all, and more;
Went in, and out, yet never opened doore;
Whose flesh is purer, than an others sperrit
Reache him our Prayers, and reach us down his merrit;
O bread of lyfe which sweld'ste up without Leaven;
O bridge which joynst togeather earth and heaven;
Whose eyes see me through these walles, and throughe glasse,
And through this fleshe as thorowe Cipres passe.
Behould a little harte made greate by thee
Swellinge, yet shrinkinge at thy majestie.
O dwell in it, for where soe ere thou go'ste
There is the Temple of the Holy Ghoste.

O Frutefull Garden. A25: [TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.] Chambers
6 out, Ed: out A25
8 merrit; Ed: merrit, A25
9 Leaven, Ed: Leaven A25

To my Lord of Pembroke.

FYE, Fye you sonnes of Pallas what madd rage
Makes you contend that Love's, or God, or page?
Hee that admires, his weaknes doth confess;
For as Love greater growes; soe hee growes less.
Hee that disdaines, what honor wynns thereby,
That he feeles not, or triumphes on a fly?
If love with queasie paine thy stomack move,
Soe will a slutt whome none dare touch; or love.
If it with sacred straines doe thee inspire
Of Poetrie; soe wee maye want admire.
If it thee valiant make, his ryvall hate
Can out doe that and make men desperate.
Yealdinge to us, all woemen conquer us,
By gentlenes we are betrayed thus.
We will not strive with Love that's a shee beaste;
But playinge wee are bounde, and yeald in Jest;
As in a Cobwebb toyle, a flye hath beene
Undone; so have I some fainte lover seene.
Love cannot take away our strength, but tame,
And wee less feele the thinge then feare the name;
Love is a temperate bath; hee that feeles more
Heate or could there, was hott, or could before.
But as Suñ beames which would but norishe, burne,
Drawne into hollow Christall, soe we turne

To fire her bewties Lustre willingly,
By gatheringe it in our false treacherous eye.
Love is nor you, nor you; but I a balme,
Sword to the stiff, unto the wounded balme.
Prayes noe thinge adds, if it be infinite,
If it be nothing, who can lessen it?

To my Lord of Pembroke. A25, Chambers

3 confess; Ed: confess A25

5 disdaines, Ed: disdaines A25

6 fly? Ed: fly; A25

19 tame, Ed: tame A25

27 I a balme, A25: Aye a calm, Chambers conjectures

Of a Lady in the Black Masque.

WHY chose shee black; was it that in whitenes
Shee did Leda equal? whose brightnes
Must suffer loss to put a bewtie on
Which hath no grace but from proportion.
It is but Coullor, which to loose is gayne,
For shee in black doth th'Æthiopian staine,
Beinge the forme that beautifies the creature
Her rareness not in Coullor is; but feature.
Black on her receaves soe strong a grace
It seemes the fittest beautie for the face.
Coullor is not, but in æstimation

Faire, or foule, as it is stild by fashion.
Kinges wearinge sackcloath it doth royall make;
Soe blacknes from her face doth beautie take.
It not in Coullor but in her, inheres,
For what she is, is faire, not what she weares;
The Moore shalle envye her, as much, or more,
As did the Ladies of our Court before.
The Sunn shall mourne that hee had westwarde beene,
To seeke his Love; whilst shee i'th North was seene.
Her blacknes lends like lustre to her eyes,
As in the night pale Phoebe glorifyes.
Hell, synne, and vice their attributes shall loose
Of black, for it wan, and pale whitenes choose,
As like themselves, Common, and most in use:
Sad of that Coulor is the late abuse.
Of a Lady &c. A25, Chambers
10 face. Ed: face A25
13 make; Ed: make A25
14 blacknes Chambers: blacks A25
16 weares; Ed: weares, A25
Note

II. POEMS FROM THE BURLEY MS. Life.

THIS lyfe it is not life, it is a sight
That wee have of ye earth, ye earth of vs;

It is a feild, where sence & reason fight,
The soules & bodies quarrells to discus;
It is a iorney where wee do not goe,
but fly wth speedy wings t'our blisse or woe.
It is a chaine yt hath but two smale links
Wherewith or graue is to or bodie ioyned;
It is a poysned feast wherein who thinks
To tast ioyes cup, ye cup of death doth find.
It is a play, presented in heauens eye
Wherein or parts are to do naught but dye.

Life. Ed: no title, Bur
2 vs; Ed: vs Bur
3 feild, Ed: feild Bur
4 discus; Ed: discus Bur
6 Woe. Ed: woe Bur
8 Wherewith Ed: where Bur
ioyned; Ed: ioyned Bur

My Love.

MY love doth fly wth wings of feare
And doth a flame of fire resemble,
wch mounting high & burning cleere
yet ever more doth wane & tremble.
My loue doth see & still admire,
Admiring breedeth humblenes;

blind loue is bold, but my desire
the more it loues presumes ye lesse.
My loue seekes no reward or glory
10but wth it self it self contenteth,
is never sullaine, never sory,
never repyneth or repenteth.
O'who the sunne beames can behold
but hath some passion, feeles some heat,
15for though the sunn himself be cold
his beames reflecting fire begett.
O yt myne eyes, ô that myne hart
Were both enlarged to contayne
the beames & ioyes shee doth impart,
20whilst shee this bowre doth not disdayne;
this bowre vnfit for such a gueste,
but since she makes it now her Inn,
Would god twere like her sacred breast
most fayre wthout, most rich wthin.
My Love. Ed: no title and no punctuation, Bur
4 wane Ed: weane Bur
12 never Ed: ne're Bur

O Eyes!

O Eyes, what do you see?
O eares what do you heare?

that makes yo wish to bee
All eyes or else all eare?
I see a face as fayre
As mans eye ever saw,
I here as sweet an ayre
as yt wch rocks did draw,
I wish, when in such wise
I see or heare ye same,
I had all Argus eyes
or else ye eares of fame.
O Eyes! Ed: no title and no punctuation, Bur
12 eares Ed: eare Bur:
Cui, quot sunt corpore plumae,
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit auris.
Virgil: Aen. iv. 181-3.

Silence Best Praise.

C ÕMEND her? no. I dare not terme her fayre,
nor sugred sweet, nor tall, nor louely browne;
suffice it yt she is wthout compare;
but how, I dare not tell lest she should frowne.
but those parts least wch others make theyre pryde,
and feed there fancies wth devised lyes;
giue me but leaue to pull my saint asyde,

and tell her in her eare that she is wise.
to write of beauties rare ther is noe art,
10for why tis common to there sex & kind,
but making choice of natures better part
my Muse doth most desire to prayse her mind.
But as her vertues clayme a crowne of bayes,
So manners makes me sylent in her prayse.
Silence Best Praise. Ed: no title, Bur
1 fayre, Ed: fayre Bur
2 sweet, ... tall, ... browne; Ed: no stops, Bur
3 compare; Ed: compare Bur
4 frowne. Ed: frowne Bur
5 least Ed: lest Bur
pryde, Ed: pryde Bur
6 lyes; Ed: lyes Bur
7 asyde, Ed: asyde Bur
8 wise. Ed: wise Bur
9-10 art, ... kind. Ed: no commas, Bur
10 common] cõmõ Bur
12 mind. Ed: mind Bur
13 vertues Ed: vertue Bur
bayes, Ed: bayes Bur

Beauty in Little Room.

THOSE drossy heads & irrepurged braynes

wch sacred fyre of loue hath not refined
may grossly think my loue smale worth contaynes
because shee is of body smale combined.
5Not diving to ye depth of natures reach,
Wch on smale things doth greatest guifts bestow:
small gems & pearls do witt more truly teach
Wch little are yet great in vertue grow,
of flowers most part ye least wee sweetest see,
10of creatures having life & sence ye annt
is smalst, yet great her guifts & vertues bee,
frugall & provident for feare of want.
Wherfore who sees not natures full intent?
she made her smale to make her excellent.
Beauty in Little Room. Ed: no title, Bur
5 depth Ed: depht Bur
reach, Ed: reach Bur
6 bestow: Ed: bestow Bur
8 grow, Ed: grow Bur
11 bee, Ed: bee Bur
13 intent? Ed: intent Bur

Loves Zodiake.

I THAT ye higher half of loues
Round Zodiake haue rune,
And in the signe of crabbed chaunce

My Tropick haue begun,
5Am taught to teach ye man is blest
Whose loues lott lights so badd,
as his solstitium soonest makes
And so growes Retrograde.
Loves Zodiake Ed: no title, Bur

Fortune, Love, and Time.

WHEN fortune, loue, and Tyme bad me be happie,
Happy I was by fortune, loue, and tyme.
These powres at highest then began to vary,
and cast him downe whome they had caus'd to clyme;
5They prun'd theire wings, and tooke theire flight in rage;
fortune to fooles, loue to gold, and tyme to age.
Fooles, gold, and age, (o foolish golden age!)
Witt, fayth, and loue must begg, must brybe, must dy;
These are the actors and the world's the stage,
10Desert and hope are as but standers by:
True lovers sit and tune this restlesse song;
Fortune, loue, and tyme haue done me wrong.
Fortune, Love, and Time. Ed: no title and no punctuation, Bur

Life a Play.

WHAT is or life? a play of passion.
or mirth? the musick of diuision.

Or mothers wombs the tyring houses bee

Where we are drest for liues short comedy.

5The earth the stage, heauen ye spectator is,

Who still doth note who ere do act amisse.

Or graues that hyde vs, frõ the all-seeing suñ,

Are but drawne curtaynes whẽ the play is done.

Life a Play. Ed: no title, and no punctuation except the two marks of interrogation, Bur

A Kisse.

O WHAT a blisse

is this?

heaven is effected

and loues eternity contracted

5In one short kisse.

For not tymes measure

makes pleasure

more full,

tedious and dull

10all ioyes are thought

yt are not in an instant wrought.

Cupids blest and highest spheare

is heare.

heere on his throne

15in his bright imperial crowne

hee sitts.
Those witts
That thinke to proue
that mortals know
in any place below
a blisse so great
so sweet
Are heretiques in loue.
These pleasures high
now dye,
but still beginning
new & greater glory wiñing
gett fresh supply.
No short breath'd panting
nor faynting
is heere,
fuller and freer
more pleasinge is
this pleasure still, & none but this.
Heer'es no blush nor labor great,
no sweat;
Heres no payne
nor repentance when againe
Loue cooles.

40O fooles
That fondly glory
in base condition
of sensual fruition,
you do mistake
45& make
yr heaven purgatory.
A Kisse. Bur
8 full. Ed: full Bur
12 Cupids Ed: Cupis Bur
27 new Ed: now Bur
28 supply. Ed: supply Bur
31 heere, Ed: heere Bur
35 great, Ed: great Bur
39 cooles. Ed: cooles Bur
43 fruition, Ed: fruition Bur

Epi: B: Jo:

TELL me who can when a player dies
In wch of his shapes againe hee shall rise?
What need hee stand at the iudgment throne
Who hath a heaven and a hell of his owne.
5Then feare not Burbage heavens angry rodd,
When thy fellows are angells & old Hemmĩgs is God.
Epi: B: Jo: (i.e. Epitaph: Ben Ionson) Bur: no punctuation

Epi: Hen: Princ: Hugo Holland.

LOE now hee shineth yonder

A fixed starr in heaven,

Whose motion is vnder

None of the planetts seaven;

5And if the soñ should tender

The moone his loue and marry,

They never could engender

So fayre a starr as Harry.

Epi: Hen: Princ: Hugo Holland. Bur: no punctuation

Note

III. POEMS FROM VARIOUS MSS. The Annuntiation. Additional Lines.

NATURE amaz'd sawe man without mans ayde

Borne of a mother nursed by her a mayd,

The child the Parent was, the worke the word,

No word till then did such a worke affoord.

5Twas lesse from nothing the world's all to growe

Then all-Creators height to stoope so lowe.

A virgin mother to a child bredd wonder,

T'was more a child should bee the God of thunder.

Th'omnipotent was strangely potent heere

10To make the powerfull God pearelesse appeare.

Hee in our body cladd, for our soules love

Came downe to us, yet stay'd vnchanged above.
Yet God through man shind still in this cleere brooke,
Through meane shewes into maiesty wee looke.
Sinnes price seemd payd with brasse, fewe sawe the gold,
Yet true stones set in lead theyr lustre hold.
His birth though poore, Prophets foretold his story,
Hee breathd with beasts, but Angels sung his glory.
Hee, so farr of, so weake, yet Herod quakes,
The citty dreads, babes, murderd, feare mistakes.
His Circumcision bore sinne, payne, and shame,
Young bloud new budd, hence bloomd a sauiours name.
His paynes and passion bredd compassion, wonder;
Earth trembling, heavens darke, rocks rent asunder.
His birth, life, death, his words, his workes, his face
Shewd a rich Jewell shining through the case,
Cast thus, since man at gods high presence trembles.
Heere man mans troth loves whome his sheepe resembles.
The bright Sunne beame a sickly eye may dimẽ,
A little babe in shallow heart may swim̃.
Hee heavens wealth to a poore stable brings,
Th'oxestall the Court unto the king of kings.
No Shadowes now nor lightning flames give terror.
This light tells with our tongue, and beares or error.
Pure infant teares, moist pearle adornd his cheeke,

Assignd, ere borne, our erring soules to seeke.
Hee first wept teares, then bloud, a deare redemption;
This bought what Adam sould, that seemd preemption.
Cleare droppe, deare seede, the corne had bloudy eares,
Rich harvest reapd in bloud and sowne in teares.
Who this Corne in theyr hart nor thresh, nor lay,
Breake for sinnes debt, unthrifty never pay.
Use wealth, it wastes, a stayd hand heapes the store,
But this the more wee use wee have the more;
Use, not like usury whose growth is lending,
Rich thoughts this treasure keepe and thrive by spending;
Th'expense runnes circular, turning returning,
Such love no hart consumes, yet ever burning.

The Annuntiation. Additional Lines. Ed: these lines run straight on as part of The Annuntiation and Passion in O'F

2 a mayd] Norton supplies a mayd, Ed: mayd O'F

3 was,... word, Ed: no commas, O'F

6 lowe. Ed: lowe O'F

7 wonder, Ed: wonder O'F

8 thunder. Ed: thunder O'F

13 brooke, Ed: brooke O'F

21 shame, Ed: shame O'F

23 wonder; Ed: wonder O'F

24 trembling, Ed: trembling O'F

26 case, Ed: case O'F

27 trembles. Ed: trembles O'F

28 resembles. Ed: resẽbles O'F

29 dimẽ, Ed: dimẽ O'F

31 brings, Ed: brings O'F

35 cheeke, Ed: cheeke O'F

37 redemption; Ed: redemption O'F

38 preemption. Ed: preemption O'F

39 eares, Ed: eares O'F

41 lay, Ed: lay O'F

43 store, Ed: store O'F

44 more; Ed: more O'F

45 Use, ... lending, Ed: no commas, O'F

46 spending; Ed: spending O'F

47 returning, Ed: returning O'F

48 consumes, Ed: consumes O'F

Elegy. To Chast Love.

C HAST Love, let mee embrace thee in mine armes
Without the thought of lust. From thence no harmes
Ensue, no discontent attende those deeds
So innocently good wch thy love breeds.
Th'approche of day brings to thy sence no feares,
Nor is the black nights worke washd in thy teares;
Thou takst no care to keepe thy lover true,

Nor yet by flighte, nor fond inventions new
To hold him in, who with like flame of love
Must move his spirit too, as thine doth move;
wch ever mounts aloft with golden wings
And not declines to lowe despised things.
Thy soule is bodyd within thy quiet brest
In safety, free from trouble and unrest.
Thou fearst no ill because thou dost no ill,
Like mistress of thy selfe, thy thought, and will,
Obey thy mind, a mind for ever such
As all may prayse, but none admire too much.
Then come, Chast Love, choyse part of womankind
Infuse chast thoughts into my loving mind.

Elegy. To Chast Love. O'F
5 feares, Ed: feares O'F
6 teares; Ed: teares O'F
7 true, Ed: true O'F
9 in, Ed: in O'F
10 move; Ed: move O'F
15 ill, Ed: ill O'F
16 will, Ed: will O'F

Upon his scornefull Mistresse. Elegy.

C RUELL since that thou dost not feare the curse
Wch thy disdayne, and my despayre procure,

My prayer for thee shall torment thee worse
Then all the payne thou coudst thereby endure.
May, then, that beauty wch I did conceave
In thee above the height of heavens course,
When first my Liberty thou didst bereave,
Bee doubled on thee and with doubled force.
Chayne thousand vassalls in like thrall with mee,
Wch in thy glory mayst thou still despise,
As the poore Trophyes of that victory
Which thou hast onely purchasd by thine eyes;
And when thy Triumphs so extended are
That there is nought left to bee conquered,
Mayst thou with the great Monarchs mournfull care
Weepe that thine Honors are so limited;
So thy disdayne may melt it selfe to love
By an unlookd for and a wondrous change,
Wch to thy selfe above the rest must prove
In all th'effects of love paynefully strange,
While wee thy scorned subjects live to see
Thee love the whole world, none of it love thee.

Upon his scornefull Mistresse. O'F: no title, B, which adds note, This hath relation to 'When by thy scorne'. See The Apparition, p. 191

2 despayre B: disdayne O'F

procure, Ed: procure O'F

6 course, Ed: course O'F

7 bereave, Ed: bereave O'F

8 force. Ed: force O'F

9 Chayne B: Stay O'F mee, Ed: mee O'F

10 despise, Ed: despise O'F

12 eyes; Ed: eyes O'F

14 conquered, Ed: conquered O'F

16 limited; Ed: limited O'F

18 change, Ed: change O'F

20 strange, Ed: strange O'F

Absence.

WONDER of Beautie, Goddesse of my sense,
You that have taught my soule to love aright,
You in whose limbes are natures chief expense
Fitt instrument to serve your matchless spright,
If ever you have felt the miserie
Of being banish'd from your best desier,
By Absence, Time, or Fortunes tyranny,
Sterving for cold, and yet denied for fier:
Deare mistresse pittie then the like effects
The which in mee your absence makes to flowe,
And haste their ebb by your divine aspect
In which the pleasure of my life doth growe:
Stay not so long for though it seem a wonder

You keepe my bodie and my soule asunder.

FINIS.

Tongue-tied Love.

FAIRE eies do not think scorne to read of Love

That to your eies durst never it presume,

Since absence those sweet wonders doth remove

That nourish thoughts, yet sence and wordes consume;

This makes my pen more hardy then my tongue,

Free from my feare yet feeling my desire,

To utter that I have conceal'd so long

By doing what you did yourself require.

Believe not him whom Love hath left so wise

As to have power his owne tale for to tell,

For childrens greefes do yield the loudest cries,

And cold desires may be expressed well:

In well told Love most often falsehood lies,

But pittie him that only sighes and dies.

FINIS.

Absence. Tongue-tied Love. Ed: whole sonnets without titles in L74: the last six lines of the second appear among Donne's poems in B, O'F, S96 Tongue-tied Love.

12 cold desires] coldest Ayres O'F

Love, if a God thou art.

LOVE if a god thou art
then evermore thou must
Bee mercifull and just;
If thou bee just, ô wherefore doth thy dart
Wound mine alone and not my mistresse hart?
If mercifull, then why
Am I to payne reservd
Who have thee truely serv'd,
When shee that by thy powre sets not a fly
Laughs thee to scorne and lives at liberty?
Then if a God thou woulds accounted bee,
Heale mee like her, or else wound her like mee.

Great Lord of Love.

G REATE Lord of love, how busy still thou art
To give new wounds and fetters to my hart!
Is't not enough that thou didst twice before
It so mangle
And intangle
By sly arts
of false harts.
Forbeare mee, Ile make love no more.
Fy busy Lord, will it not thee suffice
To use the Rhetorique of her tongue and eyes
When I am waking, but that absent so

They invade mee

To perswade mee,

When that sleepe

15Oft should keepe

And lock out every sence of woe.

If thou perswade mee thus to speake, I dye

And shee the murdresse, for me will deny;

And if for silence I bee prest, Her good

20Yet I cherish

Though I perish,

For that shee

Shall bee free

From that foule guilt of spilling bloud.

Love if a God thou art. Great Lord of Love. Loves Exchange. all without titles in O'F: punctuation mainly the Editor's

Loves Exchange.

1. T O sue for all thy Love, and thy whole hart

were madnesse.

I doe not sue, nor can admitt,

(Fayrest) from you to have all yet;

5 Who giveth all, hath nothing to impart

But sadnesse.

2. Hee who receaveth all can have no more,

Then seeing.

My love by length of every howre

10Gathers new strength, new growth, new power:

You must have dayly new rewards in store

Still beeing.

3. You cannot every day give mee yor hart

For merit;

15Yet if you will, when yours doth goe

You shall have still one to bestow,

For you shall mine, when yours doth part,

Inherit.

4. Yet if you please weele find a better way

20 Then change them,

For so alone (dearest) wee shall

Bee one and one another all;

Let us so joyne our harts, that nothing may

Estrange them.

Song.

NOW y'have killd mee with yor scorne

Who shall live to call you fayre?

What new foole must now bee borne

To prepare

5Dayly sacrifice of service new,

Teares too good for woemen true?

Who shall sorrow when you crye

And to please you dayly dye?

Men succeeding shall beware

10And woemen cruell, no more fayre.

2.

Now y'have killd mee, never looke

Any left to call you trewe;

Who more madd must now bee tooke

To renewe

15My oblations dayly, lost?

Vowes too good for woemen chast!

Who shall call you sweete, and sweare

T'is yor face renews the yeare?

Men by my Death shall beleeve,

20And woemen cruell yet shall greeve.

Song. O'F: punctuation mainly Editor's

Love, bred of glances.

LOVE bred of Glances twixt amorous eyes

Like Childrens fancies, sone borne, sone dyes.

Guilte, Bitternes, and smilinge woe

Doth ofte deceaue poore lovers soe,

5As the fonde Sence th'unwary soule deceives

With deadly poison wrapt in Lily leaves.

But harts so chain'd as Goodnes stands

With truthe unstain'd to couple hands,

Love beinge to all beauty blinde

10Save the cleere beauties of the minde,

There heaven is pleasd, continuall blessings sheddinge,

Angells are guests and dance at this blest weddinge.

Love &c. True Love. Chambers, who prints from RP117: no title, O'F, P, S96 (from which present text is taken)

2 borne B, P, O'F, S96: bred Chambers

4 Doth S96: does B, O'F: doe P

5 As] And Chambers

7 as Goodnes] 'tis goodnes Chambers

8 hands, Ed: hands S96

10 minde, B: minde S96

11 There heav'n is O'F, P, S96: Where Reason is Chambers

sheddinge, Ed: sheddinge S96

12 this] his Chambers

To a Watch restored to its Mystres.

G OE and Count her better howers.

For they are happier than oures.

The day that gives her any bliss,

Make it as long againe as 'tis.

5The hower shee smyles in, lett it bee

By thy acte multiplyde to three.

But if shee frowne on thee or mee,

Know night is made by her, not thee;

Be swifte in such an hower & soone,

10See thou make night, ere it be noone.

Obey her tymes, whoe is the free

Faire Sunne that governes thee & mee.

To a Watch &c. B, where note below title says none of J. D. and poem is signed W. L.

Ad Solem.

WHERFORE peepst thou, envious daye?

We can kisse without thee.

Lovers hate the golden raye,

Which thou bearst about thee.

5Goe and give them light that sorowe

Or the saylor flyinge:

Our imbraces need noe morowe

Nor our blisses eying.

We shall curse thy curyous eye

10For thy soone betrayinge,

And condemn thee for a spye

Yf thou catch us playinge.

Gett thee gone and lend thy flashes

Where there's need of lendinge,

15Our affections are not ashes

Nor our pleasures endinge.

Weare we cold or withered heare

We would stay thee by us,

Or but one anothers feare

Then thou shouldst not flye us.

Wee are yongue, thou spoilst our pleasure;

Goe to sea and slumber,

Darknes only gives us leasure

Our stolne joyes to number.

Ad Solem. Ed: no title, Add. MSS. 22603, 33998, Egerton MS. 2013, Harleian MS. 791, S, TCD(II): printed J. Wilson: Cheerful Ayres (1659), Grosart and Chambers: text from Eg. MS. 2013: punctuation partly Editor's

2 kisse] live E20

9 curyous A22, A33, H79, S, TCD: envious E20

19 one anothers feare TCD: one another fear E20: one anothers sphere A22, A33, S

23 gives] lends A22, A33

If She Deride.

G REATE and goode if she deryde mee

Let me walke Ile not despayre,

Ere to morrowe Ile provide mee

One as greate, lesse prowd, more faire.

They that seeke Love to constraine

Have theire labour for their paine.

They that strongly can importune

And will never yeild nor tyre,

Gaine the paye in spight of Fortune

But such game Ile not desyre.
Where the prize is shame or synn,
Wynners loose and loosers wynn.
Looke upon the faythfull lover,
Griefe stands paynted in his face,
Groanes, and Teares and sighs discover
That they are his onely grace:
Hee must weepe as children doe
That will in the fashion wooe.
I whoe flie these idle fancies
Which my dearest rest betraye,
Warnd by others harmfull chances,
Vse my freedome as I may.
When all the worlde says what it cann
'Tis but—Fie, vnconstant mann!

If She Deryde. Chambers: no title, S: also, Chambers reports, in C.C.C. Oxon. MS. 327, f. 26: printed by Grosart and Chambers

11 Where the prize is Chambers: Where they prize this ('t' struck out) S: Where they prize is Grosart

14 Teares and sighs] Chambers reverses

Fortune Never Fails.

WHAT if I come to my mistris bedd
The candles all ecclipst from shyninge,
Shall I then attempt for her mayden-head

Or showe my selfe a coward by declyninge?

Oh noe

Fie doe not soe,

For thus much I knowe by devyninge,

Blynd is Love

The dark it doth approve,

To pray on pleasures pantinge;

What needeth light

For Cupid in the night,

If jealous eyes be wantinge.

Fortune never failes, if she badd take place,

To shroude all the faire proceedings:

Love and she though blynd, yet each other embrace,

To favor all their servants meetings:

Venture I say

To sport and to play,

If in place all be fitting;

Though she say fie

Yet doth she not denie:

For fie is but a word of tryall:

Jealosie doth sleepe,

Then doe not weepe

At force of a faynt denyall.

Glorious is my love, with tryumphs in her face,

Then to to bould were I to venter:

Who loves deserves to live in a princes grace,

30Why stand you then affraid to enter?

Lights are all out

Then make noe doubt

A lover bouldly maye take chusinge.

Bewtie is a baite

35For a princely mate.

Fy, why stand you then a musinge?

You'll repent too late

If she doe you hate,

For loves delight refusinge.

Fortune Never Fails. Grosart: no title, RP31, S: also, Chambers reports, in C.C.C. Oxon. MS. 327, f. 21: printed Grosart and Chambers, and, last two verses only, Simeon

10 pantinge;] hauntinge: RP31

14 she badd S: she bidd Grosart: she bids Chambers: the bould RP31

19 and to play RP31, S: and play Grosart and Chambers

26 faynt] fair Chambers

28 were] was RP31

29 princes] Princess Chambers

33 lover] woer Chambers

chusinge] a choosing Chambers

To His Mistress.

1. B ELEEVE yor Glasse, and if it tell you (Deare)

Yor Eyes inshrine

A brighter shine

Then faire Apollo, looke if theere appeare

5The milkie skye

The Crimson dye

Mixt in your cheeks, and then bid Phoebus sett,

More Glory then hee owes appears. But yet

2. Be not deceived with fond Alteration

10. . . . .

. . . . .

. . . . . .

As Cynthias Globe,

A snow white robe

15 Is soonest spotled, a Carnation dye

Fades, and discolours open'd but to Eie.

3. Make use of youth, and bewty whilest they flourish:

Tyme never sleepes,

Though it but creeps

20 It still gets forward. Do not vainly nourish

Them to selfe-use,

It is Abuse;

The richest Grownds lying wast turne Boggs and rott,

And soe beinge useles, were as good were not.

254. Walke in a meddowe by a Rivers side,
Upon whose Bancks
Grow milk-white Ranks
Of full blown Lyllies in their height of Pryde,
Which downward bend
And nothing tend
Save their owne Bewties in the Glassie streame:
Looke to yor selfe: Compare yorselfe to them.
5. In show, in bewtie, marke what followes then:
Sommer must end,
The sunn must bend
His Longe Absented beames to others: then
Their spring being crost
By wynters frost
And sneap'd by bytter storms against wch nought boots,
They bend their prowd topps lower then their roots.
6. Then none regard them; but wth heedles feet
In durt each treads
Their declyned heads.
So when youthe wasted, Age, and you shall meet,
Then I alone
Shall sadly moane
That Interviewe; others it will not move,
So light regard we, what we little Love.

FINIS.

To His Mistress. Le Prince D'Amour (1660): no title, S (whence text): printed by Simeon, Grosart, Chambers: punctuation partly Editor's

1 if it tell] it will tell Chambers

9 deceived] deceiv'd S

16 open'd] opened S

24 were not] as not LeP D' A

31 the Glassie S: a Glassie LePD'A: their Glassie Chambers

32 to them. S: with them. Chambers

36 then] when Chambers

39 sneap'd Ed: snep'd S: swept LePD'A: snipped Chambers

A Paradoxe of a Painted Face.

NOT kisse? By Jove I must, and make impression
As longe as Cupid dares to holde his Session
Vpon my flesh and blood: our kisses shall
Outminute Time and without number fall.
Doe I not know these Balls of blushinge Red
That on thy Cheekes thus amorouslie are spred?
Thy snowy necke, those veynes upon thy Browe
Which with their azure crincklinge sweetly bowe
Are artificiall? Borrowed? and no more thine owne
Then Chaines which on St. George's Day are showne,
Are proper to the wearers? Yet for this
I idole thee, and beg a luscious kisse.

The fucus, and Ceruse, which on thy face
Thy Cunninge hand layes on to add new Grace,
Detaine me with such pleasing fraude, that I
Finde in thy art, what can in nature Lie.
Much like a painter that upon some Wall
On which the radiant Sun-beames use to fall
Paints with such art a Gilded butterflye
That silly maides with slowe-moved fingers trye
To Catch it, and then blush at theire mistake,
Yet of this painted flye most reckonynge make:
Such is our state; since what we looke upon
Is nought but Coullor and Proportion.
Take me a face, as full of fraud and Lies
As Gypsies in your cunninge Lotteries,
That is more false, and more Sophisticate
Than are Saints reliques, or a man of state.
Yet such being Glazed by the sleight of arte,
Gaines admiration, winninge many a Harte.
Put case there be a difference in the molde,
Yet may thy Venus be more Chaste, and holde
A dearer treasure: oftentimes we see
Rich Candian wines in woodden Boules to bee.
The odoriferous Civet doth not lie
Within the muskat's nose, or eare, or eye,

But in a baser place; for prudent nature
In drawinge us of various formes and stature
Gives from the curious shop of hir rich treasure
To faire parts comeliness, to baser, pleasure.
The fairest flowers, which in the Springe doe growe
Are not so much for use, as for the showe,
As Lillies, Hyacinths, and the georgious birthe
Of all pide flowers that diaper the earthe,
Please more with their discoloured purple traine
Then wholesome pothearbs which for use remaine.
Shall I a Gaudy Speckled Serpent kiss
For that the colours which he weares are his?
A perfumed Cordevant who will not wear
Because the sente is borrowed elsewhere?
The roabes and vestiments, which grace us all
Are not our owne, but adventitiall.
Time rifles Natures beauty, but slye Arte
Repaires by cunninge this decayinge parte.
Fills here a wrinckle, and there purles a veyne,
And with a nimble hand runs o're againe
The breaches dented in by th'arme of time,
And makes Deformity to be no crime.
As when great men be grip't by sicknes hand,
Industrious Physicke pregnantly doth stand

To patch up foule diseases, and doth strive
To keepe theire totteringe Carcasses alive.
Beautie is a candlelight which every puffe
Blowes out, and leaves nought but a stinking snuffe
To fill our nostrills with; this boldelie thinke,
The cleerest Candle makes the greatest stincke,
As your pure fode and cleerest nutryment
Gets the most hott, and nose stronge excrement.
Why hange we then on thinges so apt to varie,
So fleetinge, brittle, and so temporarie?
That agues, Coughes, the toothache, or Catarr
(Slight hansells of diseases) spoile and marr.
But when olde age theire beauties hath in Chace,
And plowes up furrowes in theire once-smoothe face,
Then they become forsaken, and doe showe
Like stately abbeyes ruin'd longe agoe.
Nature but gives the modell, and first draught
Of faire perfection, which by art is taught
To speake itselfe, a compleat form and birthe,
Soe stands a Copie to these shapes on earthe.
Jove grante me then a reparable face
Which, whiles that Colours are, can want no grace.
Pigmalions painted statue I coulde love,
Soe it were warme and softe, and coulde but move.

A Paradoxe of a Painted Face. H39, S, S96, TCD (II) Pembroke and Ruddier (1660), Le Prince D'Amour (1660), Simeon (1856-7), Grosart (from S), Chambers (from Simeon, and Pembroke and Ruddier): text from S96: punctuation partly Editor's

8 azure crincklinge S96: azure winckles P and R: azure twinklinge S: azur'd wrinklings TCD: azure wrinkles Chambers

15 Detaine] Deceive H39, P and R, LeP D' A, TCD, Chambers

pleasing] cunning TCD

18 radiant S96: cadent H39, TCD, LeP D' A, Grosart, and Chambers: splendent P and R

21 then] yet S96

32 Chaste] choise P and R, LeP D' A, TCD

39 shop] shape S96

rich] largest S96: large P and R, Grosart, and Chambers

45 discoloured] discovered H39: but discoloured is here variegated

53 rifles] rifled S96

55 purles] fills S: purls is embroiders as with gold or silver thread

67 clearest] choicest P and R: cleanest S: finest Chambers

68 most hott] most stronge S96

72 hansells H39: houses S, S96, Chambers: touches P and R: causes LeP D' A

73 beauties] brav'ries H39

79 To speake itselfe TCD, P and R: Speake to itselfe S, S96: Speake for itselfe H39: To make itselfe Simeon, Grosart, and Chambers

Sonnett.

MADAM that flea that Crept between your brests

I envied, that there he should make his rest:
The little Creatures fortune was soe good
That Angells feed not on so pretious foode.
How it did sucke how eager tickle you
(Madam shall fleas before me tickle you?)
Oh I can not holde; pardon if I kild it.
Sweet Blood, to you I aske this, that which fild it
Ran from my Ladies Brest. Come happie flea
That dide for suckinge of that milkie Sea.
Oh now againe I well could wishe thee there,
About hir Hart, about hir anywhere;
I would vowe (Dearest flea) thou shouldst not dye,
If thou couldst sucke from hir hir crueltye.

Sonnett. O'F, S96: no title, S: On A Flea on His Mistress's Bosom Simeon, Grosart, Chambers (from Simeon): text from S96

7 I can not holde] I not hold can Chambers

kild Ed: killed Chambers: kill S96

13 vowe] now Chambers

Dearest S96: deare S, O'F, Chambers

thou] that thou Chambers

On Black Hayre and Eyes.

I F shaddowes be the pictures excellence;
And make it seeme more lively to the sence;
If starres in the bright day are hid from sight

And shine most glorious in the masque of night;
Why should you thinke (rare creature) that you lack
Perfection cause your haire and eyes are blacke,
Or that your heavenly beauty which exceedes
The new sprung lillies in their mayden weeds,
The damaske coullour of your cheekes and lipps
Should suffer by their darknesse an eclipps?
Rich diamonds shine brightest, being sett
And compassed within a foyle of Jett.
Nor was it fitt that Nature should have mayde
So bright a sunne to shine without a shade.
It seemes that Nature when she first did fancie
Your rare composure studied Necromancie,
That when to you this guift she did impart
She used altogether the black art.
By which infused power from Magique tooke
You doe command all spiritts with a looke:
Shee drew those Magique circles in your eyes,
And mayde your hayre the chaines wherewith shee ties
Rebelling hearts: those blew veines which appeare,
Winding Meander about either spheare,
Misterious figures are, and when you list
Your voice commandeth like the Exorcist,
And every word which from your Pallett falleth

In a deep charme your hearer's heart inthralleth.
Oh! If in Magique you have skill so farre,
Vouchsafe me to be your familiar.
Nor hath kind Nature her black art reveal'd
To outward partes alone, some lie conceal'd,
And as by heads of springs men often knowe
The nature of the streames that run belowe,
So your black haire and eyes do give direction
To make me thinke the rest of like complexion:
That rest where all rest lies that blesseth Man,
That Indian mine, that straight of Magellan,
That worlde dividing gulfe where he that venters,
With swelling sayles and ravisht senses enters
To a new world of blisse. Pardon, I pray,
If my rude muse presumeth to display
Secretts unknowne, or hath her bounds orepast
In praysing sweetnesse which I ne're did tast;
Sterved men doe know there's meate, and blind men may
Though hid from light presume there is a day.
The rover in the marke his arrowe sticks
Sometimes as well as he that shootes att prickes,
And if I might direct my shaft aright,
The black mark would I hitt and not the white.

On Black Hayre and Eyes Add. MS. 11811, on which text is based: in several MSS.

including A25, TCD (II), L77: printed in Parnassus Biceps (1656), Pembroke and Ruddier's Poems (1660), Simeon (1856-7), Grosart, and Chambers

2 it A21, H60, TCD: them A11: things L77

4 shine H39, TCD: seem A11, Grosart, and Chambers

8 mayden weeds,] maidenheads, H39, TCD, Grosart, and Chambers

9 The damasque coullor of] That cherry colour of H39, TCD: Or that the cherries of Some MSS.

12 compassed] compos'd A11

foyle] field Chambers

19 tooke] book Grosart and Chambers

20 all spiritts] like spirits Grosart and Chambers

25 figures] fables A11

26 commandeth] commands A11

29 you have skill L77, TCD, &c.: your power A11: you have power Grosart and Chambers

33 For (And) as by the springhead a man may (men often) know L77, TCD, and other MSS.

34 streame ... runs L77, &c.

44 did] shall TCD and other MSS.

47 sticks] strikes Grosart and Chambers

49 direct L77, TCD, &c.: ayme A11, Grosart, and Chambers

Fragment of an Elegy.

A ND though thy glasse a burning one become

And turne us both to ashes on her urne,

Yet to our glory till the later day
Our dust shall daunce like attomes in her ray.
And when the world shall in confusion burne,
And Kinges and peasantes scramble at an urne,
Like tapers new blowne out wee happy then
Will at her beames catch fire and live againe.
But this is sence, and some one may-be glad
That I so good a cause of sorrow had,
Will with all those whome I affect may dye
So I might please him with an elegie.
O let there never line of witt be read
To please the living that doth speake thee dead;
Some tender-harted mother good and mild,
Who on the deare grave of her tender child
So many sad teares hath beene knowne to rayne
As out of dust would mould him up againe,
And with hir plaintes enforce the wormes to place
Themselves like veynes so neatly on his face,
And every lymne, as if that they wer striving
To flatter hir with hope of his reviving:
Shee should read this, and hir true teares alone
Should coppy forth these sad lines on the stone
Which hides thee dead, and every gentle hart
That passeth by should of his teares impart

So great a portion, that if after times
Ruine more churches for the Clergyes crimes,
When any shall remove thy marble hence,
Which is lesse stone then hee that takes it thence,
Thou shalt appeare within thy tearefull cell
Much like a faire nymph bathing in a well.
But when they find thee dead so lovely fair,
Pitty and sorrow then shall straight repaire
And weepe beside thy grave with cipresse cround,
To see the secound world of beauty dround,
And add sufficient teares as they condole
'Twould make thy body swimme up to thy soule.
Such eyes should read the lines are writ of thee;
But such a losse should have no elegie
To palliate the wound wee tooke in hir,
Who rightly greeves admittes no comforter.
He that had tane to heart thy parting hence
Should have beene chain'd to Bedlam two houres thence,
And not a frind of his ere shed a teare
To see him for thy sake distracted there,
But hugge himselfe for loving such as hee
That could runne mad with greefe for loosing thee.
I, haplesse soule, that never knew a frend
But to bewayle his too untimely end,

Whose hopes (cropt in the bud) have never come
But to sitt weeping on a sencelesse tombe,
That hides not dust enough to count the teares
Which I have fruitlesse spent in so few yeares,
I that have trusted those that would have given
For our deare Saviour and the Sonne of heaven
Ten times the valew Judas had of yore,
Onely to sell him for three peeces more;
I that have lov'd and trusted thus in vaine
Yet weepe for thee, and till the clowdes shall daigne
To throw on Egipt more then Nile ere sweld,
These teares of mine shalbee unparellell'd.
He that hath lov'd, enjoy'd, and then beene crost,
Hath teares at will to mourne for what he lost;
He that hath trusted and his hope appeares
Wrong'd but by death may soone dissolve in teares;
But hee unhappy man whose love and trust
Nere met fruition nor a promise just,
For him (unlesse like thee hee deadly slepe)
'Tis easier to runn mad then 'tis to weepe;
And yet I can. Fall then yee mournefull showers,
And as old time leades on the winged howers,
Bee you their minutes, and let men forgett
To count their ages from the plague of sweat,

From eighty eight, the Poulder-plot, or when
Men were affrayd to talke of it againe;
And in their numerations be it sayd
Thus old was I when such a teare was shed,
And when that other fell a comett rose
And all the world tooke notice of my woes.
Yet finding them past cure, as doctores fly
Their patientes past all hope of remedy,
No charitable soule will once impart
One word of comfort to so sicke a heart;
But as a hurt deare beaten from the heard,
Men of my shadow allmost now affeard
Fly from my woes, that whilome wont to greet mee,
And well nigh thinke it ominous to meete mee.
Sad lines go yee abroad; go saddest muse,
And as some nations formerly did use
To lay their sicke men in the street, that those,
Who of the same disease had scapt the throwes,
Might minister releefe as they went by
To such as felt the selfsame malady,
So haplesse lynes fly through the fairest land,
And if ye light into some blessed hand,
That hath a heart as merry as the shine
Of golden dayes, yet wrong'd as much as mine,

Pitty may lead that happy man to mee,
And his experience worke a remedy
To those sad fittes which (spight of nature's lawes)
Torture a poore hart that out-lives the cause.
But this must never bee, nor is it fitt
An ague or some sickenes lesse then itt
Should glory in the death of such as hee,
That had a heart of flesh and valued thee.
Brave Roman, I admire thee that would'st dy
At no lesse rate then for an empery.
Some massy diamond from the center drawne,
For which all Europ wer an equall pawne,
Should (beaten into dust) bee drunke by him
That wanted courage good enough to swimme
Through seas of woes for thee, and much despise
To meet with death at any lower prize,
Whilst greefe alone workes that effect in mee,
And yet no greefe but for the losse of thee.
Fortune now doe thy worst, for I have gott
By this her death so strong an antidote,
That all thy future crosses shall not have
More then an angry smile, nor shall the grave
Glory in my last day: these lines shall give
To us a second life, and we will live

To pull the distaffe from the hand of fate;
And spinn our own thrides for so long a date,
That death shall never seize uppon our fame
Till this shall perish in the whole world's frame.

Fragment of an Elegy. From P, where it appears as portion of an 'heroical epistle' from Lady Penelope Rich to Sir Philip Sidney: punctuation Ed.

Farewel, ye guilded follies.

FAREWEL ye guilded follies, pleasing troubles,
Farewel ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
Honour the darling but of one short day.
Beauty (th'eyes idol) but a damasked skin,
State but a golden prison, to keepe in
And torture free-born minds; imbroidered trains
Meerly but Pageants, proudly swelling vains,
And blood ally'd to greatness, is a loane
Inherited, not purchased, not our own.
Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,
Are but the fading blossomes of the earth.
I would be great, but that the Sun doth still
Level his rayes against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest Oak
Most subject to the rending Thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men too unkind

Dig in the bowels of the richest mine;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The Fox suspected whilst the Ass goes free;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy Asse:
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd, if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, stil envied more:
I have wish'd all, but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair, poor I'l be rather.
Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauties Queen entitle me the Fair,
Fame speak me fortune's Minion, could I vie
Angels with India, with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice dumb
As wel as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones, by Epitaphs, be called great Master
In the loose rhimes of every Poetaster;
Could I be more then any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise in all Superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign
Then ever fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leasure,

Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcom pure thoughts, welcom ye silent groves,

These guests, these Courts, my soul most dearly loves,

Now the wing'd people of the Skie shall sing

My cheerful Anthems to the gladsome Spring;

A Pray'r book now shall be my looking-glasse,

Wherein I will adore sweet vertues face.

Here dwell no hateful looks, no Pallace cares,

No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears,

Then here I'l sit and sigh my hot loves folly,

And learn t'affect an holy melancholy.

And if contentment be a stranger, then

I'l nere look for it, but in heaven again.

Farewell, Ye Guilded Follies. Ed: variously titled, Add. MS. 18220, C.C.C. Oxon. MS. 324, Egerton MS. 2603, Harleian MS. 6057: printed in Walton's Compleat Angler (1653), Wits Interpreter (1655) Hannah's Courtly Poets: Grosart prints from MS. Dd. 643 in Cambridge University Library, and Chambers follows—a very inferior version: text from Walton

2 ye glorious] ye christal A18, E26, H60: the christall WI

6 keepe A18, E26, H60: live Walton

8 proudly] proud Walton

9 a loane Ed: a lone Walton: but loane MSS.

18 mine E26, CCC: mind Walton, A182, H60, WI: minds Grosart and Chambers

19-20

I would be wise but that the fox I see

Suspected guilty when the Ass goes free

A182, E26, H60, Grosart, and Chambers

21-2

I would be fair, but see that Champion proud

The bright sun often setting in a cloud

WI and MSS., but with The worlds bright eye or fair eye

31-2

could I vie

Angels with India, Walton, A182, E26, H60

could I joy

The blisse of angells, CCC

could I vie (vey Grosart)

The blisse of angells, Grosart and Chambers

43 ye silent groves, Walton: the silent Groves, WI: ye careless groves, H60: the careless grove, CCC: ye careless groans, Grosart and Chambers

44 These are the courts my soul entire loves, A182: These are my guests, this is the court I love, CCC: These are my guests, this is that courtage tones, Grosart and Chambers: the court age loves, Ash 38

46 My Anthem; be my Selah gentle Spring. A182: Mine anthems; be my cellar, gentle spring. Grosart and Chambers

48 wherein] In which Walton

49-50

Here dwells no hartlesse Love, no palsey fears,

No short joys purchased with eternal tears. A182, H60

51 hot loves Walton: hot youths H60: past years A182

53 be] prove A182

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

The poems marked * are contained in Appendixes B and C of doubtful or unauthentic poems. Those marked † are poems to or on Donne.

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The dropcaps work in most main browsers. IE viewers may need to use the Compatibility View settings from the Tools menu.

There are a couple of dropcaps which appeasr as giant letters. They were as printed; one 'L' was in an indented first line, and could not fit with the non-indented second line.

Doubtful words or passages were checked against a 1968 reprint of the 1933 edition, based, by the author, on this larger 1912 edition.

The Mediæval long 's' has been replaced by the modern 's', but usually the capital 'V' for 'U', and lower case v/u, u/v have been retained (as in the 1968 reprint).

The spelling is, of course, early 17th century.

Unspaced punctuation, e.g. "Thy beauty,'and all parts,", is as printed in this, and the 1968 reprint, and denotes elisions (the running together of words to fit the metre).

In general, footnotes have been moved to the ends of their relevant sections, and linenotes to the ends of their relevant poems. An exception is on page 251 et seq., where the footnotes fit naturally in sequence with the linenotes.

'See note' (usually) refers to poem note in the Commentary in Volume II. The link ('Note') is to the far right of the relevant title.

Page 7: 'seelily', from Middle English, via Old English, Old Saxon, West Germanic.... 'sely', 'seely', from 'sælig' etc.

'seely' also occurs in other poems.

The modern word 'silly' has evolved from Old English sælig (holy, blessed, fortunate, prosperous, happy) through meanings of 'innocent', 'naive', 'unworldly', 'foolish' ....

Page 65: 'A Ieat Ring Sent.' Ieat = Jeat, probably jet, a black semi-precious stone, popular in English costume jewellery.

Page 95: Notes: Elegy X. 'S96' is given twice, with different titles. Second entry possible error, but retained.

Page 251: The Author has placed the footnotes to the sidenotes, in order, with the linenotes. This is probably the least confusing place for them, so they have been retained here.

Page 262: Printer's error: 'foveraigne' corrected to 'soveraigne'.

Page 276: Printer's error: 169-69 corrected to 1639-69.

"176 them. D: them; 1633, 1639-69: them, 1635"

Pages 390-392: This Latin text contains a number of instances of words ending in 'que', and a few instances (at the ends of words) of the letter 'q' with an acute accent (stress mark) and a subscript which looks like '3', but is 'Latin Small Letter ET'... (U+a79b), which does not appear to be available yet, even on usually compliant browsers.

This is a Mediæval scribal abbreviation for 'que' (indicating 'and') at the ends of certain words. To avoid problems with the text, all the abbreviated words in this passage have been written out in full.

Page 405, line note 133: OF corrected to O'F. Probable printer's error.

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