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THE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE

EDITED FROM THE OLD EDITIONS
AND NUMEROUS MANUSCRIPTS
WITH INTRODUCTIONS & COMMENTARY
BY

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THE TEXT OF THE POEMS
WITH APPENDIXES

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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 fountain-head.

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 the 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 'f', 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, l. 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

SOURCE		PAGE
1633	The Printer to the Understanders	1
1633	Hexastichon Bibliopolae	3
1635	Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam	3
1650	Dedication to the Edition of 1650	4
1650	To John Donne	5
1650	To Lucy, Countesse of Bedford, with M. Donnes Satyres	6
1650	To John Donne	6
	SONGS AND SONETS	
1633	195 The good-morrow	7
	196–7 Song	8
	197–8 Womans constancy	9
	198–9 The undertaking	10
	199–200 The Sunne Rising	11
	200–1 The Indifferent	12
	201–2 Loves Vsury	13
	202–4 The Canonization	14
	204–5 The triple Foole	16
	205–6 Lovers infinitenesse	17
	206–8 Song	18
	208–9 The Legacie	20
	209–10 A Feaver	21
	211–12 Aire and Angels	22
	212 Breake of day	23
	213–14 The Anniversarie	24
	214–17 A Valediction: of my name, in the window	25
	218–19 Twicknam garden	28
	219–21 A Valediction: of the booke	29
	222 Communitie	32
	223–4 Loves growth	33
	224–5 Loves exchange	34
	226 Confined Love	36
	227 The Dreame	37
	228–9 A Valediction: of weeping	38
	229–30 Loves Alchymie	39
	230–1 The Flea	40
	231–2 The Curse	41
	186 The Message	43
	187–8 A nocturnall upon S. Lucies day. Being the shortest day	44
	189 Witchcraft by a picture	45

SOURCE			PAGE
1633	190–1	The Baite	46
	191	The Apparition	47
	192–3	The broken heart	48
	193–4	A Valediction: forbidding mourning	49
	277–80	The Extaſie	51
	280–1	Loves Deitie	54
	281–2	Loves diet	55
	283–5	The Will	56
	285–6	The Funerall	58
	286–7	The Bloſsome	59
	288–9	The Primroſe, being at Montgomery Caſtle, upon the hill, on which it is ſituate	61
	289–90	The Relique	62
	290–1	The Dampe	63
	291–2	The Diſſolution	64
	292–3	A Ieat Ring ſent	65
	293	Negative love	66
	294	The Prohibition	67
	295	The Expiration	68
	295	The Computation	69
	302	The Paradox	69
1635	63–4	Farewell to love	70
	66–7	A Lecture upon the Shadow	71
1650	264–5	Sonnet. The Token	72
	391–2	⟨Selfe Love⟩ He that cannot chuſe but love	73
		EPIGRAMS	
1633	40	Hero and Leander	75
	40	Pyramus and Thisbe	75
	40	Niobe	75
	41	A burnt ſhip	75
	41	Fall of a wall	76
	41	A lame begger	76
Westmoreland MS.		Cales and Guyana	76
„		MS. Sir Iohn Wingeſield	76
1633	41	A ſelfe accuſer	76
	42	A licentious perſon	77
	42	Antiquary	77
	42	Diſinherited	77
	42	Phryne	77
	42	An obſcure writer	77
	42	Klockius	77
	43	Raderus	78
	43	Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus	78
	43	Ralphius	78
Westmoreland MS.		The Lier	78

SOURCE		ELEGIES		PAGE
1633	44–5	I.	Iealoſie	79
	45–7	II.	The Anagram	80
	47–8	III.	Change	82
	49–51	IV.	The Perfume	84
	51–2	V.	His Picture	86
	53–5	VI.	Oh, let mee not	87
	55–6	VII.	Natures lay Ideot	89
	149–50	VIII.	The Compariſon	90
	151–2	IX.	The Autumnall	92
	153	X.	The Dreame	95
1635	89–93	XI.	The Bracelet	96
1669	86–9	XII.	His parting from her	100
1635	96–7	XIII.	Iulia	104
	98–100	XIV.	A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife	105
1633	300–2	XV.	The Expoſtulation	108
1635	269–70	XVI.	On his Miſtris	111
1650	388–90	XVII.	Variety	113
1669	94–7	XVIII.	Loves Progreſs	116
	97–9	XIX.	Going to Bed	119
Westmoreland MS.		XX.	Loves Warr	122
1633	166–8	HEROICALL EPISTLE: Sapho to Philænis		124
		EPITHALAMIONS, OR MARRIAGE SONGS		
1633	118–22	An Epithalamion, Or marriage Song on the Lady Elizabeth, and Count Palatine being married on St. Valentines day		127
	123–27	Eclogue. 1613. December 26		131
	127–35	Epithalamion		135
	135–8	Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne		141
		SATYRES		
1633	325–8	Satyre I		145
	329–32	Satyre II		149
	333–6	Satyre III		154
	337–45	Satyre IIII		158
	346–9	Satyre V		168
1650	262–4	Vpon Mr. Thomas Coryats Crudities		172
Coryats Crudities		In eundem Macaronicon		174
		LETTERS TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES		
1633	56–9	The Storme		175
	59–61	The Calme		178
	61–3	To Sr Henry Wotton. Sir, more then kiſſes		180
	72–4	To Sr Henry Goodyere. Who makes the Paſt		183
	74–5	To Mr Rowland Woodward. Like one who		185
	76–7	To Sr Henry Wootton. Here's no more newes		187

SOURCE			PAGE
Burley MS.		H: W: in Hiber: belligeranti	188
1633	77–9	To the Counteſſe of Bedford. Madame, Reaſon is	189
	79–82	To the Counteſſe of Bedford. Madame, You have refin'd	191
	82–4	To S^r Edward Herbert. at Iulyers. Man is a lumpe	193
	84–7	To the Counteſſe of Bedford. T'have written then	195
	87–90	To the Counteſſe of Bedford. This twilight of	198
	90–3	To the Counteſſe of Huntingdon. Madame, Man to Gods image	201
	93–4	To M^r T. W. All haile ſweet Poët . .	203
	95	To M^r T. W. Haſt thee harſh verſe . .	205
	95–6	To M^r T. W. Pregnant again . . .	206
	96	To M^r T. W. At once, from . . .	206
Westmoreland MS.		To M^r R. W. Zealously my Muſe . .	207
,,		MS. To M^r R. W. Muſe not that by . .	207
1633	97	To M^r C. B. Thy friend, whom . . .	208
Westmoreland MS.		To M^r E. G. Even as lame things . .	208
1633	100–1	To M^r R. W. If, as mine is . . .	209
Westmoreland MS.		To M^r R. W. Kindly I envy . . .	210
1633	98	To M^r S. B. O Thou which . . .	211
	101	To M^r I. L. Of that ſhort . . .	212
	99–100	To M^r B. B. Is not thy ſacred . . .	212
	102	To M^r I. L. Bleſt are your . . .	213
	104–5	To Sir H. W. at his going Ambaſſador to Venice	214
	106–8	To M^rs M. H. Mad paper ſtay . . .	216
	108–10	To the Counteſſe of Bedford. Honour is ſo .	218
	111	To the Counteſſe of Bedford. Though I be dead	220
	112–13	A Letter to the Lady Carey, and M^rs Eſſex Riche, From Amyens. Madame, Here where	221
	115–18	To the Counteſſe of Saliſbury. August. 1614 .	224
	298–9	To the Lady Bedford. You that are ſhe .	227
		AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD	
1633	233–5	To the praiſe of the dead	229
	235–51	The firſt Anniverſary	231
	252–5	A Funerall Elegie	245
		OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE	
1633	257–9	The Harbinger to the Progreſſe	249
	260–77	The ſecond Anniverſarie	251
		EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES UPON THE DEATHS OF SUNDRY PERSONAGES	
1633	154–7	Elegie upon the untimely death of the incomparable Prince Henry	267

SOURCE			PAGE
1633	139	To the Counteſſe of Bedford. *Letter introducing*	270
	140–8	Obſequies to the Lord Harrington, brother to the Lady Lucy, Counteſſe of Bedford .	271
	66–8	Elegie on the Lady Marckham . . .	279
	69–71	Elegie on Mris Boulſtred	282
	296–8	Elegie. Death	284
	52–3	Elegie on the L. C.	287
	162–3	An hymne to the Saints, and to Marqueſſe Hamylton	288
		EPITAPHS	
1635	271	On himſelfe	291
	386–7	Omnibus	292
1633	before p. 1	INFINITATI SACRUM	
		Epiſtle	293
	1–27	The Progreſſe of the Soule	295
		DIVINE POEMS	
1633	103	To E. of D. with ſix holy Sonnets . .	317
Walton's *Life of Mr George Herbert*		To the Lady Magdalen Herbert: of St. Mary Magdalen	317
		HOLY SONNETS	
1633	28	*La Corona*	318
	28–9	Annunciation	319
	29	Nativitie	319
	30	Temple	320
	30–1	Crucifying	320
	31	Reſurrection	321
	31–2	Aſcention	321
		Holy Sonnets	
1635	331–2	I. Thou haſt made me	322
1633	32	II. As due by many titles	322
1635	333	III. O might thoſe ſighes and teares . .	323
1633	33	IV. Oh my blacke Soule	323
1635	334	V. I am a little world	324
1633	33–4	VI. This is my playes laſt ſcene . . .	324
	34	VII. At the round earths imagin'd corners .	325
1635	336	VIII. If faithfull ſoules be alike glorifi'd .	325
1633	35	IX. If poyſonous mineralls	326
	35–6	X. Death be not proud	326
	36	XI. Spit in my face you Jewes . . .	327
	37	XII. Why are wee by all creatures waited on? .	327
	37–8	XIII. What if this preſent were the worlds laſt night?	328
	38	XIV. Batter my heart	328

SOURCE				PAGE
1633	39	XV.	Wilt thou love God, as he thee!	329
	39–40	XVI.	Father, part of his double intereſt	329
Westmoreland MS.		XVII.	Since ſhe whom I lov'd hath payd her laſt debt	330
,,	MS.	XVIII.	Show me deare Chriſt, thy ſpouſe	330
,,	MS.	XIX.	Oh, to vex me, contraryes meet in one	331
1633	64–6		The Croſſe	331
	161–2		Reſurrection, imperfect	333
	168–9		The Annuntiation and Paſſion	334
	170–1		Goodfriday, 1613. Riding Weſtward	336
	172–85		The Litanie	338
1635	366–8		Vpon the tranſlation of the Pſalmes by Sir Philip Sydney, and the Counteſſe of Pembroke his Siſter	348
	368		Ode: Of our Senſe of Sinne	350
	369–70		To Mr Tilman after he had taken orders	351
1633	304–5		A Hymne to Chriſt, at the Authors laſt going into Germany	352
	306–23		The Lamentations of Ieremy, for the moſt part according to Tremelius	354
1635	387–8		Hymne to God my God, in my ſickneſſe	368
1633	350		A Hymne to God the Father	369
Trinity College, Dublin, MS.			To Chriſt	370
			ELEGIES UPON THE AUTHOR	371

APPENDIX A

Latin Poems and Translations

1635	278	De libro cum mutuaretur &c.	397
	278	⟨Epigramma⟩	397
1650	370–1	Amiciſſimo, & meritiſſimo, Ben Jonson	398
	378	To Mr George Herbert, with one of my Seals	398
	379	A ſheafe of Snakes uſed	399
	385	Tranſlated out of Gazæus	401

APPENDIX B

Poems attributed to John Donne in the Old Editions (1633–1669) and the principal MS. Collections, arranged according to their probable Authors.

I

Poems. Probably by Sir John Roe, Knt.

1669	130–42	To Sr Nicholas Smyth. Sleep, next ſociety	401

SOURCE			PAGE
1635	146–7	Satyre. Men write that love and reaſon diſagree	406
	93–5	An Elegie. Come, Fates; I feare you not .	407
Hawthornden MS.		An Elegie to Mrs Boulstred: 1602 . .	410
Addl. MS. 10309		An Elegie. True love ſindes witt . .	412
1635	65–6	Song. Deare Love, continue . . .	412
	208–9	To Ben. Iohnſon, 6 Ian. 1603 . . .	414
	207–8	To Ben. Iohnſon, 9. Novembris, 1603 . .	415
	209–10	To Sr Tho. Roe. 1603	416
		II	
1635	191–5	To the Counteſſe of Huntington. That unripe ſide of earth	417
		III	
1635	272	Elegie. Death be not proud	422
		IV	
1633	157–61	Pſalme 137. Probably by Francis Davison. By Euphrates Flowry ſide . . .	424
		V	
1635	342	On the bleſſed Virgin Mary. Probably by Henry Constable	427
		VI	
1635	372	On the Sacrament	427
		VII	
Stowe MS. 961		Abſence. Abſence, heare my proteſtation . Probably by John Hoskins.	428
		VIII	
1635	62	Song. Soules joy. Probably by the Earl of Pembroke	429
	195–6	A Dialogue	430
		IX	
1669	17	Break of Daye. Stay, O ſweet . . . . . Probably by John Dowlands.	432
		APPENDIX C	
Addl. MS. 25707		A Letter written by Sr H: G: and J: D: alternis vicibus	433

SOURCE		PAGE
Addl. MS. 25707	O Frutefull Garden	434
	To my Lord of Pembroke	435
	Of a Lady in the Black Maſque	436
Burley MS.	⟨Life.⟩	437
	⟨My Love.⟩	437
	⟨O Eyes!⟩	438
	⟨Silence Beſt Praiſe.⟩	439
	⟨Beauty in Little Room.⟩	440
	⟨Loves Zodiake.⟩	440
	⟨Fortune, Love, and Time.⟩	440
	⟨Life a Play.⟩	441
	A Kiſſe	441
	Epi: B: Jo:	443
	Epi: Hen: Princ: Hug^{o} Holland	443
O'Flaherty MS.	⟨The Annuntiation. Additional Lines.⟩	443
	Elegy. To Chaſt Love	445
	Upon his ſcornefull Miſtreſſe. Elegy	446
Lansdowne MS. 740	⟨Abſence.⟩	447
	⟨Tongue-tied Love.⟩	447
O'Flaherty MS.	⟨Love, if a God thou art.⟩	448
	⟨Great Lord of Love.⟩	448
	⟨Loves Exchange.⟩	449
	Song. Now y'have killd	450
Stowe MS. 961	Love, bred of glances	450
Bridgewater MS.	To a Watch reſtored to its Myſtres⟨se⟩	451
Egerton MS.	⟨Ad Solem.⟩	451
Stephens MS.	⟨If She Deride.⟩	452
	⟨Fortune Never Fails.⟩	453
	To His Miſtreſs	455
Stowe MS. 961	A Paradoxe of a Painted Face	456
	Sonnett. Madam that flea	459
Addl. MS. 11811	On Black Hayre and Eyes	460
Phillipps MS.	Fragment of an Elegy	462
Walton's *Compleat Angler*	⟨Farewel, ye guilded follies.⟩	465
	INDEX OF FIRST LINES	469

PLATES

John Donne, from the engraving prefixed to the *Poems*, 1635 . *face page* 7

John Donne, 1613, from an engraving prefixed to the prose *Letters &c.*, 1651 . . . . . *face page* 175

John Donne, from the frontispiece to *Death's Duel*, 1632 . *face page* 369

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*.

THE PRINTER TO THE UNDERSTANDERS.

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

The Printer &c. *1633–49: om. 1650–69, which substitute Dedication* To the &c. (*p.* 4) 2 you: *1635–49:* you, *1633*

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 to the Vnderſtanders. *1635–69:* The Printer to the Reader. *1633.* *See note* 28 here *1635–69: om. 1633*

Hexaſtichon

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 ad Bibliopolam.

Incerti.

IN 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 i' Eternity.

Hexaſtichon Bibliopolae. *1633–69*
Hexaſtichon ad Bibliopolam. *1635–69*

To the Right Honourable *William* Lord *Craven* Baron of *Hamſted-Marſham.*

My Lord,

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

w^ch^ thunder cannot hurt. In this ſad condition theſe learned ſiſters are fled over to beg your *L*^ps^. 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 JOHN DONNE.

DOnne, *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

To

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

Lucy, 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 brightneſſe of our Spheare, who are
The *Muſes* evening, as their morning-Starre.

B. Jon.

To John Donne.

WHo 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.

SONGS

SONGS
AND
SONETS.

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?

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:* ſitter *1635–69, and reſt of MSS.*

What

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.

Song.

GOe, and catche a falling ſtarre,
Get with child a mandrake roote,
Tell me, where all paſt yeares are,
Or who cleft the Divels foot,
Teach me to heare Mermaides ſinging,
Or to keep off envies ſtinging,
And finde
What winde
Serves to advance an honeſt minde.

If 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
All ſtrange wonders that befell thee,
And ſweare
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

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. *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.*

If

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.

Womans conſtancy.

NOw 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.

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. *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*)

The

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*

The

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?
Sawcy 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,
Nor 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:
If 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,
And 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.

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* fowre] flowe *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*

Thou

Thou 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;
This bed thy center is, theſe walls, thy ſpheare.

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?

26 thus; *Ed:* thus. *1633–69*

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*

Venus

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.

Loves Vſury.

FOr 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.

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*

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*

This

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.

The Canonization.

FOr 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,
Take 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.

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*

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*

Call

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!

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*

The

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,
If 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,
Griefe 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,
And, 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:
For 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*

Lovers infiniteneſſe.

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

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.*

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.

Song.

SWeeteſt love, I do not goe,
For wearineſſe of thee,
Nor in hope the world can ſhow
A fitter Love for mee;
But ſince that I
Muſt dye at laſt, 'tis beſt,
To uſe my ſelfe in jeſt
Thus by fain'd deaths to dye;

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. *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*

Yeſternight

.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.

15 Speedier] Haſtier *1669* wind *1633:* no wind *1635–69* That *1635–54:* Which *1669* *1633–35, 1669:* make *1639–54* 38 turn'd] lai'd *1669*

20 recall! *Ed:* recall? *1633–69* 25 not 32 Thou *1633 and MSS. generally:* beſt *1633–54:* life *1669* 36 may fulfill; *Ed:* fulfill, *1633–69*

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,
It 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*

A Feaver.

OH 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*

Aire

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*

Breake

Breake of day.

'Tis 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?
Love 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 *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 hath 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*

The

The Anniverſarie.

ALL 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.

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*

And

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.

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.

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*

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*

II.

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.

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*

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.

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: *1633-39:* 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*

X.

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;
Impute this idle talke, to that I goe,
For dying men talke often ſo.

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.

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* 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*

'Twere

'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.

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;

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*

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*

How

How 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,

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*

Or,

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;

32 Or, . . . amuze *Ed:* Or . . . amuze, *1633–69* 33 infirmitie,] infirmities, *1669, D, H49, Lec* 38 titles] titles, *1633* 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*

To

To take a latitude
Sun, 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?

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.

63 *1669 omits* darke
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*

But

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?

Loves growth.

I Scarce 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,

21 well: *Ed:* well, *1633–69*

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*

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 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.

18–19 Starres . . . ſhowne. Gentle love *Ed:* Starres . . . ſhowne, Gentle love *1633–69:*
Stars are not by the funne 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*
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*

Give

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:
Kill, and diſſect me, Love; for this
Torture againſt thine owne end is,
Rack't carcaſſes make ill Anatomies.

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*

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*

The

The Dreame.

DEare love, for nothing leſſe then thee
Would I have broke this happy dreame,
It was a theame
For reaſon, much too ſtrong for phantaſie,
Therefore thou 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,
Not 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;

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 *1633–54, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, TCC:* feares are ſtrong *1669, B, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96:* feare is ſtrong *N, TCD*

'Tis

'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.

A Valediction: of weeping.

LEt me powre forth
My teares before thy face, whil'ſt I ſtay here,
For thy face coines them, and thy ſtampe they beare,
And by this Mintage they are ſomething worth,
For thus they bee
Pregnant of thee;
Fruits of much griefe they are, emblemes of more,
When a teare falls, that thou falſt which it bore,
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers ſhore.

On a round ball
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.

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*)

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*

O more

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.

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

20 up ſeas] thy ſeas *1669* 22 ſoone; *Ed:* ſoone, *1633–69* 25 purpoſeth; *Ed:* purpoſeth, *1633–69*

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] Bublefs *1669* 15 my *1633–69 and MSS.:* any *S96, 1855, and Grolier* (*perhaps from some copy of 1633*)

Endure

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

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;

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*
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 lofs *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*

Though

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 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,
And 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:

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*
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

Madneſſe

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 circumcif'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.

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*

The Meſſage.

SEnd 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 w^ch^ 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*

A noc-

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;
The 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.

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.*

But

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.

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;
Hadſt thou the wicked skill
By pictures made and mard, to kill,
How many wayes mightſt thou performe thy will?

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 &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*

But

But now I have drunke thy ſweet ſalt teares,
And though thou poure more I'll depart;
My 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.

The Baite.

COme 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.

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*

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 amorouſly to thee will ſwim *Walton*

If

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 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;

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*

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*

Then

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 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;

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* 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*

They

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.

A Valediction: forbidding mourning.

AS 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:

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*

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*

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.

6 No wind-ſighs or tear-floods us move, *Walton* 8 layetie our love. *1633–69* (love· *1633*), *A25, D, C, H49, Lec, S:* layetie of our love. *A18, B, Cy, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S96, TC* 9 Moving . . . brings] Movings . . . cauſe *Walton, O'F* 10 it] they *Walton* 15 Abſence, becauſe *1633–54 and MSS.:* Of abſence, cauſe *1669* 16 Thoſe things *1633–54 and all MSS.:* The thing *1669, Chambers. See note* 17 much] far *1669* 18 our ſelves] our ſouls *Walton* 20 Care leſſe, *1633–35, 1669:* Careleſſe, *1639–54* lips, and hands *1669 and all MSS.:* lips, hands *1633*

And

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,
And makes me end, where I begunne.

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.
Our 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.

30 the other] my other *Walton* 31 It] Thine *Walton* 32 that] mine *Walton* 34 runne; *Ed:* iunne. *1633–69* 35 circle] circles *1639–54* 36 makes me] me to *Walton*

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*

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.

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*

But

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.

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
A 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*

Loves

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?

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*

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

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 openneſſe,
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.

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*

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*

My

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;

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*

And

And 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 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.

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*

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*

What

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 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,
And 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
That 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.

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*
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*

But

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.

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*

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

VPon 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

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*

Belonge

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

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)
And 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;

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*

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*

All

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 ſhould paſſe,
Should I tell what a miracle ſhee was.

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.

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. *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*

Poore

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 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.

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*
The Diſſolution. *1633–69, A18, N, TCC, TCD*

My

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.

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.

10 earthly *1633, A18, N, TC:* eaithy *1635–69* 12 neere *1635–69* (But . . . ſecuritie *bracketed 1669*): ne'r *1633* 24 latter] later *1669*
A Ieat Ring ſent. *1633–69, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD:* To a Jeat Ring ſent to me. *IV* (*among the* Epigrams) 7 loves] love *O'F* ſay, *Ed:* ſay *1633–69*

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.

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*

The

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;
Hate 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;

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*

Left thou thy love and hate and mee undoe,
To let mee live, O love and hate mee too.

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,
We 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,
And a juſt office on a murderer doe.
Except it be too late, to kill me ſo,
Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe.

23–4 Left 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 left 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)
Left thou thy love, and hate, and me thou undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too. 1669.

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

The Computation.

FOr the firſt twenty yeares, ſince yeſterday,
I ſcarce beleev'd, thou could'ſt be gone away,
For forty more, I fed on favours paſt,
And forty'on hopes, that thou would'ſt, they might laſt.
Teares drown'd one hundred, and ſighes blew out two,
A thouſand, I did neither thinke, nor doe,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
Or in a thouſand more, forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; But thinke that I
Am, by being dead, Immortall; Can ghoſts die?

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.

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*

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*

Such

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.

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.

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*

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*

Ah

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.

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

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 *1635–39:* ſummer *1650–69*

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*

Along

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.

Sonnet. The Token.

SEnd me ſome token, that my hope may live,
Or that my eaſeleſſe thoughts may ſleep and reſt;
Send me ſome honey to make ſweet my hive,
That in my paſſion I may hope the beſt.

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. *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*

I beg

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.

⟨*Selfe Love.*⟩

HE 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:

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.⟩ *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] foulneſs *O'F*

Nor

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.

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.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and *Leander*.

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

Pyramus and *Thisbe*.

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

Niobe.

BY childrens births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine owne ſad tombe.

A burnt ſhip.

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

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

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

1 feare] feare, *Chambers, and Groſer (which drops all the other commas)*

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*

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

Fall

Fall of a wall.

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

A lame begger.

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

Cales and *Guyana.*

IF you from ſpoyle of th'old 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.

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.

A ſelfe accuſer.

YOur miſtris, that you follow whores, ſtill taxeth you:
'Tis ſtrange that ſhe ſhould thus confeſſe it, though'it be true.

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*

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

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

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. *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

A licentious perſon.

THy ſinnes and haires may no man equall call,
For, as thy ſinnes increaſe, thy haires doe fall.

Antiquary.

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

Diſinherited.

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

Phryne.

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

An obſcure writer.

PHilo, with twelve yeares ſtudy, hath beene griev'd
To be underſtood; when will hee be beleev'd?

Klockius.

KLockius ſo deeply hath ſworne, ne'r more to come
In bawdie houſe, that hee dares not goe home.

A licentious perſon. *1633–69, A18, N, TCC, TCD:* Whore. *HN: no title, O'F, RP31, W* 1 Thy] His *and so throughout, RP31*

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. *1633–69:* One diſinherited. *HN: no title, Cy, O'F, P, W* 1 Will, *Ed:* Will *1633-69*

Phryne. *1633–69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, O'F* 1 like thee,] like to thee, *1650-69*

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. *HN: no title, 1633–69, Bur, O'F* 1 *Klockius*] Rawlings *Bur* 2 In bawdie] In a bawdie *HN*

Raderus.

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

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

LIke *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*.

Ralphius.

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

The Lier.

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

Raderus. *1633–69, A18, N, TCD:* Randerus. *TCC:* Martial: caſtratus. *W* 1 *Martiall* I muſe, *1633–54: Martiall*, I amuſe, *1669*
Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus. *1633 69, A18, B, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD, W* 8 but lyeſt *1633–69:* and lyeſt *B, W*
Ralphius. *HN: no title, 1633 69, O'F*
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*

ELEGIES.

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 ſatt,
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.

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*

Now

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 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.

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*

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

If

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:

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

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.

ELEGIE III.

Change.

ALthough thy hand and faith, and good workes too,
Have ſeal'd thy love which nothing ſhould undoe,
Yea though thou fall backe, that apoſtaſie
Confirme thy love; yet much, much I feare thee.
Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to'all ſearchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne.

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*

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*

If

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.

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*

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

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*

Thee

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

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*

Senſe,

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;
Gods, 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;
And you are rare, that takes the good away.
All my perfumes, I give moſt willingly
To'embalme thy fathers corſe; What? will hee die?

ELEGIE V.

His Picture.

HEre take my Picture; though I bid farewell,
Thine, in my heart, where my ſoule dwels, ſhall dwell.
'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
When wee are ſhadowes both, then'twas before.
When weather-beaten I come backe; my hand,
Perhaps with rude oares torne, or Sun beams tann'd,
My face and breſt of hairecloth, and my head
With cares raſh ſodaine ſtormes, being o'rſpread,

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*

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:*

My

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.

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

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*

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* w^ch *and* w^th) *1633–69* Realmes] names *1669*

Whence

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

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, I.74, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC:* which *1635–69, O'F* 37 Oh,] Ah, *1669*

Was

Was ne'r ſo wiſe, nor well arm'd as diſdaine.
Then with new eyes I ſhall ſurvay thee,'and ſpie
Death in thy cheekes, and darkneſſe in thine eye.
Though hope bred faith and love; thus taught, I ſhall
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall.
My hate ſhall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
Am the Recuſant, in that reſolute ſtate,
What hurts it mee to be'excommunicate?

ELEGIE 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.

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*

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*

Remember

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 VIII.

The Comparifon.

AS 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,
And on her ⟨brow⟩ her skin ſuch luſtre ſets,
They ſeeme no ſweat drops, but pearle coronets.

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*

Eleg. VIII. The Comparifon. *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*

Ranke

Ranke ſweaty froth thy Miſtreſſe's brow defiles,
Like ſpermatique iſſue of ripe menſtruous boiles,
Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawleſſe law
Enforc'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,

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*

Such

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.

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.

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*

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*

If

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.

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*

If

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.

37 not] noe *several MSS.* 38 ſoules ſacke; *1633, 1669, and MSS.:* ſooles 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 ſlation *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*

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*

ELEGIE XI.

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.

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 Bracelet. *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*

Were

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?

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.*

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.

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*

But,

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:
Here 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
Poyſon, 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.
May 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,

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*

May 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 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?

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.* 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*

Or

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

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*

That

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,

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'i *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*)

Though

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.

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*)

For

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 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,
Is 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
The monſtrous faſhions, how, were, alive, to eate
Deare reputation. Would to God ſhe were
But halfe ſo loath to act vice, as to heare

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*
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*

My

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 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,

14 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*

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*

Officer,

Officer, 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 I(n)land 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

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 I(n)land *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*] Mooreſields *B* 32 To fit] To hit *O'F* 33 agoing: *Ed:* agoing, *1635–69* 35 *In . . . now*; *Ed:* *roman 1635–69*

In

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,

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*

So

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 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

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*

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 puter *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)

And

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;

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] wreech *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*

And

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.*

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*

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.

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*

Fall

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
Eclips'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

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*

O'

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 XVII.

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:

Elegie XVII. Variety. *Ed: printed for first time without title in appendix to 1650 and so in 1669 and 1719:* An Elegie. *A10:* Elegie 17^{the}. *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*

 I love

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,

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*

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,

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 fame. *Ed:* fame: *1650-69:* flame *JC* 75 deny, *Ed:* deny. *1650-69* 79 diſpos'd, *Ed:* diſpos'd *1650 69*

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 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.

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*

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*

Can

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 wife 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

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*

On

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

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*

Lovely

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 XIX.

Going to Bed.

COme, Madam, come, all reſt my powers defie,
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times having the foe in ſight,
Is tir'd with ſtanding though he never fight.

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*

Elegie XIX. &c. *Ed: in 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, N, OF, 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*

Off

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, ſaffieſt when with one man man'd,
My Myne of precious ſtones, My Emperie,

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*

How

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.

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*

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.

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] gudings *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*

Long

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;
There 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
To make at home; And ſhall not I do then
More glorious ſervice, ſtaying to make men?

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*

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,

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 18*th. 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*

But

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,

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*

When

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.

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*

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

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*

(Which

(Which was of foules, 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

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*

Falls

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;

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*

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

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*

As

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.

ECCLOGVE.

1613. *December* 26.

Allophanes *finding* Idios *in the country in Chriſtmas time, 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

104 As . . . upriſe,] *brackets 1650–69* 105 day,] day. *1633* ECCLOGVE. *&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*

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,

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*

So

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 feeſt 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,

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*

Are

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,

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*

But

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.

EPITHALAMION.

I.

The time of the Mariage.

THou 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

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*

Becomes

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,

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*

Thou

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,

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 *1635-69:* ſtoope, . . . us, *1633*

But

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.

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*

And

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.

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*

And

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 S^r^. This paper I have juſtly got,
For, in burnt incenſe, the perfume is not
His only that preſents it, but of all;
What ever celebrates this Feſtivall

211 ſeene; *Ed:* ſeene. *1633–69* 214 eye] hand *1650–69* burnt] burn *1669* 218 divine. *1635–69:* divine; *1633* 230 all; *1635–69:* all, *1633*

Is

Is common, ſince the joy thereof is ſo.
Nor may your ſelfe be Prieſt: But let me goe,
Backe to the Court, and I will lay'it upon
Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

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,
Like 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.

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*

And

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;

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*

Hee

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.

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*

Even

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.

86 ſpent, *Ed:* ſpent; *1633:* ſpent: *1635-69* name, *1635-69, A18, A34, B, N, P, S96, TC* 95 maime, *1633, W:*

SATYRES.

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.

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*

Nor

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,

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*

And

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

47 weare, *1650-69:* weare *1633-39* 50 warn'd] warn'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*

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;

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*

But

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 ſort, 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 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.

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*

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*

there is one
2-3 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*

Though

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:

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* (time), *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.*

But

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,

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:* Poet, *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.*

I ſhould

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.

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:* Beating 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*

For

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

84 Relique-like *A25, B, D, H49, H51, I.74, N, O'F, Q, S, S96, TCD, W:* Reliquely *1633 69, Cy, JC, Lec, P* geare;] chear; *1669* (*which brackts 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*

Equally

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 III.

KInde 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

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 wardrops; *1633:* wardrobes. *1635-69* 112 ſtatute lawes. *1633-54 and all MSS.:* ſtatutes jawes. *1669, Chambers*

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 Satiie. *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*

To

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,

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, IV* 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, IV* 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, IV:*
Know thy foe, the foule 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, IV*

So

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 loveſt; and thy faire goodly ſoule, which doth
Give this fleſh power to taſte joy, thou doſt loath.
Seeke true religion. O where? Mirreus
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seekes her at Rome; there, becauſe hee doth know
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

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*

In

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.

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*

Foole

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 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.

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.*

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.*

My

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;

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*

Sleeveleſſe

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

32 ground] the ground *HN* 35 This *1633:* The *1635-69* faith, *1633 54, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN* (fayeth), *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*

Good

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.

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*

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

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*

He

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 privileg'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

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:* Whoies, *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.*

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,

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*

O Sunne,

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,

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*

Their

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

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 furvay *1633–69, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD:* furvayes *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)

For

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
Which am but a ſcarce brooke, it enough ſhall bee

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*

To

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 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

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*

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*

Are

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

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*

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,

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* 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*

With

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.

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*

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.
That 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,

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*

(Meaning

(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.

37 barrels; *1649-69:* barrels, *1611* 56 board, *1611:* board *1649-69*

Some

Some Leaves may paſte ſtrings there in other books,
And ſo one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you;
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 meane from one page which ſhall paſte ſtrings in a booke.[1]

I. D.

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.

[1] I meane &c. *side-note in 1611*
In eundem &c. *1611, concluding the above*

LETTERS

TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES.

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,
By a worſe painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd,
My lines are ſuch: 'Tis the preheminence
Of friendſhip onely to'impute excellence.
England to whom we'owe, what we be, and have,
Sad that her ſonnes did ſeeke a forraine grave
(For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can 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.

The Storme. To Mr. Chriſtopher Brooke. *1633* (*1635-69 add* from the Iland voyage with the Earle of Essex): The Stoime, A Stoime *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*

But

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.

23 'twas *1650–69*: 'twas, *1633–39* 30 fear'd] feal'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*

Some

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.

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*

THE CALME.

OUr 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

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*

Where

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

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 *Vnice'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*

Nothing;

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.

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?

To Sr Henry Wotton. *1633 69* (Sr *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 . . . woiſe, *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*

Cities

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 ſeverall
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.

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, A25, 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*

Onely

Onely perchance beasts 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 lightnesse
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
To know my rules, I have, and you have

DONNE:

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 *1633* 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: Onely . . . 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)*

To

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 Sir Henry Goodyere. *1633-69: so with* Goodyere *variously spelt A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, Lec:* To S^{r} 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*

To

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,'aſham'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
  And 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;

But 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.

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*

To

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.

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:* ſlowne, *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, OF, 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*

Seeke

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.

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*

To Sr *Henry Wootton.*

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

Yet, as to'get ſtomachs, we walke up and downe,
And toyle to ſweeten reſt, ſo, may God frowne,
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.

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 y^{e} 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 *S^{t} Michaels* tale for newes, as tell *1633, A18, B* (tales), *Cy* (and S^{t} 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*

Beleeve

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.

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
Would 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
With bodies deale, as fate bids and reſtreynes;
Ere ſickneſſes attack, yong death is beſt,
Who payes before his death doth ſcape arreſt.

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*

H: W: *&c. Burley MS.* (JD *in margin*) *i.e.* Henrico Wottoni in Hibernia belligeranti 2 that] y^t *Bur, and similarly* y^e (the), y^r (your), w^ch (which), w^th (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*

Lett

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.

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

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;

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. *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:* fari *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*

That

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,
A 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,
Make 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.

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*

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.

To 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*

In

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.

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*

If

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,
The ſtory of beauty,'in Twicknam is, and you.
Who hath ſeene one, would both; As, who had bin
In Paradiſe, would ſeeke the Cherubin.

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;

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*

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*

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

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*

On

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 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?

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*

To 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*

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 eccliſes and controules

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*

The

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;

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*

Why

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
  With cordiall vertue, your knowne nouriſhment.

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.

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*

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*

I ſumme

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,

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*

And

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.

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*

From

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 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.

65 New Yeare.] new yeare, *1633*
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) *1635-69* 16 may, *Ed:* may *1633-69*

But

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.

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*

If

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 Mr *T. W.*

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

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*

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*

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.

Now if this ſong be too'harſh for rime, yet, as
The Painters bad god made a good devill,

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*

'Twill

'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
Thy 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 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.
Plead 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
Of 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.

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*

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, . . . foule *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*

To

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.*

AT 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.

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*

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*

Therefore

Therefore 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 *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.
Doſt 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
Vpon 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.*

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.
And 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

14 of love,] of love *1633*
To Mr R. W. *A23, W: first printed in Gosse's* Life and Letters of John Donne, *&c.*, 1899 1 thee,] thee *W*
To Mr R. W. *A23, W: printed here for the first time*

Of

Of Poets, that methinks ſhould eaſe our anguiſh,
Although our bodyes wither and minds languiſh.
Wright then, that my griefes which thine got may bee
Cured by thy charming soveraigne melodee.

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 *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.

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 *1635-69,O'F* 13 forth] out *A18,N,TC*

To Mr E. G. *W: first printed in Gosse's* Life and Letters of John Donne, *&c.* 1899

There

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 *R. W.*

IF, 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,

5–6 beene, . . . London,] *no commas, W* 6 ſtaying] ſtaing *W* 7 dearth] dirth *W* 7–8 poſſes, . . . emptines;] poſſes . . . emptines. *W* 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, 1635–69* 3 brother *1633–69, A18, N, O'F, TC:* brethren *W* 6 hand,] hands *O'F, TC*

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 M^r^ *R. W.*

KIndly 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.

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*

To M^r^ R. W. *W: published here for the first time*

In

In 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
  Of 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 M^r *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.

6 which] w^ch *W, and so always* 10 emptines,] emptines. *W* 13–14 Oh, . . . give, . . . recreated, . . . creature,] *no commas, W*
To M^r 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*

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,
There'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,
Eate, 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 *B. B.*

IS 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

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*
To Mr B. B. *O'F,W:* To M. B. B. *1633-69,A18,N,TCC,TCD*

In

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 *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;

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*

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*

Yet

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;
So 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;
Thy 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 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,

A 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:

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*

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*

After

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 ſend
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 fortune, 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 buſineſſe,
In this, wee muſt for others vices care;

'Tis therefore well your ſpirits now are plac'd
In 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 ſhee)
Spies that I beare ſo well her tyranny,
That ſhe thinks nothing elſe ſo fit for mee;

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*

But

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

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.

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*

Then

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.

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*

I bid

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 the Counteſſe of Bedford.

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.

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*

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
Be colleague to religion, but be it.

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* 33 is 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.*

In

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
Or 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.
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.
That 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 ſtock, and over prodigally ſpent
Your treaſure, for ſince I had never knowne
Vertue or beautie, but as they are growne

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 *&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* 10t. *Ed:* rot; *1633–69* 9 influence; *Ed:* influence, *1633–69* 10 grow. *Ed:* grow; *1633–69* 14 or *1633–39*: and *1650–69*

In

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.

A Letter to the Lady Carey, *and M^rs* 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 Sainćts, ſhould my'humility
To other Sainćt 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.

16 Mine. *Ed:* Mine; *1633–69* 18 upon *Ed:* upon, *1633 69* A Letter to &c. *1633–69, D, H49, Lec:* To the Lady Carey and her Siſter M^rs 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 M^rs Eſſex Rich and her ſiſter frô Amiens. *M*

That

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;

13 who are] who is *1633* 19 humiltie *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:* thein zeale, *1633, Lec* 31 Gold] Golds *1633 some copies* 33 aguiſh,] anguiſh, *1650–54*

Shee

W[illegible] 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.

57 our eyes,] your eyes, *Cy, D, H49, Lec, P 1669* 60 by the] to the other, *1669*: other *1633-54*

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?)

To the Counteſſe *&c. 1633–69, D, H49, Lec:* To the Counteſs of Saliſbury. *O'F:* To the Counteſs of S. *N, TCD 1669, D, H49, Lec:* what *1635–54, N, O'F, TCD 1669* 17 noble fire,] nobler fire, *O'F* that's *1650–69:* thats *1633–39* 2 and what *1633,* 16 Court,] Courts, 24 him] him, *1633*

Where

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

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*)

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.

61 mee: *D,N,TCD:* mce; *1633-69* 63 good; *Ed:* good, *1633-69* 77-8 *om. D,H49,Lec*

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:

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*

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.

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*

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.

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

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*

Seemes

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;
The ſubjects differ, though the skill agree:
For as by infant-yeares men judge of age,

21 is] it is *1669* 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*

Thy

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.
Sing 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 Anatomy of the World.

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,
And 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,
She'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,

42 vertues, *1611, 1612–25:* veirtues *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*

An Anatomy &c. *1611–69* The firſt Anniverſary. *1612–69* (First *1612–25*): *om. 1611* 2 Whom *1611, 1612–25, 1669:* Who *1633:* whō *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* *The entrie &c. 1612–21: om. 1625–33: 1611 and 1635–69 have no notes*

But

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,

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*

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;
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)

What life the world hath ſtil.

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*

Yet,

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;

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*

When,

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
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.

Smalneſſe of ſtature.

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 *1625-69:* ads *1625, 1633* 149 ſilver; *1611-12:* ſilver *1621-25:* ſilver, *1633-69* 150 ſcatter'd] ſcattred *1612-25*

But

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;

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*

Shee,

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.
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:

Decay of nature in other parts.

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*

Prince

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

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*

Feele

Feele this conſuming wound, and ages darts.
For the worlds beauty is decai'd, or gone,
Beauty, that's colour, and proportion.
We thinke the heavens enjoy their Spherical,
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

Diſformity of parts.

251 Spherical, *1650–69:* Spherical *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*

They're

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,

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*

As

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,

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*

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;

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*

Th'Ayre

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,

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*

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

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*

When

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.

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,

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*

A 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*

Yet

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

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*

It

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,

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*

For

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.

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,

Of the Progreſſe &c. *1612–69:* The ſecond Anniverſary. *1612–69* (*in 1612–21 it ſtands at heal of page*)
The Harbinger &c.] *In 1612–25 this poem printed in italics*

Are

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.

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*

OF

OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE.

The ſecond Anniverſarie.

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,
The 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,
Though 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.

The entrance.[1]

[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 ſail'd,] he ſail'd, *1621–33* 13 twinckle] twincke *1625* 20 ſtrings: *Ed:* ſtrings. *1612–69*

As

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 diſeſtimation[1] *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,

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* [1] *diſeſtimation*] *eſtimation 1625* 46 ſafe-ſealing] ſafe-ſealing *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*

Is

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.
Thinke then, my ſoule, that death is but a Groome, *Contemplation of our ſtate in our death-bed.*
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,

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*

And

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

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*

The

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.
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,

Incommoditie. of the Soule in the Body.[1]

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* [1] *Incommodities &c. 1612–21: om. 1625–33*

That

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;

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*

For

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

197 *Venus*] *no ital. 1612–25, and so with* Helper *&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

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.[1]

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

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] litrle *1633*

[1] *Her ignorance &c.: 1612–25:* om. *1633*

Even

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,

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*

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

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*

So

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:

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*

And

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 foveraigne 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
Of eſſentiall joy in this life and in the next.
On accidentall joyes, th'eſſentiall.
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.

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*

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 allign'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:

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*

So

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 obiect, 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

433 much] much, *1633–39* 435 up] upon *1612–25* 449 Here *1612–25:* here *1633–69* 463 cleare,] cleane, *1635*

A heaven,

A heaven, and here, became unto us all,
Joy, (as our joyes admit) eſſentiall.
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,

Of accidentall joys in both places.

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*

Or

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.

506 within; *Ed:* within, *1612-39:* within. *1650-69*
invoke] inroque *1612-25*
520 Rent] Rent. *1633*
516
518 French *1635-69:* french *1612-33*

EPICEDES AND OBSEQVIES

Vpon

The deaths of ſundry Perſonages.

Elegie upon the untimely death of the incomparable Prince Henry.

LOoke to mee faith, and looke to my faith, God;
For both my centers feele this period.
Of waight one center, one of greatneſſe is;
And Reaſon is that center, Faith is this;
For into'our reaſon flow, and there do end
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.

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*

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.

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*

Therefore

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

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*

Too

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.

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

MADAME,

I *Have learn'd by thoſe lawes wherein I am a* [1] *little converſant, that hee which beſtowes any coſt upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not the* [2] *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 vertue* [4] *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.

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 &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*

Obſequies

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,

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*

All

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,

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, ſit 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*

Yet

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,

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* old; *Ed:* old, *1633–39:* old. *1650–69* 71 So, then that *Ed:* So then, that *1633:* So, then, that *1635–69* 76 exerciſe] exerciſe *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*

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,

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, 1635–39*

When

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;

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*

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

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, 169–69:* them, *1635* 178 Triumph; *1633:* Triumph. *1635–69*

That

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,

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, Chamlers* 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*

(Which

(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

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*

Of

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.

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 taſt, and Funerall,

247 time,] times, *1669,B,JC,O'F,N,S,S96,TCD* 250 ſoldurii *D, H49, Lec:* ſoldaii *1633–69* 251 expreſſe] expreſſe, *1633* 257 Who, *1633:* Which, *1639–69*

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*

And

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.

11 theſe *D, H49, Lec:* thoſe *1633–69* 12 after Gods *Noe*, drowne *1633–54* (*No, 1635–54*): 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*

Grace

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.

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] paite *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*

Elegie on M^ris Boulſtred.

DEath 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.
Th'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,
Eating 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.

Elegie on M^ris 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*

For

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.

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*

If

If all her vertues muſt have growne, yet might
  Abundant 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;
Or 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,
  Which 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.

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.

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

Elegie. *1633:* Elegie XI. Death. *1635-54* (*being placed among the* Elegies)*:* Elegie XI. *1669:* An Elegie upon the death of Mrs 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*

Sad

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.

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*

Her

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;
For 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,
Shall 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.

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*

Elegie

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.
'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,
If to a paradiſe that tranſplanted bee,
Or fell'd, and burnt for holy ſacrifice,
Yet, that muſt wither, which by it did riſe,
As we for him dead: though no familie
Ere rigg'd a ſoule for heavens diſcoverie
With whom more Venturers more boldly dare
Venture their ſtates, with him in joy to ſhare.
Wee loſe what all friends lov'd, him; he gaines now
But life by death, which worſt foes would allow,
If hee could have foes, in whoſe practiſe grew
All vertues, whoſe names ſubtile Schoolmen knew.
What eaſe, can hope that wee ſhall ſee'him, beget,
When wee muſt die firſt, and cannot dye yet?
His children are his pictures, Oh they bee
Pictures of him dead, ſenſeleſſe, cold as he.
Here needs no marble Tombe, ſince hee is gone,
He, and about him, his, are turn'd to ſtone.

Elegie *&c. 1635–69, followʒng* 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 XIII[a]. *JC, W* 1 who *1633–39:* that *1650–69* 2 prey. *1633:* prey, *1635–54:* 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*

An

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 foule which now comes up to you
Fill any former ranke or make a new;
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it ſelfe, and *order* more

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*

Then

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 *Pœnitents*,
(And, who ſhall dare to aske then when I am
Dy'd ſcarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,

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*

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;
Wiſh *him* a *David*, *her* a *Magdalen.*

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;
Whilſt 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:
Yet 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. M^rs 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*

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16. *Auguſti* 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Poêma Satyricon.

EPISTLE.

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 debt[1]; how my ſtocke will hold out I know not; perchance waſte, perchance increaſe in uſe; if I doe

Infinitati *&c. 1633–69: (in 1633 it is the first poem; in 1635–69 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* borrow

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,[1] 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,[2] at what laſcivious banquet it was ſerv'd. And though it could not ſpeake, when it was a ſpider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who uſed it for poyſon to attaine dignitie. How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her owne, which makes me ſo ſeriouſly deliver you by her relation all her paſſages from her firſt making when ſhee was that apple[3] which Eve eate,[4] to this time when ſhee is hee,[5] whoſe life you ſhall finde in the end of this booke.

[1] Mucheron, *1633,N,TC:* Muſhrome, *G:* Maceron, *1635–69,O'F*
[2] and can now tell mee, *1635–69*
[3] apple] aple *1633*
[4] eate, *1633-69:* ate, *O'F:* eat, *mod. editors*
[5] ſhee is hee, *1633,A18,G,N, TC:* ſhee is ſhee, *1635–69*

THE

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.

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*

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,

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*

Diſtracting

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.

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*

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;

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*

She

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.

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*

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

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*

His

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 çoold 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.

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*

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,

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*

Nor

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.

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 move 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*

Man

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.

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*

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,

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*

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.

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*

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 ſaile
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:

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*

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.

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*

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 of all, that the plotters were two,
But that they fiſhes were, and could not ſpeake.
How ſhall a Tyran wiſe 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,

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*

Nor

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:

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*

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, ſucceſſfully,
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,

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*

Attach'd

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.

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*

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

443 field. Being *Ed:* field, being *1633–69* thus] *om. 1633* 453
play. *Ed:* play, *1633–69*

With

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.

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*

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,

492 in. *1650–69:* in, *1633–39* 498 Life-keeping] Life keeping *633* part; *Ed:* part, *1633–69* 502 well-arm'd *1669:* well arm'd *633–54* 503 ſinowie] ſinewy *1639–54:* ſinew *1669* 504 out; *Ed:* ut, *1633–69* 505 this Soule] a Soule *A18, N, TC* attend; *Ed:* ttend, *1633–69* 506–7 joyn'd: . . . paſt ſhape, *1633:* joyn'd, . . . aſt ſhape; *1635–69, Chambers, Grolier. See note* 513 thoughts; *1650–69:* houghts, *1633–39*

By

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.

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*

DIVINE POEMS.

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.

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,

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*

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*

The

The 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:
To 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.

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;
But 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,
For, 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] foberly *B, S96, W: O'F corrects* 13 heart and voice] voice and heart *B, O'F, S, S96, W* 14 *nigh.*] *nigh, 1633*

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,
Loe, 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
Waſt 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.

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;
But 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
Which 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.

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*
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.

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;
The 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,
Nor 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.

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,
But 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
Beares 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.

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*

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*

RESVRRECTION.

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,
And 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,
But 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.

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;
Behold 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,
Mild 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.

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. 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*

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;
I 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
By 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.

II.

AS due by many titles I reſigne
My ſelfe to thee, O God, firſt I was made
By thee, and for thee, and when I was decay'd
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
I am thy ſonne, made with thy ſelfe to ſhine,
Thy ſervant, whoſe paines thou haſt ſtill repaid,
Thy ſheepe, thine Image, and, till I betray'd
My ſelfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine;
Why doth the devill then uſurpe on mee?
Why doth he ſteale, nay raviſh that's thy right?
Except thou riſe and for thine owne worke fight,
Oh I ſhall ſoone 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.

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. *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,

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.

IV.

OH my blacke Soule! now thou art ſummoned
By ſickneſſe, deaths herald, and champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treaſon, and durſt not turne to whence hee is fled,
Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,
Wiſheth himſelfe delivered from priſon;
But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
Wiſheth that ſtill he might be impriſoned.
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canſt not lacke;
But who ſhall give thee that grace to beginne?
Oh make thy 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.

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*

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. *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*

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.

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,
And 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,
And 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.

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*

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*

VII.

VII.

AT 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.

VIII.

IF 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:
But 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,
And vile blaſphemous Conjurers to call
On Ieſus 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.

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*

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*

IX.

IX.

IF poyſonous mineralls, and if that tree,
Whoſe fruit threw death on elſe immortall us,
If lecherous goats, if ſerpents envious
Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why ſhould I bee?
Why ſhould intent or reaſon, borne in mee,
Make 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.

X.

DEath be not proud, though ſome have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not ſoe,
For, thoſe, whom thou think'ſt, thou doſt overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canſt thou kill mee.
From reſt and ſleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleaſure, then from thee, much more muſt flow,
And ſooneſt our beſt men with thee doe goe,
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.

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. *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.

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.

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.

XI. *1635–69:* VII. *1633, A18, D, &c.:* *omitted B, S96:* *added among* Other Meditations. *O'F:* XIII. *IV* 3 onely] humbly *IV* 6 impiety] iniquitye *D, H49* 8 glorified.] glorified; *1633* 12 intent:] intent *1633*

XII. *1635–69:* VIII. *1633, A18, D, &c.:* *omitted B, S96:* *among* Other Meditations. *O'F:* XIV. *IV* 1 are wee] ame I *IV* 4 Simple, *1633, D, H49, IV:* Simpler *1635–69, A18, N, O'F, TC, Chambers* 9 Weaker I am,] Alas I am weaker, *IV* 10 timorous. *IV:* timorous, *1633–69* 11 a greater wonder, *1633, D, H49, N, O'F* (greate), *TC, W:* a greater, *1635–69*

XIII.

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.

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.

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. *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.

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.

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!

XV. *1635–69:* XI. *1633, A1 8 D, &c.:* XII. *B, O'F, S96, W* 4 breſt. *W:* breſt, *1633–69* 8 reſt.] reſt; *1633* 11 Sonne *1633:* Sunne *1635–69* 12 ſtolne, *1633, A1 8, D, H49, N, TC:* ſtole, *1635–69, B, O'F, S96, W, Chambers*

XVI. *1635–69:* XII. *1633, A1 8, D, &c.:* IV. *B, O'F, S96, W* 3 Trinitie] Trinitie, *1633* 8 doe *1633: om. 1635–69:* doth *A1 8, 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 *A1 8, D, H49, N, TC* 11 doth;] doth, *1633* but all-healing *A1 8, 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 *A1 8, D, H49, N, TC, W:* thy *B, O'F, S96*

XVII.

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.

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.

XVII. *W: first printed in Gosse's* Life and Letters of John Donne, 1899 2 dead,] dead *W* 6 their] y^t^ *W* head;] head, *W* 10 wooe] *spelt* woe *W* 12 divine,] divine *W*

XVIII. *W: first printed in Gosse's* Life &c. 2 What!] What *W* 3 tore] *so I read W:* lore *Gosse*

XIX.

OH, 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.

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 affliction,
No Croſſe is ſo extreme, as to have none.

XIX. *W: first printed in Gosse's* Life *&c.* 3 that] y^t *W, so always* 4 and] & *W, so always*

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*

Who

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

19 Croſſe; *Ed:* Croſſe, *1633:* Croſſe. *1635–69* 20 make] makes *B, D, H49, Le, 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*

No

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.

Reſurrection, imperfect.

SLeep 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,

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. *1633–69* (*following* By Euphrates &c. *p* 424). *A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD*

As,

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.

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.

15 good, *1633–69 and MSS.: Chambers queries* gold 22 If | If, *1633–69*

The Annuntiation and Paſsion. *1633-69:* Upon the Annuntiation and Paſsion falling upon one day. Anno Dñi 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, H19, Lec, N, O'F, TCD* (*full stop, MSS.*)

She

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;

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*

So

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.

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?

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 S^r^ Edward Harbert in Wales. *H49:* M^r^ J. Duſi 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*

Could

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.

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*

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,

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*

Muſt

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.

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*

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
May 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,
Which were thy Churches Organs, and did ſound
That harmony, which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;

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*

Thoſe

Thoſe heavenly Poëts which did ſee
Thy will, and it expreſſe
In 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,
(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.

75–6 *no brackets 1633* 75 whoſoever] whoever *most MSS.* 76 throw downe, and fall, *1633, A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC:* thrown down do fall) *1635–69* 78 bookes] works *B, O'F, S96* 87 thine;] thine, *1633*

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 Academie 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

93 were, *Ed:* weie; *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.*

In

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.

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*

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.

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*

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.

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*

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.

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*

XXV.

That our eares ſickneſſe wee may cure,
And rectifie thoſe Labyrinths aright,
That wee, by harkning, not procure
Our praiſe, nor others diſpraiſe ſo invite,
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,
By 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.

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 care 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*

XXVIII.

Sonne of God heare us, and ſince thou
By 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,
O let it not returne to us againe,
But Patient and Phyſition being free,
As ſinne is nothing, let it no where be.

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.

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*

Vpon the &c. *1635–69: no extant MSS.*

Two

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 harſh 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,

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*

And,

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.

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,
We 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
The 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
The 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
Himſelfe, knowes more.

I. D.

55 tuning; *1719:* tuning, *1635–69* part, *1719:* part *1635–69*
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*

To

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;
What 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,
For 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.
And 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.)

To Mr Tilman &c. *1635-69: no extant MSS.* 18 Chriſts] Chiſts *1635* 34 clay.) *Ed:* clay) *1635-69*

Let

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.

A Hymne to Chriſt, at the Authors laſt going into Germany.

IN 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 face; yet through that maske I know thoſe eyes,
Which, though they turne away ſometimes,
They never will deſpiſe.

52 beare, *1650–69:* beare *1635–39*
A Hymne *&c. 1633–69:* A Hymne to Chriſt. *At8, 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*

I ſacrifice

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:
To ſee God only, I goe out of ſight:
And to ſcape ſtormy dayes, I chuſe
An Everlaſting night.

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*

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!

2 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
Juda 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.
Her 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
Doth 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.

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*

7 Now

7 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.

12 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.

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*

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
The ſword without, as death within, doth waſt.

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*

21 Of

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.

22 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
His 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
To 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 left 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.

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] fights *1669* 90 cloud! *Ed:* cloud? *1633-69* flung] flung. *1633* 92 wrath! *Ed:* wrath? *1633-69* 95 ſtrengths *1633, N, TCD:* ſtrength *1635-69, B, O'F:* munitiones *Tr and Vulg*

6 Like

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.

10 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
Are 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,
And in the ſtreets like wounded perſons lay
Till 'twixt their mothers breaſts they went away.

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:* veſtes 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*

13 *Daughter*

13 *Daughter Ieruſalem*, Oh what may bee
A witneſſe, or compariſon for thee?
Sion, to eaſe thee, what ſhall I name like thee?
Thy 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.

15 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.

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*

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,
None 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,
3 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.

7 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,
Or 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.

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*

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,

20 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.
26 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
Deepe 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

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*

Compaſſion,

Compaſſion, 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
In 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?
40 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,
44 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.

48 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
Doth 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.

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*

54 Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am
Deſtroy'd; 55 I called Lord, upon thy name
Out 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
Reſcud'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.

63 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
Pureſt 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
Low 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,
As do the Owles in the vaſt Wilderneſſe.

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*

4 And

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.

5 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.

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*

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:
14 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,
Depart, 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

Unto 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,
We 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
Which follow us, o'r mountaine tops they flye
At us, and for us in the deſart lye.

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*

20 The

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,
Into 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.

22 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;
See, 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;
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*
To get us bread; and to the *Aſſyrians*.

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*

7 Our

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.
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
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.
14 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
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.
20 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,
And to be utterly enrag'd at us?

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*

Hymne

Hymne to God my God, in my ſickneſſe.

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.

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*

So,

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,
Therfore that he may raiſe the Lord throws down.

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.

28 others ſouls] other ſouls *Walton and S96* 30 That, he may raiſe; therefore, *Walton*

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.

To Chriſt. *A18,N,TCC,TCD:* Chriſto Salvatori. *O'F,S96: text from TCD* 1 begunn, *El:* begun *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; *El:* heretofore *TCD*

TO THE MEMORIE OF MY EVER DESIRED FRIEND D'. 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.
At common graves we have Poetique eyes
Can melt themſelves in caſie 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 ſalne 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.

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*

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 't is 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 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*;
How 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*?

57 or] nor *1632*

And

And that *Feare* fannes their *Heat*; whilſt knowing eyes
Will 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.

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:
Here 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*

On

On Doctor Donne,

By D^r 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;
He 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;
Not 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 *Mecænas*, and *Auguſtus* too.
He 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.

An Elegie upon the incomparable

D^r DONNE.

ALl 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*.

On &c. *Also in Corbet's* Poems *1647*

Language

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 Heavên, and there *Conſtellated*.
For, if each *Prieſt* of God ſhine as a *Starre*,
His *Glory* is as his *Gifts*, 'bove others farre.

HEN. VALENTINE.

An

An Elegie upon D^r Donne.

IS *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 foule
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
A *Crowne of ſacred ſonets*, fit to adorne *La Corona.*
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?

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*

Did

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 *Joy*, 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

An Elegie upon the death of the Deane of Pauls, Dr. Iohn Donne: By *Mr. Tho: Carie.*

CAn 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,
Such as the uncifor'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
Through 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 theſts, 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

An Elegie &c. *Also in Carew's* Poems *1640. See note*

Of

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

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 on D^r^. 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

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 feed 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 fecond 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

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
No 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;
He 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,
His age ſaw viſions, though his youth dream'd dreams.

On D^r^. DONNES *death:*

By M^r^. 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,
A Poeme 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;

72 Receiv'd] Receiv' *1633*

And

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 Poets, 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

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.

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

But not come neer, for in thy Fancies flight
Thou doſt not ſtoope unto the vulgar ſight,
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 Alleluiacs.

Arth. Wilſon.

In memory of Doctor Donne:
By Mr R. B.

Donne 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 Poeſie, (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 fowre

Call'd

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.

Epitaph.

H*Eere 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.

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.

In

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.

CONquerar? ignavoq; ſequar tua funera planctu?
Sed lachrimæ clauſiſtis iter: nec muta querelas
Lingua poteſt proferre pias: ignoſcite manes
Defuncti, & tacito ſinite 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:
Inq; meum â veſtro migraret pectore pectus
Muſa, repentinos tua noſceret urna furores.
Sed fruſtra, heu fruſtra hæc votis puerilibus opto:
Tecum abiit. ſummoq; 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 ſonos, & verba diſerti
Oris, & æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces.
Quêis ferus infernæ tacuiſſet Ianitor aulæ
Auditis: Niluſq; minus ſtrepuiſſet: Arion

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*

Cederet,

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 Ædc
Paulina ſtetit, & mira gravitate levantes
Corda, oculoſq; viros tenuit: dum Neſtoris ille
Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit myſteria plebi
Non conceſſa prius nondum intellecta: revolvunt
Mirantes, tacitique arrectis auribus aſtant.
Mutatis mox ille modo, formaq; loquendi
Triſtia pertractat: fatumq; & 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,
Affectuſq; 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 animus? cur hæc tibi ſacra? Poëtæ
Deſinite: en fati certus, ſibi voce canorâ
Inferias præmiſit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
(Vltima volventem et Cycneâ voce loquentem)
Nuper cum, 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 quàamquam jejuna, ſitimq;
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:

38 Voce feros] Voceferos *1635, 1669* 79 inde:] inde *1635-39*

Veſcere,

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 atq; occare videmus.
Quin rurſus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te
Quo Deus, & quo dura volet natura ſequemur.
Depoſitum interea lapides ſervate fideles.
Fœlices illâ quîs Ædis parte locari
Quâ jacet iſte datur. Forſan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturietq; 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, digniſq; illum celebrate loquelis,
Et quæ demuntur vitæ date tempora famæ.

Indignus tantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum tuarum cultor religioſiſſimus,

DANIEL DARNELLY.

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:

86 Parca] parca *1635–69* morari,] morari *1635* 88 rurſus *1719:* ruſus *1635:* nuſus *1639–69* 96 Incipiet: . . calebat. *1719: no stops, 1635–69* Elegie on D. D. *1635–69: it follows Walton's elegy.*

Paſſions

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.

On

On Dr John Donne, *late Deane of S.* Paules, *London.*

LOng ſince this taske of teares from you was due,
Long ſince, ô Poets, 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 ſanſies 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 fet 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,

On Dr John Donne &c. *1635–69, where it follows Godolphin's* Elegie

Penſion'd

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.

FINIS.

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;
Accedat 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,
Haec nova fata libro 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.
Hoc 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,
Non 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

Amiciſſimo, & meritiſſimo BEN. JONSON. In Vulponem.

QVod arte auſus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Conſulti, veteres ſequi aemularierque,
O omnes ſaperemus ad ſalutem.
His 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.

To M[r] *George Herbert*, with one of my Seal⟨s⟩, of the Anchor and Chriſt.

QVi 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.

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*

To M[r] 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*

Anchorae

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.

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*

And

And 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,
This 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.

Tranſlated out of *Gazæus*, *Vota Amico facta*. *fol.* 160.

GOd 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.
Nor 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,
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies.
Nor thy prayers, know low objects, ſtill Divine;
God grant thee thine own wiſh, and grant thee mine.

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.*
Translated &c.] *1650–69, in sheets added 1650 : for original see 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.

SLeep, 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

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*

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 Iot in that or thoſe he quarrell will,
Though ſober; but ſo never fought. I know

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

What

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.

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:* oi *1669* 72 thou'hadſt *L74, N, TCD:* thou hadſt *1669*

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.

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*

Hear

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.

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, OF, S*

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.
Thou 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 maiden head;
Shee'll love thee ſo, for then thou hadſt bin dead.

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 maiden head; *Ed:* maiden head, *1635-69* 28 (Shee'll love thee ſo) for, *1635-69*

But

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, her⟨s⟩ 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.

AN ELEGIE.

Reflecting on his paſſion for his miſtriſſe.

COme, 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;

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*

An Elegie. Reflecting on &c. *A10:* An Elegie. *H39, H40, I.74, RP31:* Eleg. XIII. *1635–69: no title, Cy:* Elegie. *P*

Elſe,

Elſe, 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;

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*

Vnable

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:

33 dry] dry'd *H39, H40, L74. RP31* 36 Love, *Ed:* Love *1635-69:* Love: *A10* 37 ſhould *most MSS.:* ſhall *1635-69, Cy, P* 44 the *1635-69:* their *A10, Cy, H40, L74, P, RP31* 46 it . . . it *all MSS.:* is . . . is *1635-69* 50 prove *most MSS.:* be *1635-69, Cy, P* 51 your *all MSS.:* our *1635-69* beene, *Ed:* beene: *1635-69* 52 Chaſtitie *Ed:* chaſtitie *1635-69* ſeene; *Ed:* ſeene, *1635-69* 53 feele, *Ed:* feele *1635-69* 56 ſnowe,] ſnowe. *1635-69, Cy, L74, P, which end here: text of rest from A10, H39, H40, RP31* 60 or new love:] and new love, *A10*

All

All would not doe. The beſt at laſt I tryde:
Vnable 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 to M^rs 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 ſoe ſoone 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

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 *&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 M^r 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*

It

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.
But 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,
Vnleſs 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
My 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.

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*

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
Thinking to ſhare the ſport, but not the ſinne.

Song.

DEare 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.

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. *1635–69: no title, A10, B, HN* (*signed* J. R.), *L74* (Finis. ℟), *O'F, P, S96* Love,] Love *1635–69*

All

All 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.

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

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 ſollow, 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

To Ben. Iohnſon, 6 Ian. 1603. *1635–69,O'F:* To Ben Johnſon 6 Jan: 1603 T. R. *B:* An Epiſtle to Ben Johnſon. S^r J: R: *H40:* An Epiſtle to Beniamin Johnſon. *RP31:* An Epiſtle: To M^r Ben. Johnſon. Ja: 6: 1603 *L74:* To M^r 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*

But

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, 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

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 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*

A pretty

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 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.

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*

I doe

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.

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.

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* 32 Willing, *Ed:* Willing *1635–69:* Willing; *A10*

To the Counteſſe of Huntington. *1635–69:* Sr Wal: Aſhton to yc Counteſſe of Huntingtowne *P, TCD (II)* 2 man] men *P* 3 ate; *1635–39:* eat; *1650–69*

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 deſtroyes 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:

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*

So

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.

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*

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,

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*

'Till

'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.

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 rife 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*

III.

III.

Elegie.

DEath 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,

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* fought; *Ed:* fought, *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*

The

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,
From 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.

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* 34 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*

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,
And our eyes,
With their ſtreames his ſtreame augmented.

II.

When, poore Syons dolefull ſtate,
Deſolate;
Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,
And 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.

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 eſq^r. deceaſed and other Gentlemen. Manuſcribd by R. Crane. *Addl. MS. 27407, Harl. MSS. 3357 an l 6930* 4 with our cryes] with mournful cries *Crane* 6 his] the *Crane* 16 all forlorne] ſoe forlorne *Crane*

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.

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*

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.

Happy he who ſhall thee waſte,
As thou haſt
Us, without all mercy, waſted,
And ſhall make thee taſte and ſee
What poore wee
By 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,
Ruthleſſe ſtones
With their braines and blood beſmearing.

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.

IN 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.

To 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,
To 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?

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, 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*
On the *&c. 1635–69*

VII.

Abſence.

That time and abſence proves
Rather helps than hurts to loves.

Probably by John Hoskins.

ABſence 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.

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*

By

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.

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.

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*

Song. *1635–69, O'F: also in the* Poems *&c. (1660) of the Earle of Pembroke and S^r Benjamin Ruddier, and the Lansdowne MS. 777, where it is signed* E. of Pembroke. 1 now] when *1660, L77*

Let

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,
To tie us to that way?
O give no way to griefe, &c.

A Dialogue.

EARLE OF PEMBROKE.

IF her diſdaine leaſt change in you can move,
you doe not love,
For whilſt your hopes give fuell to the fire,
you fell deſire.
Love is not love, but given free,
And ſo is mine, ſo ſhould yours bee.

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. *Ed:* A Dialogue betweene S^r^ Henry Wotton and M^r^ 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* S^r^ Henry Wotton, *the second to* S^r^ Ben. Ruddier *and* D^r^ John Donne 3 whilſt your hopes give *H39* (the),*H40,P:* when the hope gives *1635–54:* when that hope gives *1669*

Her

Her heart that melts at others moane,
to mine is ſtone.
Her eyes that weepe a ſtrangers hurt to ſee,
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.

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*

I'll

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?

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.
Stay, or elſe my joys will die,
And periſh in their infancie.

25 Quaıry] quarryes *P* 27 roaſt *1669, H40:* reſt *1635–54:* waſte *H39, P* 30 May] doth *H39, H40, P*

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*

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 S^r 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.

A 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*

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.

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;

25 Anchors *Chambers:* Anchos *A25* 29 traine, *Ed:* traine *A25* 31 inke, *Ed:* inke *A25*

O Frutefull Garden. *A25:* [TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.] *Chambers* 6 out, *Ed:* out *A25*

Whoſe

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.

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 ſtraihes 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;

8 merrit; *Ed:* merrit, *A25* 9 Leaven, *Ed:* Leaven *A25*
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*

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?

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 black⟨ne⟩s 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.

27 I a balme, *A25*: Aye a calm, *Chambers conjectures*
Of a Lady &c. *A25*, *Chambers* 10 face. *Ed*: face *A25*
13 make; *Ed*: make *A25* 14 black⟨ne⟩s *Chambers*: blacks *A25*
16 weares; *Ed*: weares, *A25*

Her

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.

II.

POEMS FROM THE BURLEY MS.

⟨*Life.*⟩

THis lyfe it is not life, it is a ſight
That wee haue of y^e^ earth, y^e^ 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 w^th^ ſpeedy wings t'our bliſſe or woe.
It is a chaine y^t^ hath but two ſmale links
Where⟨with⟩ o^r^ graue is to o^r^ bodie ioyned;
It is a poyſned feaſt wherein who thinks
To taſt ioyes cup, y^e^ cup of death doth find.
It is a play, preſented in heauens eye
Wherein o^r^ parts are to do naught but dye.

⟨*My Love.*⟩

MY love doth fly w^th^ wings of feare
And doth a flame of fire reſemble,
w^ch^ mounting high & burning cleere
yet ever more doth wane & tremble.

⟨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 Where⟨with⟩ *Ed:* where *Bur* ioyned; *Ed:* ioyned *Bur*
⟨My Love.⟩ *Ed: no title and no punctuation, Bur* 4 wane *Ed:* weane *Bur*

My

My loue doth ſee & ſtill admire,
Admiring breedeth humblenes;
blind loue is bold, but my deſire
the more it loues p^reſumes y^e leſſe.
My loue ſeekes no reward or glory
but w^th 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,
for though the ſunn himſelf be cold
his beames reflecting fire begett.
O y^t myne eyes, ô that myne hart
Were both enlarged to contayne
the beames & ioyes ſhee doth impart,
whilſt 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 w^thout, moſt rich w^thin.

⟨*O Eyes!*⟩

O Eyes, what do you ſee?
o eares what do you heare?
that makes y^o 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 y^t w^ch rocks did draw,

12 never *Ed:* ne're *Bur*
⟨O Eyes!⟩ *Ed: no title and no punctuation, Bur*

I wiſh,

I wiſh, when in ſuch wiſe
I ſee or heare y^e^ ſame,
I had all Argus eyes
or elſe y^e^ eare⟨s⟩ of fame.

⟨*Silence Beſt Praiſe.*⟩

CÕmend her? no. I dare not terme her fayre,
nor ſugred ſweet, nor tall, nor louely browne;
ſuffice it y^t^ ſhe is w^th^out compare;
but how, I dare not tell leſt ſhe ſhould frowne.
but thoſe parts ⟨leaſt⟩ w^ch^ others make theyre pryde,
and feed there fancies w^th^ deviſed lyes;
giue me but leaue to pull my faint aſyde,
and tell her in her eare that ſhe is wiſe.
to write of beauties rare ther is noe art,
for 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 vertue⟨s⟩ clayme a crowne of bayes,
So manners makes me ſylent in her prayſe.

12 eare⟨s⟩ *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.⟩ *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 vertue⟨s⟩ *Ed:* vertue *Bur* bayes, *Ed:* bayes *Bur*

⟨*Beauty*

⟨*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.
Not 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,
of 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.

⟨*Loves Zodiake.*⟩

I That yᵉ higher half of loues
Round Zodiake haue rune,
And in the ſigne of crabbed chaunce
My Tropick haue begun,
Am taught to teach yᵉ man is bleſt
Whoſe loues lott lights ſo badd,
as his ſolſtitium ſooneſt makes
And ſo growes Retrograde.

⟨*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;
They prun'd theire wings, and tooke theire flight in rage;
fortune to fooles, loue to gold, and tyme to age.

⟨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⟩ *Ed: no title, Bur*
⟨Fortune, Love, and Time.⟩ *Ed: no title and no punctuation, Bur*

Fooles

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,
Deſert and hope are as but ſtanders by:
True lovers ſit and tune this reſtleſſe ſong;
Fortune, loue, and tyme haue done me wrong.

⟨*Life a Play.*⟩

WHat is o^{r} life? a play of paſsion.
o^{r} mirth? the muſick of diuiſion.
O^{r} mothers wombs the tyring houſes bee
Where we are dreſt for liues ſhort comedy.
The earth the ſtage, heauen y^{e} ſpectator is,
Who ſtill doth note who ere do act amiſſe.
O^{r} graues that hyde vs, frõ the all-ſeeing ſuñ,
Are but drawne curtaynes whẽ the play is done.

A Kiſſe.

OWhat a bliſſe
is this?
heaven is effected
and loues eternity contracted
In one ſhort kiſſe.
For not tymes meaſure
makes pleaſure
more full.
tedious and dull
all ioyes are thought
y^{t} are not in an inſtant wrought.

⟨Life a Play.⟩ *Ed:* *no title, and no punctuation except the two marks of interrogation,* *Bur*
A Kiſſe. *Bur* 8 full. *Ed:* full *Bur*

Cupi⟨d⟩s

Cupi⟨d⟩s bleſt and higheſt ſpheare
is heare.
heere on his throne
in 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.
O fooles
That fondly glory
in baſe condition
of ſenſual fruition,
you do miſtake
& make
y^r^ heaven purgatory.

12 Cupi⟨d⟩s *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:

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.
Then feare not Burbage heavens angry rodd,
When thy fellows are angells & old Hemmīgs is God.

Epi: Hen: Princ: Hugº Holland.

LOe now hee ſhineth yonder
A fixed ſtarr in heaven,
Whoſe motion is vnder
None of the planetts ſeaven;
And if the ſoñ ſhould tender
The moone his loue and marry,
They never could engender
So fayre a ſtarr as Harry.

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.

Epi: B: Jo: (i.e. Epitaph: Ben Ionſon) *Bur: no punctuation*
Epi: Hen: Princ: Hugº Holland. *Bur: no punctuation*
⟨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*

Twas

Twas 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
To 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 preſẽnce trembles.
Heere man mans troth loves whome his ſheepe reſembles.
The bright Sunne beame a ſickly eye may diſmẽ,
A little babe in ſhallow heart may ſwiſm.
Hee heavens wealth to a poore ſtable brings,
Th'oxeſtall the Court unto the king of kings.
No Shadowes now nor lightning flames give terrorˢ.
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.

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 diſmẽ, *Ed:* diſmẽ *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*

Cleare

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.

Elegy. To Chaſt Love.

CHaſt 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 w^ch^ 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 ſlighte, nor fond inventions new
To hold him in, who with like flame of love
Muſt move his ſpirit too, as thine doth move;
w^ch^ 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,

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. *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*

Obey

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.

Upon his ſcornefull Miſtreſſe. Elegy.

CRuell 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 Honoᵘˢ 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 do⟨th⟩ 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,*

⟨*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.*⟩

GReate 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
Oft ſhould keepe
And lock out every ſence of woe.

⟨Love if a God thou art.⟩ ⟨Great Lord of Love.⟩ ⟨Loves Exchange.⟩
all without titles in O'F: punctuation mainly the Editor's

If

If thou perſwade mee thus to ſpeake, I dye
And ſhee the murdreſſe, for ſhe will deny;
And if for ſilence I bee preſt, Her good
Yet I cheriſh
Though I periſh,
For that ſhee
Shall bee free
From that foule guilt of ſpilling bloud.

⟨Loves Exchange.⟩

1. TO ſue for all thy Love, and thy whole hart
were madneſſe.
I doe not ſue, nor can admitt,
(Fayreſt) from yo^{u} to have all yet;
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
Gathers new ſtrength, new growth, new power:
You muſt have dayly new rewards in ſtore
Still beeing.

3. You cannot every day give mee yo^{r} hart
For merit;
Yet 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
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 yo^{r} ſcorne
Who ſhall live to call yo^{u} fayre?
What new foole muſt now bee borne
To prepare
Dayly ſacrifice of ſervice new,
Teares too good for woemen true?
Who ſhall ſorrow when yo^{u} crye
And to pleaſe yo^{u} dayly dye?
Men ſucceeding ſhall beware
And woemen cruell, no more fayre.

2.

Now y'have killd mee, never looke
Any left to call yo^{u} trewe;
Who more madd muſt now bee tooke
To renewe
My oblations dayly, loſt?
Vowes too good for woemen chaſt!
Who ſhall call yo^{u} ſweete, and ſweare
T'is yo^{r} face renews the yeare?
Men by my Death ſhall beleeve,
And woemen cruell yet ſhall greeve.

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,
As the ſonde Sence th'unwary ſoule deceives
With deadly poiſon wrapt in Lily leaves.

Song. *O'F: punctuation mainly Editor's*
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*

But

But harts ſo chain'd as Goodnes ſtands
With truthe unſtain'd to couple hands,
Love beinge to all beauty blinde
Save the cleere beauties of the minde,
There heaven is pleaſd, continuall bleſſings ſheddinge,
Angells are gueſts and dance at this bleſt weddinge.

To a Watch reſtored to its Myſtres.

GOe 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.
The 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,
See thou make night, ere it be noone.
Obey her tymes, whoe is the free
Faire Sunne that governes thee & mee.

⟨*Ad Solem.*⟩

WHerfore peepſt thou, envious daye?
We can kiſſe without thee.
Lovers hate the golden raye,
Which thou bearſt about thee.

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 *&c. B, where note below title says* none of J. D. *and poem is signed* W. L.

⟨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*

Goe 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
  For 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,
Our 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.

⟨*If She Deride.*⟩

GReate 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.

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 Deryde.⟩ *Chambers: no title, S: also, Chambers reports, in C.C.C. Oxon. MS. 327, f. 26: printed by Grosart and Chambers*

They

They that ſtrongly can importune
And will never yeild nor tyre,
Gaine the paye in ſpight of Fortune
But ſuch gaine 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!

⟨*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,

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.⟩ *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*

To

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,
Why ſtand you then affraid to enter?
Lights are all out
Then make noe doubt
A lover bouldly maye take chuſinge.
Bewtie is a baite
For a princely mate.
Fy, why ſtand you then a muſinge?
You'll repent too late
If ſhe doe you hate,
For loves delight refuſinge.

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. BEleeve yo^{r} Glaſſe, and if it tell you (Deare)
Yo^{r} Eyes inſhrine
A brighter ſhine
Then faire Apollo, looke if theere appeare
The 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
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
As Cynthias Globe,
A ſnow white robe
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
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.

4. Walke in a meddowe by a Rivers ſide,
Upon whoſe Bancks
Grow milk-white Ranks
Of full blown Lyllies in their height of Pryde,

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 *LePD'A*

Which

Which downward bend
And nothing tend
Save their owne Bewties in the Glaſſie ſtreame:
Looke to yo^{r} ſelfe: Compare yo^{r}ſelfe 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 w^{ch} 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 yo^{u} ſhall meet,
Then I alone
Shall ſadly moane
That Interviewe; others it will not move,
So light regard we, what we little Love.

FINIS.

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.

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. *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*

Doe

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

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, LePD'A, TCD, Chambers* pleaſing] cunning *TCD* 18 radiant *S96:* cadent *H39, TCD, LePD'A, Grosart, and Chambers:* ſplendent *P and R* 21 then] yet *S96* 32 Chaſte] choiſe *P and R, LePD'A, TCD*

Gives

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 ſide 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?

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*

That

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.

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.

72 hanſells *H39:* houſes *S, S96, Chambers:* touches *P and R:* cauſes *LePD'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. *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*

Oh

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.

On Black Hayre and Eyes.

IF 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:

13 vowe] now *Chambers* Deareſt *S96:* deare *S,O'F, Chambers* thou] that thou *Chambers*

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*

Shee

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.

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.

AND 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 wiſh 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.

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.*

But

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

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

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 the .
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.

⟨*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,

⟨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*

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

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*

Command

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.

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, *Ash38* 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.*

	PAGE
A Sheafe of Snakes uſed heretofore to be	399
*Abſence heare my proteſtation	428
After thoſe reverend papers, whoſe foule is	214
All haile ſweet Poët, more full of more ſtrong fire,	203
†All is not well when ſuch a one as I	374
All Kings, and all their favorites,	24
Although thy hand and faith, and good workes too,	82
*And though thy glaſſe a burning one become	462
As due by many titles I reſigne	322
As the ſweet ſweat of Roſes in a Still	90
As virtuous men paſſe mildly away,	49
At once, from hence, my lines and I depart,	206
At the round earths imagin'd corners, blow	325
Away thou fondling motley humoriſt,	145
Batter my heart, three perſon'd God; for, you	328
Before I ſigh my laſt gaſpe, let me breath,	56
*Beleeve yo^{r} Glaſſe, and if it tell you (Deare)	455
Beyond th'old Pillers many have travailed	76
Blaſted with ſighs, and ſurrounded with teares	28
Bleſt are your North parts, for all this long time	213
Both rob'd of aire, we both lye in one ground,	75
Buſie old foole, unruly Sunne,	11
By childrens births, and death, I am become	75
*By Euphrates flowry ſide	424
By miracles exceeding power of man,	320
By our firſt ſtrange and fatall interview,	111
†Can we not force from widdowed Poetry,	378
*Chaſt Love, let mee embrace thee in mine armes	445
*Come, Fates; I feare you not. All whom I owe	407
Come live with mee, and bee my love,	46
Come, Madam, come, all reſt my powers defie,	119
*Comend her? no. I dare not terme her fayre,	439
Compaſſion in the world againe is bred:	78
†*Conquerar? ignavoque ſequar tua funera planctu?*	390
Cruell ſince that thou doſt not feare the curſe	446
*Deare Love, continue nice and chaſte,	412
Deare love, for nothing leſſe then thee	37
Death be not proud, though ſome have called thee	326
*Death be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow,	422
Death I recant, and ſay, unſaid by mee	282

	PAGE
Deigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and praiſe,	318
†*Donne* dead? 'Tis here reported true, though I	386
†Donne, *the delight of Phoebus, and each Muſe,*	5
Eternall God, (for whom who ever dare	348
Even as lame things thirſt their perfection, ſo	208
Faire eies do not think ſcorne to read of Love	447
Faire, great, and good, ſince ſeeing you, wee ſee	224
Faire ſoule, which waſt, not onely, as all ſoules bee,	271
*Farewel ye guilded follies, pleaſing troubles,	465
Father of Heaven, and him, by whom	338
Father, part of his double intereſt	329
Fond woman, which would'ſt have thy huſband die,	79
For every houre that thou wilt ſpare mee now,	13
For Godſake hold your tongue, and let me love,	14
For the firſt twenty yeares, ſince yeſterday,	69
*Fye, Fye you ſonnes of Pallas what madd rage	435
God grant thee thine own wiſh, and grant thee mine,	400
Goe, and catche a falling ſtarre,	8
*Goe and Count her better howres,	451
Good wee muſt love, and muſt hate ill,	32
*Greate and goode if ſhe deryde mee	452
*Greate Lord of love, how buſy ſtill thou art	448
Haile Biſhop Valentine, whoſe day this is,	127
Harke newes, o envy, thou ſhalt heare deſcry'd	104
Haſt thee harſh verſe, as faſt as thy lame meaſure	205
He is ſtarke mad, who ever ſayes,	48
He that cannot chuſe but love,	73
†Hee that would write an Epitaph for thee,	374
*He was the Word that ſpake it,	427
Her of your name, whoſe fair inheritance	317
†*Heere lies Deane Donne*; Enough; Thoſe words alone	388
Here's no more newes, then vertue,'I may as well	187
Here take my Picture; though I bid farewell,	86
Here where by All All Saints invoked are,	221
Honour is ſo ſublime perfection,	218
How ſits this citie, late moſt populous,	354
I am a little world made cunningly	324
I am two fooles, I know,	16
I am unable, yonder begger cries,	76
I can love both faire and browne,	12
†I cannot blame thoſe men, that knew thee well,	373
I fixe mine eye on thine, and there	45
I have done one braver thing	10
I'll tell thee now (deare Love) what thou ſhalt doe	29
I long to talke with ſome old lovers ghoſt,	54
I never ſtoop'd ſo low, as they	66
I ſcarce beleeve my love to be ſo pure	33
†I ſee in his laſt preach'd, and printed Booke,	3

PAGE

I ſing no harme good ſooth to any wight, ... 105
I ſing the progreſſe of a deathleſſe ſoule, ... 295
*I that ye higher half of loues 440
I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I 7
If, as mine is, thy life a ſlumber be, ... 209
If faithfull ſoules be alike glorifi'd 325
*If great men wrong me, I will ſpare my ſelfe; 415
*If her diſdaine leaſt change in you can move, ... 430
If in his Studie he hath ſo much care 77
If poyſonous mineralls, and if that tree, ... 326
*If ſhaddowes be the pictures excellence; 460
If yet I have not all thy love, ... 17
If you from ſpoyle of th'old worlds fartheſt end 76
Image of her whom I love, more then ſhe, ... 95
Immenſitie cloyſterd in thy deare wombe, ... 319
*In that, ô Queene of Queenes, thy birth was free 427
†*In thy Impreſſion of* Donnes *Poems rare*, ... 3
In what torne ſhip ſoever I embarke, ... 352
†Is *Donne*, great *Donne* deceas'd? then England ſay 376
Is not thy ſacred hunger of ſcience 212

Kinde pitty chokes my ſpleene; brave ſcorn forbids . . . 154
Kindly I envy thy ſongs perfection 210
Klockius ſo deeply hath ſworne, ne'r more to come 77

Language thou art too narrow, and too weake 284
Let mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this, . . . 336
Let me powre forth 38
Like Eſops fellow-ſlaves, O *Mercury*, ... 78
Like one who'in her third widdowhood doth profeſſe . . . 185
Little think'ſt thou, poore flower, ... 59
†Long ſince this taske of teares from you was due, . . . 394
Looke to mee faith, and looke to my faith, God; 267
Love, any devill elſe but you, ... 34
*Love bred of Glances twixt amorous eyes 450
*Love if a god thou art 448
†*Lucy*, you brightneſſe of our Spheare, who are 6

Mad paper ſtay, and grudge not here to burne 216
*Madam that flea that Crept between your breſts 459
Man is a lumpe, where all beaſts kneaded bee, . . . 193
Man is the World, and death th'Ocean, ... 279
Man to Gods image; *Eve*, to mans was made, ... 201
Marke but this flea, and marke in this, ... 40
Marry, and love thy *Flavia*, for, ſhee 80
*Men write that love and reaſon diſagree, ... 406
Moyſt with one drop of thy blood, my dry ſoule 321
Muſe not that by thy mind thy body is led: 207
My Fortune and my choice this cuſtome break, ... 292
*My love doth fly wth wings of feare 437
My name engrav'd herein, ... 25

*Nature amaz'd ſawe man without mans ayde 443
Natures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love, ... 89

	PAGE
No Lover faith, I love, nor any other	69
No *Spring*, nor *Summer* Beauty hath ſuch grace,	92
*Not Kiſſe? By Jove I muſt, and make impreſſion	456
Not that in colour it was like thy haire,	96
Nothing could make me ſooner to confeſſe	251
†Now by one yeare, time and our frailtie have	392
Now thou haſt lov'd me one whole day,	9
*Now y'have killd mee with yo^r ſcorne	450
*O eyes, what do you ſee?	438
*O frutefull garden, and yet never tilde,	434
O might thoſe ſighes and teares returne againe	323
O Thou which to ſearch out the ſecret parts	211
*O what a bliſſe	441
Of that ſhort Roll of friends writ in my heart	212
Oh do not die, for I ſhall hate	21
Oh, let mee not ſerve ſo, as thoſe men ſerve	87
Oh my blacke Soule! now thou art ſummoned	323
Oh, to vex me, contraryes meet in one:	331
Oh to what height will love of greatneſſe drive	172
Once, and but once found in thy company,	84
Our ſtorme is paſt, and that ſtorms tyrannous rage,	178
Out of a fired ſhip, which, by no way	75
Parturiunt madido quae nixu praela, recepta,	397
Philo, with twelve yeares ſtudy, hath beene griev'd	77
†Poets attend, the Elegie I ſing	380
Pregnant again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare,	206
Qui prius aſſuetus Serpentum faſce Tabellas	398
Quod arte auſus es hic tuâ, Poeta,	398
Quot, dos haec, Linguiſts perfetti, *Diſticha* fairont,	174
Reaſon is our Soules left hand, Faith her right,	189
Salute the laſt and everlaſting day,	321
Salvation to all that will is nigh;	319
See Sir, how as the Suns hot Maſculine flame	317
Send home my long ſtrayd eyes to mee,	43
Send me ſome token, that my hope may live,	72
*Shall I goe force an Elegie? abuſe	410
Shee'is dead; And all which die	64
Show me deare Chriſt, thy ſpouſe, ſo bright and clear	330
Since Chriſt embrac'd the Croſſe it ſelfe, dare I	331
†Since ev'ry Tree beginns to bloſſome now	433
Since I am comming to that Holy roome,	368
Since ſhe muſt go, and I muſt mourn, come Night,	100
Since ſhe whom I lov'd hath payd her laſt debt	330
Sir, more then kiſſes, letters mingle Soules;	180
Sir; though (I thanke God for it) I do hate	149
*Sleep, next Society and true friendſhip,	401
Sleep ſleep old Sun, thou canſt not have repaſt	333
So, ſo breake off this laſt lamenting kiſſe,	68

	PAGE
Some man unworthy to be poſſeſſor	36
Some that have deeper digg'd loves Myne then I,	39
Sorrow, who to this houſe ſcarce knew the way:	287
*Soules joy, now I am gone,	429
Spit in my face you Jewes, and pierce my ſide,	327
Stand ſtill, and I will read to thee	71
*Stay, O ſweet, and do not riſe,	432
Sweeteſt love, I do not goe,	18
Take heed of loving mee,	67
Tamely, fraile body,'abſtaine to day; to day	334
*Tell her if ſhe to hired ſervants ſhew	416
*Tell me who can when a player dies	443
That I might make your Cabinet my tombe,	291
*That unripe ſide of earth, that heavy clime	417
The heavens rejoyce in motion, why ſhould I	113
*The State and mens affaires are the beſt playes	414
The Sun-beames in the Eaſt are ſpred,	141
†This decent Urne a ſad inſcription weares,	389
This is my playes laſt ſcene, here heavens appoint	324
*This lyfe it is not life, it is a ſight	437
This twilight of two yeares, not paſt nor next,	198
*Thoſe droſſy heads & irrepurged braynes	440
Thou art not ſo black, as my heart,	65
Thou art repriv'd old yeare, thou ſhalt not die,	135
Thou haſt made me, And ſhall thy worke decay?	322
Thou in the fields walkſt out thy ſupping howers,	78
Thou ſhalt not laugh in this leafe, Muſe, nor they	168
Thou which art I, ('tis nothing to be ſoe)	175
Thou, whoſe diviner ſoule hath caus'd thee now	351
Though I be *dead*, and buried, yet I have	220
Thy father all from thee, by his laſt Will,	77
Thy flattering picture, *Phryne*, is like thee,	77
Thy friend, whom thy deſerts to thee enchaine,	208
Thy ſinnes and haires may no man equall call	77
Till I have peace with thee, warr other men,	122
'Tis loſt, to truſt a Tombe with ſuch a queſt,	245
Tis the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes,	44
'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?	23
*To ſue for all thy Love, and thy whole hart	449
†To have liv'd eminent, in a degree	371
T'have written then, when you writ, ſeem'd to mee	195
To make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,	108
To what a comberſome unwieldineſſe	55
Tranſlit in Sequanam Moenus; Victoris in aedes;	397
*True Love findes witt, but he whoſe witt doth move	412
Twice or thrice had I loved thee,	22
Two, by themſelves, each other, love and feare	75
†Two Soules move here, and mine (a third) muſt move	249
Vnder an undermin'd, and ſhot-bruis'd wall	76
Vnſeaſonable man, ſtatue of ice,	131
Vpon this Primroſe hill,	61

PAGE

Vengeance will ſit above our faults; but till 350

Well dy'd the World, that we might live to ſee 229
Well; I may now receive, and die; My ſinne 158
Went you to conquer? and have ſo much loſt 188
*What if I come to my miſtris bedd 453
What if this preſent were the worlds laſt night? 328
*What is our life? a play of paſſion. 441
When by thy ſcorne, O murdreſſe, I am dead, ... 47
*When fortune, love, and Tyme bad me be happie, ... 440
When I am dead, and Doctors know not why, ... 63
When I dyed laſt, and, Deare, I dye 20
When my grave is broke up againe 62
When that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone, ... 231
†When thy *Looſe* raptures, *Donne*, ſhall meet with Thoſe . . . 372
Where is that holy fire, which Verſe is ſaid 124
Where, like a pillow on a bed, ... 51
*Wherefore peepſt thou, envious daye? 451
Whether that ſoule which now comes up to you 288
Whilſt yet to prove, ... 70
†Who dares ſay thou art dead, when he doth ſee 384
Who ever comes to ſhroud me, do not harme 58
Who ever gueſſes, thinks, or dreames he knowes 41
Who ever loves, if he do not propoſe 116
Who makes the Paſt, a patterne for next yeare, ... 183
†Who ſhall doubt, *Donne*, where I a *Poet* bee, ... 6
†Who ſhall preſume to mourn thee, *Donne*, unleſſe 382
Why are wee by all creatures waited on? 327
*Why choſe ſhee black; was it that in whitenes 436
Why this man gelded *Martiall* I muſe, ... 78
Wilt thou forgive that ſinne where I begunne, ... 369
Wilt thou forgive that ſinn, where I begunn, ... 370
Wilt thou love God, as he thee! then digeſt, ... 329
With his kinde mother who partakes thy woe, ... 320
*Wonder of Beautie, Goddeſſe of my ſenſe, ... 447

You have refin'd mee, and to worthyeſt things 191
You that are ſhe and you, that's double ſhee, ... 227
Your miſtris, that you follow whores, ſtill taxeth you: . . . 76

Zealouſly my Muſe doth ſalute all thee, ... 207